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Editor and Proprietor.

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C. H. PROSCH.

HYMN FOR THE HOUR.

The Angels of Freedom are calling;
Their music is borne from the sky;
The chains of the bondman are falling;
The jubilee morning is nigh.
Now chant ye the mighty evangel,
And hasten the spirit to free;
For Liberty's beautiful Angel
Hath come from the Father to thee.
There is not a bosom but pineth
To burst from all slavish control;
To back in the brightness that shineth
To-day from the Infinite soul.
Make way for the long-coming Angel,
And hasten the spirit to free;
For Liberty's holy evangel
Hath come from the Father to thee.
The stars in their glory are singing—
The race of oppression is run;
For slaves into heroes are springing,
And love binds the nations in one.
Christ comes in the Liberty Angel;
He hastens the spirit to free;
He speaks through the holy evangel
That comes from the Father to thee.

THE WEEPING WIFE.

My wife! how calmly she slept!
A perfect peace is on thy brow
Thy eyes, behind their eyelids hid,
Like a child's, are closed in slumber;
Thy voice is mute, and not a sound
Disturbs the tranquil air around;
I'll watch, and mark each line of grace
That God has drawn upon thy face.
My wife! thy breath is low and soft—
To catch its sound I listen oft;
The lightest leaf of Persian rose
Upon thy lip might find repose;
So deep thy slumber, that I press'd
My trembling hand upon thy breast,
In sudden fear that ev'ning dew
Had robb'd thee, sleeping, of thy breath.
My wife! my wife! thy face now seems
To show the tear of thy dreams;
Mediate thy gentle spirit plays
Amid the scenes of earlier days;
Thy thoughts, perhaps, now dwell on him
Whom most thou lovest; or in the dim
And shadowy future strive to pry
With woman's curious, earnest eye.
Sleep on! sleep on! my dreaming wife!
Thou'lt never meet another life;
I will bring thee, of fancy's birth;
I will not call back to earth;
Sleep on, until the angels come
Above the eastern hills to bore;
Then thou wilt wake again, and bless
My sight with living love-looks.

NOT NOW.

Talk not of compromise or peace.
The nation's blood is dripping swords;
This glorious war shall never cease.
To waste our time in useless words.
What speak of peace when nations' crime
Lies unavowed, its reason how?
Not now; not this is not the time
To cry for peace.
Talk not of peace while dauntless souls
Are struggling on the battle plain;
Where vengeance's fiery chariot rolls
Its fiery wheels among the slain;
The battle must be fought and won,
Rebellion crushed, no matter how!
The war for freedom must go on—
It cannot stop—not now!
When those who woke the sound of strife
Shall come the boon of peace to crave—
When those who sought the nation's life
Shall seek to save their own to save—
When those who lay their armor down,
And in submission humbly bow,
Then war may cease to fiercely frown,
But now it must not cease—not now!
Let Northern standards cry for peace,
While others fight their homes to save;
Let whippers, war must cease,
While patriots shed a bloody grave;
Let those who sought the nation's life
Shall seek to save their own to save—
When those who lay their armor down,
And in submission humbly bow,
Then war may cease to fiercely frown,
But now it must not cease—not now!

SONG.

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green,
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;
Then bid thy foot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.
When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown,
And all the sports are staid, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Then bid thy foot and horse, lad,
The speed and mission bring;
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

[FROM WILSON'S TALES OF THE BORDERS.]

My Black Coat.

Several years ago, I was on my way from B. to Edinburgh; and, being as familiar with every cottage, tree, shrub, and whitewash on the Dunbar and Leander roads, as with the face of an acquaintance, I made choice of the less frequented path by Longformacus. It was December; the sun had just gone down; I was not very partial to traveling in darkness, neither did I wish to trust to chance for finding a comfortable resting-place for the night. Perceiving a farm-stead and water-mill about a quarter of a mile from the road, I resolved to turn towards them and make inquiry respecting the right path, or, at least, to request to be directed to the nearest inn.

The town, as the three or four houses and mill were called, was ill-lit and confusion. The female inhabitants were cleaning and scouring, and running to and fro. I quickly learned that all this noise of preparation arose from the "maister" being to be married within three days. Seeing me a stranger, he came from his house towards me. He was a tall, stout, good-looking, jolly-faced farmer and miller. His manner of addressing me was full of kindness than civility; and his inquiries were not free from the familiar, prying curiosity which prevails in every corner of our island, and I must say, in the north in particular.

"Where do you come frae, na, if it be a fair question?" inquired he.
"From B.," was the brief and merely civil reply.
"An' ha' ye come frae there the day?" he continued.
"Yes," was the answer.
"Ay, man, an' ye come frae B., do ye?" added he. "Then, no doubt, ye'll ken a person they call Mr. —?"

"Did he come originally from Danse?" returned I, mentioning also the occupation of the person referred to.
"The very same," rejoined the miller; "are ye acquainted wi' him, sir?"
"I ought to be," replied I; "the person you speak of is merely my father."
"Your father!" exclaimed he, opening his mouth and eyes to their full width, and standing for a moment the picture of surprise: "Gude gracious! ye dinna say so! Is he really your father? Losh, man, do you no ken, then, that I'm your cousin? Ye've heard o' your cousin, Willie Stewart?"

"Fifty times," replied I.
"Weel, 'un, the vera man," said he. "Gie's your hand; for, 'sdanke man, I'm as glad as gude can be. This is real extraordinary. I've often heard o' you—it will be you that writes the bulks—faith ye'll be able to mak something o' this. But come awa into the house—ye dinna stir a mile farther for a week, at any rate."

So saying, and still grasping my hand, he led me to the farm-house. On crossing the threshold, "Are ye lassie," he cried, in a voice that made me start and rattle rings, "bring ben the speerits, and get on the kettle; here's a cousin that I ne'er saw in my life afore."

A few minutes served mutually to confirm and explain our newly discovered relationship.
"Man," said he, "as we were filling a second glass, 'ye've just come in the very nick o' time, an' I'll tell ye how. Ye see I'm gann to be married the day after the morn; an' nae hoavin' a friend o' any kin-kind in this quarter, I had to ask an acquaintance to be the best-man. Now this man vexes me mair than ye can think, particularly ye see, because the sweetest ha' ye've been hinting to me that it wadna be lucky for me no to ha' a bluid relation for a best-man. For that matter, indeed, look here, look there, I no care the toss up o' a ha' penny about onens myself; but how that ye've fortunately come, I'm a great deal casier, an' it will be no crack out o' the way, for it will please her, an' ye may guess, between you an' us, that she's worth the pishin', or I wadna had her; so I'll just stop over an' tell theither that I ha' a cousin come to be my best-man, an' he'll think naething o' it."

On the morning of the third day, the bride and her friends arrived. She was the only child of a Lannummer farmer, and was in truth a real mountain flower—a health blossom; for the roud health that laughed upon her cheeks approached nearer the hue of the heather-bell than the rose and vermilion of which poets speak. She was comely withal; possessing an appearance of considerable strength, and was rather above the middle size—in short, she was the very bean ideal of a young wife.

Scotland was burned.) I turned from the spinning sibil with disgust.
On the previous day, and during part of the night, the rain had fallen heavily, and the flood-river was swollen to the magnitude of a little river. The manse lay on the opposite side of the burn, which was generally crossed by the aid of stepping-stones; but on the day in question the tops of the stones were barely visible. On crossing the burn, the foot of the bride slipped, and the bridegroom, in his eagerness to assist her, slipped also—knee-deep in the water. The raven voice was again heard—it was another omen.

The kitchen was the only room in the manse large enough to contain the spectators assembled to witness the ceremony, which passed over smoothly enough, save that when the ceremony was about to join the hands of the parties, I drew off the glove of the bride a second or two before the bridesmaid performed a similar operation on the hand of the bridegroom. I heard the whisper of the crooked old woman, and saw that the eyes of the other women were upon me. I felt that I had committed another omen, and almost resolved to renounce wearing black for the future. The ceremony, however, was concluded; we returned from the manse, and everything was forgotten, save mirth and music, till the hour arrived for tea.

The bride's mother had bestowed her "daughter's double set o' red china" during the afternoon; and the female part of the company evidently felt anxious to examine the costly crockery. A young woman was entering with a tray and the tea equipage—another, similarly laden, followed behind her. The sneck of the door caught the handle of the tray, and down went china, waiting-maid, and all! The fall startled her companion—their feet became entangled—both embraced the floor, and the china from both trays lay scattered around them in a thousand shapes and sizes! This was an omen with a vengeance! I could not avoid stealing a look at the sleeve of my black coat. The bearded old woman seemed inspired. She declared the luck of the house was broken. Of the double set of red china was not a cup was left—not an odd saucer. The bridegroom bore the misfortune as a man; and, gently drawing the head of his young partner towards him, said:

"Never mind them, binty; let them gang; we'll get mair."
The bride, poor thing, shed a tear; but the miller threw his arm around her neck, stole a kiss, and she blushed and smiled.
"I was a widdow, however, that every one of the company regarded this as a real omen. The mill-lord was prepared for the joyous dance; but scarce had the fantastic toes (some of them were not light ones) begun to move through the many rounds, when the loft-door broke down beneath the bounding feet of the happy-hearted miller; for, unfortunately, he considered not that his godly body was heavier than his spirits. It was upon women; and the work of breaking had begun; the luck of the young couple was departed.

Three days after the wedding, one of the miller's carts was got in readiness to carry home the bride's mother. On crossing the unlucky burn, to which we have already alluded, the horse stumbled, fell, and broke its knee, and had to be taken back and another put in its place.
"Mair breakings!" exclaimed the now almost heart-broken old woman. "Oh, dear sakes! how will a' this end for my puir binty?"

I remained with my new-found relatives about a week; and while there, the miller and his wife, and the payment of an account of thirty pounds, he having to make up money to pay a corn-factor at the Haddington market on the following day. In the evening the boy returned.
"Weel, callant," inquired the miller, "hae ye gotten the siller?"
"No," replied the youth.
"Mersey me!" exclaimed my cousin, hastily, "hae ye no gotten the siller? What did ye see, or what did they say?"
"I saw the wife," returned the boy, "an' she said—'Siller, laddie! what's brought ye here for siller? I darsay your maister's daft. By ye no ken were broken? I'm sure a body ken't that we broke yesterday.'"
"The mischief break them!" exclaimed the miller, rising and walking hurriedly across the room; "this is breaking in earnest."

I may not here particularize the breakings that followed. One misfortune succeeded another, till the miller broke also. All that he had was put under the hammer, and he wandered forth with his young wife a broken man.
Some years afterwards I met with him in a different part of the country. He had the management of extensive flour mills. He was again doing well, and had money in his master's hands. At last there seemed to be an end of the breakings. We were sitting together when a third person entered, with a rueful countenance.
"Willie," said he, with the tone of a speaking sepulchre, "hae ye heard the news?"
"What news now?" inquired the miller, seriously.
"The maister's broken!" rejoined the other.
"An' my fifty pounds?" responded my cousin in a voice of horror.
"Are broken wi' him," returned the stranger.
"Oh, gude gracious!" cried the young wife, grinding her hands, "I'm sure I wish I were out o' this world! What t'werd their breakings be done? What tempted my mother to buy me the cheena?"

"Or me to wear a black coat at your wedding," thought I.
A few weeks afterwards a letter arrived, announcing that death had suddenly broken the thread of life of her aged father, and her mother requested them to come and take charge of the farm, which was now theirs. They went. The old man had made money upon the hills. They got the better of the broken china and of my black coat. Fortune broke in upon them. My cousin declared, that, upon news, and she, my wife added that she "really thought there

was naething in them. But it was lang an' mony a day," she added, "or I could get your black coat an' my mother's cheena out o' my mind."
They began to prosper, and they prosper still.

The Soldier's Return.

Seven or eight years ago, I was traveling between Berwick and Selkirk; and, having started at the crowing of the cock, I had left Melrose before four in the afternoon. On arriving at Abbot's-Bush, I perceived a Highland soldier, apparently disabled as myself, leaning upon a walking stick, and gazing intently on the fairy palace of the magician whose wand is since broken, but whose magic still remains. I am no particular disciple of Lavater's; yet the man carried his soul upon his face, and we were friends at the first glance. He wore a plain Highland bonnet, and a coarse grey great-coat, buttoned to the throat. His dress bespoke him to belong only to the ranks; but there was a dignity in his manner, and a fire, a glowing language, in his eyes, worthy of a chieftain. His light might exceed five feet nine, and his age be about thirty. The traces of manly beauty were still upon his cheeks, but the sun of a western hemisphere had tinged them with a sallow hue, and barked untimely furrows.

Our conversation related chiefly to the classic scenery around us; and we had pleasantly journeyed together for two or three miles, when we arrived at a little sequestered burial-ground by the wayside, near which there was neither church nor dwelling. Its low wall was thickly covered with turf, and we set down upon it to rest. My companion became silent and melancholy, and his eyes wandered anxiously among the graves.
"Here," said he, "sleep some of my father's children, who died in infancy."
He picked up a small stone from the ground, and, throwing it gently about ten yards, "That," added he, "is the very spot. But, thank God! no grave-stone has been raised during my absence. It is a token I shall find my parents living; and may I also find their love! It is hard, sir, when the heart of a parent is turned against his own child."

He dropped his head upon his breast for a few moments, and was silent; and, hastily raising his forehead to his eyes, seemed to dash away a solitary tear. Then, turning to me, he continued: "You may think, sir, this is weakness in a soldier; but human hearts beat beneath a red coat. My father, whose name is Campbell, and who came from Argyleshire while young, is a wealthy farmer in this neighborhood. Twelve years ago, I loved a being gentle as the light of a summer-moon. We were children together, and she grew in beauty on my sight, as the star of evening steals into glory his soul, and the willow that she was poor and portionless, the daughter of a mean shepherd. Our attachment offended my father. He commanded me to leave her forever. I could not, and he turned me from his house. I wandered—I knew not and I cared not whither. But I will not detain you with my history. In my utmost need, I met a sergeant of the forty-second, who was then upon the recruiting service, and, in a few weeks, I joined that regiment of proud hearts. I was at Brussels when the invitation to the wolf and the raven rang at midnight through the streets. It was the herald of a day of glory and of death. There were three Highland regiments of us—three joined in one—joined in rivalry, in love, and in purpose, and, thank Fate! I was present when the Scots Greys, flying to our aid, raised the electric arch, 'Scotland forever!' returned our tartan'd clansmen; 'Scotland forever!' reverberated as from the hearts we had left behind us; and 'Scotland forever!' re-echoed 'Victory! Heavens! added he, starting to his feet, and grasping his staff, as the enthusiasm of the past gushed back upon his soul, and gave a new meaning to the words 'Scotland forever!' in the vibration of a pendulum."

In a few moments the animated soul that gave eloquence to his tongue drew itself back into the chambers of humanity, and, resuming his seat upon the low wall, he continued: "I left my old regiment with the prospect of promotion, and have since served in the West Indies; but I have heard nothing of my father—nothing of my mother—nothing of her I love."
While he was yet speaking, the grave-digger, with a pick-axe and a spade over his shoulder, entered the ground. He approached within a few yards of where we sat, and measured off a narrow space of earth—it encircled the little stone which the soldier had thrown to indicate the burial-place of his family. Convulsion rushed over the features of my companion; he shivered—he grasped my arm—his lips quivered—his breathing became short and loud—the cold sweat trickled from his temples. He sprang over the wall—he rushed towards the spot.
"Man!" he exclaimed, in agony, "whose grave is that?"
"Hoot! awa' ye!" said the grave-digger, starting back at his manner; "whatna measured off a narrow space of earth?"
"Answer me," cried the soldier, seizing his hand; "whose grave—whose grave is that?"
"Mersey me!" replied the man of death, "ye're surely out o' yer head; it's an' dady body they ca'd Adam Campbell's grave; are ye anything the wiser for spierin'?"
"My father!" cried my comrade, as I approached him; and, clasping his hands together, he bent his head upon my shoulder and wept aloud.

I will not dwell upon the painful scene. During his absence, adversity had given the fortunes of his father to the wind; and he had died in a humble cottage, unloved and unnoticed by the friends of his prosperity.
At the request of my fellow-traveler, I accompanied him to the house of mourning. Two or three poor cottagers sat around the fire. The coffin, with the lid open, lay across a table near the window. A few white flairs fell over the whiter face of the deceased, which seemed to indicate that he died from sorrow rather than from age. The son

pressed his lips to his father's cheek. He groaned in spirit, and was troubled. He raised his head in agony, and, with a voice almost inarticulate with grief, exclaimed, "My mother!"
The wailing peasants started to their feet, and in silence pointed to a lowly bed. He hastened forward—he fell upon his knees by the bedside.
"My mother! Oh, my mother!" he exclaimed, "do not you, too, leave me! Look at me—speak to me! I am your own son—your own Willie; have you, too, forgot me, mother?"

She, too, lay upon her death-bed, and the tide of life was fast ebbing; but the remembrance of her beloved son drove it back for a moment. She opened her eyes—she attempted to raise her feeble hand, and it fell upon his head. She spoke, but he alone knew the words that she uttered; they seemed accents of mingled anguish, of joy, and of blessing. For several minutes he bent over the bed, and wept bitterly. He held her withered hand in his; he started; and, as we approached him, the hand he held was stiff and lifeless. He wept no longer—he gazed from the dead body of his father to that of his mother; his eyes wandered wildly from the one to the other, he smote his hands upon his brow, and threw himself upon a chair, while his misery transfixed him, as if a thunderbolt had entered his soul.

I will not give a description of the melancholy funerals, and the solitary mourner. The father's obsequies were delayed, and the son laid both his parents in the same grave. Several months passed away before I gained information respecting the sequel of my little story. When his parents were laid in the dust, William Campbell, with a sad and anxious heart, made inquiries after Jennie Leslie, the object of his early affections, to whom we have already alluded. For several weeks his search was fruitless; but, at length, he learned that considerable property had been left to her father by a distant relative, and that he now resided somewhere in Dumfriesshire.

In the same gum which I have already described, the soldier set out upon his journey. With little difficulty he discovered the house. It resembled such as are occupied by the higher class of farmers. The front door stood open. He knocked, but no one answered. He proceeded along the passage—he heard voices in an apartment on the right—again he knocked, but was unheeded. He entered uninvited. A group were standing in the middle of the floor; and, amongst them, a minister, commencing the marriage service of the Church of Scotland. The bride hung her head sorrowfully, and tears were stealing down her cheeks—she was his own Jennie Leslie. The clergyman paused. The bride's father stepped forward angrily, and inquired, "What do ye want, sir?" but, instantly recognizing his features, he seized him by the breast, and, in a voice half choked with passion, continued: "Sorrow tak ye for a second! What's brought ye here, and the mair especially at a time like this? Get out o' my house, sir! I say, Willie Campbell, get out o' my house, and never darken my door again wi' yer ne'er-do-well countenance."

A sudden shriek followed the mention of his name, and Jennie Leslie fell into the arms of her bridesmaid.
"Peace, Mr. Leslie!" said the soldier, pushing the old man aside. "Since matters are thus, I will only stop to say farewell, and I will pass on; ye cannot deny me that."
He passed towards the object of his young love. She spoke, but she seemed unconscious of what she said. And, as he again gazed upon her beautiful countenance, absence became as a dream upon her face. The very language he had acquired during his separation was laid aside. Nature triumphed over art, and he addressed her in the accents in which he had first breathed love and won her heart.

"Jennie!" said he, pressing her hand between his, "it's a sair thing to say farewell, but at present I must say so. This is a scene I never expected to see for, O Jennie! I have been true to your truth and to your love as the farmer trusts to seed-time and to harvest, and is not disappointed. O Jennie, woman! this is like separating the flesh from the bones, and burning the marrow. But ye natu be aither's now; farewell! farewell!"
"No! no! my ain Willie!" she exclaimed, recovering from the state of stupefaction; "my hand is still free, and my heart has aye been true to ye; but ye've moved me—ye've been years; save me, Willie, save me!"
And she threw herself into his arms, and, as the soldier looked from one to another, imploring them to commence an attack upon the intruder; but he looked in vain. The father again seized the old grey coat of the soldier, and, almost rending it in twain, discovered underneath, to the astonished company, the richly leaved uniform of a British officer. He dropped the fragment of the outer garment in wonder, and at the same time dropping his wrath, exclaimed, "Mr. Campbell!—or what are ye?—will ye explain yersel?"

A few words explained all. The bridegroom, a wealthy middle-aged man, without a heart, left the wife grasping his teeth. Badly as our military honors are conferred, merit is not always overlooked even in this country, where money is everything, and the Scottish soldier had obtained the promotion he deserved. Jennie's joy was like a dream of heaven. In a few weeks she gave her hand to Captain Campbell, of his Majesty's regiment of infantry, to whom, long years before, she had given her young heart.

Bad company is like a nail driven into a post, which after the first or second blow may be drawn out with little difficulty; but being once driven up to the head, the nail cannot take hold to draw it out—can only be done by the destruction of the wood.
Mark what you would remember upon your finger-nails; they make convenient horn-books, and you will have your lesson at your fingers' ends.

Family Revengo.

In the summer of 1833, I was obliged to spend a few days in Memphis. It was then a considerable town, though of course nothing like its present size, or business importance. I arrived late at night, and in the morning, strolling out to see the town, I was taken somewhat aback at observing more than half the stores unopened, though it was then after ten o'clock. It did not take me long to arrive at the cause of this, for observing a string of people setting westward and through the main street, I questioned and was answered that "a fight's coontin' off, straggles, 'jist down in the gully."

I had come fresh from New York with certain civilized notions respecting duels, which made the man's answer grate rather harshly upon my ear, and yet with the same morbid curiosity that makes men travel far and pay well to see a man hanged, I determined to go out and see the fight, as I saw clearly that it bade fair to be a holiday in Memphis, and that any business I had to do might as well be deferred until its citizens had settled "the fight." I therefore joined the throng for the gully, and walking overtook my original informant and undertook to get more knowledge from him.

The fight, he told me, was to be between two men, Waldron and Jones by name, each representing a large family of the respective cognomens, and each fighting to settle an old family feud that had existed for over twenty years, and had already sacrificed to it three or four members on each side; for he knew that at the period of which I write, and even twenty years later, these family quarrels were carried out, in the southwest, with all the unforgiveness and venom of the Italian vendetta, transmitted from father to son, from brother to brother, and from kinsman to kinsman, with undying hatred. It was a duel of this description that I was going to witness.

Twenty minutes walk brought me upon the ground, where I found, already about three or four thousand persons engaged in every conceivable occupation, whisky drinking being the most prominent. There were a few improvised tents upon the ground, where certain antiquated darbies dispensed luxuries in the shape of cold ham and corn bread, with various vegetables, and sumptuous waggons, barrows, and ox carts, each carrying a keg or barrel of whisky either on private account or to retail at half a dime a drink. On a liberal calculation I counted the crowd at three quarters druck when I arrived upon the ground, and set hurrying to make up the last quarter. The fight, as my informant stated, was to come off at ten o'clock, and it was then nearly eleven, I made no doubt but within a few minutes I should be gratified with the smell of powder in the first act.

It would have taken shrewd guessing to have strolled over that ground and told, by the talk or actions of the thousands there gathered, for what purpose they had come together. Politics, business, crops, horses, and the state of the river were discussed, washed down with copious draughts of "hard fare," but never a word about the affair that had brought them upon the ground. Hour after hour slipped by, and the sun beat its hottest rays down upon the crowd, and still they held on until near four o'clock, when a whisper ran about that the fight was about to come off.

Copying the example of the thousands about me, I ranged myself in one of the parallel rows that I saw forming, leaving a space of about fifty feet between the operations of the principals and their seconds. Every eligible tree and hillock was already taken possession of, and every standing spot that offered a fair sight of the coming entertainment. The first of the principals that made his appearance on the ground was Waldron, a tall, well built, good-looking fellow of about twenty-three. He walked nonchalantly about, shaking hands with one, laughing and chatting with another, taking a bit of tobacco with a third, and making his appearance, when all hands prepared for business. Jones was a man of nearly forty, with a hard, repulsive face, and came upon the ground without noticing any one, going directly to his place and not leaving it or speaking to any one but his seconds.

The weapons were rifles, the distance sixty yards, and in a very few minutes the ground was measured and everything ready. For the first time then, that day, there was silence, each straining to hear the word and see the firing. At last it came, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" One: two! three! fire! And the sharp crack of the rifles rang through the gully, and the heavy thud of Waldron's body followed it. The crowd stood still for an instant, and the shot-belt over him. He was dead—shot directly through the heart!

There was a low, suppressed murmur ran over the crowd, which in a few minutes broke out into wild conversation; and then I learned that this was the third member of the Waldron family that Jones had killed within the year. I had little time to consider it, for a mighty shout went up from the crowd, and I turned to see a tall, dark lad, who could not have been over seventeen, standing in the spot where but a few moments before the murderous ball had passed through a human heart, and to hear from those about me that it was the younger brother of Waldron.

A very little time elapsed when the second command was given, "Are you ready, gentlemen?" One: two! three! fire! And as the smoke cleared away I saw the younger Waldron sitting supported by his seconds. A few minutes elapsed, and I could see there was an argument proceeding between principal and seconds. I saw them lift him to his feet, but he could not stand. Once more he was seated, and two whisky casks were brought to prop him in a sitting posture, and it was understood there was to be another shot. I took a look at the face of Jones while this was going on, but I might as well have looked into the face of a statue.
Once more the rifles were loaded, and the word was given, and the sharp crack answered. At that instant I had my eyes upon Jones, and I saw him start

quickly, and turn suddenly towards the left, opening his mouth wide as though gasping for air. This he made three or four rapid steps towards the crowd, holding his rifle before him, staggered and fell flat on his face. For a moment his seconds seemed paralyzed, and then hastening to raise him, he came up with his hands full of the grass where he had fallen, and his mouth filled with blood. They held him so only for an instant, for in that time the strong man's body became limp, and he dropped to the earth a dead man.

This finished the duel for that day, though there was talk about the last victim having a son, a growing lad, who was said to take up the affair within a year, and fight it to a conclusion, he being the last member of that branch of the family of Jones.

Memphis, that night, was riotously noisy, and drunken, over the event of the day, as well as curiously sympathetic to hear the doctor's report on the case of young Waldron, that they might calculate closely on how long it would be before they would have another holiday over the fight of the younger Jones and the wounded man.

How to Meet a Duelist.
A few years since, as a New England gentleman, whose name was Brown, was visiting at a hotel in Ohio, he had the misfortune to unintentionally offend the susceptible honors of a tall Indiana colonel who was one of the boarders. His apologies not being satisfactory, a challenge was sent him, which, however, he declined, on the ground of conscientious scruples.

The colonel, who, by the way, had won, in two or three encounters, quite a reputation as a duelist, at once conceived the idea that his opponent was a coward, and resolved to disgrace him, by fogging him in the face of the assembled wisdom of the house. Accordingly, the next day, at dinner time, in marched the duelist, armed with a formidable corvide, and advancing to Brown's chair, proceeded to dust his jacket for him in the most approved style. Brown was astonished. Luckily he had once been a lieutenant of militia in his native State, and knew the importance of incommoding his enemy by a diversion. So, seizing a graven twelve, he tossed the contents into the face of the belligerent colonel, and before the hero could recover from the drowning sensation thus occasioned, he sprang upon the table and began to shower upon him, with a liberal hand, the contents of the dishes around.

"You are an infernal!"
"Goward" the colonel was about to say; but at that time a plate of greens struck full upon his mouth, and the words were blocked and lost forever.
"Ha!" cried the little New Englander, whose blood was now up, "fod of greens are you? Take a potato too!" and he hurled a tiling volley of hard potatoes at him. "Excellent eggs here; capital things with calf's head!" and crash came a pile of soft-boiled eggs against the side of his cranium.

The blows of the cowhide, which had hitherto descended upon the Yankee's head and shoulders, now began to fall more weakly and wildly; and it became more evident that the assistant, half-stunned, choked, and partly blinded, was getting the worst of it. His courage was fast ebbing out.
"Take a turkey!" shouted Brown, as a scabed old gobbler descended upon the colonel's head, and bursting, filled his hair with delicious stuffing.
"Here's the fixings!" he continued, as the squash and jelly followed after.
By this time the colonel was irrevocably seized; and, as his mercies opponent seized a huge plum pudding, steaming hot, and holding it above his head with both hands, seemed about to bury him beneath it, he quailed in terror, and throwing down the cowhide, turned about and made a rush for the door.

"Stay, for the pudding, Colonel, stop for the pudding, Colonel!" shouted Brown.
"Pudding, Colonel, pudding!" screamed all his fellow boarders amid convulsions of laughter.
But the Colonel was too much terrified to heed their kind invitations, and did not cease running until he had locked himself in his own room.

But although the Colonel escaped from plum pudding, he could not escape from the rifle which the affair mentioned. He subsequently challenged four persons, against whom his fire was excited, and they all consented to fight; but availing themselves of the privilege of the challenged party, appointed pudding-bags for their weapons. At length, the unfortunate duelist, finding no one who was willing to shoot or be shot at, was obliged to leave the State.

A young man, seated at dinner the other day, said to his wife:
"Ellen, if you are good at guessing, here's a conundrum for you:
"If the devil should lose his tail, where would he go to get another one?"
After some guessing, she gave it up.
"Well," said he, "where they're tail spirits."
Eager to get it off, she hastens to a friend.
"O, Mariah, I have such a nice conundrum! Joe just told me of it. I know you can't guess it."
"If the devil should lose his tail, where should he go to get another one?"
Her friend Mariah having given it up, she said:
"Where they sell liquor by the glass."
"Young man, what's the price of this salt?" asked a deaf old lady of a young fellow in Tremont Row.
"Seven shillings," was the reply.
"Seven shillings," she exclaimed, "I'll give you thirtien."
"Seven shillings, na' am, is the price of the silk," replied the honest shopman.
"Oh, seven shillings," rejoined the lady sharply, "I'll give you five."
A Dutchman thinks honesty ish de post policy, but it makes a man tam poor.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD is issued every SATURDAY MORNING, at 95 per annum, payable in advance for six months, \$31 single copies, 25 cents. Five copies to one address, \$2.00.

The columns of the PUGET SOUND HERALD are open to communications on all questions of public policy and interest, and the admission of all articles is subject to the discretion of the publisher. No responsibility is assumed for the opinions or sentiments expressed by the contributors. This rule will be strictly enforced.

STEILACOOM, W. T. Saturday, February 27, 1864.

MILITARY SENTENCE.—At a General Court Martial, held at Fort Walla Walla, (W. T.) Nov. 24, 1863, private Francis Ely, Company A, First Cavalry, Oregon Volunteers, was sentenced to be shot to death for desertion, deserting post and stealing. He was found guilty of the several charges and sentenced to be shot to death with musketry at such time and place as the General commanding should direct.

THE HAZARDS OF WAR.—A tabular statement has been published from official records in the office of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts, of the losses in the nine months regiments in service from that State, during their term. From these it appears, that in the five regiments and one battery from which the returns have been made, the loss by the casualties of battle was less than four-fifths of one per cent, that is, seventy-seven to a regiment, between seven and eight to a company.

ANOTHER POWERFUL MONITOR.—The last new Monitor which we have a detailed account of is the Dictator, which was launched in New York on the 26th of December last. This vessel differs from all the others in essential particulars, and is presumed to be far superior to any war vessel now afloat. She is 514 feet long, 50 feet broad, and 23 feet deep. She is protected by iron plating 11 inches thick, and her deck is only two feet above the surface, which renders her invaluable at a distance of four miles on the ocean. She is provided with a ram of 23 feet of solid oak and iron. Her propeller is 26 feet below the surface of the water, and her engines of five thousand horse power. Nearly a year has been consumed in her construction.

Expressive Poem.—The Pacific Commercial Advertiser of Dec. 31st chronicles the poisoning of no less than seventy natives, at Honolulu, by eating beef that had been packed in a barrel formerly containing "hide poison." This poison produced immediate and very severe vomiting, which gave relief in all the cases save two; these two dying from the effects. Notwithstanding a careful cleansing of the barrel before putting in the beef, an analysis showed the wood still strongly impregnated with poison. A warning, in this case, against the use of boxes and barrels that once contained poisonous compounds.

How to Travel.—On Monday last, several letters came to hand from the East, addressed to citizens of Steilacoom, which were just sixty days reaching their destination. When it is stated that letters have repeatedly come through in thirty days, from the same points, it will not fail to strike the reader as somewhat remarkable; that, in these days of increased facilities for speed, the mails should consume double the former time in transmission. There is evidently a secret loss somewhere, and it is hoped the Department will endeavor to find its whereabouts.

MASSACHUSETTS AND THE DRAFT.—The rocky and sticky State of Vermont has enlisted her entire quota under the new call, exclusive of the enlistments of her soldiers in the field. The new levies are reported to be of the best quality, coming mainly from the laboring class, the young and strong of her population. The Eastern States take the lead of her Mountains. Take heed of this, ye Green Mountains; your residents upon Pacific shores, and throw up your hats with nice cheers for "the Old Star that never sets."

THE WASHINGTON COLLECTION.—A Washington correspondent presents the presence in that city, a few weeks since, of Victor Smith, late Collector for Puget Sound. He complains of many grievances suffered here, and threatens the political extermination of those who were instrumental in his removal. Look out for your heads, ye Olympia Federal officials, and especially you, Mr. Surveyor-General.

MURDER BY A WIFE.—A man named Wm. P. Edwards was murdered at Chinook, Oregon, some months since, without a trace being left of the perpetrator of the deed. Recent disclosures fasten the crime clearly on the wife of the victim, who was put out of the way in order that she might take to her arms a Kanaka with whom she was smitten.

CATTLE SHIPPERS.—The schr. Flying Mist shipped around the cape for Victoria on Monday night last. The Eliza Anderson, on Thursday evening, also took a load for the same place.

GOING EAST.—Hon. C. C. Hewitt, Chief Justice of W. T., was booked for the East, on Monday last.

DISTRICT COURT TERMS.

1st District.—At Walla Walla, on the first Monday of April and October of each year. 2d District.—At Vancouver, on the second Monday of March and the third Monday of October; and at Olympia, on the first Monday of May and second Monday of November of each year. 3d District.—At Port Townsend, on the second Monday of June and first Monday of September; at Seattle on the fourth Monday of June and second Monday of October; and at Steilacoom on the third Monday of May and first Monday of November of each year.

THE LEGISLATURE.

To the Editor of the Puget Sound Herald: In the last issue of the Herald, while manifestly disposed to do justice to the best able legislators of the eleventh session, you have also fallen into the same error as your contemporaries; and as I am well convinced that you will do justice to the honored representatives of the people, I solicit space in your columns with the view of correcting the erroneous impressions set afloat by the paid hirelings of power. "The servant is never greater than his master," and the uncles for abuse so freely showered on the people's deputies may be taken as an index of the wrath stored up against the people themselves. As Adam Clark and other eminent divines have expressed hopes for the salvation of Julius, so may we hope that sulphur and ashes may yet cure the transgressors of our loyal people of the malady.

You asserted "that there were some measures enacted only calculated to benefit the few, and many of them to the injury of the many." This Mr. Editor, is a solemn charge against the honored representatives of the people, and having recorded the votes in all measures in the house, I solemnly assert that I have no knowledge of such legislation. In your account of the session, you say "our law-makers erred in yielding their privilege to elect a printer;" they could not do otherwise without ignoring the positive instructions of that government which they individually swore to support and obey, "to seek other cause against Doleck Dick." Owing to the division of our once great Territory, the principle legislation has been transferred to Idaho, and the real wants of our Territory can be enacted only in twenty days, and here I will state that for the last fifteen days of the session business on our table in the "lower House" was daily disposed of by noon, when adjournment became inevitable. On several occasions when looking for business from above, our gentlemen indulged in amusing intellectual recreation, by the introduction of "fancy Bills," which occasions free interchange of sentiments and humorous cross-firing took place between the experts, always in kindness and without guile, such Bills were conceived in fun, but exhibited with "bold horns" through the columns of the Gazette, for reasons better known to the "dancing editor" of that sheet.

Mr. Editor, you also stated that "the bill for the relief of the soldiers of the Pacific was passed by a large majority." This is a statement which I have no means of verifying, but I have no doubt that the bill for the relief of the soldiers of the Pacific was passed by a large majority. The bill for the relief of the soldiers of the Pacific was passed by a large majority. The bill for the relief of the soldiers of the Pacific was passed by a large majority.

THE BILL CREATING PILOTAGE ON THE STRAITS OF FUCA.—This bill, which is now before the Legislature, is one of the most important measures of the session. It is designed to create a pilotage on the Straits of Fuca, and to provide for the payment of the same. The bill is supported by a large number of the members of the Legislature, and is expected to pass in the near future. The bill is supported by a large number of the members of the Legislature, and is expected to pass in the near future.

THE MOUNTAIN MONITOR.—The Mountain Monitor, a new paper published in the city of Seattle, has just commenced its publication. The paper is well edited, and contains a large amount of interesting and valuable information. It is expected to be a success, and to do much good for the community.

THE ALABAMA.—A dispatch from Jackson, Miss., dated Feb. 17th, makes the following announcement: "Private advices from China report the capture of the Alabama." There is not a word more nor less than this in the dispatch. The private advices alluded to were doubtless received at San Francisco. Great joy would be a confirmation of this report, we fear the hope inspired by it is without foundation.

DISTRICT COURT CLERK.—Hon. C. C. Hewitt, Chief Justice of this Territory, has appointed Wm. M. Tucker Clerk of the U. S. District Court for Pierce County. Mr. Tucker is a young man of fine abilities and exemplary character, and a brother of Capt. E. H. Tucker, commanding officer of Fort Steilacoom. The appointment is an excellent one, as Mr. Tucker would not doubt make a very good clerk; but we regret to learn that affecting news from his home in California will probably compel him to decline it. A letter announcing the serious indisposition of his father, who is extensively engaged in quartz mining operations, arrived simultaneously with his appointment, and demands his speedy return. The good wishes of many friends attend him, with a earnest desire that he may soon again be with us.

PICTORIALS.—From J. Stratman we have received a bundle of pictorials, besides several late New York newspapers.

TO CAPT. FRANK we are indebted for liber of Victoria and San Francisco papers.

THE OLD UNION WAGON.

"The Old Union Wagon," written and composed by Rev. John H. Lozer, of the 37th Indiana Volunteers, is an admirable specimen of a popular patriotic army melody. It was written at the headquarters of Gen. Negley's division, at Camp Hamilton, on the "Overton Plantation," five miles from Nashville, Tennessee. It was originally intended merely as a camp song in answer to "The Southern Wagon," which the "Secesh" demagogues always ready to sing for the "Yankees." It was afterwards published by John Church, Jr., of Cincinnati, as sheet music, and was sung with great effect at Fike's Opera House, at the immense Union meeting held there to respond to the resolutions sent by the Army of the Cumberland to the people of the N. W. It is now having a great run in the West and the Army; and, as it is well calculated for Union Leagues, we commend it to the one just established in Steilacoom. The sentiment has the right ring, and the air has long been familiar to many. The words are as follows:

In Uncle Sam's dominion, in eighteen sixty-three, The fight between Secession and Union was begun; And through the South they'd have the rights which Uncle Sam's Own their Secesh wagon they'd all take a ride. Hurrah for the wagon, the old Union wagon! Hurrah for the wagon, and all take a ride!

The makers of our wagon were men of solid worth, They made it in the month of June, and it was not for naught; Its wheels are of material the strongest and best, And Andrew the North and South, and the East and West. Hurrah for the wagon, &c.

Our wagon-bred is strong enough for any revolution— In fact, 'tis the hull of the old Constitution; Her coupling's strong, her axle's long, and, anywhere you get her, No monarch's crown can back her down, no traitor can get her. Hurrah for the wagon, &c.

This good old Union wagon the nation all admired; Her wheels had run for four score years and never once been tried. But when old Abram took command, the South wheel got loose; Because the public faith was gone that kept her axle strong; And when he gathered up the reins and started on his route, He plunged into Secession and knocked some fellows out. Hurrah for the wagon, &c.

Now, while in this session mire the wheel was sticking tightly, Some very passengers got mad and cursed the driver slightly; But there's too much black mud on the wheel, says he, "That's what the matter is!" Hurrah for the wagon, &c.

Oh Abram gave notice that in eight or nine days, Unless he relented first, he'd set his wagon free; And when the man that led the fight against his nation Would drop his gun, and home he'd run, to fight against starvation. Hurrah for the wagon, &c.

When Abram said he'd give the slaves that furnished their supplies, It opened Northern traitors' mouths and Southern traitors' eyes; "The slaves," said they, "will run away, if you thus rabble them; But Abram," quipped perhaps they'd best go home and overtake them." Hurrah for the wagon, &c.

Around our Union wagon, with shoulders to the wheel, A million soldiers' wails, with hearts as true as steel; And all the generals, high or low, to help to save the nation, There's none that strikes a harder blow than General Fremont! Hurrah for the wagon, the old Union wagon! Hurrah for the wagon, and all take a ride!

THE MONSTER ORGAN.

We reprint from the Washington Star the following admirable and valuable addition to the literature of musical criticism: Boston has been greatly excited lately over the inauguration at the Music Hall, in that city, of the largest organ in the world, and especially for "the Hub" by Weicher of Wrentzenburg. The pressure of war news has prevented us heretofore from noticing the organ of organs in appropriate terms, but we now propose to give the readers of the Star some idea of the "great instrument." We make up our account from the Boston papers and magazines, taking the precaution, of course, to prune their partial and oftentimes high-colored statements to the bounds of credibility.

This monster organ, then, is equal in power to that of 4,000 throats. Its longest wind pipes are 255 feet in length, (requiring the erection of a tower for their special accommodation) and a full-sized man can crawl readily through its finest tubes. 805 stops produce the various changes and combining effects, which its immense orchestra is capable. Like all instruments of its class, it contains several distinct systems of pipes, commonly spoken of as separate organs, and capable of being played alone or in connection with each other. Four manuals or keyboards, and two pedals, or foot keyboards, command these several systems—the solo organ, the choir organ, the swell organ and the great organ, and the piano and organ.

Dr. Holmes says it was at first designed to fill the monster instrument, by water-power derived from the Cochituate reservoir, but it has been found more convenient to substitute gas for water power, and the organ is now driven by gas. Dr. Holmes states that these engines can run an even stroke and work admirably. He adds that no description will do justice to this stupendous instrument. In the grand crescendo passages these six organs roar simultaneously through their seats, and receding a couple of paces, rushed forward in a single degree, the crowded ranks upon their slipping and rattling in the most singular manner, from the same cause. The walls of the houses throughout the city were sensibly shaken, furniture displaced, &c., causing many timid persons to rush to the street.

In the town immediately adjoining Boston, the concussion was so supposed to be an earthquake. At Newburyport it was thought that the sound imitated a heavy naval engagement. At Salem, the sound was compared to the rumbling of a train of loaded cars. At Lowell, the sound was compared to the rumbling of a train of loaded cars. At Lowell, the sound was compared to the rumbling of a train of loaded cars.

THE MORMONS, after years' practice of polygamy, a physiological inferiority among the people will strike the most casual observer. The commonest form of this, and perhaps the first that develops itself, is a certain feebleness and emaciation of the person, while the countenances of almost all are stamped with a mingled air of intellectuality and brutality.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Victoria daily EVENING EXPRESS contains the latest Mining, Commercial, and General News up to the date of publication. It is published every day, except on Sundays, and is sent to all parts of the Colony. It will be found an excellent medium to enable advertisers to bring their notices before the public.

ADMINISTRATOR'S SALE OF REAL ESTATE.—NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT IN pursuance of the order of the Probate Court of the County of Pierce, in the Territory of Washington, made on the 25th day of February, A. D. 1864, in the matter of the Estate of A. B. BROWN, deceased, the undersigned, Administrator of said estate, will sell at public auction, to the highest bidder for cash, on SATURDAY, the 26th day of March, A. D. 1864, at one o'clock P. M., at the Court House in the City of Tacoma, the following real estate, to-wit: One hundred and thirty (130) acres of land, situated in the County of Pierce, State of Washington, and being the same as is more fully described in the inventory of said estate, and as is more fully described in the inventory of said estate, and as is more fully described in the inventory of said estate.

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MISCELLANEOUS NEWS ITEMS.

The London Times says it is almost certain that war will be averted between England and Japan. The Supreme Court of California has declared the soldiers' vote of that State unconstitutional. A pious editor in Dixie writes a description of hell. It reads like the journal of a tourist through the Southern Confederacy. It does not follow that two persons are fit to marry because they are good. Milk is good, and mustard is good, but they are not good for each other.

It is said that certain parties at Liverpool will shortly be brought before a magistrat on a charge of enticing British subjects for the rebel service. An exchange says that, as babies are a sort of marriage certificate, under the new law, it will be necessary to have a ten cent stamp affixed to them. Secretary Welles gives to patient and suffering auditors throughout the land comfortable assurance that he has an abundance of shot and shell for smooth bores!

A son of Ex-Secretary Cameron has just, after two years' service, been placed on the retired list as an army paymaster, with a salary of \$3000 a year for life! In the Thanksgiving prayer which preceded his sermon, Henry Ward Beecher prayed heartily for the newspapers of the country, which he styled the "Monarchs of the Land." It is said that the rebel guerrillas have killed and carried off more than five thousand negroes on the Kansas border—a fact which proves conclusively that the sword is mightier than the pen.

A communication in the Charleston Mercury signed "Ladies," complains that the mulatto women monopolize the shoe and dry goods stores, and crowd them out, which argues a queer state of society. The latest style of hoop skirts is the self-adjusting, double-back-action, bustle-estrange, face-expansion, Piccolomini attachment, gasometer-indestructible, polioctanoma. It is a very queer thing. The London Lancet says that if a meat-pie has no hole in the cover, to let out certain emanations from the meat, colic, vomiting, and slight poisoning will occur. Odd, for the emanations from a meat-pie are not disagreeable to sniff at.

A public execution in London produced a strong anti hanging demonstration and loud intemperate railing against the Home Secretary, who recently remitted sentence against a respectfully connected murderer, but refused in the case of a laboring man. A California Judge recently said, from the bench, that "the rebels have been prospecting for hell, and struck it rich at Vicksburg and Gettysburg." To which the Denver News says: "It seems to be panning out pretty well, just now, over all their diggings."

There is something inexpressibly sweet in little girls. Lovely, pure, innocent, ingenuous, unsuspecting, full of kindness to brothers, babies and everything. They are sweet little flowers, diamond dew-drops in the breath of morn. What a pity they should ever become women, flirts and heartless coquettes? Letcher, of Virginia, in his recent message, cautions the rebels that their previous contempt of the Yankee has not been well founded. The fact is that it would be well in future not to underestimate the power, number, and preparation of the enemy. Very well said—through a little lens in the day.

Among the Mormons, after years' practice of polygamy, a physiological inferiority among the people will strike the most casual observer. The commonest form of this, and perhaps the first that develops itself, is a certain feebleness and emaciation of the person, while the countenances of almost all are stamped with a mingled air of intellectuality and brutality.

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REGULATIONS FOR LENT IN THE DIOCESE OF SEASIDE.

1. All week days of Lent from Ash Wednesday (10th of February) inclusively, till Easter Sunday exclusively, are fasting days of obligation, on which only one full meal is allowed. A cup of tea or coffee, with a small piece of dry bread, is allowed in the morning, and a moderate collation in the evening. The precept of fasting implies that of abstinence from flesh meat. But, by dispensation, the use of flesh meat is allowed in this diocese, once a day on all Mondays, Tuesdays, and Thursdays of Lent, except Holy Thursday, and every once on Saturdays. By the foregoing dispensation, then, there remain only three days of abstinence every week of Lent, the Holy Week excepted.

2. The rules of fasting would be broken by taking the full meal any considerable time before noon without sufficient cause. 3. The use of flesh meat and fish at the same meal is prohibited. 4. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter, cheese and milk. Lard may be used in preparing fish and vegetables on all days of Lent. This dispensation extends to all days of abstinence throughout the year. 5. There is no prohibition to use eggs, butter, cheese and milk. Lard may be used in preparing fish and vegetables on all days of Lent. This dispensation extends to all days of abstinence throughout the year.

6. The Church dispenses from fasting (but not from abstinence, except in special cases of sickness or the like) the infirm and invalids, nurses and pregnant women, those who are not twenty years of age, such as are obliged to make long and painful journeys and voyages, and all who, by fasting, would be rendered unable to discharge the duties of their employment or would endanger their health. All such persons, however, ought to supply the fast by good works. 7. The spirit of the church is, that fasting and abstinence be joined with alms, fervent prayers, and good works, according to each one's ability. For "Prayer is good with fasting and alms, more than to lay up treasures of gold," said the angel to Tobias, xii, 8. The praiseworthy practice of saying the Rosary every day in each family is particularly recommended.

8. Fasting and abstinence ought to be observed with a penitential spirit; that is, with a deep sense of the guilt of our sins and a hearty sorrow for them, with a sincere desire to return to God, and a resolution to keep His commandments. We owe Him for all our trespasses. Fasting and abstinence in this spirit cannot fail to move God to mercy in our regard. 9. According to an indulgence of our Holy Father the Pope, Pius IX., the penitent and soldier in the U. S. Army, who observes six days of abstinence during the year, viz: Ash Wednesday, the three last days of the Holy Week, the vigil of the Assumption of the B. V. M., and the vigil of Christmas. VANCOUVER, January 1st, 1864. F. M. A. BLANCHET, Bishop of Nisqually.

W. H. BRYAN—Came to the premises of the subscriber, at Steilacoom, on the 26th inst., with my cattle for the last five years, and at present in my possession, a pair of black horses, three years old, a brindle bull two years old, and a young calf one year old, and three calves in milk, white spots on her side, and three calves in milk. The owner is requested to prove property, pay charges, and take them away, or they will be sold to the highest bidder, on the 26th inst. Muck, Pierce County, W. T. Steilacoom, Feb. 13th, 1864.

D. C. H. ROTHSCHILD, PORT TOWNSEND, WHOLESALE DEALER IN WINES, LIQUORS, TOBACCO, CIGARS, CLOTHING, DRY GOODS, ETC.

PROVIDENCE SCHOOL, FOR YOUNG LADIES, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, STEILACOOM, W. T.

THE UNIVERSITY WILL COMMENCE its studies on MONDAY, January 4th, 1864. TERMS FOR BOARDERS: For Board and Tuition per quarter of eleven weeks, \$40. For Washing per quarter, \$10. For Boarding, \$10. For Tuition, per quarter of eleven weeks, \$40. GENERAL REGULATIONS: From the day of entrance to the vacation, in July next, no absence will be allowed in excess of one month. No pupil will be admitted for a shorter period than a quarter year, and no admission will be made for less than one quarter year. Pupils and boarders can get their notes and books at the University. All letters are subject to the inspection of the Board of Trustees.

UNIFORM: For the sake of uniformity and order, all the pupils will attend in the following uniform: For clothing, books or other wants of students, no advances will be made by the institution. To meet such expenses, a student must be deposited with the Treasurer. Pre-payment will be invariably demanded at the commencement of each term. The uniform consists of a black French merino dress, blue ditto, and white muslin dress with blue sash, all made and cut by the same tailor. One white and one black veil; three white gloves, six pairs of black stockings, and one pair of black shoes. Two white handkerchiefs, three pairs of gloves, three pairs of shoes, and one white coat.

Miscellaneous Advertisements.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COLIC AND COUGHS. A SOLETTED COUGH, COLIC, OR Irritation of the Throat, if allowed to progress, should use these. Obtain only the genuine—Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have proved their efficacy in a long list of cases. Public Speaking Troches, which would have the Throat clear and strengthen the voice. Military officers and others who overtax the voice, and are exposed to sudden colds, should use these. Obtain only the genuine—Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have proved their efficacy in a long list of cases. Public Speaking Troches, which would have the Throat clear and strengthen the voice. Military officers and others who overtax the voice, and are exposed to sudden colds, should use these. Obtain only the genuine—Brown's Bronchial Troches, which have proved their efficacy in a long list of cases. Public Speaking Troches, which would have the Throat clear and strengthen the voice. 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The Farmer's Corner.

Communications on Agricultural subjects, from subscribers and others, are invited for these columns.

How to Produce First Class Wool.

In order to secure first class wool, says the U. S. Economist, sheep should always be kept in an improving condition. It is an established principle in animal economy, that those who take the best care of stock, no matter what kind it is, (horses, cattle, hogs, or what not), universally secure the largest profits, and to no class of stock does this principle apply more strongly than to sheep. In this lies the superiority of the English wether. It is always kept in an improving condition, fattening for the market, and never allowed, if by any means it can be prevented, to lose flesh. It is almost impossible to keep up the condition of ewes. Their health will be variable, and their fleeces equally so; stunted in growth, bottom coated or felted, with a weak pile in the staple, which grew when the sheep was out of condition.

The Leicester and the Cotswold are the breeds best adapted for producing the wool most required at the present time. Their carcasses are large, and the wool of long staple, which renders them valuable for both for the fleece and mutton. Let the farmer bear in mind, however, that it is the yearlings and the wethers that will pay him the greatest profit. The wethers, if well cared for, will be very large, producing heavy fleeces and making a good mutton as the famous Southdowns of England.

We saw a notice in one of the daily papers, but a few days since, of five wethers having been sold for twenty-five dollars, and of twenty-one wethers for two hundred and thirty-one dollars.

Many farmers, after securing a good flock of sheep, allow them rapidly to degenerate by breeding in, and by disposing of the lambs and keeping their old ewes. This is more frequently the case where farmers have a good market for lambs.

It will be well to bear in mind that the fleece of a sheep deteriorates every year, and the wool from ewes with two lambs is scarcely worth half as much as the fleece from a yearling wether. Fleeces from a yearling wether have frequently been sold in England for as much as two lambs from an ewe together with her fleece, while the wether has greatly increased in value during the year, and the ewe had decreased. Ewes should be kept until two years old before coming in with lambs. The increased weight of wool, the increased size of the ewe and lamb, and their improved condition, will more than compensate for a year's patient waiting. Breeding from too young deteriorates as much as breeding from too old. To keep a flock in a thriving condition no old ewes should be kept, and the rams should be changed often, taking care in all cases to obtain them from some other flock, and to breed from no ewes less than two years' old. The fleeces will be larger, the wool better, and will consequently bring a better price. Wool adapted to the production of worsted will therefore command a higher price than any other, as we have the strongest assurances from parties well informed upon the subject, that the manufacture of worsted goods will at once be commenced in several parts of New England upon a large scale, and with skill and capital which will, it is confidently believed, insure success.

KNOWLEDGE TO ANIMALS.—Gentleness, like charity, is twice blessed—the effects of which on the animals around the homestead are scarcely less noticeable than upon the family of your household. No man can be truly kind to the latter without letting his cattle feel the influence of his spirit. Soft words and kind looks turn away wrath among cattle as among mankind. Harshness has its curse in the hatred which the brute beast feels, though they cannot utter their scorn, except in occasional kicks or bites; and by general "ugliness," as it is called. An ear of corn, or a little salt, or a look of hay, or even a kind look or gentle action, such as patting your horse, has influence more or less in making your appearance more or less always a source of pleasure to the animals around you. It is a cheap luxury, thus rendering even the poorest boasts comfortable around your homestead.

DIRTINESS.—Among the last spots now to be the swales and low ground of the farm, yielding, perhaps, a ton of inferior grass to the acre. Drain such lands as speedily as may be consistent with your other engagements. Do not wait till your present stock of muck is exhausted, but ditch for the sake of letting out the water. "A farmer should be content to kill one bird with one stone, if he has not the opportunity to kill two." Wet lands, after being drained and allowed time to carry off the water, become thoroughly changed in texture, are much easier worked, yield more and better produce, are more readily warmed, and therefore earlier, sometimes to the extent of two weeks or more, and, withal, more healthy after being drained.

THE FERTILITY OF SHEEP HERBAGE.—In sheep growing there are three distinct sources of profit sought, viz.: increase of number by actual procreation, growth and increase in size and weight, and the annual product of wool. The ewes used in breeding should possess as nearly as possible the points of excellence desired in the offspring; they should be at least two years old, of good strong constitution, well fed and well sheltered. Such ewes, with such management, will generally realize the fond hopes of the shepherd for increase. Growth afterward is natural, easy and rapid. The product of wool depends much upon the health of the sheep, both for strength and beauty of fibre, and weight of fleece.

FORBIDDEN LEAVES.—The early part of the winter, after there has been a fall snow, is the best time to procure leaves from the woods. They are then compact, and can be gathered with half the labor, and twice the quantity loaded. A four-pronged dung fork is all that is necessary with which to gather and load. The fork should be run carefully under the leaves, and not through them to clog the fork, and they can be loaded rapidly. They are a valuable manure material for the hog-pen or cow-yard.

LOCK OF CALVES.—A farmer of much experience gives the following remedy for lice on calves and other stock. One quart of salt dissolved in three quarts of buttermilk. Wash quite thoroughly once or twice. It has never failed to be effectual, besides giving the hair and skin a fine appearance.

Cobble Stone for Floors.

From a communication, by Gen. R. Harman, of Wheatland, in the New York Chronicle, we extract the following:

Farmers would find it much to their interest to pave the floors of their horse stables, their cow and wagon houses, and their hog pens, with small stones. For horses, stone floors are more favorable than wood, as when they stand on wood their hoofs become dry and hard, and are more liable to break, while they do not hold the shoe as well. Stone floors well put down will last an age, whereas wood soon decays, and many a fine horse has been lost thereby. Some farmers may conceive that a stone floor is hard to build and keep in order, but this is not the case. I have stable floors that have been down thirty years, which are now as good as when laid, and hog pen floors that have been down twenty years, and in spite of the hogs' footings, they have not raised one stone. Yet these floors were not put down by a professional mason, but laid them with my own hands.

The stones used in paving should be from four to ten inches in length. Before laying them, get the ground into the shape you wish the floor, and cover it with three inches of sand. Commence laying the stones on the side under which the manger or trough is to be, going through with one course, and then following with one another. If the stones are not round, they should be set on the smallest end with a little slant, and in laying the larger ones, scoop out the sand so that the top of the stones are even. After having finished laying, go over the whole surface with a mallet, pounding the stones down until they are so solid that they will no longer yield to the mallet. Then cover them with fine sand, and this becomes dry, sweep it from one side to the other till every crevice is completely filled. Thus you will have a floor that will last as long as any man may desire.

For horses, the floor should begin to drop off five feet from where their fore feet stand, and a gutter should be formed so as to carry off all liquids. If the floor is well laid, it will soon become so tight that liquids will not sink into it. For cows, four feet is sufficient for the level. If the floor is of the right descent, and the gutters are dropped four or five inches, it will tend much to keep the animals dry and clean.

CABBAGE.—The best method to preserve cabbage in the winter, is to gather them early, say about the first of November, when they are perfectly free from moisture, and hang them up, in a cool, dry cellar. The great secret lies in their being kept dry until needed for use. Another excellent way is to chop them fine, pack in a stone crock, in good cider vinegar, adding salt and pepper to suit the taste, and as much and as good sugar as you can afford. Now if you put into preparation a little bruised horseradish root, it will keep sweet and good until "the rebellion is crushed," if you do not eat it before, which will be pretty sure to do if you know what is good.

MAKE A BEGINNING.—If you do not begin you will never come to the end. The first weed pulled up in the garden, the first shilling put in the savings bank, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things; they make a beginning, and thereby give a hope, a promise, a pledge, an assurance that you are in earnest. How many a poor, idle, erring, hesitating outcast is now creeping his way through the streets of our cities, who, if he had only begun, instead of putting off his resolutions, of amendments and industry, he had made a beginning. The Polish fable of St. Denis, who walked away with his head after decapitation, was drawn by Sir Joshua Reynolds with the legend underneath—"It is but the first step which is difficult."

CANDLES.—Take of alum 5 lbs.; driso 10 entirely in 10 gallons of water; bring the solution to the boiling point, and add 20 pounds of tallow, boiling the whole an hour, skimming constantly. Upon cooling a little, strain through thick muslin or flannel; set aside for a day or two for the tallow to harden; take it from the vessel, lay aside for an hour or so, for the water to drip from it; then heat in a clean vessel sufficiently to melt; when melted, if you desire to bleach them, lay upon a plank by a window, turning every two or three days. Candles made strictly by the above recipe will burn with a brilliancy equal to the best, adamantine, and fully as long.

CHEAP SOAP.—Six pounds sal soda, 4 lbs. lime, 4 gallons of water; mix thoroughly; heat, but not to boiling, until the soda is dissolved; then, after the undissolved portion of the lime has settled, draw off the clear liquid; to 7 1/2 lbs. grease, previously heated to melting, add the liquid by degrees, bringing to a boil up, the first addition; bringing to a boil up, the first addition; continue the boiling for 1 1/2 hours, adding 1 pint of common salt, and boil 15 minutes; add aside to harden. For complete success with the above, great care must be observed in drawing the water from the undissolved lime, as the slightest quantity of lime in the soap will render it liable to curdle.

SCARLET FEVER.—C. G. Stewors, of Cananah, Ohio, gives his experience as follows: "The best remedy I have ever tried is to walk the horse up and down in running water two or three times a day, for a few days; this always cures my horse. The cause I ascribe to a filthy stable, as my horse never gets the scratches unless I employ a certain lazy farm hand in the neighborhood for a makeshift—he and the scratches come together."

TO THE FARMER.—The Marvel gives the following advice to farmers: "Move on towards a better life. Make your farm a place your sons and daughters cannot help leaving. Cultivate the trees—they are God's messengers. Don't say you care nothing for good looks. You do care, why do you build that two-story white house, with blinds and awnings, into which you never go? Or why did you years ago brush your coat and pull up your shirt collar, when you were starting on a Sunday evening's visit to the good woman who now shares your home?"

MAKING LARD.—Cut the fat into pieces about 2 inches square; fill a vessel holding about three gallons with the pieces; put in a pint of boiled lye, made from oak or hickory ashes, and strain before using; lard gently over a slow fire, until the cracklings have turned brown; strain and set aside to cool. By the above process you will get more lard, a better article, and whiter, than by any other process.

Domestic Recipes.

CHICKEN SALAD.—To two pair of chickens, (the neck separated from the bones and cut into very small pieces) take one dozen hard boiled eggs. Mash the yolks well, and add salt according to your liking; water this put in four large tablespoonfuls of prepared mustard. Mix these articles well together, adding by degrees a bottle full of oil. Then add the vinegar; the taste of which must be perceptible. The ingredients must be beaten well together for a long time. Just before mixing in the chicken and celery, (which must be cut into small pieces) take four fresh eggs—raw—and beat them a well with the dressing. Sift up some green pieces of celery, and curl them, by immersing them for some time in cold water. Use these pieces for garnishing the dish of salad, mixed in with some of the green leaves of the celery.

GERMAN PUFFS.—Put half a pint of good milk into a pan, and dredge it with flour till it becomes as thick as heavy pudding; stir it over a slow fire till it is all a lump, then pour it into a malleable tin. When it is cold, add to it the yolks of eight eggs, four ounces of sugar, a spoonful of rose water, a little grated nutmeg, and the rind of half a lemon. Beat them together an hour or more; when the mixture looks bright and light, drop it by the teaspoonful into a pan of boiling lard. They will rise and look like yellow plums. As you fry them, lay them on a sieve to drain—grate sugar round a dish, and serve them on it. Wine sauce may be served with them.

GOOSE—BOILED WITH ONION SAUCE.—When your goose is nicely prepared, singe it, and pour over it a quart of boiling milk; let it stand in the milk all night, then take it out and dry it exceedingly well with a cloth, season it with pepper and salt, chop an onion and a handful of sage leaves, put them into your goose, sew it up at the neck and vent, and suspend it by the neck all the next day, then put it into a pan of cold water, cover it close, and let it boil slowly one hour. Serve it with onion sauce.

CRAB APPLE JELLY.—Jelly from other tart apples can be made in the same way as the following—apples, however, should first be sliced. The crab apples have a very delicate flavor, better for jelly than that of other apples. Put them in a kettle with just enough water to cover them, and let them boil four hours, then take them off the fire and rub them through a colander; this will separate the seeds and skin from the pulp; then strain them through a bag. Then to each pint of the juice thus strained add a pound of white sugar and boil for twenty minutes—meanwhile skin off the rind of your lemons, slice them in rounds, and let them stand for two or three days in the sun, till sufficiently hardened.

AN EXCELLENT PUDDING.—Take three table spoonfuls of melted butter and mix with one cupful of sugar; one egg well beaten; one pint of flour; two teaspoonfuls of cream tartar; one of soda; and one cup of sweet milk. Beat well, and bake thirty minutes. Serve hot with the following sauce: Two cups of sugar with one cup of butter; one cup of currant or other wine, added a little at a time, as the butter are melted—the pan containing it being set in hot water ten minutes or so.

TO PRESERVE HERBS.—All kinds of herbs should be gathered on a dry day just before or while they are in blossom. Tie them in bundles and suspend them in a dry, airy place, with their blossoms downward. When perfectly dry, wrap the medicinal ones in paper and keep them from the air. Pick off the leaves of those which are to be used for cooking, pound or rub, and sift them fine, and keep the powder in bottles corked up tight.

HONOR PAPER OF MUTTON.—Cut a neck of mutton into steaks, take off all the fat, and then put the steaks into a deep dish, with lettuce, turnips, carrots, four or five onions, and pepper and salt. You must not add any water, and must cover the dish very close; place it in a pan of boiling water, and let it boil four hours. Keep the pan supplied with fresh boiling water as it wastes.

VEAL—MIXED.—Cut your veal into slices and then into little square bits—but do not chop it. Put it into sawsawpan, with two or three spoonfuls of gravy, a slice of lemon, a little pepper and salt, and a good lump of butter rolled in flour, a teaspoonful of lemon pickle, and a large spoonful of cream. Keep shaking it over the fire till it boils, but do not let it boil a minute. Serve it hot.

COLD FOWL.—A nice way to dress cold fowl is to peel off the skin, cut the skin off the bones in as large pieces as you can, then dredge it with a little flour, and fry it a nice brown in some butter; pour over it a rich gravy, well seasoned, and thicken it with a piece of butter rolled in flour. Just before you serve it, you may add the juice of a lemon.

SWEET CORN.—When it has fermented a very little, remove all foreign substances by straining or other means; add to each barrel about four quarts of crushed horseradish roots, and it will remain in that state as long as you can reasonably desire. While the radish does not destroy the life, it imparts an agreeable flavor, and prevents fermentation.

MAKING SOAP WITHOUT GREASE.—One bar of common rosin soap. One pound sal soda, one ounce borax. Dissolve the soap and borax in 8 pints of rain or soft water; then add the soda, and boil until dissolved, when you will have upon cooling, 10 pounds of good soap, worth from 8 to 10 cents a pound, and costing only 1 cent per pound.

MAKING TEA.—Water for making tea should be used the moment it boils. The reason assigned is that if it boiled some time all the gas that is in it escapes with the steam, and it will not then make tea of the best flavor. Clear, pure soft water is the best.

PEPPER POT.—Procure a sufficient quantity of tripe, and boil it until it is tender. Cut it up small, add to it some parsley, thyme, majoran, a couple of leeks, and a few dumplings, and potatoes. Season it to your taste with salt and red pepper.

DEATH, THE LEVELER.

The glories of our blood and state are shadows, not substantial things; There is no armor against fate; Death lays his icy hand on kings; Sceptre and crown Must tumble down, And in the dust be equal made; With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field, And plant fresh laurels where they kill; But their strong nerves at last must yield; They tame but one another still. Early to bed, And early to rise, Will soon restore the wearied brain; And mind give up their murmuring breath, When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow, Then boast no more your mighty deeds; Upon Death's purple altar you, As on the victor-victims bleed.

Your heads must come To the cold tomb; Only the action of the just Sings sweet, and blossoms in their dust.

The Betting Dandy.

A young gentleman—with a medium sized, brown mustache, and a suit of clothes which distinguished tailors sometimes furnish their customers on "accommodating terms," that is, on the insecure credit system—came into a hotel on Race street, one afternoon, and after calling for a glass of Madeira, turned to the company and offered to bet with any man present, that the *Susannah* would not be successfully launched. The "bunter" not being taken up, he proposed to wager five dollars that Dr. Webster would be hung. This seemed to be a stupor, too, for nobody accepted the chance. The exquisite glanced around contemptuously and remarked:

"I want to make a bet of some kind; I don't care a fig what it is. I'll bet any man from a shilling's worth of cigars to five hundred dollars. Now your time, gentlemen, what do you propose?"

"Sipping a glass of beer in one corner of the bar-room, sat a plain old gentleman who looked as though he might be a farmer. He sat down his glass and addressed the exquisite:

"Well, mister, I am not in the habit of making bets; but seeing you are anxious about it, I don't care if I gratify you. So I'll bet you a levy's worth of sixes, that I can pour a quart of molasses into your hat and turn it out a solid lump of molasses candy in two minutes by the watch."

"Done!" said the exquisite, taking off his hat and handing it to the farmer. It was a splendid article, that shone like black satin. The old gentleman took the hat and requested the bar keeper to send for a quart of molasses—the cheap sort, at six cents a quart; that is the kind I use in this experiment," said he, handing six cents to the bar keeper.

The molasses was brought, and the old farmer, with a grave and mysterious countenance, poured it into the dandy's hat, while the exquisite took out his watch to note the time.

Giving the hat two or three shakes with a Signor Blandini's admittance, the experimenter placed it on the table, and stared into it and watched the wonderful process of consolidation.

"Time up," said the dandy. "The old farmer moved the hat. "Well, I do believe it ain't hardened," said he, in a tone which implied disappointment. "I missed it somehow or other that time, and I suppose I've lost the bet. Bar keeper, let the gentleman have the cigars—twelve sixes, mind, and charge them in the bill."

"What of the cigars?" roared the exquisite, "you've spoilt my hat that cost me five dollars, and you must pay for it."

"That wasn't in the bargain," timidly answered the old gentleman. "But I'll let you keep the molasses—which is a little more than we agreed for."

Having drained the tenacious fluid from his beaver as best he could, into a spittoon, the man of much to do, stepped from the place—his fury not much abated by the sound of ill-suppressed laughter which followed his exit. He made his complaint at the police office, but as it appeared that the experiment was tried, with his own consent, no damages could be recovered.

On a pine wood-shed, in an alley dark, where shattered moonbeams fitted through a row of tottering chimneys, and an awning, torn and drooping, fell, strobe back and forth with stiff and tense-drawn muscles, and peculiar tread, a cat.

His name was Norval. On yonder neighboring shed his father fought the cats that came in squads from streets beyond, in search of food and strange adventure.

A Lesson to Parents.

I had been married fifteen years. Three beautiful daughters enlivened the domestic hearth, the youngest of whom was in her eighth year. A more happy and contented household was nowhere to be found. My wife was amiable, intelligent, and contented. We were not wealthy; but Providence had preserved us from want; and we had learned that "contentment without wealth is better than wealth without contentment."

It was my custom, when returning home at night, to drop into one of the many shops that are constantly open in the business streets of the metropolis, and purchase some trifling dainties, such as fruit or confectionery, to present to my mother and the children. I need not say how delighted the little ones were at this slight expression of paternal consideration. On one occasion I had purchased some remarkably fine apples. After the repeat, half a dozen were left untouched, and my thrifty companion forthwith removed them to the place of deposit, where it was her custom to preserve the milk-marks. A day or two after, when I had seated myself at the table to dine, she said to me smilingly:

"So, father has found the way to my safety-box, has he?"

I was at a loss to understand the meaning, and desired her to explain.

"Have you not been in my drawer?"

"What drawer?"

"The upper drawer in my chamber bureau. Did you not take therefrom the largest of the pippins I had put away for the girls?"

"No—I did not."

"Not I! I have not seen an apple since the evening I purchased them."

A slight cloud passed over the countenance of my wife. She was troubled; the loss of the apple was in itself nothing; but we had carefully instructed our children not to appropriate to their use any article whatever of family consumption, without permission; and as permission, when the demand was at all reasonable, had never been denied them, she was led to suspect any one of them of the offense. We had a servant girl in the family, but as she was supposed to know nothing of the apples, my wife hesitated to charge it upon her. She at length broke the silence by saying:

"We must examine the affair. I can hardly think one of the children would so act. If we find them guilty, we must reprove them. Will you please look into it?"

The girls were separately called into my presence; the eldest first.

"Eliza, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

"No, sir."

"Maria, did you take from your mother's drawer an apple?"

San Francisco.

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