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THE APOSTASY.

There was a time when fearful hosts burst like
ten thousand thunderbolts on an air, a portion
of this earth of ours as the sun shines on in his
course. If there had been no God in heaven, or a
demon of essential malignity had wrested from him
his sceptre of sovereignty, scarcely could darker
deeds have been done. Peace, truth, and virtue
were smitten down, exterminated, in Gothic
Spain, in retribution for her crimes. Violence,
falsehood, and wrong were dominant alone. But
at length there came a reckoning day, though it
tarried long; and while it tarried, that land, full
of sinners, was purified with baptisms of tears
and blood.

A noble warrior, who, with his valiant com-
pans, had fled from the Asturias, after they had
unsuccessfully fought with the invaders, passed
from his father's land with a brave and faithful
train, to do battle for the cross beyond the bound-
aries of the Pyrenees, whither the hosts of the
Mahometan invaders were hastening. It was
Alonso, the daring chief of Asturia. His country
had become a field of blood; and from among
the myriads sweltering in the slaughter, Alonso
had risen up. Thrice, since the terrible over-
throw of his native city, he had been left as dead
on fields of murderous conflict, and thrice he
had been restored, and again, beneath the ban-
ners of the cross, led on the fearless band of
Goths. But for lost Spain there was now no
hope. No valor can achieve the work of years.
The very population was extinguished. There
seemed an unseen avenging hand stretched over
that fair peninsula, executing wrath for crimes
unconfessed or unatoned. In the caves and the
mountains alone there lingered a scattered seed,
doomed in future time to spring up and bear
fruit an hundred fold; but now all was desolate!
—dark desert years were allotted. Even the
tide of the Saracen conquest was checked in its
advance beyond the Pyrenees, as if only to roll
back its billows to settle in Spain, as in their
proper channel!

When the chief of Aquitania, with the victor-
ious leader of the Franks, gave battle to the
infidels at Tours, Alonso was there. Years had
passed, long years since the deadly deluge
was set in upon his country, yet, untired by
constant war with the enemies of his faith, and
deeply imbued by long habit with the relentless
spirit of an age untaught in acts of mercy, Alonso
hastened to the battle with fresh and enthusi-
astic zeal; and on that dreadful field three hun-
dred thousand men were offered up—a huge
sacrifice for such it seemed to atone for de-
luded Spain. Even Alonso's arm was weary of
the slaughter—his hand had stiffened round his
sword-hilt, glazed with Moorish gore. Again his
breast was flushed with a conqueror's pride.
But it was enough.

Alonso, with a new and untried exultation
uprising in his breast, was returning once again
to his country's mountain-caves, through many
a Pyrenean pass and dell, with but one faithful
soldier (rather his comrade than his vassal
now) at his side. Night had closed round them;
yet they paused not to rest, though weary and
faint. It was a calm and solitary night, such as
had power to soothe the veteran's breast.

For a long time silence chained their tongues,
while they rode slowly on, Alonso and his at-
tendant. Thoughts that warriors may not cher-
ish were beginning to crowd thickly and fast
upon the veteran's softening mind. Having ad-
vanced farther than his comrade, he was alone,
and halted for his coming up. He was startled
by the near-clattering sound of horsemen—
perhaps a troop of mountain banditti, pursuing
or pursued. He paused. Again he listened;
and it seemed to die away gradually, and more
gradually, till it was heard no more, as the attend-
ant rode up to Alonso.

"Hurtzmann," cried the chief, "heard you
that noise of horsemen?"
"I did," replied the soldier; "a noise of rob-
bers at their nightly work; but it was not near
us, as in truth it seemed; for in these echo-
ing valleys, and most of all at this still hour,
sounds from afar fall on the ear distinctly, as if
the causes could not be far distant. But let us
not go through this valley till the morning. Me-
thinks I saw a light glimmering far down the
ravine, as we entered on this pass; and there,
too, I stopped before a holy cross fixed
firmly in the mountain side, which I have re-
membered these many years, as I have
passed these valleys." He would have ceased;
but encouraged by his chief's attentive look, he
continued: "No man has ever known the hand
that placed there that crucifix; but Heaven
hath guarded it well, or the infidels had rooted it
up ere this. But let us follow up that light I saw.
We shall be safe for evil men would never
choose their dwelling near the light of a cross; and
I have heard that in these parts a hermit has his
cave, and it might serve us well for a resting
place until the morrow."

Alonso, over-weighed, was not ill pleased to
reign himself to the guidance of faithful Hurtz-
mann. But a short time had elapsed ere they
were descended to the spot where first the glim-
mering light had been seen. They stood still
one moment, for the light was not there. A hu-
man voice was distinctly audible. "Surge,"
said the chief, "that sound cannot be far dis-
tant." Again they listened, and again those
tones were heard yet more plainly. Alonso's ear
caught the familiar accents—"twas his own na-
tive tongue—'twas the voice of prayer and penit-
ent confession; they hastened to pursue the sound ere
it should cease; but it ceased almost instantly.

"Hurtzmann," said the chief, "we will not
pass from this place to-night, but make strict
search in every avenue of this dark valley; for
doubtless we have a countryman near us, and
if I err not, a holy recluse man, who hath offered
up many a prayer for Spain and her good cause;
and we will not depart till we have taught him
that Heaven hath not been deaf to all those
prayers—till we have gladdened his heart with
the tidings of the vengeance we have dealt out
to the infidels."

Scarcely had Alonso ceased, when he perceived
a figure in the distance, which seemed (al-
though the night was dark) slowly and alone ad-
vancing towards them. Instantly they rode for-
ward. It was indeed an aged man, who was
but little dismayed by the dark looks and voices
of the horsemen who accosted him. His with-
ered tottering limbs seemed with difficulty to sus-
tain him; and at frequent intervals he stopped
and leaned, resting, upon his thick short staff,
breathing fast, and trembling beneath the weight
of years.

And round his neck there hung the cross—
The cross he loved so well!

"Strangers," cried the reverend-looking man,
"I know ye not; but whatsoever your faith, or
name, or nation, if ye will rest with me to-night,
ye shall have welcome."

The warrior and his attendant followed the
old hermit slowly to his home—a desolate
dreary cave, hard by. The old man paused and
bade them enter, adding with bitter emphasis,
"At this hour I have a vow upon me that I
must not violate. I shall ascend this hill-side
alone—follow the not. I go to the Cross of the
Valley, and ere long I shall return."

He turned to depart, and the way-worn trav-
elers entered his lowly dwelling and awaited his
return. Few objects were there, in that lonely
retreat from the world, to invite the stay of a
passer-by. There were the gleaming embers of a
dying fire, and a block of wood for a resting-
place by day. Dry heaped-up leaves were on
one side—the only couch for the holy man's
night-rest, often to be broken by saintly vigils—
"Obedient slumbers, that must wake and weep."

And over the entrance of this dreary abode
there hung a small dark image of a dying Christ.
There was a trickling noise of water near, but
they dared not whence the sound proceeded; and,
though parched with thirst, they sat down to
await the return of the hermit. Sleep weighed
down their eyelids; from which they were
startled, ere an hour had gone, by the echo of
the coming steps of the hoary world-exile.
They stood up as he entered in silence and to-
tered to the solitary seat. The trappings of their
horses were enough for the strangers to recline on.

"Good father," began Alonso, "methinks we
have dealings that will fall not unpleasantly on
your ears; and as the hermit's eye was raised
inquiringly, he quickly added, 'the armies of
the Cross have had fresh encounter with the in-
fidels, and the plains of the north are covered
with the dead of our faith!'"

The unaccustomed and long-forgotten sound
of martial fierceness woke slumbering feelings
in the old man's breast, and the gleeful wild
flashing look of Alonso relighted the fire of the
hermit's eye. "He!" he exclaimed, "then I
should have been there—on such a field I ought
to have died!"

"No," replied the Chief, "would to Heaven
that all our foes had found their sepulchre there!
But surely enough of the blood of Spain hath
been shed already. Why should yours, too, have
flowed?"

The old man was silent, as if he heard not;
nor did he give answer to the many questions
that Alonso asked, save by an inward sigh, or a
cold, stony stare. At length, turning to the
strangers, he bade them take repose, adding,
"Heed not at this hour I may not sleep."

"Nor I," echoed Alonso, "until I know some-
what of the mysterious fate that hath guided a
warrior to this retreat. You! you! I mean, old
man! for surely that eye of yours hath
flashed in fierce light ere now; ay, by the holy
cross, I swear that sinewy arm hath wielded well
a battle sword."

"Good friend," exclaimed the aroused old
man, "I had thought to keep silence before you,
and bear in secret my grave story of the
fate that hath led me to this outcast spot."

He sat more erect as he spoke, as if sum-
moning his whole remaining energies. He continued
with firmer and clearer voice:
"You are not a careless youth, all inexperienced
of this world's vicissitudes, or I would not
tell to you such a tale as mine. It might make
this earth appear less lovely in your view, and
man's estate below more sad; or even human na-
ture itself a darker thing than it were good for
youth to deem it. These few feeble, decrepit
limbs that you look upon, have borne me near a
hundred years on my pilgrimage. Now, it must
soon be over; I loathe it—I would not live al-
ways."

"Old man," cried Alonso, with emotion, "I
will exchange my warrior's path for your hermit
life, and I will follow you to the end of the earth
as a destroyer—this sword, this helmet, and this
mail—yes, I would forsake forever the riotous
revelry of the soldier's carousal-hall, and all
therewith that hath been joy to me, and I would
even now assume that simple dress and simple
fare which have contented you, could I there-
with assume those sure signs of inward peace,
that holy calm, that serenity of soul which you
have known so long."

"So long!" interrupted the hermit, with pas-
sionate expression, "so long! That word is il-
lustrated to me; and holy peace and pure serenity
of spirit are there only known where the weary
are at rest forever. It is in such a solitude as
this that true misery is felt; for here, without
intermission or interruption from the noise of the
world, corroding thought doth eat as a canker
into the heart of man. Think not such peace is
mine—such heavenly pensive contemplation as
visionary vessels dream of. Believe me, stranger,
the deep retirement of the saintliest cell
will command that eternal sunshine of the spot-
less mind which poets have loved to portray.
The human heart will prey upon itself, even if
it have no culture thoughts to prey upon it.
The vanity of all things will make the lonely
sinner sick in the contemplation even of itself.
And if it raise a wish to lifer, how nearly
will it subside into a murmur. Its very hum-
blest prayers, spring they from pity or from de-
spair!"

Alonso restrained not his astonishment at the
hermit's melancholy strain; but the eloquent
old man, as if determined not to be interrupted,
regarded it not—seeming now resolved to un-
burden his overflowing mind to his guests. Hes-
itating times, and at times pausing to take
breath, he continued his story; almost till the
morning sunbeams streamed down the moun-
tains; and then, exhausted, he sunk to sleep.

"Friend," he began, "it will not much con-
cern you to hear the tedious narrative of my
early days; and, indeed, my worn-out memory
retains not on her tablets a legible record of
my life. Twelve summers had not passed over
my head, when my father had destined that I
should wear an ecclesiastical robe, and succeed
to an heritage of mock sanctity which genera-
tions of hypocrites had bequeathed to my native
land. Mistake me not; I had no thoughts but
of reverence for the name of Jesus; but rarely
did the priests of Spain do honor to that holy
name, save here and there a God-devoted man,
who was the victim of his brethren's scorn and
hate, and yet with whom alone in all our land
dwelt piety and truth. My young heart recoiled
from the thought of linking myself forever with
the priests of my father's choice (with whom
I was acquainted)—the very best of them cold
worldly-hearted men! I resisted, but in vain;
and ere twenty years had passed from my first
entering on this world of sorrow, to escape my
doom, I left the halls of my fathers. From my
boyhood, I had been well-trained up with the
noble youth of the kingdom; for my father was
of a high-born race, and held many a dignity in
our realm; and, beautiful of his royal descent,
he had named me at the baptismal font Gesalrie;
to perpetuate the name of our royal ancestor.

Now, at this moment, scenes of my childhood
are flitting before my vision, as if recalled by
supernatural power. My mother's face—it is
more than fourscore years since I beheld it—I
cannot well recall; but her voice, methinks I
hear it now! Oh, they were sunny days!

"Many years sped rapidly after I had escaped
from my father's home, and from Spain, and in
many lands I wandered. Some chance or desti-
ny at length impelled me to cross the straits of
the South, and pass into the land of the Moors.
Count Vanha had been placed by his King to
guard all access to our southern frontier; and in
the Gothic fortresses on the African shore (opposite
that ominous steep, now called the 'Rock of
Tariff'), he kept a kindly court. There were
many chiefs, nobles and warriors in that court;
and among them was a stern, tall, strong old
warrior (who retained a stately soldier's bearing)
who was accompanied ever by a lean, meagre,
looking priest. From the first moment I made
overture to the Count to join his troop, and was
accepted, I was brought into daily converse with
those men. The first, though at times he excited
in me a kind of awe, somewhat akin to reverence,
was chiefly the object of my fear and suspicion;
the latter, of my most receding abhorrence. No
one had known from whence they came, but that
they were Goths. We deemed that they were
exiled from their home for some foul offence,
and sojourned with us in secret for a while. They
were ever holding dark consultations together;
they would absent themselves from our station
time and then, no one knew whether they
had gone or what was their errand, or when
they would return. At sunset, I was accustomed
to ride forth from our fortress in the cool
evening air, and once I wandered listlessly farther
than I was wont. At a distance I saw two fleet
horsemen scouring across the plain; presently
they drew nearer, and I found they were Arabs,
and from their hurried words soon learned
they were in pursuit of two bandit-ruffians, who
had carried off the only daughter of the noble
chief of their tribe.

"I had known kindness oftentimes from the
wild, generous Arabs, when I had wandered in
their own wild deserts in former years; and
therefore, with readiness, I instantly joined the
horsemen, to assist them in their pursuit.

"Not long were we in suspense; let me not
delay to speak it; we overtook the robbers;
they were—that stern old warrior and his priest!
As I seized the mane of his flaming horse, the
old man's ungovernable passion, that glared
forth from his flaming eyes, would have smote
me to the earth; but the horsemen who were
with me averted the stroke of his heavy sword;
and when he saw that he must lose his prize,
the virgin daughter of the Arab, he drew forth a
dagger to plunge it in her breast! Then, oh,
Heaven!—while in the act to strike—I severed
his right arm from a blow of my sword!

"My heart smote me, I knew not why, when
I had thus done, though my conscience ap-
proved it. The mean-souled priest had instantly
fled. My comrades took up the fallen Arab
virgin, who had struggled from the one-armed
grasp of her ravisher, whose single hand now
seized me by the throat with a demoniac strength.
With difficulty I extricated myself; for I had
a repugnance to use my sword again, or my en-
emy's fallen dagger—a repugnance I could not
overcome. I had cut down many an enemy
without remorse in merciless combat, but I
could not take that old man's life. I essayed to
address him, but he sprang towards me like a
wounded tiger—savage and untamable. My
Arab companions seemed astonished at my for-
bearance; indeed, I understood it not myself;
but they followed my example, and forbore.

"Christian," they shouted, "we may not
tarry; follow us." And, freeing myself from
my antagonist, I obeyed, giving rein to my gal-
lantly steed, and lo! the main and aston-
ished man alone on the wide plain.

"O the joy of the restoration of the beautiful
Selima to her Arab sire! I shall never forget
that day; it is still one of the happiest, brightest
recollections of my long life. I was hailed
as a friend, a benefactor, a saviour! and many an
after-day of joy and festival I tarried with that
simple, generous tribe. That passed. Yet, as
I rode from the tent of the Arab, a fresh woven
garland from the hand of Selima was the well-
washed prize that I gained. But I will not linger
thus on such scenes as these.

"Time tarried not; when I regained once
more my allotted station in our Gothic fortress,
the fame of my exploit had gone before me;
and Count Vanha, I imagined, frowned proudly
upon me. The old warrior and his priest had
been there before me, and had again departed.
They returned not, as formerly, at stated times;
and methought there was occasionally an air
of mysterious veiled satisfaction on the face of the
Count; for, doubtless, they had never been fa-
vorite guests with him.

"From henceforth had the intercourse of our
people with the tribes of the desert grown more
frequent and familiar, and in our neighborhood
those tribes were multiplied manifold. With
the tribe of Selima I sojourned so often, and so
long, that at length became far more an Arab
than a Goth.

"Returning to our fortress at the close of
evening, after a day of unmingled happiness in
the home of the Arab, I was suddenly sur-
rounded by three turbaned horsemen, and fled
for my life. My fleet horse alone preserved me,
for one only of the disguised murderers was
able to follow my flight closely. I turned at
length to meet his attack, finding I could not
avoid him; it was my own inveterate foe, whose
right arm I had severed. Though his left hand
now wielded his sword, it was with an iron
energy.

"Die! die!" he shouted, gnashing with his
teeth, and plunging against me.
"His companions were now in sight, follow-
ing rapidly. Heaven knoweth the pang it cost
me! I sheathed my dagger in his heart! As
he fell, the two remaining ruffians rode up—the
priest and a hired assassin. They turned to fly,
seeing the old man had fallen, but first halting a
moment, and gloating on me with his horrid eyes,
the lean and haggard monster shrieked aloud:
"GESALRIE, YOU HAVE SLAIN YOUR FATHER!"
and fled.

"I was as one thunderstruck—stiff, motionless,
almost, as if my dead father by my side. Ay, it
was me! I doubted it not one moment. But
that accursed priest—how knew he me? Did he
not call me by my name, when I had deemed that
it was known to none in the world?"

The hermit paused an instant, as if he would
have made an end of his narrative for awhile;
but Alonso's eye was riveted upon him, and he
resumed:

"In after years I stood beside the death-couch
that priest. His very soul seemed dyed through
and through with guilt; his very essence satu-
rated with the consciousness of enormities which
the blood of savages might have curdled at. Yet

died he a raving infidel, exulting in the evil he
had wrought on earth; recounting each super-
human crime with a foul-souled fiendly relish that
tortured the listening ears even of his associates
in malignity. From his own lips I learned what
now in other words I speak.

"My saint-like mother was the first victim of
his hate. She was pure and good; therefore he
hated her. She was the object of her warmest
love; therefore he hated me. Lust and avarice
engrossed him. My mother was a living rebuke
to all impurity, and he was my father's chosen
friend. By him was my mother poisoned, when
the bloom of her youth had scarce passed! Yes,
with his own hands he mixed the deadly poison—
those very hands which in my babyhood had
baptized me in the holy font! By him I was
driven forth from my wretched home! By him
my father had been instigated to an unsuccessful
treason against his King! By him were my
father's coffers plundered, when he was banished!
And with him did my father join his fate for life!
The remorseless monster tracked my steps, too;
wherever I went, his keen eye followed me; and
the highest pinnacle of his deadly hatred was
being attained, if he had seen me murdered by
my own father's hand! From the hour I left
my home, my father had never known me; nor
knew he, till the moment of his death, whether
his son yet lived; but that old priest had led him
to the shores of Africa, resolving that he should
murder me! Time had much changed me, and
he knew not my face or form. That priest soon
taught him to hate me with a perfect hatred,
which was but too deeply sealed by the reason
of Selima; and when the monster saw my hand
had slain my father, it was a joy almost as great
to him as if I myself had fallen; and he hurled
at me his parting shout, as an arrow to rankle in
my breast forever:

"GESALRIE, YOU HAVE SLAIN YOUR FATHER!"
"Friend," continued the old hermit, with a
heavy sigh, "let me not grow tedious or wear-
some to you. Pause with me but a little longer
on these my earlier days. I never knew—no,
never—an hour's enjoyment, but I suspected
and found, it was but the prelude to some bitter
pang.

"The happiness I had known in the Arab's
tent was destined to cease. I had loved the
young Selima with a full, overflowing heart-love.
It would ill become me, a feeble old man, verging
on my grave, to recall such thoughts as men too
often cherish beneath the craggy sanctity of the
name of love; but that youthful Arab virgin
will be ever present in my mind, the sole ideal
of stainless purity that my thoughts can attain
unto. Surely there never lighted on this sphere
a form so spiritual—a spirit so unearthly! Her
dark eye sparkled with an angelic innocence;
she was like the morning star—harbinger of ra-
diant peace and hopes of glory.

"I had then sacrificed my Christian faith, she
had been mine forever; but I did it not. Her
innocent haughty smile forbade me to return again;
or he ever found among his tribe. I need not
say how well I heeded his mandate. That very
night I was again alone with Selima, 'that child
of love and light!' I was seized by the vigilant
attendants of the chief, and in his presence, in
that same hour, condemned to die. That con-
demnation, to the utmost, had been executed on
my grave, to recall such thoughts as men too
often cherish beneath the craggy sanctity of the
name of love; but that youthful Arab virgin
will be ever present in my mind, the sole ideal
of stainless purity that my thoughts can attain
unto. Surely there never lighted on this sphere
a form so spiritual—a spirit so unearthly! Her
dark eye sparkled with an angelic innocence;
she was like the morning star—harbinger of ra-
diant peace and hopes of glory.

"I was sent, an abject slave, to a distant Mo-
rocco camp, where there I said not long; yet for
long years I saw no friendly face—I heard not
once the language of my country. Hard was
the servitude that I was made to feel, and I had
passed the vigor of my years. At length a noble
Arab chief became my master—by what transi-
tion I never knew. His name was Abdelazim.

He made the yoke of slavery lighter far than I
had ever known it. The armies of the Mahom-
edans were now advanced to the heart of Africa,
and visions of universal conquest gleamed before
their leaders. Abdelazim, with his warriors,
were foremost in the armies of the Prophet. He
addressed me at this time in generous accents
when standing in his presence: he said that he
was about to make further incursions, to spread
the faith of Allah; but no Christian captive
would be suffered to advance with him. If I
retained my faith, I must be left to other masters;
if I would follow the standard of Islam, and re-
nounce the cross, I should be raised to honor in
his tribe, and be his chief attendant. Stranger,
marvel not; I yielded! I, who in my youth had
resisted the strength of love, in my gray hairs
was down by slavery—O, how immeasurably
had I sunk—the fear of harder servitude was
inducement strong enough to vanquish me. Yes,
I yielded! I will not palliate the rank offence of
clad apostasy. From that hour have I loathed
my own base soul. But I had deeper yet to
sink in infamy. I lived—yes, I—to be deemed
a zealot for Mahomet!

"Old Vanha was dead. The keeping of the
Gothic fortresses on the African shore was at
this time committed to Count Julian. Methinks
I need not recount to you his story and his fate;
all Europe hath rung with his fame! King
Rodrigue did him deadly wrong, and Julian took
desperate revenge. He called on the invading
Moorish hordes, he gave them help (he and the
nobles that were with him); and our king and
our kingdom are blotted out from among the na-
tions.

"I will remember the early gathering of the
cloud that burst at length in that terrific tem-
pest. There were nightly meetings of the
Arab chiefs, at which many Gothic nobles at-
tended, with Count Julian. One by one they
renounced their faith in Christ, and swore to
exterminate from the earth the creed of Nazareth.
Many were my misgivings of heart, when first
this treachery began to work; it spread with
quick contagion throughout the camp of the

PUGET SOUND HERALD, STEILACOOM, W. T., AUG. 19, 1859.

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Is published every FRIDAY MORNING, at \$5 per annum, or \$1 for six months, in advance; single copies, 50 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, 1115 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 numbers of vessels and others, outward bound, with files of the Herald, on application at this office.

L. P. FISHER,

1115 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 receiving for the same.

CHAS. PHONCE.

PUGET SOUND HERALD.

STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, AUG. 19, 1859.

THE SAN JUAN DIFFICULTY.

"After a storm comes a calm," is an old saying, but one sometimes only true in part. For example, in the matter of the San Juan difficulty, the storm has subsided into a total calm on the one side, while upon the other it is rapidly increasing in violence. We came to the conclusion last week, from the favorable turn affairs had taken in Victoria, owing to the opportune arrival of Admiral Baynes, that the question at issue would be settled to remain quietly in its present position until finally adjusted by the heads of the two governments; but it seems we were wrong. Certain members of the Colonial Legislature of British Columbia are by no means pleased with the present complexion of things, and indulge in an extravagant waste of breath, no small portion of it in discussing the subject of the "clandestine invasion," as they term it, of the island of San Juan. These discussions have gone on through several sittings, the unhappy disputants waxing warmer and warmer, until they have finally concluded that the course pursued by Gov. Douglas is very reprehensible; that of the British naval officers ditto; and that of Gen. Harney totally unauthorized, and devoid of honesty. The General is charged with being everything but an honest or decent man, for stealing the march on them, and is said to be only "fit for Indian fighting." Now all this is done for "Buncombe." They well know, or should know, that this is a matter with which they have directly nothing to do, and over which they have no control. They are going entirely out of the line of their legitimate duty in meddling with it in any shape, and will no doubt be so informed by the house government. The question is a national, and not a colonial one.

But it is easy to see whence comes this feeling of indignation at the so-called "clandestine invasion." The Hudson Bay Co. have for many years had quiet possession of the island, and found it a capital place on which to raise sheep and cattle. Now that the Americans in turn wish to occupy it, conceiving that they have a clear right, by their interpretation of the treaty, to do so, the Hudson Bay Co. find it necessary to remove their sheep and cattle to a more inconvenient, and, at the same time, more inhospitable locality; hence their opposition. It is well known that Gov. Douglas was at Victoria the chief of and still is interested in the Hudson Bay Co.; if the truth were known, the leading members of the Colonial Legislature are also interested in the same Company. With a knowledge of this fact, it is easy to see why the Governor at the outset was so ready to precipitate the two nations into a war, and why the Legislature is so eager to do so now. Their diabolical schemes, however, have fortunately been frustrated by Admiral Baynes and his sensible officers, who had the wisdom at once to see not only the wrong position of the Governor and his party, but the calamities that would inevitably result from a collision between two nations more closely bound together than any other two on the globe. The price was not equal to the risk; the sacrifice was too great to hazard for the promotion of the aims of a few individuals. So thought, and wisely, Admiral Baynes and his officers.

We have abstained from comments on this subject heretofore, from a desire rather to elay than add to the excitement. This much has been written with the view of informing the reader of the true cause of the trouble, and the present position of the question. We can see now no cause to apprehend anything serious growing out of it. The matter will be left to diplomacy for settlement. Thos. H. Benton, in his speech on this subject at the ratification of the treaty, stated to the U. S. Senate that the boundary line agreed upon was the channel De Haro, which left us the entire archipelago, to which at that time he attached no value; and Lord Aberdeen, in a letter written at the same time, made substantially the same statement. With this testimony in our behalf, there cannot be a doubt that our right to the island will be conceded by Great Britain, the loyal colony of British Columbia to the contrary, notwithstanding.

THANKS.—To Mr. Lowell, Purser of the Julia, for favors; also to Freeman & Co.'s Express.

LETTERS FROM SAN JUAN ISLAND.

Correspondence of the Puget Sound Herald.

SAN JUAN ISLAND, Aug. 14th, '59.

The steamer Julia is about leaving, and, remembering your request at parting on the wharf of Steilacoom, I send you a few hasty lines. We are all comfortably encamped, in peace and quietness, and I see no cause for anticipating trouble. The excitement, however, has been very great, and with reason; for Gov. Douglas, in his proclamation or message, expressly declared that "the marines would be landed on the island." It was supposed, and very naturally, that Captain Pickett would scarcely venture to oppose *et al armis* their landing, supported by the presence of a fleet, counting say 200 guns and 2000 men. Our Victoria neighbors have had some samples of the strange recklessness and disregard of consequences shown so frequently by Americans, when stirred by excitement; but it was hardly to be presumed that an army officer would attempt to carry out an order scarcely practicable with ten times his force. Nevertheless, in spite of parleying, representations and remonstrances, the Captain showed so unmistakably his intentions in that respect, that Gov. Douglas has, it seems, concluded to choose the lesser of the two evils, swallow the bitter pill of his proclamation, accept the wise counsel of the Admiral and other naval officers, (the real fighting men are almost always the least belligerent) and wait. The Tribune and Satellite are now in the harbor, and last evening I met a dozen of the officers rambling about the island.

Our trip here was sufficiently interesting and exciting. The information we gathered on the way (including that obtained from the officers of the *Active*, which alone we could rely upon) indicated that our landing would be opposed. Captain Allen had conversed with Gov. Douglas, and I believe, with the naval authorities, and they had left the impression upon his mind (either by positive assurances or otherwise) that the landing would not be permitted. But John Bull, the "bloody old bruiser," is used to rows of all descriptions, in every quarter of the globe. He well knows when it is expedient to talk, when to act, when to bully, and when to forbear. The "nation of shopkeepers" knows how to calculate, and would see San Juan and Vancouver's Island sink rather than have the bread of several millions of her operatives suddenly fail them. However, our old and well-tried commanding officer, with his orders in his pocket, had no hesitation as to his course, for we steamed ahead, and, after some detention by fog, reached the island next morning at low tide. The men and howitzers were very handsomely disembarked at a point near Capt. Pickett's camp, in less than an hour, by means of three small boats only. The command set out in search of Capt. Pickett's camp, and the steamer, Col. Casey on board, entered the harbor to land the stores at high tide. The *Tribe* alone lay in the harbor, and our friends on shore thought she would take some action in the matter, but nothing "turned up." Her commander, Capt. Hornby, came on shore in the afternoon, at the request of Col. Casey, and a conference was held in his tent; Mr. Campbell and Capt. Prevost, the two Boundary Commissioners, being present. What was said and done is quite unknown to us, of course.

I write this in the intervals of superintending the landing and handling away of the armament of the *Manassas*. Lieut. Kellogg, of the 3d Artillery, is on the crest of the hill, marking out the lines of a field-work which we shall assume ourselves in constructing, wherein we shall mount the mid guns. My Infantry comrades are busy with their companies, the whole command as gay and lively as possible. We have just got the news that four companies of the 3d Artillery are on the way to reinforce us. With eight companies, and a commander who has the confidence of officers and men, we shall feel perfectly secure in any event. Col. Casey has named our camp after the officer who has given such substantial proof of being "the right man in the right place," when entrusted with the execution of orders involving no matter what consequences.

As to the cause, necessity, and veritable history of this imbroglio, *quien sabe?* I must confess that I am too dull to see through it. A few months will solve the mystery. In the meantime we will try and have a good time, and mind strictly our own business.

Why, soldiers, why Should we criticize our orders, boys? Why, soldiers, why, &c., &c. Yours, hastily, Turco.

SAN JUAN, Wednesday night, Aug. 17th. For the information of your readers, I drop you a line. Nothing new except the arrival of a reinforcement to our little garrison—four companies of the 3d Artillery. All quiet, and likely to continue so. A delicate state of affairs, but in good safe hands, on both sides. A perfectly good feeling exists between our military and the British naval officers. A number of us, headed by Col. Casey, visited the *Tribe* this morning, and were received with cordiality. A party will dine on board to-morrow with her commander, Capt. Hornby. In haste, Turco.

From another Correspondent.

CAMP PICKETT, Bellevue Island, Aug. 17. Since coming here, we have mounted on the bluff, opposite the red coats, eight 23-pound cannon, mostly in the night, and are now waiting for orders to make the British subjects here leave, as I understand we are to do sooner or later. I think, in our present position, it will take a respectable force to drive us off. This is a beautiful island, and is situated just right to fortify. Yours, &c., J. E.

DEFORT FOR ARMY STORES.—We are informed that it has been decided to make Steilacoom the depot for the army stores for the military posts on the Sound. They will be received and stored here, and from this point distributed as required. This imposes increased duties and responsibilities on Lieut. Harvie, but he is fully equal to them.

AN ACADEMY.

The establishment of institutions of learning is always indicative of healthy progress and improvement. Steilacoom already boasts of several excellent institutions, among them a small but very choice library. As yet we have had no high school or academy, but shall be without one for a very little while longer.

Rev. Geo. W. Sloan designs opening an academy in Steilacoom for the instruction of the youth of both sexes. He is not only well qualified by education and disposition for this arduous duty, but he also had several years' experience as a teacher in a leading academy of Pennsylvania. We need not, however, go back to his native State for evidence of his qualification; his success as teacher of our public school for the past year affords abundant proof of it. He proposes to give a thorough practical education in the various branches. The academic course will consist of three departments. The tuition per quarter of eleven weeks in each department will be as follows, viz: Primary department—Orthography, &c., \$8; Junior department—English Grammar, &c., \$10; Senior department—Algebra, &c., \$12 per quarter.

Mr. Sloan will go to San Francisco about the 20th September, and return at the end of October. He will open his school on the first Monday in November. Parties abroad who may wish to communicate with him on the subject will address to Steilacoom P. O., Pierce County, W. T.

DOINGS BELOW.

By the arrival of the *Julia*, on Tuesday last, from Victoria and intermediate ports, we have received several items of news, for which we are indebted to the politeness of Purser Lowell.

On Saturday, 13th inst., four Indians (two males and two females) were killed on Smith's Island. By whom, or under what circumstances, we did not learn.

A white man, wife and children (name and number not stated) were killed at Ensalada, by Northern Indians, on Sunday, 14th inst. Another white man is said to be missing. The steamer *Shubric* passed in the Sound, about the time of these murders, several canoes of Northern Indians, supposed to have been the perpetrators.

The steamer *Manassas* took four Indians prisoners to Whatcom, for trial before Judge Fitzhugh, on the charge of fighting, and killing a white man. These were all Whatcom Indians.

The *Julia* brought an Indian prisoner to Steilacoom, for confinement in the jail here, on the charge of killing a man called Texas, a short time since, at Whatcom.

MOVEMENT OF TROOPS.

As announced in our issue of last week, Companies A, B, D and M, 3d Artillery, arrived at this post on Saturday and Sunday last, from Vancouver; Lieut. Hodges, of the 4th Infantry, in command, and Lieuts. Ihrie, Kellogg and Dandy accompanying. The four companies numbered about 180 men.

They embarked on board the steamer *Julia* at an early hour on Wednesday morning, and landed on San Juan Island in the evening of the same day. There are now eight companies on the island, numbering in all some 400 men.

We unintentionally omitted to mention the departure of Lieut. Shaff, with a detachment of twenty men, several weeks since, for Scumlium. Lieut. Reynolds was also detached for the same place, some weeks ago, but we saw his name mentioned last week among the officers on San Juan, whether simply as a visitor or not is not stated.

AN AGREABLE SURPRISE.—By the last mail we received a neat little epistle, from a correspondent unknown to us, signed "Miss Hattie May," and dated "North Attleboro, Mass., June . . ." The superscription being plainly in a female hand, we opened the envelope with trembling fingers, when lo! a small bouquet of withered but still beautiful and fragrant flowers met our wondering gaze. Carefully removing the flowers, we next encountered a too brief letter over the above signature, all about the charms and comforts of a little home. We do not exactly understand what Miss Hattie means, but interpret her words into a desire to possess such a home as she speaks of; and if we are right, we herewith extend to her a cordial invitation to come to Steilacoom, W. T., and accompany our invitation with the promise of finding for her a home with which she cannot fail to be pleased. So, without more ado, come hither at once.

CARPENTERS WANTED.—So great is the amount of building now under contract, in Steilacoom, that not more than half the requisite number of carpenters can be found to do it. One of our leading contractors desires us to say that he can give constant employment to half a dozen good carpenters, at good wages, but cannot at present get them. At no former time was there ever such activity here in building. Every building in town, of every description, is occupied, and the demand for additional buildings is far beyond the power of our present force of carpenters to supply. An excellent opportunity is afforded now for builders to erect dwellings for rental, as there are several families here without tenements, temporarily stowed away in old storerooms, &c.

QUICK TRAVELLING.—The steamer *Julia* made the trip from Steilacoom to San Juan and back, landing four companies of troops on the island and stopping at Port Townsend on her return, in the short space of twenty-seven hours. This is the quickest travelling we have yet known on these waters. We are informed that it was all owing to the liberal use of certain stimulants on the occasion.

PYRALIS OATS.—The best looking oats we ever saw was brought in a small sheaf to our office last week, by Mr. Wm. W. Sherman, from the Pyralis. Its height ranged from five to six feet, with a stalk as large in circumference as our little finger. Mr. Sherman is justly proud of his grain crop.

OUR THANKS are due to Mr. Stark, Purser of the steamer *Eliza Anderson*, for late Victoria papers.

OFFICIAL RETURNS.

EXECUTIVE OFFICE, Olympia, Aug. 10, 1859.

The following is an abstract of the votes cast at the general election held in the Territory of Washington on the 11th day of July, 1859, for Delegate to represent said Territory in the 36th Congress:

COUNTIES.	STEVENS.	WALLACE.
Cham.	9	41
Jackson.	58	168
Island.	75	69
Whatcom.	128	24
Kitsap.	131	143
Knap.	81	67
Pierce.	80	162
Sawishish.	46	27
Thurston.	301	106
Pacific.	60	2
Chelan.	59	27
Wahkiacum.	11	1
Lewis.	79	30
Cowlitz.	88	38
Clark.	236	94
Skamania.	50	13
Walla-Walla.	163	1
Spokane.—No election.		

1684 1091

I certify that the above is a true abstract of the official vote of the above named counties, where an election was held, and which are now on file in the office of the Secretary of the Territory.

R. D. GIBBSON,

Governor of Washington Territory.

THE FEELING ON SAN JUAN ISLAND.—Among other extracts from the letters of the correspondent of the *Victoria Gazette*, reluctantly omitted last week, for want of room, was the following, which exhibits the state of things existing on the island of San Juan at the time Col. Casey landed. After setting forth the mutual good feeling shown by the people of the two nations toward each other the writer says:—"Some three or four persons had started little tent groceries near the landing from the harbor, and several parties had been seen in a state of drunkenness the night before."

H. R. Crosbie, Esq., the American Justice, served an order on the liquor-vendors, forbidding the sale of another glass of liquor on the island without a license. He represented to them the evils that might result from the too free indulgence by persons here under existing circumstances, and told them that so long as the present unfortunate state of affairs continued, no license would be issued by the American authorities. After ordering the inventory and packing of the contraband articles, to be placed in charge of the constable, Mr. Higgins, Mr. Crosbie walked over to Maj. De Courcy, and without recognising him officially, told him of the order he had given, and the disposition one of the men had evinced to create a conflict by threatening to obtain a license from British authorities. Mr. De Courcy replied that the man had already complained to him, and he had assured him that if he sought protection from the British, he had rendered himself liable to be put on board the *Tribe*, taken to Victoria, and fined \$300 for violation of the license law. He had been sent here to see English law executed, and not violated. Maj. De Courcy acted in this matter with that discretion and good feeling which will ensure him the respect of all right thinking people of either nation."

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.—We are informed that the cost of the Presbyterian church, added to last week, will be about \$2,000; the original contract for \$1,100 having been set aside. Rev. Mr. Sloan, for whom it is being erected, will soon go to San Francisco to purchase a bell, melodeon, and suitable furniture for the edifice. It is designed, we understand, to make it at once an ornament to the town, and a fitting sanctuary for worship, in which comfort and convenience will both be kept in view.

NEGRO MINSTREL.—Steilacoom was visited, on Tuesday last, by the Taylor minstrel troupe, and treated to two performances. Judging from the uproarious laughter and frequent plaudits of the audiences, on the two evenings, both the comedians and music proved highly entertaining. Yesterday the troupe left for Seattle and other towns on the Sound, to be absent about three weeks, when they will again return and repeat their performances here.

New Advertisements.

ARMY NOTICE.

SEALED PROPOSALS FOR FURNISHING and delivering 6000 bushels of good, sound, merchantable OATS, at Steilacoom, W. T., until 9 o'clock A. M., on SATURDAY, the 10th day of September, 1859.

The Oats may be delivered from time to time, until the 1st of October next, at which period all the Oats must have been delivered.

Proposals will be received for the whole amount required, at the rate of 50 cts. per bushel. The price per bushel should be specified.

Each proposal must be accompanied by the written guarantee of two responsible persons, to become the sureties for the faithful execution of any contract based on such proposal.

Each proposal must be endorsed "Proposals for Oats," and be addressed to the Acting Assistant Quartermaster, Steilacoom, W. T., who reserves the right to reject any or all bids, should he think the interests of the service require it.

Bidders are invited to be present at the opening of the bids.

E. J. HARVEY,

1st Lieut 9th Infy.

A. A. Q. M.

Office of the A. A. Q. M., Fort Steilacoom, W. T., August 10th, 1859.

CO-PARTNERSHIP NOTICE.

The undersigned, having formed a partnership, and purchased the interest of Albert Balch in the Saloon recently opened by him in the new building, will continue the business as formerly conducted by Mr. Parkins. The friends of both are invited to give them a call.

GEORGE PARKINSON,

GEORGE WILLIAMS.

Steilacoom, August 10th, 1859.

FOR SALE.

A WELL-ASSORTED LOT OF DRUGS AND Medicines. They will be sold in lots to suit, or the whole together, cheap for cash. Inquire at the Butcher's store, Fort Steilacoom.

NOTICE.

HERBERT GIVEN THAT ALL PERSONS who are wanted for cutting any firewood, timber or other wood, or trespassing in any way upon any land claim, known as the Steilacoom Creek and Bay claim.

THOMAS M. CHAMBERS, Proprietor.

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NOTICE.

The Administrators of L. A. SMITH will receive bids for the rental of the Farm formerly occupied by deceased, from the 1st to the 15th of August. Twenty acres will be reserved for the use of the widow; the balance of the Farm will be let for two years.

Sealed proposals will be received by Mr. McCAW for the Administrators. All persons making bids are requested to be present at the store of E. McCAW & CO., on Saturday, the 20th day of August, at 10 o'clock P. M., at which time the bids will be opened. The farm will be let to the highest responsible bidder.

THOMAS M. CHAMBERS, Administrators.

HENRY MEHLAY.

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Puget Sound Shipping List.

STEILACOOM, W. T., Aug. 10, 1859.

Arrived.

Aug 10th—Steer Eliza Anderson, Wells, from Olympia. Steer Julia, Bushnell, from Victoria; U. S. Mail, freight and passengers. Steer W. D. Rice, Diggs, from San Francisco via Victoria; mds to Balch & Wheeler. Steer Julia, Bushnell, from San Juan. Steer Eliza Anderson, Wells, from Victoria and intermediate ports; U. S. Mail and passengers.

Sailed.

Aug 13th—Boat Mary F. Stone, Crowell, San Francisco. 14th—Boat N. Perkins, Ritchie, San Francisco. 15th—Boat Eliza Anderson, Wells, down Sound. 17th—Steer Julia, Bushnell, from San Juan Island with U. S. troops. 18th—Steer Eliza Anderson, Wells, Olympia. 19th—Boat Glimp, Dayton, San Francisco.

In Port.

Aug 10th—Boat W. D. Rice, Diggs, ding.

Steilacoom Market and Prices Current.

WHEAT.—CORRECTED WEEKLY.

Best, fresh, per lb.	12 1/2	Dried Apples, per lb.	18
Medium, " " " "	12	Dried Peaches, " " "	25
Low, " " " "	11 1/2	Chili, do " " "	25
Salt, do " " "	11	10 Soap, No. 1 " "	12 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	10 1/2	10 Soap, No. 2 " "	12
Clear do, per lb.	10	10 Soap, No. 3 " "	11 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	9 1/2	10 Sugar, No. 1 China " "	14
Clear do, per lb.	9	10 Sugar, No. 2 do " "	13 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	8 1/2	10 Grained, white, do " "	12
Clear do, per lb.	8	10 Candles, mould, do " "	11
Clear do, per lb.	7 1/2	10 Assorted Candles, do " "	10
Clear do, per lb.	7	10 Soda, per lb. " "	10 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	6 1/2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	10
Clear do, per lb.	6	10 Soda, per lb. " "	9 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	5 1/2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	9
Clear do, per lb.	5	10 Soda, per lb. " "	8 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	4 1/2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	8
Clear do, per lb.	4	10 Soda, per lb. " "	7 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	3 1/2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	7
Clear do, per lb.	3	10 Soda, per lb. " "	6 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	2 1/2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	6
Clear do, per lb.	2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	5 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	1 1/2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	5
Clear do, per lb.	1	10 Soda, per lb. " "	4 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	1/2	10 Soda, per lb. " "	4
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	3 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	3
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	2 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	2
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	1 1/2
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	1
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	1/2
Clear do, per lb.	0	10 Soda, per lb. " "	0

Miscellaneous.

DELIN & SHOREY, MANUFACTURERS OF FURNITURE.

Next door to the Puget Sound Herald Office, STEILACOOM, W. T.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED TO MANUFACTURE TO ORDER: Beds, Bureaus, Wardrobes, Tables, Lounges, Writing Desks, Book Cases, and everything in the CABINET-MAKING line.

Orders from any point on the Sound will be promptly executed.

DELIN & SHOREY.

PIONEER HOTEL, In Port Townsend, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

HAVING LATELY MADE EXTENSIVE ADDITIONS to this house, I am now prepared to offer to the public the comforts of a first class hotel, for families or single men. The entire house (containing 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 undersigned pledges himself to give unmitigated attention to the wants and comforts of his guests.

E. L. THIRLAIN.

MANUFACTURERS, MECHANICS AND INVENTORS.

THE SCIENTIFIC AMERICAN TO BE ENLARGED!

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