

# PUGET SOUND HERALD.

AN INDEPENDENT FAMILY JOURNAL, DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

VOL. IV.

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NO. 45.

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CHARLES PROSCHE,  
Editor and Proprietor.

### TERMS—ALWAYS IN ADVANCE.

Rates of Subscription:  
For one year, \$3 00  
For six months, 2 00  
Single copies, 12 1/2 cents

Rates of Advertising:  
One square, (10 lines or less) first insertion, \$1 00  
Each subsequent insertion, 50 cents  
A distinction of 50% per cent. on the above rates to yearly advertisers.

Business Cards, \$25 a year; no advertisement, however small, inserted at a less rate than \$25 per annum.

Legal advertisements of every description must be paid for before insertion. There will be no variation from this rule in any event.

### The Law of Newspapers:

- 1-Subscribers who do not give express notice to the contrary are considered as wishing to continue their subscription.
- 2-If subscribers order their papers discontinued, publishers may continue them until all charges are paid.
- 3-If subscribers neglect or refuse to take their papers from the office or place to which they are sent, they are responsible until they notify the office and give notice of discontinuance.
- 4-If subscribers move to other places without informing the publishers, and the paper is sent to the former direction, they are held responsible. Notice of removal should always be given.
- 5-The courts have decided that relating to a paper or periodical from the office, or removing and leaving it unsealed for, is prima facie evidence of intentional fraud.
- 6-The published rates of advertising govern in all cases except where special contracts have been made previous to insertion. The courts have repeatedly so decided.
- 7-Under the law of Congress, papers are not charged postage in the country, in which they are published.

### JOB PRINTING:

All kinds of Book, Pamphlet, Bill-Head, Circular, Blank and Card Printing, IN PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL STYLE, executed with neatness and dispatch, and forwarded as per order to any part of the country.

Payment for Jobs must always accompany the order.

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### BOOK AND JOB

### PRINTING

### ESTABLISHMENT,

STEILACOOM, W. T.

### BOOKS,

### PAMPHLETS,

### CIRCULARS,

### BILL-HEADS,

### CARDS,

### HAND-BILLS,

### CATALOGUES,

### PROGRAMMES,

### ELECTION TICKETS, &c., &c.,

Executed with promptness and at reasonable rates.

Possessing unusual facilities for executing in the best style every variety of

### PLAIN AND FANCY

### PRINTING,

And having obtained my material in large quantities and at low rates, I can guarantee satisfaction both as to quality of work and price charged.

Now on hand, a large stock of CARDS of all colors and when suitable for

### BUSINESS,

### WEDDING,

### VISITING

### AND OTHER PURPOSES.

Work submitted from all parts of Puget Sound.

CHAS. PROSCHE, Proprietor.

### Civil War.

[In this fearful struggle between North and South, there are hundreds of cases in which fathers are arrayed against sons, and brothers against brothers.—Am. Paper.]

"Rifeman, shoot me a fancy shot  
Straight at the heart of you prowling vidette;  
Ring me a ball in that glittering spot  
That shines on his breast like an amulet."  
"Ah, Captain, here goes for a fine-drawn bead,  
There's music around when my barrel's in tune!"  
Crack! went the rifle, the messenger sped,  
And dead, from his horse, fell the plugging dragon.

"Now, Rifeman, steal through the bushes, and snatch  
From your victim some trinket to land his first blood;  
—but, a loop, or that luscious patch  
That gleams in the moon like a diamond stud."  
"Oh, Captain! I staggered and sunk on my track,  
When I gazed on the face of the fallen vidette;  
For he looked so like you, as he lay on his back,  
That my heart rose upon me, and masters he yet."

"But I snatched the trinket, this locket of gold;  
An inch from the centre my lead broke his way,  
Scarcely grazing the picture, so fair to behold,  
Of a beautiful lady in bridal array."

"Ha! Rifeman, ring me the locket—'t is she!  
My brother's young bride—and the fallen dragon  
Was her husband—shoot! soldier, 't is Heaven's decree,  
We must bury him there by the light of the moon!"

"But, hark! the far bugles their warning utter;  
War is a virtue—weakness a sin;  
There's a lurking and long ago around us tonight;  
Load again, Rifeman, keep your hand in!"

### Do Your Best.

Yes! do your best in every scheme  
For human good designed;  
Brive with a strong and earnest hope  
To benefit your kind;  
Try every plain and honest plan—  
Perhaps you may succeed,  
And find that winning follows work  
Sufficient for your need.

Then do your best! try, yet again,  
With brave, unflinching heart;  
Among life's moral conquerors,  
Through striving, do your part;  
Secure the road you mean to take,  
The part you mean to play,  
And if it be an honest one,  
Work steadfast to your way.

Oh! do your best! from morn till noon,  
From youth till old age's gloom,  
Lie with its triumphs and its woes,  
To human wrongs in right;  
And though you may not see at once  
All that you must desire,  
You've told too long to see your gains;  
Be patient—do not tire.

But do your best! be not so far,  
Your onward path is plain;  
And that you know, can wonders work,  
The while you try again,  
Then where there's labor for your hand,  
Shrink not, but stand the test;  
And full success shall crown the work  
For which you've done your best.

Folly and pride walk side by side.  
Calamity either softens or hardens the heart.  
A true man feels himself the equal of the rich and the poor.  
When does a blacksmith resemble a rogue?  
When he forges.  
Friendship, like phosphorus, shines most when all around is dark.  
"We must be reconciled to our enemies," said the top-man when he took a glass of water.  
To keep apples from rotting, place them in a cool dry cellar, accessible to a family of children.  
A good man regrets more keenly an injustice he has inflicted on others than any that can be put upon him.  
A wag lent a clergyman a horse which ran away and threw him, and then claimed credit for "aiding in spreading the gospel."  
An old maid, speaking of marriage, consoled herself by saying that it is like any other disease: while there is life, there is hope.  
Two enterprising Yankees once started on a temperance expedition—one to do the lecturing, and the other to set the frightful example.  
The less a man knows, the wider his mouth opens. It is as impossible for a fool to keep his jaws shut as it is for a sick oyster to keep his shell closed.  
Life is like a theatre: during the play we take higher and lower seats; but when it is over, we mingle in one common stream and go home.  
The difference between Northerners and Southerners is said to be—the one never sell anything they can eat; the other never eat anything they can sell.  
"Madam, your hash is not fit for a hog to eat," said a surly boarder.  
"How do you know?" said she; "have you tried it?"  
A tender husband goes to bed early and sleeps sound, while his wife is up all night with the sick baby, then abuses her the next morning because she has not got the breakfast ready before he is up.  
If the spring put forth no blossoms, in summer there will be no beauty and in autumn no fruit; so, if youth be trifled away, without improvement, ripen years will be contemptible, and old age miserable.

A man in Boston advertises for a situation in a genteel family where there are several accomplished young ladies, and where his society will be deemed a sufficient remuneration for his board. A very modest man, that.

A Southern clergyman, expatiating on the wickedness of Jonah, exclaimed, "Have we any Jonahs here?"  
A solid old African of that name, with eyes like turpins set in ebony, arose and gravely answered, "Here be one, massa."  
"May I have a few tracts?" said a missionary to an elderly lady who responded to his knock.  
"Leave some tracts? Certainly you may," said she, looking at him most benignly over her spectacles; "leave them with the heels toward the door, if you please."

A correspondent of a Glasgow paper says that in a certain church in that city, a few Sundays ago, the singers might have been heard proclaiming an ontological pursuit in the following line of a hymn:  
"And we'll catch the foe,  
And we'll catch the foe,  
And we'll catch the foe."  
F. T. Barnum says: "Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your calling or occupation may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently in some shape or other, that will arrest public attention. There may possibly be occasions that do not require advertising, but I cannot conceive what they are."

### First and Third Marriage.

"Thus you see, my own Hortense, that I must leave you. I shall provide an income of a hundred louis for your expenses. Look forward constantly to my return; and when fortune again smiles upon me, I shall come back, never again to be separated until death."  
The weeping wife could not be comforted. It was hard that, so soon after her marriage, when the world seemed so bright and gay, and when wealth and fortune smiled so serenely upon her, all should be swept away, and she left, like a lone widow, to protect herself. The husband was almost distracted at the thought of parting with Hortense; but once the Rubicon was passed, he became more calm. A few years, he thought, would find them together, never to part; and perhaps they would be all the happier for the separation.  
Full of hope, he went to the mines of Australia. Day by day he wrought there, enduring hardships unheard of before, but bearing them with the courage and fortitude of a hero. Ever before him was the word of Hortense. It served his arm in the rough mines, when he struck his iron into the gold giving soil; it soothed him when he lay burning with fever, in a rude shanty in the mountains; his thought by day and his dream by night was still his own Hortense. Not a word, however, ever reached him from her; and often he shuddered at the fearful probabilities that arose to his mind. Hortense might be sick, suffering; might deem him dead or unfaithful; no, that could never be—she would have faith in him as in the sun. Come what would, she would not be shaken in her trust. But as he lay in the miserable shanty which held his sick bed, he would have given worlds for one glance from her eye, one pressure of her hand, to show that he was not forgotten; and as he watched the stars overhead, shining through the crevices of the low roof, he thought that if Hortense were dead, she would appear to him then in his need.  
The rude miners were too intent on gain to watch beside his bed, and many were the long days and nights in which he lay unattended. Aid came at last in the shape of a child—a young boy, whose father was at work in the mines, and whose mother supported herself and child by washing. Hours did little Ben. Cole sit beside him, watching every moment, and trying to give him ease; or, bringing water from the spring, he would bathe his fevered forehead with his little hands. A tender nurse, indeed, was little Ben, and on his recovery M. Valentin made the laundress happy by providing for the boy.

M. Valentin had been richly rewarded for his enterprise. Gold had showered in upon him in almost fabulous profusion; and now he seriously thought of returning home. Somewhat disabled by his late illness, he was struck with dismay at being again prostrated, and to find that his disorder was the dreaded small-pox. That the illness, which was only because his constitution was so excellent that even this enemy could not vanquish it. He did live, but his own mother could not have known him, so deeply scarred and disfigured had he become. Hortense! Montreal were now the beginning and end of his aspirations. One thing only marred his joy on the homeward route. Would Hortense love the scarred and disfigured face that looked at him from the little glass in his cabinet? Would she endure the long shaggy beard by which he was enabled to cover a part of the deep scars?  
He had taken passage in an American vessel bound for New York. He arrived safely, and the next hour saw him on his way to Montreal. He bent his course to the neighborhood where Hortense had proposed going after his departure. He inquired every where for Madame Valentin. No one knew her. He himself was not recognized, even when he bawled the places of business. Another name, of course, was upon the familiar door, and hither he turned his steps, to see if happily some old friend of former days might not have heard of her. Even the name was unremembered, or pretended to be; and yet the person he asked was one whom he remembered as plotting zealously to be invited to his dinner-parties.  
"They will remember me when they find I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly. He turned into a by-street, and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine, the most cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back. The man did not ask for anything either, nor show him the withered arm that hung loosely under his coat; and hopeless as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it.  
As he dropped money into the ragged hat that lay on the ground beside the beggar, he said earnestly, "Can you tell me where Madame Valentin lives now, my man?"  
"I used to know her when she lived in Queen street. Was that the one?"  
It was the street where M. Valentin's grand abuse stood.  
"She is gone from that house, but she did not forget old Jack, and many's the penny she has given me since. Glad enough was I when I heard she was married again."  
"Bless you, sir, yes; married to Mr. Stansbury; but, poor man, he died a year ago."  
"Do you know where she lives now?"  
"Somewhere out of town. I don't go so far now I am so old. I think it is in Bloomsbury Place, West Terrace."

To point M. Valentin's feelings would be a hopeless task. Hortense married, but still free! A painful recollection took place in his mind, and he resolved, as all seemed to forget him, that he would not yet discover himself. That night he visited the neighborhood of Hortense, read "Stansbury" on the door, and managed to secure the next house, which happened to be quite empty, and having its garden adjoining hers. The next day he furnished it richly, brought a number of servants, bought a fine carriage and horses, and under the name of Richie he settled down to watch in his leisure the movements of his neighbor. He chose all his private rooms on that side of the house that overlooked hers.  
The first time that he saw her was in the garden. She looked still handsome, but very sad and pensive. He wondered if it was for his loss, or her late husband's. He soon became satisfied that she lived a very retired and quiet life; that she had little company, and kept early hours. It was early spring, but he had plenty of flowers and fruit in the greenhouse, and he sent some for her acceptance with Mr. Richie's compliments. Again and again he repeated the gift, and each time with a selection that marked a delicate taste. Hortense was charmed with her new neighbor, whom she had not seen.  
The flowers had been sent several times, when he added to the request that he might call on the lady. She returned a favorable answer, and under cover of the twilight hour, he found himself in the room with Hortense. The sound of his voice filled her with indescribable amazement. It was his last night on earth. When the moon broke, his eyes were closed in the sleep of death.

Hortense wandered for months about her beautiful home like a perturbed spirit. There was nothing that had been touched by Eugene that had not a solemn and a sacred value in her eyes. The trees he had planted, the towers he had formed, all had a meaning to her that no one else could understand; and yet upon each one of these, and upon her whole heart and life, seemed written, "the glory has departed!"  
It is time to go back to the days of M. Valentin, and see what became of the first husband, the courageous adventurer. At first, he was almost distracted at the thought of parting with Hortense; but once the Rubicon was passed, he became more calm. A few years, he thought, would find them together, never to part; and perhaps they would be all the happier for the separation.  
Full of hope, he went to the mines of Australia. Day by day he wrought there, enduring hardships unheard of before, but bearing them with the courage and fortitude of a hero. Ever before him was the word of Hortense. It served his arm in the rough mines, when he struck his iron into the gold giving soil; it soothed him when he lay burning with fever, in a rude shanty in the mountains; his thought by day and his dream by night was still his own Hortense. Not a word, however, ever reached him from her; and often he shuddered at the fearful probabilities that arose to his mind. Hortense might be sick, suffering; might deem him dead or unfaithful; no, that could never be—she would have faith in him as in the sun. Come what would, she would not be shaken in her trust. But as he lay in the miserable shanty which held his sick bed, he would have given worlds for one glance from her eye, one pressure of her hand, to show that he was not forgotten; and as he watched the stars overhead, shining through the crevices of the low roof, he thought that if Hortense were dead, she would appear to him then in his need.  
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"They will remember me when they find I am rich again," said Valentin to himself, bitterly. He turned into a by-street, and saw a beggar sitting in the sunshine, the most cordial and happy face that had met his gaze since he came back. The man did not ask for anything either, nor show him the withered arm that hung loosely under his coat; and hopeless as the question seemed, he thought he would ask it.  
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"She is gone from that house, but she did not forget old Jack, and many's the penny she has given me since. Glad enough was I when I heard she was married again."  
"Bless you, sir, yes; married to Mr. Stansbury; but, poor man, he died a year ago."  
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but she persuaded herself that it must be fancy. She found her neighbor agreeable and attentive. He did not neglect any opportunity of being with her. They rode together, sang together, and often his voice would thrill through the soul of Hortense, like a remembered lay from some far-off land.  
Insensibly she was becoming interested in him. He had told her much that was true of his past life, and openly mourned some being whom he said was lost to him—he did not say by death—but Hortense saw it in that light. More and more tender grew their intercourse, for the lady seemed utterly to disregard his scars, until she was scarcely surprised and certainly not offended, at receiving an offer of his hand.  
She was alone in the world; she had no one to consult; no one who had any right to blame her for trusting to one of whom she knew so little. It was her own risk, and she accepted him; frankly telling him how well she had loved him who had gone from her sight, and promised that she would try to love him as well.  
M. Valentin exulted greatly in his answer, and came near discovering himself; but he had desired to delay it to a certain time, and he checked himself in time. The wedding-day was appointed, and everything was in readiness for the occasion. In exchanging rings, Hortense looked fixedly at the one which the bridegroom gave her. It was the very ring which M. Valentin gave her at their first wedding! She flinched at the spot, and he began to think that he had carried matters too far. He hung over her with an anxiety such as he never knew before. If she died now by his own folly, what would become of him? He execrated his scheme, and repented even with tears that he had been led to pursue it.  
But Hortense awoke to life, awoke to the new joy of his presence, to ask his forgiveness for the past, and inspire hope for the future. There had ever been an inexplicable attraction towards him on her part, from their first interview; and as she confessed this, her husband was quite inclined to be satisfied, and to forgive the apparent disrespect which he fancied she had paid his memory.  
As M. Valentin predicted, the inhabitants of Montreal, as soon as they found out his wealth, were happy to make his acquaintance, and remembered him as an old friend. With the trust of an honest man he has liquidated his debts to the last farthing; and now, with his beautiful wife, he is traveling through Europe, happy as any couple can possibly be on their bridal tour.

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To point M. Valentin's feelings would be a hopeless task. Hortense married, but still free! A painful recollection took place in his mind, and he resolved, as all seemed to forget him, that he would not yet discover himself. That night he visited the neighborhood of Hortense, read "Stansbury" on the door, and managed to secure the next house, which happened to be quite empty, and having its garden adjoining hers. The next day he furnished it richly, brought a number of servants, bought a fine carriage and horses, and under the name of Richie he settled down to watch in his leisure the movements of his neighbor. He chose all his private rooms on that side of the house that overlooked hers.  
The first time that he saw her was in the garden. She looked still handsome, but very sad and pensive. He wondered if it was for his loss, or her late husband's. He soon became satisfied that she lived a very retired and quiet life; that she had little company, and kept early hours. It was early spring, but he had plenty of flowers and fruit in the greenhouse, and he sent some for her acceptance with Mr. Richie's compliments. Again and again he repeated the gift, and each time with a selection that marked a delicate taste. Hortense was charmed with her new neighbor, whom she had not seen.  
The flowers had been sent several times, when he added to the request that he might call on the lady. She returned a favorable answer, and under cover of the twilight hour, he found himself in the room with Hortense. The sound of his voice filled her with indescribable amazement. It was his last night on earth. When the moon broke, his eyes were closed in the sleep of death.

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