

# PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,  
Editor and Proprietor.

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I Wait for Thee.

The heart is warm, the dew is bright,  
The little slugs are fast;  
The moth is dead, the candle light,  
The sun is in the east,  
And I wait for thee.

Come home, love, come; thy task is done;  
The clock ticks slowly;  
The birds are in the trees,  
The sun is in the sky,  
And I wait for thee.

Come home, love, come; thy deep fond eyes  
Look round me wistfully;  
And when the whispering winds go by  
As if thy welcome steps were nigh,  
I cross exultingly.

In vain—be sure the welcome vale,  
And curls the grass on mine  
As I sit on the grassy bank;  
His face into my heart I strain—  
That glance is so like thine.

Thy task is done—no more thou hast;  
Whichever thy footsteps roam,  
No heart will spread such kindly cheer,  
No hearing heart, no listening ear,  
Like thine that waits for me.

Al! saw along the cross-way fast  
The willow trees both one;  
The bolt is drawn, the gate is past,  
The boy is with me just at last—  
A thousand welcomes.

Song of Old Time.

I was not the boy of earth-born kings,  
Nor the steady oarsman of the sea;  
My hands were busy with the spinning wheel,  
My feet were busy with the treadle;  
I was not the soldier of the field,  
Nor the sailor of the sea;  
I was not the king of the forest,  
Nor the hunter of the deer;  
I was not the lord of the manor,  
Nor the knight of the lance;  
I was not the prince of the palace,  
Nor the duke of the land;  
I was not the hero of the story,  
Nor the champion of the fight;  
I was not the king of the world,  
Nor the lord of the throne;  
I was not the god of the gods,  
Nor the ruler of the earth;  
I was not the master of the universe,  
Nor the creator of the world;  
I was not the father of the world,  
Nor the mother of the world;  
I was not the ruler of the world,  
Nor the lord of the world;  
I was not the king of the world,  
Nor the prince of the world;  
I was not the duke of the world,  
Nor the count of the world;  
I was not the baron of the world,  
Nor the knight of the world;  
I was not the lord of the world,  
Nor the master of the world;  
I was not the ruler of the world,  
Nor the lord of the world;  
I was not the king of the world,  
Nor the prince of the world;  
I was not the duke of the world,  
Nor the count of the world;  
I was not the baron of the world,  
Nor the knight of the world;  
I was not the lord of the world,  
Nor the master of the world;

A Mother's Care.

The mother  
Approached the bed, and drew a sheet away;  
The child was not there, but she knew  
How calmly and so carefully than so;  
The mother's heart was a river of tears.

There he lay upon his back,  
The young mother, warm and moist with life  
To the bottom of his chest, she drew  
The lovely tumbled curls about his face;  
He drew her hand across his forehead;  
To keep him from the light, she drew  
The sheet about his head, and he lay  
The mother's heart was a river of tears,  
The paper for the love.

There are two classes of individuals of whom it may be truly said that their word is as good as their bond: those whose word is never broken, and those whose bond is good for nothing.

Facility helps to accomplish, but does not accomplish anything; it goes faster, but never as far as labor.

An Irish remarker that it is a great pleasure to be slow, especially when your waistcoat is wide.

A man who hoards riches and enjoys them not is no better off than the ass that carries gold and eats thistles.

It is delightful, the philosophy with which we reconcile ourselves to the misfortunes of our neighbors.

Clothy weather melts at length into beauty, and the brightest smiles of the heart are born of its tears.

As a man drinks, he generally grows reckless; in this case, the more drinks the fewer scruples.

By a long journey we know of a horse's strength; so by the length of days a man's heart.

A man should pursue in health the same line of conduct he proposes in sickness.

Optimistic men refuse to believe anything they cannot fully comprehend.

## Cannibalism in Galicia.

Just twelve years ago there happened in the circle of Tornow, in Austrian Galicia—the province is divided into nine circles—a circumstance which will probably furnish the grandmama with a story for their firesides, during their bitter Gallician winters, for many a year.

In the circle of Tornow, the lordship of Parkost, is a little hamlet called Polomyja, consisting of eight hovels and a Jewish tavern. The inhabitants are mostly wood-cutters, hewing down the firs of the dense forest in which their village is situated, and conveying them to the nearest water, down which they are floated to the Vi-tals. Each tenant pays no rent for his cottage and patch of fir, but is bound to work a fixed number of days for his landlord; a practice universal in Galicia, and often productive of much discontent and injustice, as the proprietor exacts labor from his tenant on those days when the harvest has to be got in, or the land is in the best condition for tillage, and just when the peasant would gladly be engaged upon his own small plot. Money is scarce in the province, and this is accordingly the only way in which the landlord can be sure of his dues.

Most of the villagers of Polomyja are miserably poor; but by cultivating a little maize, and keeping a few fowls or a pig, they scrape together sufficient to sustain life. During the summer the men collect resin from the pines, from each of which, once in twelve years, they strip a slip of bark, leaving the resin to exude and trickle into a small earthenware jar at its roots; and during the winter, as already stated, they fell the trees and roll them down to the river.

Polomyja is not a cheerful spot—nestled among dense masses of pine, which shed a gloom over the little hamlet; yet, on a fine day, it is pleasant enough for the old women to sit at their cottage doors, scenting that matchless pine fragrance, sweeter than the balm of the Spice Islands, for there is nothing cloying in that exquisite and exhilarating odor—listening to the harp-like thrill of the breeze in the old gray tree-tops, and knitting quietly at long stockings, while their little cranichlorid romp in the heather and tufted fern.

Toward evening, too, there is something indescribably beautiful in the fir-wood. The sun dives among the trees, and paints their boles with patches of luminous saffron, or falling over a level clearing, glimmers it with its orange disc, so wisely contrasting with the blue-purple shadow of the western rim of unreluctant forest, deep and luscious as the bloom on a plum. The birds then are hastening to their nests; a geraldine, high overhead, is kindled with sunlight; capering and gamboling among the branches, the merry squirrel skips home for the night.

The sun goes down, but the sky is still shining with twilight. The wild-cat begins to hiss and squall in the forest; the roon to flap hastily by, the stork on the top of the tavern chimney to poise itself on one leg for sleep. To whom? an owl begins to wake up. Hark! the woodcutters are coming home with a song.

Such is Polomyja in summer time, and much resembling it are the hamlets scattered about the forest, at intervals of a few miles; in each, the timber house being the most commodious and best built edifice, the church, whenever there is one, not remarkable for anything but its bulbous spire.

You would hardly believe that amidst all this poverty a beggar could have picked up any subsistence, and yet, a few years ago, Sunday after Sunday, there sat a white beard'd venerable man at the church door, asking for alms.

Poor people are proverbially compassionate and liberal, so that the old man generally got a few copper, and often some good woman took him into her cottage, and let him have some food.

Occasionally Swiatok—that was the beggar's name, went his rounds selling small pinback ornaments and beads; generally, however, only appealing to charity.

One Sunday, after church, a Mazur and his wife invited the old man into their hut and gave him a crust of pie and some meat. There were several children about, but a little girl, of nine or ten, attracted the old man's attention by her artless tricks.

Swiatok fell in his pocket and produced a ring, inclosing a piece of colored glass set over foil. This he presented to the child, who ran off delighted to show her acquisition to her companions.

"Is that little maid your daughter?" asked the beggar.

"No," answered the housewife, "she is an orphan; there was a widow in this place who died, leaving the child, and I have taken charge of her; one mouth more will not matter much, and the good God will bless us."

"Ay, ay! to be sure He will; the orphans and fatherless are under His own peculiar care."

"She's a good little thing, and gives no trouble," observed the woman. "You go back to Polomyja to-night, I reckon!"

"I do—!" exclaimed Swiatok, as the little girl ran up to him. "You like the ring, is it not beautiful? I found it under a big fir to the left of the church-yard—there may be dozens there. You must turn round three times, bow to the moon, and say 'Zabol!' then look among the tree roots till you find one."

"Come along," screamed the child to its companions; "we will go and look for rings."

"You must seek separately," said Swiatok. The children scampered off into the wood.

"I have done one good for you," laughed the beggar, "in ridding you, for a time, of the noise of those children."

"I am glad of a little quiet now and then," said the woman; "the children will not let the baby sleep at times with their clatter. Are you going?"

"Yes; I must reach Polomyja to-night. I am old and very feeble, and poor—be boun to fall into his customary whine—" very poor, but I thank and pray to God for you."

Swiatok left the cottage.

The little orphan was never seen again.

The Austrian Government has, of late years, been vigorously advancing education among the lower orders, and establishing schools throughout the province.

The children were returning from class one day, and were scattered among the trees, some pursuing a field mouse, others collecting juniper berries, and some snatching with their hands in their pockets whistling.

"Where's Peter?" asked one little boy of another who was beside him. "We three go home the same way, let us go together."

"Peter?" shouted the lad.

"Here I am!" was the answer from among the trees; "I'll be with you directly."

"Oh, I see him!" said the elder boy. "There is some one talking to him."

"Where?"

"Yonder, among the pines. Ah! they have gone further into the shadow, and I cannot see them any more. I wonder who was with him; a man, I think."

The boys waited till they were tired, and then they sauntered home, determined to thrash Peter for having kept them waiting. But Peter was never seen again.

Some time after this a servant-girl, belonging to a small store kept by a Russian, disappeared from a village five miles from Polomyja. She had been sent with a parcel of groceries to a cottage at no very great distance, but lying apart from the main cluster of hovels, and surrounded by trees.

The day closed in, and her master waited her return anxiously, but as several hours elapsed without any sign of her, he—assisted by the neighbors—went in search of her.

A slight powdering of snow covered the ground, and her footsteps could be traced at intervals where she had diverged from the beaten track.

In that part of the road where the trees were thickest, there were marks of two pairs of feet leaving the path; but owing to the density of the fall of snow, which did not reach the soil, where shaded by the pines, the footprints were immediately lost. By the following morning a heavy fall had obliterated any further traces which daylight might have disclosed.

The servant-girl was never seen again.

During the winter of 1849 the wolves were supposed to have been particularly ravenous, for thus alone did people account for the mysterious disappearance of children.

A little boy had been sent to a fountain to fetch water; the pitcher was found standing by the well, but the boy had vanished. The villagers turned out, and those wolves which could be found were dispatched.

We have already introduced our readers to Polomyja, although the occurrences above related did not take place among these eight hovels, but in neighboring villages. The reason for our having given a more detailed account of this cluster of hovels—rude cabins they were—will now become apparent.

In May, 1849, the innkeeper of Polomyja introduced a couple of ducks, and his suspicions fell upon the beggar who lived there, and whom he held in no esteem, as he himself was a hard-working, industrious man, while Swiatok maintained himself, his wife, and children by mendicancy, although possessing of sufficient arable land to yield an excellent crop of maize, and produce vegetables, all tilled with sedulous care.

As the peasant approached the cottage, a fragrant puff of rose-scented air greeted him.

"I'll catch the fellow in the act!" said the innkeeper to himself, taping up to the door, and taking good care not to be observed.

As he threw open the door he saw the mendicant hurriedly shuffle something under his feet, and conceal it beneath his long clothes. The publican was on him in an instant, had him by the throat, charged him with theft, and dragged him from his seat. Judge of his sickening horror when from beneath the pauper's clothes rolled the head of a girl about the age of fourteen or fifteen years, carefully separated from the trunk.

In a short while the neighbors came up. The venerable Swiatok was locked up, along with his wife, his daughter—a girl of sixteen—and a son, aged five.

The but was thoroughly examined, and the mutilated remains of the poor girl discovered. In a vat were found the legs and thighs, partly fresh, partly stewed or roasted. In a chest were the heart, liver, and entrails, all prepared and cleaned, as neatly as though done by a skillful butcher; and, finally, under the oven was a bowl full of fresh blood. On his way to the magistrate of the district the wretched man flung himself repeatedly on the ground, struggled with his guards, and endeavored to suffocate himself by pulling down clouds of earth and stones, but was prevented by his conductors.

When taken before the Protokoll at Dalkow, he stated that he had already killed and—assisted by his family—eaten six persons. His children, however, asserted most positively that the number was much greater than he had represented, and their testimony is borne out by the fact that the remains of fourteen different caps and suits of clothes, male as well as female, were found in his house.

The origin of this horrible and depraved taste was as follows, according to Swiatok's own confession:

In 1846, three years previous, a Jewish tavern in the neighborhood had been burned down, and the host had himself perished in the flames. Swiatok, while examining the ruins, had found the half-rotted corpse of the publican among the charred rafters of the house. At that time the old man was craving with hunger, having been destitute of food for some time. The scent and the sight of the roasted flesh inspired him with an uncontrollable desire to taste of it. He tore off a portion of the carcass and satiated his hunger upon it, and at the same time he conceived such a liking for it that he could feel no rest till he had tasted again. His second victim was the orphan above alluded to; since then—that is, during the period of no less than three years—he had frequently subsisted in the same manner, and had actually grown sleek and fat upon his frightful meal.

The excitement roused by the discovery of these atrocities was intense; several poor mothers, who had bewailed the loss of their little ones, felt their wounds re-opened agonizingly. Popular indignation rose to its highest pitch; there was some fear lest the criminal should be torn in pieces himself by the enraged people, as soon as he was brought to trial; but he saved the necessity of precautions being taken to insure his safety, for, on the first night of his confinement, he hanged himself from the bars of his prison-window.

There are husbands who can do justice to the qualities of their wives under any circumstances. A Belgian journal furnishes an example. A woman was lately accused of poisoning, and was on the point of being condemned, when she entreated that her husband should be called to speak as to her character. The request was granted, and the husband testified with superb frankness that the best proof of the innocence of his wife was his still being alive. "I am persuaded," he said, "that if my wife had the slightest inclination for poisoning, she would have begun with me, for she has detested me most cordially for the last ten years." This evidence threw the jury into a roar of laughter, and produced the acquittal of the woman.

Typographical errors make sad havoc at times. A few weeks since, in a description of an enthusiastic demonstration at a political gathering, the types were made to say: "The air was rent with the sounds of three thousand people!"

## A Stovepipe Gun.

A curious and ludicrous naval engagement, in which one of the belligerent parties fled in terror before even a gun was fired, is reported to have taken place recently on the Eastern Shore of Maryland. It is thus described by a New York correspondent:

It seems that the crew of a Yankee sloop anchored in that locality, and were detected in poaching upon the numerous oyster beds belonging to Marylanders, in defiance of the stringent laws against such practices. Word having reached the citizens of Eastern of this audacious piece of conduct, the sheriff of the county, with a posse consisting of some fifty men, was dispatched in a large boat to capture the marauders. An exciting chase ensued, which ended in the Yankees reaching the deck of their little craft, while the pursuers were still some distance behind them. The latter continued their approach, however, when rendered desperate by his imminent peril, the Yankee skipper unshipped his stovepipe, and, bringing it to bear upon the gunwale of his sloop, peremptorily ordered the enemy to hold up, or he would blow them to the water. At the sight of this formidable demonstration the pursuers did hold up, and remained resting on their oars, evidently in excited consultation, until, observing the captain in the act of depressing the stovepipe, so as to bear directly upon them, while one of the crew approached the supposed cannon with a lighted torch, consternation seized upon them, and, leaping simultaneously into the water, they all swam ashore for dear life.

After regaining dry land, and recovering their breath a little, the brave Marylanders tried to round to reconnoitre, just in time to catch a glimpse of the captain replacing his formidable weapon over the cabin, while the sloop, with all sails set, was moving briskly down the bay.

How O'Connell sold Russell.

The Mr. Russell who now represents the London Times in the United States is the same gentleman who was sent by that journal to Ireland to report O'Connell's speeches during the Repeal agitation. One of the first meetings of the newspaper man attended was in Kerry. Having heard of O'Connell's polite qualities, he thought he would ask that gentleman's permission to take a verbatim account of the oration. The Liberator not only consented, but, in his inoffensive manner, informed the assembled audience that "until that gentleman was provided with all written communications he wouldn't make a word," assuming an extra bribe, which was altogether unnecessary. Russell was delighted. The preparations began and were completed; Russell was ready.

"Are you quite ready?" asked Dan.

"Quite ready."

"Now, are you sure you're entirely ready?"

"I'm certain, sir. Yes."

"You're certain, sir. Yes."

"Now, you'll my conscience, I won't begin the speech till the London gentleman is entirely ready."

After waiting another moment or so, O'Connell advanced; eyes glittered; ears were all attention; and the reporter's pencil arose. Dan bestowed one more benignant smile on the correspondent, winked at the auditors, and commenced his speech in the Irish language, to the irrepressible horror of the present editor of the *Irish* and *Nery* Gazette, and to the infinite delight of all Kerry.

A happy woman! is she not the very sparkle and sunshine of life? A woman who is happy because she can't help it—whose smile even the coldest sprinkle of misfortune cannot dampen. Men make a terrible mistake when they marry for beauty, for talent, for style; the sweetest wives are they who possess the magic secret of being contented under any circumstances. Rich or poor, high or low, it makes no difference; the bright little fountain of joy bubbles up just as musically in their hearts. Do they live in a log cabin? the fire-light that leaps up on its humble hearth becomes brighter than the gilded chandeliers in an Aladdin palace. Was ever the stream of life so dark and unpropitious as the sunshine of a happy face falling across its tripod tide would not awaken an answering gleam? Why, then, joyous-tempered people don't know half the good they do.

Speaking of mistakes of the press, Mr. Fyfe relates in his "Ways and Means of Letters," a conversation he had with a printer.

"Really," said the printer, "gentlemen should not place such confidence in the eyesight of our hard-worked and half-blind reader of proofs; for I am ashamed to say that we utterly ruined one proof through a ludicrous misprint."

"Indeed! and what was the unhappy line?"

"Why, sir, the poet intended to say, 'See the pale martyr in a sheet of fire,' instead of which we made his say: 'See the pale martyr with his shirt on fire.' Of course the reviewers made the most of a blunder so entertaining to their readers, and the poet gentleman was never heard of more in the field of literature."

Medicine will never remedy bad habits. It is utterly futile to think of living in gluttony, intemperance, and every excess, and keeping the body in health by medicine. Indulgence of the appetite, indigestion, drinking and drugging, have ruined the health and destroyed the lives of more persons than famine or pestilence. If you will take advice, you will become regular in your habits, eat and drink only wholesome things, sleep on a mattress, and retire and rise regularly. Make a free use of water to purify the skin; when sick, take counsel of the best physician you know, and follow nature.

Old Deacon Sharp never told a lie, but he used to relate this:—He was standing one day beside a frog-pond, and saw a large garter snake make an attack upon an enormous bull-frog. The snake seized one of the frog's hind legs, and the frog, to be even with his snare, caught him by the tail, and each commenced swallowing the other, and continued this carnivorous operation until nothing was left of either of them.

The race of mankind would perish, did they cease to eat each other. From the time the mother binds the child's head till the moment that some kind assistant wipes the death damp from the brow of the dying, we cannot exist without mutual help. All, therefore, that need aid, have a right to ask it of their fellow mortals. No one who has the power of granting it can refuse it without guilt.

A wise man takes all adversities and misfortunes as blessings in disguise. He laughs and is always happy, while the poor complaining simpleton faculties happiness to consist in idle pleasures, and never finds it.

A notorious abolitionist announces that he will lecture on the gallows. Prentice hopes he may get the hang of his subject.

Popular pleasure is like a balloon; soon inflated and soon reduced to nothing.

## Domestic Items.

A Western divine, named Slaughter, is organizing a rifle company.

A "fifty multitude" in the Savannah Republican's term for Northern volunteers.

Important oil discoveries are stated to have been made near St. Clair, Michigan, on Pine River and elsewhere.

The New York recruits are put through their evolutions so severely that they drill holes through the sidewalks.

It is stated that "the census embraces seventeen millions of women." Who wouldn't hate to be the census? asks Prentice.

Mrs. James K. Polk is President of a Society of Nashville ladies, organized for the purpose of making clothing for the Confederate Army.

One hundred and thirty clergymen in the State of Maine have signified their readiness to receive appointments to chaplaincies in the army.

The other day, at Lodi, Ill., a woman cut off the two forefingers of her husband's hand while he was asleep, to keep him from enlisting. This disables him by law.

People may talk about General Scott's age and infirmities, but we notice that by the help of his staff he gets over a good deal of ground, and that quite rapidly.

The Augusta (Ga.) *Constitutionalist* recommends that they cease firing salutes in the Southern States, as it is a waste of powder, an article they may want before long.

Prentice, of the *Louisville Journal*, keeps up his fire upon the disunionists with unabated vigor. He suggests that the Confederate army take Gen. Pillow along to dig their ditches.

A Washington letter says: "In the ranks of the Rhode Island Regiment is a private worth \$200,000. This morning I saw him mopping the floor of the barracks. His appetite is good."

The Southern papers are rejoicing over the anxiety that seven shots hit the flag staff of Fort Sumter, but the eighth brought it down; no seven States seceded, and Virginia makes the eighth.

A lady at Washington inquired of another if Mr. Lincoln was a self-made man, and upon being answered in the affirmative, said: "Well, he didn't take much pains with his beauty, certainly." The anecdote amused the President.

It is stated that Mr. A. B. Dickinson, of New York, the newly appointed minister to Nicaragua, was an applicant for the office of Marshal in Nebraska. His land writing being indistinct, the Secretary of State thought he asked for the post of Minister in Nicaragua, and being a friend, appointed him Minister instead of Marshal.

"My son," said a solid New York merchant to his heir and namesake, "I would rather give \$1,000 than have you go to Washington soldiering." "Father," was the kindly but decided response, "if you could make it \$100,000, it would be of no use; for where the Seventh Regiment goes, I go."

A fanatic, who preached an obnoxious abolition sermon in the interior of New York, a few evenings since, was stoned on his way from church. Probably the people thought that, as he had preached there a sermon they would preach him one; and they had read in Shakespeare that there are "sermons in stones."

A young son of a prominent citizen of Nantucket is a member of the New York Seventh, and has gone to Washington with the regiment. The father, upon learning the fact, communicated it to his wife, and asked what she thought of it. "Think of it!" exclaimed the mother, "I wish my other son was here to join him, and if your services are required, I would have you go also."

An equitableness club is organized by a party of ladies in Washington, including two who preside over the hospitalities of foreign legations. They have lodged themselves to meet, in the saddle, every half week day morning, under forfeiture of a quarter eagle for each neglect to appear, which is to be a fund for the relief of the poor. The hour at which the cavalcade starts is half past six, rather to the annoyance of some of the attendant cavaliers.

A correspondence, of which the following is the substance, is said to have passed between Gov. Hicks of Maryland and Gov. Sprague of Rhode Island, by telegraph:—Governor Hicks to Governor Sprague:—"I understand you are about to proceed in Washington with the Rhode Island Regiment. I advise you not to take them through Baltimore, and thus avoid trouble." Governor Sprague to Gov. Hicks:—"The Rhode Island Regiment are going to fight; and it matters not whether they fight in Baltimore or Washington."

A correspondent relates the following incident, which shows the spirit of Molly Flark had not died out:—At a private party, a few evenings ago, the conversation between a gentleman and lady, who are "engaged," turned upon the call for volunteers. "Are you going to volunteer?" inquired the lady. "And do you want me to volunteer and get killed?" was the reply. Springing from her seat, her bright eyes flashing fire, and her dimpled cheeks flushed with animation, she exclaimed: "If you are a coward, and dare not fight for your country, you are not the man for me."

The Baltimore Patriot (Union) thinks: There can be but two sets of men among us—those who are for the Union and those who are against it. We shall now learn who are for the Government of the United States, and who are for the Government of the Confederate States—who are for the maintenance of the Union which Washington founded, defended, and left as a sacred legacy to his countrymen; and we shall know who are for breaking it up, and succumbing to the tyranny of a political party in armed rebellion against the laws of the land.

The New York school boys have visited Major Anderson. They formed in front of the Brevoort House, and after cheering many times for Major Anderson and Mrs. Anderson, sang several patriotic songs, commencing with the "Red, White and Blue." Major Anderson, after being presented to the school officers and teachers, said, "Boys, I can't help it, I must shake hands with you." Going through the ranks of the boys he was greeted with cheers, raising of hats, and waving of flags. Almost every youngster had a flag.

## Foreign Items.

Late foreign advices represent the cereal crops of France as likely to prove almost a total failure, this year.

The Hon. Mrs. Yelverton passed through Belfast lately, on her way to Scotland, to attend the trial about to take place to establish the Scotch marriage between herself and Hon. Major Yelverton.

Louis Napoleon has recently been making inquiries as to the capability of the provision merchants of Cork to furnish him with a very large supply of naval provisions. Several merchants have been to Paris about this matter.

The last notch of extravagance has been reached by a Russian lady, for whom a *Panama* couturier has just "built a dress commencing two hundred and fifty yards of silk and lace! Price—seven thousand francs!"

William Smith O'Brien has settled down in his pretty country seat at Caherlymore, where he discusses, for his own amusement, the affairs of the world. Mr. O'Brien is an "esteemed gentleman," his income from landed property amounting to \$45,000 annually.

Fuel is very costly in Paris. French coal is of inferior quality, and the mines are inconvenient of access and distant. Wood is chiefly used in families, and very sparingly, the price being half a cent a pound, and the quality poor, mostly small sticks of beech wood.

Lord Seymour, upon leaving Venice, was searched by the police, who felt in his pockets. He "travels on the shoulder," and struck the policeman a blow with his fist, said Austria was worse than Turkey, and swore roundly he would write to his minister about this insult.

In Bernburg, when a young woman is ill, her parents agree with a physician, that if he cures the patient he may have her for his trouble, but if she dies under his medicines, he is to pay them her full value. It is stated that some of the successful physicians have large families of females who have become their property in this manner.

It is announced that a deputation of Maronites had lately arrived in Paris for the purpose of petitioning the Emperor, in the name of the

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Published every THURSDAY EVENING, at \$1 per annum, in advance...

The Herald can be found in San Francisco at the depot of J. W. Sullivan...

We shall be pleased to furnish masters of vessels and others, outward bound...

L. P. FISHER, 177 1/2 Washington st., San Francisco.

The columns of the Puget Sound Herald are open to communications on all questions of public policy...

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STEILACOOM, W. T., Thursday Evening, June 20, 1861.

FOR DELEGATE TO CONGRESS, WM. H. WALLACE, OF PIERCE COUNTY.

Pierce Co. Republican Ticket.

- For Council, E. MEEKER. For Representatives, C. H. SPINNING, LEMUEL BILLS. For County Commissioner, HENRY MURREY. For Assessor, PETER SMITH.

REPUBLICAN PLATFORM.

WHEREAS, The Government of the United States has been forced to call into the field an army, to suppress rebellion and treason...

Resolved, That we cordially endorse the sentiments of the Inaugural Address of President Lincoln...

Resolved, That we utterly repudiate and unconditionally denounce and condemn any and all efforts and projects looking to the formation of a Pacific Confederacy.

Resolved, That we cordially endorse the sentiments of the Inaugural Address of President Lincoln...

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PLATFORMS.

Since the late Territorial Conventions, there has been much said about party platforms...

A prominent candidate before the Vancouver Convention, and a staunch supporter of Mr. Garfield...

It seems to us that the individual platform of this gentleman is quite as susceptible of being set to any tune...

And the gentleman, six months hence, can stand as consistently in the Republican party as in the Democratic...

This being non-committed to any defined principles, it seems to us that the individual platform of this gentleman...

Now to refer back to the Vancouver platform and its exposition by this gentleman...

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THE TERRITORIAL UNIVERSITY.

Beyond a knowledge of the laying of the corner-stone, which we did learn until after it had taken place...

The site selected for the University is in the most commanding portion of Seattle...

The foundation or corner-stone of the main building was laid on the 20th ult...

The groundwork is of solid masonry, suitable stone for which is obtained in large quantities...

The Commissioners have already received upwards of ten thousand dollars from sales of the lands appropriated by Congress...

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THE DEMOCRATIC CONVENTION.

The attempt made to draw Mr. Light and his friends into the convention, on Saturday last...

For some days previous to the meeting of the convention, several of the rank and file were detailed to take Mr. Light in charge...

The same paper of the 14th says: Besides those which we mentioned yesterday, the military posts at San Juan Island and Clatsop...

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MILITARY MOVEMENTS.

We have been for some time in expectation of orders making serious reductions of our already meagre military posts...

Two companies of the 4th Infantry, H and F, the former at Fort Cascades, commanded by Capt. Wallen...

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Special Notices.

Hall's Sarsa, or Yellow Dock and Iodide of Potass.

Prepared from the finest red Jamaica Sarsaparilla and English Iodide of Potass...

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, JUSTICE AND INDUSTRY. Independent Order of Knights Templar.

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