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HUMAN SOULS.

Human souls of every kind
Sail the human sea
Some have vessels to their mind,
Riding fast and free,
Others vessels of lead, confused,
Unseaworthy be—
Some souls see as some are blind,
Having eyes
Some souls have the firmament
Light with golden stars;
Some are shaded in and pent,
Rimmed with vapour bars,
Some, with heavenly radiance blest,
Ever reach to Mars;
Some are with the rain bespent
Underneath the stars.
Some souls (wink, some souls shiver,
Others neither see;
Some like diamonds in the mine,
Others—in the sun.
Some souls roam the starry park,
Some walk the shadowy street,
Some lie in the mouldy dark,
Down where graves are made.
Some souls habitations make,
Hemmed with mortar and lime,
Some souls grope in the break
Of the drifting clouds.
Some souls sing with music sweet,
Whence its source is found;
Others are with discord rent
From the broken ground.
Human souls of every grade
Build the best they choose;
Each can give another aid—
More than the tongue.
Some are dowered with insight streams
From the heavenly seas;
Others with no gleam
Those may give to these.

What Might be Done.

All slavery, warfare, lies and wrongs—
All vice and crime might die together;
And wine and corn,
To each man be longed.
Be free as warms in sunny weather.
What might be done? This might be done;
And more than this, my suffering brother,
More than the tongue
For said or sung,
If men were wise and loved each other.

A Candid Deacon.

Deacon M. was an honest old dodger, a kind, obliging neighbor, and a good church-going Christian, believing in the Presbyterian creed to the fullest extent; but slack-a-day;—in fact, the deacon would occasionally get exceedingly "mellow" in his mind every Sunday at day break, he would indulge in favorite cider-brandy to such an extent that it was with some little difficulty he reached his pew, which was in the broad aisle, near the pulpit, and between the minister's and village Squire's. One Sunday morning the parson told his flock that he should preach a sermon to them in the afternoon touching many glaring sins that he grieved to see so conspicuous among them, and that he hoped that they would listen attentively and not flinch if he should happen to be severe. The afternoon came and the house was full; everybody turned out to hear their neighbors "dressed down" by the minister, who, after all opening his sermon, commenced upon the transgressors in a loud voice with the question, "Where is the drunkard?" A solemn pause succeeded this inquiry; when up rose Deacon M., with his face radiant from copious draughts of his favorite drink at his noontide meal, and steadying himself as well as he could by the pew rail, looking up to the parson and repeating in a piping and tremulous voice, "Here I am." Of course a consternation amongst the congregation was the result of the honest deacon's response; however, the parson went on with his remarks as he had written them, commenting severely upon the drunkard and winding up by warning him to forsake at once such evil habits if he would seek salvation and flee the coming wrath. The deacon then made a bow and seated himself again. "And now," said the minister, "I will give you some advice, and you will do as I say, for I am a man of God." The deacon looked up at that man; but the most glance seemed directed to the Squire's pew, and indeed the parson seemed to squint hard in that direction. The deacon saw where the shaft was leveled, or where it should be aimed, and, rising once more, leaned over his pew-rail to the Squire, whom he tapped on the shoulder, and thus addressed:— "Come, Squire, why don't you get up; I did when he called on me."—Boston Post.

During the traitor Arnold's predatory operations in Virginia, in 1781, he took an American captain prisoner. After some general conversation, he asked the captain what he thought "the Americans would do with him if they caught him?" The captain declined at first giving an answer; but, upon being repeatedly urged, he said: "Why, sir, if I understand the question, they will execute by telling you the truth. If my countrymen should catch you, I believe they would first cut off your lame leg, which was wounded in the cause of freedom and virtue, and afterwards bury it with the honors of war, and afterwards hang the remainder of your body upon a gibbet."

Jerrold and a company of literary friends were out in the country, rambling over commons and down lanes. In the course of their walk, they stopped to notice the gambols of an ass's foal. There was a very sentimental poet among the baby ass's admirers, who grew eloquent as Sterne over his shaggy coat. At last the poet vowed that he should like to send the animal as a present to his mother. "Do," Jerrold replied, "and tie a piece of paper around its neck, bearing this motto: 'When this you see, remember me.'"

An old negro lumbering, with his feet pointing to a fire; opens one eye and gets a glimpse of them, as they stand up in the obscurity; mistakes them for two little negroes, and cries, "Giffus 'fore me," and relapses into a sleep. After a while opens the other eye, and is alarmed to see them advance upon him, and exclaims, "Wha! where you comin' to now? Humph! My own foot, by golly."

A boy at a crossing having begged something of a gentleman, the latter told him that he would give him something as he came back. The boy replied, "Your honor would be surprised if you knew how much money I lose by giving credit that way."

A wag says he doesn't care a fig whether they get any currents through the Atlantic cable or not, but he would like a few fresh dates.

ST. ESCARPAO'S BONES.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

Upon a fine May morning in the year 1585, a Spanish vessel lay at anchor in the Port of St. Jago, in the island of Cuba. She was about to sail for Cadiz, the passengers were on board, and the sailors at their several stations, awaiting the word of command. The captain, a small, light-built, shrewd-looking man, with the voice and manner of a naval officer, which, indeed, he had formerly been, was brave and experienced, and although somewhat wild and daring, he was a good fellow at heart, but now and then violent and headstrong to a fault; in short, Captain Perez was the terror of his men.

He was walking the deck with rapid strides, and exhibiting the greatest impatience, now stopping to observe the direction of the wind, and casting a glance at the shore, then resuming his walk with a preliminary stamp of disappointment, as if he were vexed; no one, in the meanwhile, daring to ask why he delayed getting under way. At length strains of church music at a distance are heard on board the vessel, and all eyes are directed to the shore. A long procession of monks, holding crosses and lighted wax tapers, and singing, is seen approaching the beach opposite the vessel. The procession moves slowly and solemnly to the cadence of the music. Between two rows of monks dressed in deep black is a coffin richly decorated with all the symbols of the Catholic faith, and covered with garlands and chaplets, and, what is singular, the coffin is carried with difficulty by six stout negroes. Four venerable Jesuits support the corners of the pall, and, immediately behind the coffin, walks alone, with a grave and dignified step, the Right Reverend Father Antonio, superior of the Jesuit missionaries of the island of Cuba. An immense crowd of citizens, the garrison of the island, and the military and the civil authorities, piously follow the cortege.

Suddenly the singing ceases, the procession halts, the coffin is placed on elevated supports. Father Antonio approaches it, and, kissing the pall with reverence, exclaims, with a solemnity befitting the occasion:— "Adieu! Saint Escarpacio, thou worthy model of our order, adieu! In separating myself from thy holy remains, I fulfil thy last wishes; may they piouly repose in our happy Spain, and may thy saintly vows and aspirations be thus accomplished. But before thy departure from our shores, we conjure thee, holy saint, to look down from thy holy place of rest in heaven, and deign to bless this people, and us, thy mourning friends on earth."

The whole assembly then knelt upon the ground, after which the negroes, resuming their heavy burden, carried it on board a boat, closely followed by Father Antonio. With vigorous rowing the boat soon reached the vessel's side, and the coffin was hoisted on board. "You are very late, reverend father," said Captain Perez, "and you know well and tide wait for no man." "I ought to have been far on my way long before this hour."

"You could not get ready sooner, my son," the holy father replied, "but far not, God will reward you for the delay, and those precious remains will speed you on your voyage. I hope you have made your own private cabin, as you promised, worthy of its reception?" "Yes, certainly, I have."

"Make yourself easy on that point, holy father; I shall watch over it as if it were my own. Hello there forward, bear a hand aft," the captain cried. Four sailors place themselves at the corners of the coffin, but they can hardly raise it from the deck; two more are called, and the six, bending under its weight, succeed in carrying it down into the cabin, followed by the Captain and by Father Antonio.

When the coffin was properly bestowed, the reverend father addressed Captain Perez in the most earnest and solemn manner:— "I hope you will be found worthy of the great confidence and trust I now repose in you. These precious remains should occupy your every moment, and you will sacredly and faithfully account to me for their safety—the smallest negligence will cost you dear. On your arrival at Cadiz, you will deliver the coffin to no one other than Father Hieronimo, and not to him even, unless he shall first place in your hands a letter from me—you understand my instructions and commands? Now depart, and may God speed you on your way."

whether he should go on. But curiosity conquered, and he rallied his energies with the reflection, that if he opened the coffin, Saint Escarpacio himself well knew it was only to find out what made his bones so heavy; there could be no impiety in that—quite the contrary. His conscience was by this time somewhat fortified, his superstitious fears gradually grew fainter, and keeping his eyes steadily fixed upon the lid of the coffin—to be sure the saint did not stir—he slowly and silently took out the first screw. He then stopped short; the saint showed no signs of anger.

"I knew it," said Perez, going to work more boldly upon the second screw. "I knew there was nothing sinful in opening the coffin, for the sin lies in the intention."

All the screws were soon drawn out, and to gratify his curiosity it only remained to raise the coffin lid, and here his heart beat violently—but courage—Perez did raise the lid, and, lo! he saw—no saint, but heavy— the lid is carefully re-then strips of linen—they are removed—then lay again, but no saint, nothing like the lone of a saint—but a wooden box.

"Well, that is odd," thought Perez, "and what can there be in it? I must open the box, but how? There is no key, what is to be done? Shall I force the lock, or break the cover of the box? Either attempt would make a noise, which the passengers or sailors might hear, but what is to be done? Good Saint Escarpacio, take pity on me, and direct me how to open the box," whispered Perez, and there was perhaps a little irony in the supplication. Perez found a key at one of its corners secured by a small iron chain.

"Ah! ha! I have it at last," Perez cried, "the key, the key," and quickly putting it into the key-hole, he opened the Box—and he saw— what? Leatheren bags filled to the top, according to the beautifully written tickets, with gold pistoles—silver crowns, closely ranged in shining piles—all in the most perfect order. "But what is this? I must read it," exclaimed the excited Perez—"by your leave, gentle wax," and he tears the letter open. It began thus:— "Father Antonio, of Cuba, to the reverend fathers in Cadiz, greeting."

"As agreed between us, Most Reverend Fathers, I send you three hundred thousand livres, in the name, and under the semblance of Father Escarpacio, whose bones I am supposed to be sending to Spain. The annexed memorandum of accounts will show that this sum comprises the whole of our little gleanings and savings up to this time, for the benefit of our Holy Order. You will pardon, I am sure, this innocent artifice on our part, Most Reverend Fathers, as it will prove a safeguard to the treasure, and avoid awakening the avarice and cupidity of the person to whom I am obliged to intrust it."

(Signed) ASTORIO, of Cuba. "Three hundred thousand livres! there are, then, three hundred thousand livres," exclaimed Perez in amazement, as he realized that this immense sum lay in real gold and silver coin before his eyes. Oh, reverend, right reverend and worthy fellows of the crafty Ignatius! you are indeed cunning foxes! A hundred to one your trick was not discovered, for who but a Jesuit could have guessed that the coffin contained money? And so these bags of gold are your holy remains, and I, too, old sea shark as I am, to be humbugged like a land lubber, with your procession and your mummerly—but I am deceived no longer, my eyes are opened; and by my patron saint, trick for trick, my pious masters—bones you shall have, and burn me for a heretic, if you get any thing better than bones; and I shall begin to examine and examine the contents of the money-bags, and let us consider," said he, "I want some bones, and where the devil shall I find them?"

He was on his knees, his body bent over the box, with his hands in the open gold bags, his agitated countenance expressed with energy the mingled emotions of desire to keep the rich booty all to himself, and of fear that in some mysterious manner it might elude his grasp—but he must, he must have it. "A lucky thought strikes me," said he, "what a fool I am to give myself any trouble about it. What says my bill of lading? Received from the Reverend Father Antonio, a coffin containing bones, said to be those of Saint Escarpacio. A coffin containing bones, said to be those, &c.—very good, and have I seen the bones, said to be delivered to me, and said to be the saint's bones? certainly not, and the coffin might contain—any thing else—the said coffin containing—that you please—how should I know? said to be the bones of Saint Escarpacio, &c., &c. I shall begin to examine and examine the contents of the money-bags, and let us consider," said he, "I want some bones, and where the devil shall I find them?"

you will not take offence at these necessary precautions?" "On the contrary, they speak in your favor." "I see all is right," said the captain, "and I will go myself and order the coffin brought on shore."

The captain went immediately on board, Father Hieronimo meanwhile placing himself at an open window whence he could overlook the vessel and watch every movement. The coffin was brought on shore by eight sailors, who, bending under its weight, slowly approach the captain's quarters.

"How heavy it is, how very heavy," said the Jesuit, rubbing his hands in exultation. "God will reward you." "I have watched over it with vigilance." "I have forgotten, holy father, to give me a receipt; but if—"

"You are right," said the Jesuit, "it had escaped me." And he seated himself at a table on which lay writing materials, first sending a servant for his carriage. The receipt spoke of the piety and zeal of Captain Perez in the most flattering terms; and, while the captain was reading it with becoming humility, the carriage drew up opposite the coffin, which was soon resting upon the cushioned seats within the vehicle.

"I go immediately to Madrid," said Father Hieronimo. "You can no doubt imagine the impatience of the holy fathers to possess the sacred relics; they have waited so long. Once I believe me we shall never forget you." With these words, and a parting benediction on Perez, Father Hieronimo stepped into the carriage, and, with his holy remains by his side, started at a brisk trot of his well-fed mules, on the road to Madrid. When fairly out of sight and hearing of Captain Perez, the good father laughed aloud. "The captain, poor simple soul," said he, "suspects nothing."

And Perez, he too would have laughed aloud if he had dared; indeed he could with difficulty restrain himself in presence of his crew. "The crafty old fox," he said exultingly, "he has got his holy remains—ha! ha!—and he suspects nothing."

A day or two after the delivery of the coffin, Captain Perez sailed for Mexico. After an interval of ten years, during which period, according to the Jesuit's prediction, prosperity had constantly waited upon Perez, he became weary of successful enterprises, and tired of the roving and laborious life he was leading. Worth a million, and a bachelor, he wisely resolved to give the remainder of his days to enjoyment. Seville was judiciously selected for his residence, where a magnificent mansion, extensive grounds, a well furnished cellar, good cooks, chosen friends, with all the other et ceteras which riches can bring, enabled him to pass his days and nights joyously. Captain Perez was indeed a happy dog.

One night he was at table, surrounded by his friends of both sexes. The cook had done his duty; there were excellent fruits from the tropics; there were wines in abundance and variety, and with songs and laughter the very windows rattled, when Perez, the jolly Perez, half seas over, begged a moment's silence. "I say, my worthy friends, I have something to tell you better than all your singing. I must tell you a story that will make you split your sides—a real good one, about a capital trick I served them poor devils the Jesuits. You must know I was lying at anchor in Cuba, and—"

Bon-Mots of Talleyrand.

A wonderful wit was Talleyrand. His bon-mots, which for thirty years were the delight of Frenchmen and the rest of mankind, are marked out merely by the brevity which is always the soul of wit, but by subtlety of thought and delicacy of expression, which constitute their high charm. Besides this, the keenest sarcasms had usually a certain air of good breeding that distinguished them, greatly to his credit, from the malignant jests of Rogers and the rough retorts of Douglas Jerrold. Nothing in the way of a witty and civil rebuke could be finer than his reproof of a young gentleman who was boasting of the extreme beauty of his mother, apparently implying that it might account for the same advantage in the person of the son: "It was your father, then," said the great diplomat, blandly, "who was not handsome?"

Lord Holland, in his Foreign Reminiscences, gives another bon-mot of Talleyrand, which is not to be found in the old list of his clever sayings. At the time when the celebrity of Chateaubriand, the vaillant of all Frenchmen, was rapidly on the wane, it happened to be mentioned in conversation that he was growing quite deaf, and that he complained bitterly of that infirmity. "I understand," said Talleyrand, "since everybody has ceased talking about him, he believes himself deaf?"

But his finest criticism, and as happy a sarcasm as ever came from any man, is told in Lord Erougman's Times of George III. This has all the politeness as well as the subtle wit that usually characterized the bon-mots of Talleyrand. Not long after his breach of friendship with Madame de Stael, that very intellectual and extremely masculine woman wrote her novel of Delphine, in which she satirized her former friend in the character of an old woman, while she intended all the delicate charms of the heroine to be taken as hers. Chancing to meet Madame de Stael soon after the publication of the book in a fashionable assembly, he said to her, bowing politely, "I understand, madame, that in your last novel you and I figure as disguised females?" The retort was certainly a stunner, and for keen wit was such as no other man could have made.

But never was a wind-god so handsomely punished as when he took the "sublime" out of an egotistical and vainglorious speech of Mirabeau. Some important political crisis the great orator was descending in society on the qualities which a minister required to extricate the nation from its difficulties; namely, great knowledge, genius, familiarity with the upper classes, the gift of writing and speaking eloquently, all of which qualities, it was obvious enough, he reckoned as his own. Everybody stared with admiration, but Talleyrand, who simly listened attentively to the end, and then observed: "It seems to me you have omitted one of the qualities of this remarkable man; should he not be very much pitted with smallpox?" This could be more than Mirabeau, and the effect upon the auditors can only be imagined.—Boston Post.

Cool Impudence.

A few weeks since, a genteel looking man walked up to the bar at the Woodruff House, and called for a whiskey toddy. He was served, and after he drank the toddy, he obtained a cigar, and sat down by the fire and leisurely puffed it away. He then called for another toddy, and having placed it beneath his vest, he calmly buttoned his coat, pulled on his gloves, and turned to the bar-keeper and said— "I am ready."

"You are ready, are you," said the barkeeper, "well, sir, your bill is twenty-five cents." "I am aware of that fact," replied the patron, folding his arms and turning his face toward the door, "and now I am ready."

"Ready for what?" "To be kicked out." "Hain't got a darned cent—couldn't do without liquor—been served like a gent—ain't ashamed of my poverty—take your pay, sir—kick me out."

The barkeeper, finding that the chap was in earnest, obliged him with several applications of boot too, lustily administered. The idler bore it in good part, and after being kicked into the street, turned round, made a polite bow to the bar-keeper, and then, apparently in a merry mood, scattered down the street.

As a newly-married couple from down east were one night, laying in bed talking over "matters and things," a heavy thunder storm arose. The loud peals of thunder and vivid flashes of lightning filled them with terror and fearful apprehensions. Suddenly a tremendous crash caught the loving couple to start as though they had received an electric shock. Jonathan, throwing his arm around his dear, exclaimed: "Hang to me, Liz; let's die like men."

My heart, the street door k'racker like, beneath my waistcoat bumps; ah! other hearts, perhaps, but mine's the king of trumps. Then take it for 'twill cling to thee, with love each day increased, as clings the king of terrors to an African deacon; or as the angry lobster clings to the finger in his claw, or as the doctor's forceps to the tooth within your jaw, or as the living cucumber around the pumpkin vine—so shall the chords of my true heart be interwoven with thine!

A little wretch who had, for the first time in his life, heard the scripture story of Elijah and the bears, sat down on the door-step until an old man went by, when he called out: "Go up, old bald-head!" Then, dodging as quickly as he could within the door, he called out: "Now, bring on your bears!"

An Irish lady wrote to her lover, begging him to send her some money. She added, by way of postscript: "I am so ashamed of the request I have made in this letter, that I sent after the postman to get it back, but the servant could not overtake him."

"Grandpa," said a precocious three year old, "what's that man doing on that ladder up against that post?" "He's trimming the lamp, Bobby." "No he ain't; he's cutting up shins."

"Pompey, what am I at goes when de wagon goes, stops when de wagon stops, it am no use to de wagon, and yet de wagon can't go without it." "I guba dat up, Cicu." "Why, de noist ob course."

