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## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

**CHARLES PROSCH,**  
Editor and Proprietor.

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## Hoe out your Row.

One lazy day a farmer's boy  
Was hoeing out the row,  
And moodily had listened long  
To hear the dinner horn.  
The wicket door he heard at last,  
Down he dropped his hoe;  
But the good man shouted in his ear,  
"My boy, hoe out your row!"

Although a "hard one" was the row,  
To use a plowman's phrase,  
And the lad, as sailors have it,  
Beginning with "I-haw,"  
"I-eh," said he, and manfully  
He seized again his hoe;  
And the good man smiled to see  
The boy hoe out his row.

The lad the best remembered,  
And proved the moral well,  
That perseverance to the end  
At last will surely tell.  
Take courage, man, resolve you can,  
And strike a vigorous blow,  
In life's great field of varied toil  
Always hoe out your row.

## At Eve.

Low hangs the folds of darkening clouds,  
With wind and moving forms,  
And in the distance, far and near,  
Descends the voice of storms.

But midst the darkness there are rents,  
Through which the sun is gleaming,  
And in his light the stars are rife  
Through which God's love is beaming.

## A Rich Scene.

In the Canadian House of Assembly, a few weeks ago, they had quite a spirited debate on the bill to prohibit the use of hoops and crinolines, introduced by Aiken. We publish a few of the most brilliant passages:

Mr. Drummond was an ardent admirer of hoops from childhood. He was born with a love of hoops. When he was a child of tender years, he used to trundle his hoops, all unconscious of the fate that was in store for him. Later in life he had swallowed a ring, which resulted in a whooping-cough; and even now the sight of an empty hoop-bought tears into his eyes.

Mr. Brown complained that it was impossible now to choose a wife, since her defects were so laid by hoops, and enveloped in crinolines, that the naked—  
Speaker—Order.  
Mr. Brown—Mr. Speaker—  
Speaker—The honorable gentleman is out of order.

Mr. Brown—But, Mr. Speaker, the naked—  
Speaker—Hold your tongue, sir.  
Mr. Brown—The naked—  
Speaker—Upon my soul, Mr. Brown, cork up, or I'll have you arrested.

Mr. Brown—Permit me to explain, Mr. Speaker. When I said naked—  
Speaker—(yelling)—Clear the galleries of ladies, Mr. Sergeant.

Mr. Brown—In the name of the seventeen groans and the fifteen curses, Mr. Speaker, surely believe Smith—but use apologetic, then, I only meant to say that hoops and crinolines had reached to such a rotundity, that it was impossible to arrive at the naked—  
Speaker—(frantically)—Death and blue devils! Stop, or I'll brain you with the mace. Consider the impropriety—  
Mr. Brown—(wildly)—Truth! truth! truth! naked truth, was what I was going to say.

Mr. Dunbar Ross understood his honorable friend to say that people cannot pass along the streets without being assailed by highwaymen. Now, surely the honorable member from Lake Ontario could not be aware that the character of every member in the House was affected by such dam—  
Mr. Talbot objected to such unparliamentary language.

Mr. Ross protested against interruption. He was going to say, by such a dam—  
Mr. J. Cameron—The honorable member should not swear in that dreadful manner.

Mr. Ross—Wasn't doing anything of the kind, but would be tempted to do so if not allowed to finish his sentence. But such a dam—(order, order), dam—(confusion) he would repeat in—  
by such a dam—(tremendous uproar).

Mr. Wright stood up and moved, amid the wildest confusion, that Mr. Ross be expelled from the House for such awful language.  
Mr. Ross (black in the face) exclaimed that damaging statements was all he meant to say when he was interrupted by the fool—  
Mr. Talbot—Who's a fool?

Mr. Ross—Foolish ass—  
Mr. Cameron—Who's a foolish ass?  
Mr. Ross—(wildly)—foolish assertion of profanity.

## Better to Fight than to Run.

"That which thou hast to do, do with all thy might," said a clergyman to his son, one morning.  
"So I did this morning," said Bill, with an enthusiastic gleam in his eye.  
"Ah! what was that, darling?" and the father's fingers ran through his offspring's curls.  
"Why I walloped Jack Edwards," said the young hopeful, "till he yelled like blazes. You should just hear him hollar, dad."

The father looked unhappy, while he explained that the precept did not apply to any act like that, and concluded mildly with:  
"You should not have done that, my child."  
"Then he'd walloped me," replied the young hopeful.

"Better," said the sire, "for you to have fled from the wrath to come."  
"Yes, but," replied the hopeful, by way of a final clincher, "Jack can run twice as fast as I can."

The old man sighed, went to his study, took up his pen, and endeavored to compose himself.  
"Billy, how did you lose your finger?"  
"Easy enough," said Bill.  
"I suppose so; but how?"  
"I guess you would have lost your own, if it had been where mine was."  
"That don't answer my question."  
"Well, if you must know," said Bill, rather testily, "I had to cut it off, or else steal the trap."

Shun a man who doesn't pay his compliments to the ladies. He who is wanting in honor to grocer, tailor, and butcher. Faithfulness to the dimity institution is a sure sign of a want of principle, piety, and a good bringing up.

An old farmer, whose son had died lately, was visited by a neighbor, who began to console with him on the loss. "My loss!" said the father, "no such thing, it was his own loss; he was of age." Cold soup is the index of a poor dinner.

## THE LAST VICTIM

Of the Scottish Maiden.

A True Tale of the Nineteenth Century.

A Scottish maiden! What a pleasant vision do these words call up! Who that has ever kept his twelfth of August on the northern moors could fail to be reminded by them of some bright eyed Highland lassie whom he has met at early dawn, day dawning, the mountain stream babbling, with her plaid thrown over her fair hair, and her clear voice singing out an old sweet ballad of her native land; or haply, if he has had an entrance to the homes of the Scottish aristocracy, they will bring before him some yet fairer picture of a pure pale face, where eyes of a blue, tender as the morning sky, spoke of a noble and truthful soul within; and he has learnt to love the race that once had such deadly feuds with his Saxon ancestry, because of the "glamour" cast around him by the golden-haired daughters of the land.

But very different is the real picture of that Scottish maiden of whom we are about to speak; nor was she any vision of the fancy, but a terrible reality whom all men knew and feared throughout Scotland, two hundred years ago. A dark and stern lass she truly, and one who brooked no rival for her charms, she had once embraced never clasped to mortal heart again; and the lovers whom she pillowed on her bosom slept a sleep that knew no waking. Few there were, even of the bravest, who did not shudder somewhat as they saw her keeping her unchanging watch through storm and sunshine, beneath the shadow of old St. Giles, the principal church of the north of Scotland, and oftentimes, when they saw how the ground beneath her feet was stained with blood, they muttered curses on the "loathly madin," that had done to death so many a gallant Scot. Yet to some, this ghastly lady (which was none other than the public galliot) appeared to have attractions, such as many a bright-eyed attendant would have been loath to admit of the noble Marquis of Argyll, the last who died in her embrace, when our story commences, that he ran eagerly up the steps, and exclaimed, as he laid his head upon the block, "This is the sweetest maiden I have ever kissed."

This saying of his was often cited, and the world wondered what hidden pang had so darkly for the gallant noble, whose homage she courted with the fiercest passion, and who should die with words of such bitter meaning on his lips; but when, some few years later, the maiden pressed with her cold hand the throat of him who proved to be her latest victim, the strange and tragic circumstances of his death obliterated all recollections of the Marquis and his dying words.

It happened singularly enough, however, that the Marquis, the Lord of Argyll and Kenelm Hamilton, who succeeded him on the block, had been in the deadliest enemies; and, by a peculiar chain of circumstances, which we shall now proceed to detail, the death of the one caused that of the other.

It was about a month after the execution of the Marquis that Hamilton, whose race, so closely allied to the kings of Scotland, was even prouder than Argyll's, found himself compelled, by peculiar business, to pass a night in the little town of Inverary, close to which stood the magnificent castle of the same name, which had been the heritage of his dead rival.

Never, perhaps, did any one approach that beautiful spot with greater ill-will than Kenelm Hamilton; he was a young man of peculiarly fiery and impetuous disposition, of whom it was often said that his love and his hatred were alike to be dreaded. So consoled the fate, and Kenelm, with the other, he was the second son of that noble family of Hamiltons between whom and the Argyles there had been a deadly feud for many generations past. Never, however, had it burnt more fiercely than in the time of which we write, when the families had been represented by the Marquis who had just been compelled to lay his lofty head at the maiden's feet, and Kenelm, with the wild and angry temper; for his elder brother was an idiot, who bore the family title, but lacked the wit to defend their honor when assailed. Deep had been the hate between Argyll and Hamilton, which even the new-blood of the former had not availed to quench; for, in addition to the old clan feud, there was a quarrel between them which had fearfully embittered their traditional hatred. The Marquis of Argyll had been betrothed almost from boyhood to his cousin, the Lady Ellen Graham, and although their engagement had been a matter of family arrangement, he loved her well and truly; not so the lady, however. She had not been contented when she was bound, while yet a child, to the Marquis, and with the true feminine spirit of contradiction, she resolved to choose for herself, and accepted the addresses of Kenelm Hamilton, who, by some unlucky chance, had fallen in love with his rival's bride.

Their wedding was even now fixed to take place in a few months, and this circumstance, no doubt, explained the last words of Argyll, which were destined to be the means of one day bringing his enemy to the arms of this same cruel maiden, whom he himself had embraced with so much fervor. And now the recollection of that last bloody scene was, doubtless, heavy on the heart of Hamilton as he rode down the mountain path which led to Inverary Castle, and the little village which lay at its foot. It was a cold and gloomy night; the darkness was intense, and the wild north wind went shrieking through the pass as it bore upon its wings the souls of those who had expired in great agony, while the dark Scotch firs stood like spectres among the bleak gray rocks. Truly it was an evening on which the stoutest heart might gladly seek a shelter, and Hamilton was fain, though sorely against his will, to rest for the night in the domain of his enemy. This had been no part of his intention when he set out on his journey; he had then been accompanied by two of his retainers, and he designed to have passed at a little distance from Inverary early in the day, and to have lodged for the night in a castle at some distance, and belonging to a kinsman of his own; but unfortunately, that morning one of his guides had been lacerated from his horse and injured so severely that his life was despaired of. Some hours were spent in conveying the wounded man to a resting place; and Hamilton, whose mission admitted of no delay, was obliged to leave him in charge of his couriers and push on his road, although the short December day was already closing in when he started again.

He rode on as rapidly as he could, but the darkness soon became so impenetrable that he repeatedly lost his way; and when, at last, the lights of Inverary gleamed through the driving mist and rain, he felt that it had become a matter of necessity that he should rest there for the night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

In those turbulent times, when every man's hand was against his fellow, there would have been considerable risk in a Hamilton venturing into Inverary, and especially this particular Hamilton, had he been known; but Kenelm trusted that the darkness of the night would prevent his being seen by any but the landlord of the inn where he meant to sleep, to whom he was personally unknown, and who would not be likely to suspect that a solitary horseman, unattended by a single retainer, could bear so proud a name.

In this supposition he was proved to have judged rightly. Kenelm rode unattended and unobserved through the little town, the streets of which were, in fact, almost deserted; and as the tempestuous weather had driven all the inhabitants into their houses, and he saw, to his great satisfaction, that even the door of the inn was shut—a sufficient proof that no guests were expected at the "Argyle Arms" that night. The landlord, a Campbell of course, and as purely a Scot as one could wish to see, himself came to the door to welcome the stranger, and after sending his tired horse to the stable, he ushered him into the huge stone kitchen, briefly remarking that he must be content with such cheer as the family provisions could afford, for that he little expected any visitor on a night so "uncanny."

Hamilton assured him he was not disposed to be fastidious, and having thrown off his dripping mantle, and disencumbered himself of his heavy riding boots, he sat down on the oaken settle opposite the huge fireplace, while Campbell went out to see that the horse was attended to.

Left to himself, Kenelm began to look around him, and he was much struck with the scene which presented itself within the room. The huge fireplace, which was filled with wood, sent a bright and ruddy glow over the whole room, and lighted up with a brilliant glare the figure of a young woman, who sat at one corner of the ample hearth, and who was the only occupant of the apartment besides himself. There was something very peculiar in the appearance of this girl, which riveted Hamilton's gaze in spite of himself. She sat perfectly motionless, excepting for the rapid movement of her fingers, which she was employed in knitting; her hair, which was parted for her head, left her pale face exposed to view, which was marked by a singularly frigid, and yet by no means vacant expression. This was caused in part, no doubt, by the fixed stare of her large light blue eyes, which never moved in their sockets, nor brightened with a sparkle of life; it was evident that she was stone blind, and that there were certain lines around the thin compressed lips which seemed to indicate that she had all the attributes, amounting almost to cunning, which often characterizes persons thus afflicted.

The countenance was far from beautiful—scarcely even pleasing—yet it impressed Hamilton with a sense of power such as we often feel, and which is not to be accounted for by any known to us. She gave no sign of being conscious of his presence, but he felt she was aware that he was in the room; and, as he continued to watch her, sitting there in her strong impassive-ness, an indefinite feeling of shivering and dread took possession of him, for which he could not account. He had been thinking of this rival's blood and death, and it struck him that the implacable "maiden" who had taken Argyll's young life might have been fitly represented by this weird dame, who sat there so like a blind, inexorable fate, weaving a web of inevitable doom.

The gallant knights of those times, who feared neither death nor danger, were greatly prone to superstition, and Hamilton, hot blooded and impetuous as he was, proved no exception to the rule. He was, therefore, heartily glad when the knacker returned and broke the ominous silence which so oppressed him.

"Here, Elspeth," said Campbell, addressing the figure in the broad Scotch of those days, which we will not attempt to reproduce; "here's a gentleman cold and hungry; come and see what you can find for his supper."

Hamilton listened anxiously for the sound of her voice, feeling as if it would be a relief to hear her speak; but she never opened her lips. She rose up, however, at once, and began to move about in a strange, mechanical manner, her blindness becoming more apparent as she guided herself by the touch, while the staring, glassy eyes seemed to him absolutely ghastly, as she passed near him. She placed some oatmeal cakes, and dried fish on the table, along with a jug of whisky, and then returned to her place by the fire, where she sat immovable as before.

"Is that your daughter?" said Hamilton to the innkeeper, as he invited him to draw near and eat.  
"My only child, and blind from her birth," was the reply, uttered almost with sternness, as if the utterance of that name had been a relief to other folks, and you had better take no heed of her."

Hamilton took the hint, and said no more, while he applied himself to the rude fare set before him with a keen appetite. Nor did he spare the whisky, which was wonderfully cheering after his wet ride; and when he had finished his repast, he felt, as he said, like a new man altogether. Filling his glass again, he invited Campbell to join him, and the two began to converse together on the events of the day. Kenelm sat with his back to the blind girl, and as she never moved or spoke, he soon forgot her presence altogether, and had well-nigh forgotten, also, the necessity of concealing his name and lineage from those retainers of his foe, when he was startled into a sudden remembrance of his position. Alluding to some political event, he mentioned that he had been at Holyrood the day before.

"Ye come from Edinburgh, then," said the innkeeper, kindling with a sudden fierceness; and, clenching his fist, he struck it on the table with a violent blow, exclaiming: "Curse on the bloody city!—the city of murderers!—and may the fire of heaven come down upon it and consume it!"

"Amen!" said a deep, stern voice, almost at Kenelm's ear; and he started involuntarily as he saw that it had come from the blind woman's lips. Something, too, in the sudden passion of the Campbell had stirred the angry blood within himself; and, whilst a involuntary instinct told him what train of thought had thus fired the retainer of Argyll, he had such ad to hide his own antagonistic feeling.

"You speak sharply, Master Campbell," he said at last. "The capital of Scotland is beholden to you in truth."  
"Ay," said the Highlander, his brow growing red with suppressed rage; but why should I curse the senseless stones, though they were stained with the blood of the noble Argyll. Rather let me curse his enemies who drove him to death—his bitter foes, who made his life so dark

## night, as his jaded horse was stumbling at every step from sheer fatigue.

to him that he was fain to break some petty law that he might die. Curse, then, I say, upon the traitor Hamilton, who stole his bride."

"Amen!" the deep voice answered, but this time Kenelm heard it not; his fiery passions were aroused beyond control; he forgot all but that he had been called a traitor, and, starting to his feet, he advanced on the Campbell, saying:  
"Man, know you to whom you are speaking?"  
"I neither know nor care," said the innkeeper, rising also. "But I say yet more; not only curses upon him, the traitor, but upon her, his lady light-o'-love, who would have brought a stain upon Argyll's time-honored house had she been his bride!"

This was too much. In another moment Hamilton's dirk was gleaming in his hand. "Villain, unsay that word," he thundered out; "he is as pure as driven snow."

"His lady light-o'-love!" repeated the Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had dashed with him ere the words had well passed his lips—some fierce struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground, as his assailant plunged the dagger into the breast up to the very hilt, exclaiming:  
"Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat!"

One deep groan—no strong convulsion of the little limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion ceased in the presence of death. The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man, he had been talking to so amicably but a few moments before, was lying there murdered by his own hand. But suddenly, as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden turned toward him, as she knelt on the ground by her father, towards whom she had crept with a step so stealthily that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering, from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white ghastly face; but as he receded, she crept towards him on her knees, and laid her hand, which she had steeped in her father's blood, on his, till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low, stifled voice: "Ye have murdered him and you shall die for it. None saw the murder, for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape the vengeance of heaven will track you out one day!" Then, flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed: "My father! oh, my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have reached the ears of every person in the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself. He must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse; the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted his horse, threw on saddle and bridle, and the clatter of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of justice was as stern as the present Marquis of Argyll, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest until he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and, if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under cover of a dark fur cloak, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in the fact that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not identify him, and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him except her dead father himself. He was not very far from the house of his kinsman, where he originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent at Inverary had been so short, that he had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the time when he would, according to his ordinary style of traveling, have reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin; and next morning his servant joined him, having left his command well; so that no thought was for a moment entertained that he had deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact became known, it created a great sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case: a murder committed by an unknown assassin in the presence of one witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing, the murder was, even in those days of bloodshed, a striking event, and the mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyll, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed; being stimulated to unusual activity in the search by the strong suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons. This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim, which Elspeth detailed word for word; but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation, the search was given up, but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice; and the Lord of Argyll declared that, if ever in his lifetime the assassin was discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the inter- val ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household, after the good old fashion of those times, which recognized a claim on the part of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark foreboding, which never left him night or day. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he was the first he had murdered—the first whose life he had taken otherwise than in honorable warfare; and already the unfailing retribution of actual crime had commenced in the deep secret of his heart.

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"His lady light-o'-love!" repeated the Campbell, with a mocking smile, at the same time preparing to defend himself; but the furious Hamilton had dashed with him ere the words had well passed his lips—some fierce struggle followed, then the Highlander fell heavily to the ground, as his assailant plunged the dagger into the breast up to the very hilt, exclaiming:  
"Die, then, with the foul lie in your throat!"

One deep groan—no strong convulsion of the little limbs, and Campbell was a corpse.

Hamilton stood transfixed, while his boiling blood gradually subsided, and his passion ceased in the presence of death. The whole thing had taken place so suddenly, that he could hardly believe the living, breathing man, he had been talking to so amicably but a few moments before, was lying there murdered by his own hand. But suddenly, as he gazed, he felt his flesh creep with a strange horror, as he saw the soulless eyes of the blind maiden turned toward him, as she knelt on the ground by her father, towards whom she had crept with a step so stealthily that he had not heard her. Hamilton drew back, shuddering, from the fixed stare, so dreadful seemed the expression of hate on her white ghastly face; but as he receded, she crept towards him on her knees, and laid her hand, which she had steeped in her father's blood, on his, till it bore the same red stain, and said in a low, stifled voice: "Ye have murdered him and you shall die for it. None saw the murder, for my blind eyes saw it not; but think not to escape the vengeance of heaven will track you out one day!" Then, flinging up her arms to heaven, she exclaimed: "My father! oh, my father!" and fell upon the corpse with a shriek so wild and piercing, that Hamilton felt as if it must have reached the ears of every person in the town, and reached even through the massive walls of Inverary Castle.

That cry recalled him to himself. He must escape right speedily, or another moment would see him surrounded by those whom it must rouse; the instinct of self-preservation at once took the place of every other feeling, and with one bound he darted to the outer door, opened it, rushed to the stable, mounted his horse, threw on saddle and bridle, and the clatter of his horse's feet, as he galloped away, was all that the inhabitants heard of him as they rushed to the inn, whence the blind girl's shrieks were still heard echoing.

Hamilton never slackened his pace till he had laid ten miles between him and Inverary. In those days the course of justice was as stern as the present Marquis of Argyll, the younger brother of his rival, would never rest until he had found out the murderer of his retainer, especially when he heard from Elspeth the circumstances of his death; and, if he succeeded in his search, the services of the "maiden" would right speedily be called into action for Kenelm himself.

When at last he ventured, under cover of a dark fur cloak, to stop his furious course, he began to consider the best means of avoiding discovery, with no small anxiety as to the issue. His best hope was in the fact that none had been present during the murder but the blind girl, who could not identify him, and that not a single inhabitant of Inverary had seen him except her dead father himself. He was not very far from the house of his kinsman, where he originally intended to have passed the night. The time he had spent at Inverary had been so short, that he had not extended beyond an hour, and the rapid pace at which he had traversed the last ten miles had fully brought him to the time when he would, according to his ordinary style of traveling, have reached his destination. He therefore resolved to proceed thither at once, as if he were only arriving from the village where he had left his servants, and to trust that no one would ever suspect him of having made his unfortunate detour into the domain of his enemy. This plan succeeded perfectly; he was expected by his cousin; and next morning his servant joined him, having left his command well; so that no thought was for a moment entertained that he had deviated from the road he had been expected to take, and he had once more started for Edinburgh before the news of the murder had spread beyond Inverary. Nevertheless, when the fact became known, it created a great sensation, chiefly owing to the peculiar circumstances of the case: a murder committed by an unknown assassin in the presence of one witness, and that one deprived of the power of seeing, the murder was, even in those days of bloodshed, a striking event, and the mysterious escape of the criminal seemed altogether unaccountable.

The Marquis of Argyll, who was at his castle on the fatal night, left no stone unturned in his efforts to discover the perpetrator of the deed; being stimulated to unusual activity in the search by the strong suspicion he entertained that the assassin was in some way connected with the family of his foes, the Hamiltons. This he gathered from the conversation between the murderer and his victim, which Elspeth detailed word for word; but it afforded no clue whatever to the actual individual, and Kenelm himself was never suspected.

After a few weeks of useless investigation, the search was given up, but the details of the murder were carefully recorded by the court of justice; and the Lord of Argyll declared that, if ever in his lifetime the assassin was discovered, he would bring him to the scaffold, be the inter- val ever so long. Elspeth found a home in the Marquis's household, after the good old fashion of those times, which recognized a claim on the part of the clan to find a refuge with the family of their chief, and Kenelm had, to all appearance, escaped with perfect impunity.

Yet he, gay and reckless as he seemed, was secretly haunted by one dark foreboding, which never left him night or day. Campbell was not the first man he had slain in the course of his stormy career; but he

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Published every FRIDAY MORNING, at \$5 per annum, or \$1 for six months, in advance. Single copies, 25 cents. Advertisements, to insure insertion without delay, should be handed in on or before Thursday of each week.

The Herald can be found in San Francisco at the office of our Agent, 17 1/2 Washington street, at the Merchants' Exchange and the principal Hotels; and also at the leading Hotels in the Atlantic cities.

We shall be pleased to furnish masters of vessels and others, outward bound, with lists of the Herald, on application at this office.

L. P. FISHER, 17 1/2 Washington st., San Francisco. Is authorized to act as the Agent of this paper in receiving advertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco and elsewhere, and collecting and receding for the same.

CHAS. PROCTOR.

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STELLACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, JULY 22, 1859.

TO SUBSCRIBERS.

There is now due to us, for subscriptions for the Herald, upwards of two thousand dollars. This is a large amount of money to accumulate in debts to an establishment like ours, in the short space of little more than a year; and a portion or all of it would be very acceptable, just now. We are in want of money for use in conducting our business, and earnestly appeal to our patrons to help us in our strait, by coming forward with their dues. Not a few of our friends, to encourage us in our undertaking, promptly paid their subscription money in advance, last year; but they have stopped there. They don't seem to think there is any necessity for any further payment, or that the life of a newspaper is just as dependent on the prompt payment of its dues as that of the body is on its regular food. There are also some who have not yet paid their first year's subscription; these, however, do not embrace a very large number. Money is required to publish a newspaper, though some of our patrons seem to think otherwise. We are constantly under the necessity of purchasing types, paper, etc., for use in our business, and as constantly have demands made upon us for payment for these articles, until our purse is empty. Will our friends aid us so far as to pay what is due? We shall see.

WEEKLY ELECTIONS.

Official reports have been received of the result of the election for Delegate in the southern counties, but nothing reliable. Clark county is said to have given Stevens a majority of over 200. We will publish it next week in connection with more complete returns from other counties than we now have.

PERSONAL.

Among the passengers on board the steamer Julia, last week, from Port Townsend, was Mr. J. G. Swan, author of the work on Washington Territory, well known to many of our citizens. A conversation with Mr. Swan informed us very favorably of him as a man of information and energy of character, and we could not but regret the brief limit to our interview. He is now journeying in pursuit of further information relative to this country, and contemplated soon visiting Gray's Harbor, to see what is going on there. He writes letters for the San Francisco Bulletin, which will convey to readers in California much that is interesting respecting the resources and nature of our country. Our best wishes are with him in his labors.

LETTER FROM MEXICO.

A letter has been received by a gentleman in Portland, says the Times, from Lieut. Mullan, bearing date "Camp on Pajonales, 14 miles from Snake River, 4th July, 1859," in which he says: "Moved thus far without accident, and have located and made some 94 miles of our route for the Mission. I shall pass on rapidly for the Mission; shall reach the Cour d'Albans tribes by 1st August. We have some 280 men, and four no attack. The Indians, thus far, are friendly."

WORKING UP SAW DUST.

It will interest the proprietors of saw mills, and carpenters in general, to learn that a genius has found a use for common saw-dust, which rises: the value of that commodity far above the worth of solid timber. By a new process, combining the hydraulic press and the application of intense heat, these wooden particles are made to re-form themselves into a solid mass, capable of being moulded in any shape, and presenting a brilliant surface, a durability and a beauty of appearance not found in ebony, rosewood, or mahogany.

ACCIDENT FROM FURIOUS CANNON.

A distressing accident happened at Port Madison, on the 4th inst., to three or four men engaged in firing a national salute. One man was mortally wounded, another lost both arms, while a third was slightly injured. At Tumwater, on the 11th, two brothers, named Joseph and Wm. Kistner, were injured by the premature discharge of a cannon. One was slightly and the other very seriously wounded.

RAILWAY FOR YEMMEL.

We are informed that an enterprising company at Port Townsend are constructing a railway for the taking up of vessels to repair. This is a work that has been much needed on the Sound, and we doubt not will prove a source of handsome revenue to the proprietors.

CAMELS AND COTTON.

The use of camels for the transportation of cotton is to be tried in Alabama. The Mobile papers notice the arrival of twenty one of these animals from Galveston. It is said that one camel will readily carry two bales of cotton, at the rate of twenty-five miles a day, over roads that are next to impassable to wagons.

MURDER.

On the night of the 5th inst., Franklin Hill was murdered, near Fort Hope, by an Indian, who is now in jail. The deceased was from Massachusetts, and has relatives in New York city.

PUGET SOUND AGRICULTURAL CO.

The Pioneer and Democrat of last week publishes a letter from Washington city, dated June 4th, containing intelligence which, if correct, is of much interest to the people of this county, as also the people of Clark county and other localities. The writer signs himself "S. P. M." After detailing some matters of minor import, he says:—

"Of more importance, however, and in fact of general importance to the whole Territory, is the final determination of the long pending and vexatious question of the Hudson Bay and Puget Sound companies' rights; which, I doubt not, will be received with shouts and hurrahs. Their trading license has expired, and the Secretary of State (Gen. Cass) has declared that all their rights in Oregon and Washington expired at the same moment. The lands claimed by them as companies are ALL pronounced 'public domain,' and on yesterday the State Department was preparing its communication on the subject, to be addressed to the Department of Interior, upon which the said lands are to be taken possession of by the United States and their survey ordered. It is a complete forfeiture, and the most latitudinal construction now can leave them nothing more than their improvements, which they can sell to anybody. It does not appear that the government intends to be a purchaser of these, but regards its duty as having been performed, and the case is closed. The testimony of Sir George Simpson, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company, before the select committee of the British House of Commons in 1857, was most unfortunate for them. He said he 'had been Governor of the Company for thirty-seven years, and principal representative. They had possessory rights in Oregon. Oregon had been given up to the United States by treaty; but by that same treaty those possessory rights were as British subjects prior to the treaty. They had possession of land, pasture grounds, hunting grounds—very large possessory rights and various establishments. They had also the free navigation of the river. Possession of land was acquired under their license to trade. They understood their license to trade to give them the possession of land. They interpreted the words, 'a right to trade,' to give them a right to the land. He would not say that it was in fee simple or under what tenure; but merely that it gave them the right to the land. Did not believe that a charter from the Crown, conferring a monopoly of trade in certain portions of the territory, ceded the whole of that Territory to them; but only that which they brought into cultivation. Brought say 5,000 acres into cultivation, (this is apparently a rough guess). The Puget Sound Company is an offshoot from the Hudson Bay Company. Do not consider that we have any right to sell land under our license to trade. A special provision was made in the treaty, under which we consider ourselves justified in selling land in the Oregon country—our possessory rights. This property the company actually created. We were proprietors as well as occupants. There is difficulty as to the interpretation of possessory rights—different lawyers give different opinions. Daniel Webster said we had possessory rights wherever we had trapped, bewayed timber, and our flocks and herds ranged. We had the same license to trade west as east of the mountains. We have the power to prevent an Englishman or American trading there; but think the American would not be prevented."

The writer assures us that this intelligence is reliable; his extracts having been taken from official documents in the State Department. He also states that the "Land Office awaits the receipt of orders from the Secretary of the Interior, and hopes to get them in time to communicate with Gen. Tilton by this (the last) mail." We may therefore look for further information on this subject by the next mail, now nearly due.

AS ALL THE INFORMATION THAT CAN BE OBTAINED

in regard to this matter will be greedily sought after, and light from any source promises to be very acceptable, we copy below a portion of the speech of Hon. Thomas H. Benton in the U. S. Senate, June 18th, 1846, on the ratification of the Oregon Treaty. The views enunciated in this speech were the views entertained by a majority in the Senate at the time of the ratification; and the reader will see how near they agree with the present ruling in the case. The third article of the treaty provides for the possessory rights of the Hudson Bay Company and other British subjects who may be in the occupation of land lawfully acquired. It is in those words:—

"In the future appropriation of the territory south of the 49th parallel of north latitude, as provided in the first article of this treaty, the possessory rights of the Hudson's Bay Company and of all British subjects who may be already in the occupation of the land or other property lawfully acquired within the said territory, shall be respected."

Quoting the above article, Mr. Benton said:

"The limitation of a lawful acquisition to all these rights would seem to exclude them all, as neither our own laws nor those of Great Britain admit the validity of Indian sales to individuals; and as for possessory rights under the joint occupation convention, they could only continue to the end of the company, (1863.) The whole object of this article would seem to be for the quiet of the company, and the other British subjects until they can remove. The whole language of the article is technically precise, and equally explicit in admitting the dominion of the United States over the occupied places, and the absence of all present or expected title in the possessors. The first words of the article (future appropriation) admit our right to dispose of these possessions; the last words (shall be respected) stipulate that the occupants shall not be disturbed. At the utmost, this undisturbed possession can only extend to seventeen years; for it is still of the new licensed company, and not of the old chartered company, that the article speaks. I would wish the time to be shorter, and believe it will be; for, the trade being stopped, there is

no earthly inducement to remain upon the land,

with a mere possessory right, doomed to a certain and speedy termination. These possessors are few in number and small in extent. Fort Vancouver exceeds all the rest put together, and it only amounts to a few hundred acres. The fence is the limit of the possession, for there is no fee simple title to give a constructive prescription to what is not enclosed. I am willing to understand the article liberally, and to execute it generously; but in strictness there can be no lawful possessions in Oregon, (unless the defunct treaty would impart that character) the persons now there being, in the eye of our law, intruders and trespassers; certainly grants of land will be made to our citizens there, but in legal contemplation they are trespassers.

The fourth article applies to the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, and stipulates for the confirmation of the lands belonging to them, or their transfer, at valuation, to the United States, if deemed of public or political importance to this country. The article is in these words:—

"The farms, lands, and other property of every description belonging to the Puget's Sound Agricultural Company, on the north side of the Columbia River, shall be confirmed to the said company. In case, however, the situation of these farms and lands should be considered by the United States to be of public and political importance, and the United States Government should signify a desire to obtain possession of the whole or any part thereof, the property so required shall be transferred to the said Government at a proper valuation, to be agreed upon between the parties."

The option of taking the lands of this company at valuation under the confirmatory clause entirely harmless. The valuation can but little exceed the improvement, and for these it is fair and equitable that payment should be made. The only settlement of this company is at Nisqually Bay, on Puget Sound, which Capt. Wilkes describes as small in extent and inferior in locality. The company can claim no grants beyond their possessions. Neither our laws nor British laws admit the validity of Indian grants; and, under the treaty of occupation, neither party could alienate the soil.

The above is all of Benton's speech that bears on the question of the position of the Puget Sound Agricultural Company, but it covers the ground thoroughly. No construction put upon the treaty at this time, we opine, would approach so near its true meaning as that above quoted; and hence any attempt to construe it differently would be futile.

We await with impatience the arrival

of the next Atlantic mail, as do also pretty much all the residents of this country. This matter has been agitating the public mind here since the earliest settlement of the country by Americans, and has contributed not a little to retard its prosperity. While we shall rejoice in the speedy adjustment of the question, we trust that justice and honesty may be kept in view.

MEMOIRS OF THE WAR IN A NEW LIGHT.

Lord Derby's Solicitor General gave his constitution at Belfast, lately, as good an illustration as one could have to explain the merits of the war question as they relate to the parties concerned. He reminded them of the fable which is told by a venerable author respecting "The Stag, the Horse and the Man." The stag began to butt the horse with his horns, and the horse applied to the man to assist him against the stag. The man put a saddle on the horse, and they very soon drove the stag off the pasture. Then the horse said to the man, "I am very much obliged to you, but now take the saddle off me, and I wish you a very good morning." But the man said, "Oh, I think you are a little premature there; I found the saddle on you to be so good and serviceable in enabling me to keep this pasture for myself, I must prefer to occupy my seat on your back, and preserve my dominion here." Now, Austria is the stag, Sardinia the horse, and France is the man. And the merits of the case stand within the meaning of this fable.

DEATH OF AN OLD PIONEER.

John Osborn, one of the earliest settlers in the West, and a comrade of Daniel Boone, died a few weeks ago in Louisiana, at the advanced age of 95 years. He stood on the site of Cincinnati six years before a house was erected there. He passed down the Ohio, with seven brothers, in a flat-boat, hunted over Kentucky, and, with a brother and Daniel Boone, first discovered the Mammoth Cave by tracking into it a wounded bear. He lived at Lebanon, Ohio, and, at the time of his death, was on a visit to his son in Louisiana.

A WARNING.

A well-known citizen of Detroit, Mich., who is very fond of children, noticed (while passing over the Chicago and St. Louis road) a neatly dressed lady with a pretty baby, and took the child on his lap. At the next station the mother got off to get some milk for the baby, but did not return. The Detroit man was not only left with the little responsibility, but everybody in the cars persisted in believing, in spite of his declarations, that the woman was his wife, and that she had been forced thus to desert him and her child by cruel treatment.

CURE FOR SPOONING.

An inventive Yankee has produced an apparatus which he claims is a cure for spooning. It fastens upon the mouth a glass percha tube, leading to the tympanum of the ear. When the sleeper awakes, he himself receives the first impression, finds how disagreeable it is, and, of course, reforms.

DEATHS FROM JOY.

The English papers report the death of Mrs. Young, a lady of high social position, who died under the excitement produced by receiving the joyful intelligence of the election of her nephew to the House of Commons. The wife of a sea captain, in England, lately died from joy, in consequence of the return of her husband after an absence of seven years.

LAST MOMENTS OF HUMBOLDT.

The sun shone brilliantly into the room where Humboldt died, and it is reported that his last words, addressed to his niece, were: "Wie herrlich diese Strahlen; sie schienen die Erde zum Himmel surufen!" [How grand those rays; they seem to beckon Earth to Heaven!]

MILTON S. LATHAM

has received the nomination of the Democratic party for Governor of California.

THE NEWSPAPER BORROWER.

A late writer gives the newspaper borrower "particular fits." He pronounces him "a bad man—that is, an unsafe one. He never comes to anything good, and is always poor. It is an old Scandinavian proverb, that when Satan wishes to angle for and finally catch a man, he first sets him a borrowing. The whole tribe of borrowers is utterly mean, and the newspaper borrower is the meanest of the tribe. In this country, newspapers are so cheap that every man can—and every decent man does—buy his own. At any rate, no decent man will borrow a newspaper. If he can't get one of his own, he will do without. It dirties and rumples a paper to handle it, and no man likes to have his family journal soiled by borrowers' unclean hands. Subscribers to good papers like to preserve them in good condition; and, in order that they may do this, the papers must be kept clean, and smooth, and whole. No one likes to preserve a dirty, torn, or rumpled paper; and one such unsightly copy spoils a whole file—and one number of a paper lost breaks the continuity of a volume. And there is a degree of sentiment, too, about a favorite family newspaper. A man acquires an affection for it, and, as in the case of his wife and baby, he don't want anybody else to meddle with it. Therefore, the newspaper borrower is a disturber of the peace and happiness of families; he is a pest—a nuisance—and should be permanently disposed of in a manner that would prevent him from annoying honest, decent people, who pay for their newspapers, and should be allowed to read and preserve them."

THE QUEEN CHARLOTTE'S ISLAND MINES.

A small party has already gone to Queen Charlotte's Island, and another is organizing, at Victoria, to prospect for gold. Of the second expedition the British Colonist says: "Two meetings have been held in Kaindler's brick building to organize an expedition to Queen Charlotte's Island. Some-where near ninety have agreed to go. Mr. G. I. Wright has agreed to secure the passage of a hundred for \$500, with the privilege of keeping the vessel for a month. They propose taking three months provisions. We hope every encouragement will be given to the expeditionists; for whether successful or not in being repaid in gold, the addition to our stock of knowledge respecting the country will fully repay the expense of the undertaking. If reliance can be placed on men of veracity, gold has been found there in large quantities."

HEAD HEAD.

A negro girl in Louisville, Ky., recently fell a distance of twenty-five feet, striking her head on a brick pavement. She was senseless for several hours, but, on awakening, had apparently recovered, and attended to her usual duties. Wonder if she belongs to the "hardheads" or to the "soreheads?"

THE THREE CLAYS.

Among the unmarked and unnumbered graves in the rural cemetery at Camden, Ark., is that of a brother of the illustrious Henry Clay. His only monument is an oak tree with the initials of his name rudely carved in its rough bark. He is said to have been a humble and devoted minister of the gospel.

THE WILL OF THE LATE WILLIAM W. COX.

of Charles county, Md., contained the following clause: "I also devise and bequeath that my negro woman, Kitty, and her children, John, Catherine, Sarah, and Charles, shall work for themselves, by paying the executor, annually, one cent per year here." This bequest falls, in the opinion of Judge Crain, and he has declared it null and void.

FREAK OF NATURE.

A calf from St. Augustine, Fla., bears the same mark upon its ears which has been branded upon its mother. We have ourselves witnessed the phenomenon, says the Examiner, and are assured that a former calf from the same mother was born similarly marked.

ALICE PALMER.

A servant girl in East Machias, Me., having been accused of stealing a five dollar gold piece from her mistress, Mrs. Thomas Parsons, jumped into the river and attempted to drown herself, but was saved by the expansiveness of her crinoline.

IT IS ASSERTED THAT A MAN'S FINGER-NAILS

grow their complete length in four months and a half. A man living seventy years renews his nails one hundred and seventy times. Allowing each nail to be half an inch long, he has grown seven feet and nine inches of finger-nail on each finger, and on fingers and thumbs an aggregate of 77 feet 6 inches.

THE GREAT MAYOR.

It is stated, on the authority of the English papers, that Kosuth had determined upon himself going to Hungary, and there raising the standard of independence. He has just woken up from a ten years' slumber.

DEAD CROWNS.

We hear, says the Maryville (Cal.) Democrat, 18th inst., that thousands of dead crows may be found lying on the plains and under the trees in Sutter county, killed by the heat, a few days ago. No wonder that men have been sun-struck.

SHIP MORNING GLORY.

This vessel has partially discharged her cargo, and the work of repairing her has been commenced. She will sail for San Francisco in a few days.

FRIENDLY.

A wife in Portago is the mother of eleven girls, the eldest but twelve years old. Three of them arrived together a few days ago.

HEAVY LOSS.

It is said that the Rothschilds have lost 75,000,000 francs by the failure of an extensive house in Vienna.

OUR THANKS ARE DUE TO MR. LOWELL.

Purser of the steamer Julia, for newspaper and other favors; also to Freeman & Co. for like favors.

THEATRICAL.

The Chapman troupe have been giving performances in Stellacoom, the past week, with indifferent success.

MAIL STEAMER.

The ocean steamer, which will ply between the Atlantic and European mails, will be due on Sunday next.

OREGON ELECTION.

The latest returns from Oregon indicate the election of Stout by a small majority.

Puget Sound Shipping List.

STELLACOOM, W. T., July 22, 1859.

July 20th—Byge Ork, Trank, for San Francisco, under Balch & Weber.
July 21st—Byge Ork, Trank, for San Francisco, under Balch & Weber.
July 22nd—Byge Ork, Trank, for San Francisco, under Balch & Weber.

Sailed.

July 20th—Byge Ork, Trank, for San Francisco, under Balch & Weber.
July 21st—Byge Ork, Trank, for San Francisco, under Balch & Weber.

In Port.

July 22nd—Byge Ork, Trank, for San Francisco.
TERRALTE—Arrived from 14th to 20th, byge Eliza Miller, ship Leonore.

Stellacoom Market and Prices Current.

Table with columns for Provisions, Lard, Butter, Flour, etc., and their respective prices.

New Advertisements.

PIONEER HOTEL, In Port Townsend, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

HAVING LATELY MADE EXTENSIVE AD- ditions to this house, I am now prepared to offer to the public the comforts of a first class hotel, for families or single persons. The entire house (including twenty-one sleeping rooms, three parlors, one public and one private dining room) has been newly fitted up and re-furnished, and, in point of comfort and convenience, is unsurpassed by any other house on Puget Sound. An elegant saloon and well-furnished bar, with two No. 1 Billiard Tables, are attached to the house, and the utmost attention is given to the wants and comforts of his guests.

1859.

FREEMAN & CO.'S NEW YORK, CALIFORNIA, OREGON AND WASHINGTON EXPRESS. Established 1855—Reorganized 1859. CAPITAL STOCK, \$500,000.

HAVING AGENCIES AT ALL THE PRIN- cipal points in California, Oregon and Washington Territory, and on the Northern and Southern coasts of California and Mexico, and West coast of South America, also at Honolulu, are prepared to transact a general

Express, Forwarding, and Commission Business.

With safety and dispatch, offering facilities unsurpassed by any Express Company for transporting Freight, Parcels, Packages and Treasures, for collecting Notes, Bonds, Bills and Ac- counts; will promptly attend to all commissions and con- signments, and are prepared to give unremitting attention to New York with responsible Express Companies in all points in the Atlantic States, and with H. S. Loring & Company's American and European Express to Europe.

PRINCIPAL OFFICES:

New York—29 Broadway; San Francisco—124 Montgomery; Philadelphia—30 Chestnut; Baltimore—169 Baltimore st; Boston—54 Washington st; New Orleans—23 Camp st; 2011

GRAND

Pleasure Excursion

FROM OLYMPIA AND STELLACOOM TO SEATTLE, ON FRIDAY, JULY 23d, 1859, TO A BALL & CLAM-BAKE!

THE SPLENDID STEAMER JULIA, CHAS. CLARK, Commander, will leave Olympia at 10 A.M. on Friday, and Stellacoom at 1 P.M. same day, for Seattle.

Dinner will be served at the Puget Sound Hotel, Stellacoom, to those who desire it, by the well-known proprietor, Miles Galtner, Esq.

A Ball will be given by the citizens of Seattle in the hall of the new building recently erected by Chas. Plummer, during the evening.

In order to give zest to the entertainment, Dr. Maynard, of the Seattle tribe of Indians, will superintend the Grand Clam-Bake. The clams and other shell-fish will be cooked on heated stones, in the ancient style of the aborigines of our Territory.

The Olympia Band of Music will discourse eloquent music during the Excursion.

Tickets for the Excursion and admission to the Ball will be \$1.

The steamer will return on Saturday morning.

The Excursionists will be entertained on board of the steamer by the undersigned, who will endeavor to "take the weary load" elegantly as usual.

JOHN H. BRANTON.

GLASS AND CROCKERYWARE.

A FINE ASSORTMENT OF GLASS AND CROCKERYWARE FOR SALE BY BALCH & WEBER.

LIME! LIME!

TO ARRIVE, PER BARQUE GLIMPSE, 150 BBL. Lime, for sale cheap for cash by S. McCAW & CO.

Special Notices.

Dr. Gray's Improved Extract of Yellow Dock

Dr. Gray's Improved Extract of Yellow Dock contains more of the pure Hederasparilla than any other preparation, which is chemically combined with the Extract of Yellow Dock and the Extract of Wild Cherry, thus making the remedy more thoroughly efficient than any other Sarsaparilla in the market. At the same time it is perfectly free from all mineral poisons, which enter into and form the basis of most of the Sarsaparilla and Purgative pills of the day. Gray's Compound Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla does not contain a particle of these substances, as any case can ascertain by applying the necessary tests.

Let all persons Sarsaparilla preparations alone, and use Gray's Improved Extract of Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla, which is thoroughly efficacious, perfectly harmless, and purely vegetable. All kinds of disease yield to its gentle action. As a purifier of the blood, and the various skin diseases, it has no equal.

Be sure and get the QUART BOTTLE, sold by druggists generally.

PAK & WHITE, General Agents, Importers and Dealers in all valuable Patent Medicines, 172 1/2 Washington Street, San Francisco.

WATER'S BALM OF WILD CHERRY.

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GOOD SAMARITAN DIVISION NO. 6.

OF THE TEMPERANCE.—The meetings of Good Samaritan's Division No. 6 take place every alternate Friday Evening, in the lower rooms of the Methodist Episcopal Church, in this city. Members of other divisions in good standing are invited to attend. O. P. MEKLER, G. S.

STELLACOOM LODGE, NO. 2.

Of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, holds regular communications on the first and third Saturday evenings in each month, at 6 o'clock in the hall of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in the building formerly occupied by Wm. Kildgr, two doors east of the Washington Hotel. All members in good standing in the order, are invited to attend. T. P. MEKLER, W. M.

OLYMPIA LODGE, NO. 1.

Of Ancient Free and Accepted Masons, holds regular communications on the first and third Saturday evenings in each month, at 6 o'clock in the hall of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, in the building formerly occupied by Wm. Kildgr, two doors east of the Washington Hotel. All members in good standing in the order, are invited to attend. G. C. BLANKENSHIP, Secy.

I. O. O. F.

The regular meeting of Olympia Lodge, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, will be held every Saturday evening, at 6 o'clock in the building formerly occupied by Wm. Kildgr, two doors east of the Washington Hotel. All members in good standing in the order, are invited to attend. G. C. BLANKENSHIP, Secy.

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