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CHARLES PROSCH,
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[From the Westminster Review for January, 1861.]

Ancient Danish Ballads.

A century, wanting five years, has now elapsed since the Bishop of Dromore published his celebrated "Reliquiae of Ancient English Poetry." One hundred and seventy-four years previously to this first appearance of the "Percy Ballads," (A. D. 1765) an analogous collection of old Danish songs had been issued by Vedel (A. D. 1591). In forming this collection, Vedel, we are told, had "no idea of the antiquarian interest attached to the songs of his country." He appears to have been actuated by no other motive than the desire to contribute to the innocent entertainment of his readers. [We are compelled here to omit lengthy explanatory remarks by the compiler, our space not admitting of their insertion.]

The following ballad, intended to celebrate woman's ready invention and persistent power of response under the trying fire of cross-examination, will scarcely be suspected of emanating from the female Muse:

THE READY REPLY.

"But, sister, dear," a brother said,
"Do you then never mean to wed?"
"Oh, wait! at this my tender age,
I would not yet my hand engage."
"Yet, might I trust the public voice,
You have already made the choice."
"No people talk, and talk they may;
Believe not all that gossip say."
"And who was that the handsome knight,
Rode from your door with morning's light?"
"No knight, no high-born cavalier,
My stable-boy and his horse were here."
"Then near your bed two pairs of shoes?
Now whose were they? pray tell me those?"
"No man's shoe, brother, think not so,
'Twas but my slippers lay below."
"And then that little cherub head
Was lately sleeping upon your bed?"
"No cherub that, or baby small;
What lay there sleeping was my doll."
"How heard I, then, in passing by,
Within your door an infant cry?"
"So cry not infants; 'twas my maid,
'Cause of a wardrobe key mislaid."
"And pray what might the cradle mean,
So stily hid behind the screen?"
"No cradle; 'ere not rash to blame,
You've seen perhaps my brookery frame;
And if you, brother, more will know,
With answers I shall not be slow.
When woman fail to make reply,
Then look to see the ocean dry."

The frail heroine of this ballad suffers far better than some of her delinquent sisters; for through northern folk evidently no sympathy with the sentimental licentiousness of the southern Courts of Love. These ferocious moralists made short work with interesting lovers. They burned their offending wives at the faggot, and hanged their paramours. In the case of unmarried persons, but possibly only when betrothal, regarded as the equivalent of marriage, rendered the offense tantamount to a violation of matrimonial fidelity, the parties were subjected to the same punishment as conjugal transgressors. Thus, in one of the ballads in this collection, Sedellie informs Medelwood of her mother's determination to send her to the faggot and him to the gallows. So in the ballad of Sir Buris and Christine, King Waldmar calls for five heavy scourges, with which he lashes his wife to death. Death, in fact, seems to have been the recognized punishment of women who loved deeply, but not well, in other parts of Europe besides Denmark. In a Swedish ballad, called "Pehr Wattenman," a son puts his own mother on a fire; in a Scotch one, entitled "Lady Maistry," a brother his own sister; and in a Spanish romance a mother threatens her daughter with the stake if "maid she is no more."

Rejoicing glancing at a few of the most characteristic features of this somewhat indeterminate and mythical period, we come first to the peculiar institution of all ages and all countries—the matrimonial. As to what constituted a marriage in those days, it is thought that the priest's blessing, uttered at the bedside, was the most essential part of the ceremony. We find more than one instance of a change of bridegroom at the last hour. Young ladies were often awarded to their future husbands without the slightest reference to their feelings or wishes. The ring was not the token of marriage, but betrothal. The "Morgengave," or Morning-gift, (recognized in England in Anglo-Saxon times) was a "present which the bride was entitled to demand," and which could not be refused by the husband, the day after her wedding. It often consisted of a lashed estate, and was tantamount to a marriage settlement. Notwithstanding the ferocious love of virtue among the old Danes, there was nothing discreditable in living with a mistress. "It was, in fact," says Dr. Prior, "a morganatic marriage; a compromise with the law that forbade the union of those who were not of equal rank." Second marriages in Denmark, as well as in other countries, were not viewed very favorably; step-mothers, at least, were in universally ill repute. In the Danish ballads young girls are represented as inexcusable for the loss of their mothers; a representation which our translator, who thinks it inconceivable that they should have felt much affection for mothers who were ready to give them to any husband, without consulting their feelings, or to burn them for very venial transgressions, pronounces a stereotyped commonplace. It is certainly "beyond everything as God Almighty should have made women so;" but we are not sure that he has not. Doubtless, however, with all their rigid notions of parental justice and prerogative, the practice of our Scandinavian ancestors was not unfrequently better than their theory. We can adduce at least one most pathetic instance of the strength and reality of the maternal instinct even in the Spartan dames of Denmark. In the touching ballad of the "Buried Mother," Swain Dyring marries a lovely maiden. Seven years she shares his home with him, and ever year presents him with one of the sweetest children eyes ever saw. At the end of the seven years she dies, and the faithless Swain (as faithless swains will do) wins another maiden's hand. The new bride steps, grim and harsh, from her old maid. She greets the weeping children; jolks up the bread and beer; takes away their light and fire; gives them straw to lie upon; and behaves, in fact, as an "injuncta novena" ought to behave. Cold and starving, the motherless children lament over their sad fortunes.

They cried one evening till the sound
Their mother heard beneath the ground.
She heard 'as if her grave she lay,
"But go I must her pain to stay."
"At God's high throne she bent her knee,
"O! let me, Lord, my children see."
"And such her prayer and tale of woe,
That God in mercy let her go."

As through the streets she glided by,
Lead all the hounds howling to cry.
She smelt her husband's court-yard gate,
And there her eldest daughter sat.

"O! daughter mine! why so in tears?
How fare my other little dears?"
"No mother at all art thou of mine,
Thou'rt not like her, though fair and fine.
My mother's cheeks were white and red,
But thine are pale and like the dead."
"And how should I be pale and fair,
When death has bleached the cheeks I bear;
Or how should I be white and red,
So long, my child, as I've been dead?"
She found her children's sleeping place,
And wet with tears each little face.
She nursed them all with mother's care,
She combed and dressed their silky hair."

Lastly she takes the babe in her lap and feeds it. These good duties fulfilled, she sends the eldest daughter to summon to her presence the ungracious husband and unnatural father. Swain obeys the summons. She chides, upbraids, and warns him; and now as the red, the black, and the white cock announce, with triple clarion, the dawn of day, the pale lady returns to her old chamber-yard home, not without some consoling presence, we would hope, of the good effects which followed this revisiting of the glimpses of the moon. For—

Whenever hound was heard to whine,
They gawp their children bread and wine.
Whenever hound was heard to bark,
They thought the dead walked in the dark.
Whenever hound was heard to howl,
They thought they saw a corpse's cowl."

We next select the only ballad in which an Edha poem has been traditionally preserved. "Thor of Asgard." The Thrusser king, it should be premised, is supposed by Dr. Prior to be a Turkish potentate. The hammer of gold, Miölnir, crusher of giants, which Thor of Asgard, hero of the Asir, has lost during the winter, and which Loki, flame or heat, recovers at the return of spring from the northern geni of cold and darkness, is the not inappropriate symbol of the thunderbolt. A Troll is any supernatural or extraordinary being, from a giant to a magician, or a dwarf to a deist.

There rode the mighty of Asgard, Thor,
His journey a night of the plun,
And there his hammer of gold he lost,
And sought so long in vain.

'Twas then the mighty of Asgard, Thor,
His brother his bidding told,
'Up thou and off to the Northland Fell,
And seek my hammer of gold."

He spake, and Loki the serving man,
His feathers upon him drew,
And launching over the salty sea,
Away to the Northland flew.

He stopped, as he crossed the castle yard,
To cloak him in scarlet pall,
And greeted the hideous Thrusser king,
And cutured his lofty hall.

"Welcome, Loki, thou serving-man!
Right heartily welcome here!
Now tell me how matters at Asgard stand,
And how in the country near."

"In castle at Asgard all is well,
And eke in the country near;
But Thor has his golden hammer mislaid,
And therefore am I come here."

"Hark thou my words! No more shall Thor
His hammer again behold;
For fifteen fathoms and forty deep
Is his buried beneath the mold."

His hammer no more gets Thor again,
From under the solid earth,
Till mine is the maiden Fredensborg,
And all that ye all are worth."

The handsome, meliorous, crafty Loki, ever plotting against the Asir, but ever compelled to serve them, (as subtle destructive force must ever serve bright intelligence) flies back to Thor with the answer. The haughty Fredensborg indignantly rejects the proposition, declaring that even a Christian man would be a preferable bridegroom to that loathly Troll. Whereon Loki, as we understand, interposes—

"Then let us our aged father take, (Thor)
And comb him and dress him well,
And bear him, in guise of a maiden fair,
Away to the Northland Fell."

They brought her to court, the blooming bride,
And into the banquet hall,
And loathed she with an open hand
Was dealt to the minstrel's all.

They took her, the young and bashful bride,
To sit on her bridal chair,
And forward stepped the Thrusser king,
Himself to serve the fair.

A whole ox carcass the maid ate up,
And took to her seven hundred leaves,
Before she would taste of wine.

A whole ox carcass the maid ate up,
Her loathly and fierce and tall,
And then twelve barrels of ale she drank
Before she could quench her thirst.

The Thrusser king, as he paced the floor,
His hands on his bosom beat;
"Who then, and whence, is the youthful bride,
So monstrous a meal can eat?"

And smiling beneath his scarlet cloak,
Thus Loki, the page, replied:
"Seven days it is since she tasted food,
For longing to be thy bride."

Then brought eight champions stout and strong
The hammer upon her brow,
And heaved it up for the youthful bride,
And laid it across her knee.

Up rose from her seat that tender bride,
Her hammer she took in hand,
And only the sober truth to tell,
She brandished it like a wand.

The first she slew was the Thrusser king,
So loathly and fierce and tall;
She came indeed to the wedding feast—
She slaughtered them, great and small.

"And now," said Loki, the wily page,
"Tis time that we all retire,
And home to our country bend our steps,
And comfort our widow sire."

A similar achievement is celebrated in the ballad of Sir Geselein, where the lady Bryndild, delicate young virgin, after a light part on two oxen, five tuns of ale and seven of porridge, concludes the amusements of the evening by flourishing her stay-lace end with such good effect that she leaves no fewer than fifteen champions dead "out on the grassy lea."

The feather dress worn by L. 4 recalls the winged sandals of Mercury. T. is light and airy costume is very fashionable with the ladies and gentlemen of these ballads. In one of them, the young Prince Gladenwin tricks himself out in his mother's old flying tunic, the queen carelessly remarking that, when midsummer comes again, she will make her-

self another and better pair of wings. We have not been able to discover the secret of this mysterious tailoring; but it appears to have been known to more than one happy lover in Denmark in the days that are no more. Of these the most noteworthy was evidently Master Hildebrand, who, to win the love of a fair lady, who had vowed to give her hand to none but a flying knight, "learned to dress him in guise of bird," and, in plumes of silver and wings of gold, came fluttering round her bower, nearer and nearer, till finally accepting her dainty invitation, (for something seemed to draw her to him) he fitted in, to the lady's musical warble:

"O! bird! pretty bird! wert thou but tame,
I'd seat thee here on my broodery frame.
O! bird! pretty bird! wert thou but mine,
I'd set for thy perch my gilded shrine."

The dew falls. The maiden retires. The dark hours pass slowly. As the morning bell rings to matins, the gentle bird twitters. The lady wakes, in fear and wonder, and asks who is in the bower?

"Tis only your pretty bird," replies the maid.
And down from his pole he flew below,
And strutted him boldly and fro:
He flew and perched on the lady's bed.
And hopped and chirrup'd about her head;
He played with her hair, her pearls and band,
And gently he pecked the lady's hand.
"Dear bird, wert thou from feathers free,
None other I'd take to wed but thee."
"You've plighted your word, and now be true,
Give hither your hand, my claw take you."
The lady she gave the bird her hand,
And thus to his daughter dear said he:
He shook his limbs from the plumage free,
And straight a gallant young knight was he.
"By day in thy cage thou shalt still keep,
By night shall here in my bosom sleep."
So long did the knight her chamber share,
Till Ingelille two little babies bore.
For summer amusement the lady won
A bonny fair maid and a comely son.
Her father came in the babes to see,
And thus to his daughter dear said he:
"O my daughter, whom thou dost call
The father of those pretty babes so small!"
"Dear father, to you the truth I'll tell,
I found them both in a woody dell,
I raised them from off the cold damp ground,
And here have a foster mother found."
"Well, well, my daughter, so let that be,
The babies perhaps belong to thee."

These babes in the wood are not obsolete yet. No one ever knows how they come, but there they are, indubitable "infant phenomena." The present mysterious arrivals, however, happily bring no trouble to their casual discoverer. The father, Sir Hildebrand, fifteen estates if he will wed the fair philanthropist; but Sir Hildebrand, with a supreme contempt for all such sublimity things, magnificently bids him keep his estates, and give him his daughter, and nothing more. In the end, our "lily flower" lays her grief aside, regards henceforth of joke and banter, for "the knight she has wedded can wing the air;" a somewhat dangerous accomplishment, as Ingelille may one day learn to her cost, when her gay argument "takes a flight to heaven to-night, and leaves dull earth behind him."

In this ballad it would appear that Sir Hildebrand, in assuming the dress, acquires the proportions and even the form of a bird. Instances of a still more marvellous transformation occur in these poems; metamorphoses as wonderful as those in Ovid, comparable even to the singular variations of form in the Arabian Nights Entertainment. Now we have a maiden betrothed into a werewolf, or into a snake, or into a lindin tree; now we have a knight who, in the shape of a hindwren, enters a lady into his cave, and is restored to human shape by the sweetest and most welcome of kisses; or else a loathly elf, availing himself of the same exquisite panacea, is disenchanted into the most beautiful King of Charming that ever lived. Sometimes these changes of form are effected with bewildering facility and in astonishingly rapid succession, as in the poem of the Nightingale:—

I well know where a castle stands,
And richly it is dight,
With silver and with ruddy gold,
And marble polished bright.

Within its yard a linden stands,
With tender leaflets hung,
And dwells therein a Nightingale
That sweetly tunes her tongue.

A gentle knight at midnight hour
Came riding there along,
And stood awhile in wonder lost
To hear the warbler's song.

"Now hark, thou little Nightingale,
A lay I prithee sing;
And then thy neck I'll hang with pearl,
With beaten gold thy wing."

"I value not the plumes of gold
That you would have me wear;
I roam the world a wild-wood bird,
Whom man shall never see."

This winged Arab of the woods is reminded by the knight of the cold and hunger that await her when the trees are bare. To which the warbler replies that it is not hunger, wind or snow that trouble her. She has a secret sorrow! The brawling mountain stream, she moralizes, may disappear in the valley; but "memory of one we love can never be lost." Transformations, however, the knight had happily broken the spell and recovered his shape; but, continues our princess in disguise, (for the Nightingale does duty for this second victim of a detestable social tyranny)

"I am still a little bird
That flies on both so wide,
And pass in pain the weary hours,
But most at winter-tide."

"While others slept, I've on my bough
Song through the midnight hour,
Nor ever found a better home
Than in my greenwood bower."

"Now hark thee, little Nightingale,
With this my wish comply:
The winter in my chamber sing,
And off in summer fly."

"Thanks to your offer, gentle knight,
Your room I cannot share,
For that my mother's spell forbids
While feathered wings I wear."

The knight, however, watches his opportunity, and captures the unsuspecting Nightingale, as she sits musing, by the brook, carries her home, shuts door and window, and then sees her go through a whole menagerie of metamorphoses.

To lie and to bear she turned,
And many monsters were,
Or as an ugly hindwren laughed,
And seemed a stork for gore.

The knight at last interposes, and by one of those operations so effective in the therapeutic

practice of Fairyland, he terminates the series with one crowning transformation, by which his patient recovers, (and a most wonderful recovery it is) her birth original shape:—

He cut her with his little knife,
And drew a stream of blood;
And there at once before his eyes
A blooming maiden stood.

The runic spell of the wicked stepmother broken, the lady dries her tears, announces herself as daughter of the king and queen of Egypt, and is claimed as sister by the gallant knight, who now, in a far more presentable shape, identifies in the pretty lady the companion and playfellow of childhood's happiest days.

"And was then, Egypt's king thy sire,
And was thy mother queen?"
"Then thou art e'en my sister dear,
Who long a bird has been."

And loud was over house and land
The voice of joy and song,
That he that little bird had caught,
In linden lived so long.

While walking down College street, last Sunday evening, the "subscriber" came up with two negro boys, aged respectively ten and fifteen years. The younger one carried an apple in his hand, and the elder one was using all his eloquence to obtain "just one bite of it." "Well," said the younger one, finally, "I'll give you just one bite; but don't you take more, 's you are a white man." The elder one took the apple, and opened a mouth that would have been creditable to a hundred and fifty pound cut-throat, leaving a very little share on the other side.

"Good God! Jim!" said the little one, looking up at the operation with astonishment, "you take the apple and give me the bite!"

"How old are you, Bridget?" said a gentleman to his servant girl.

"About fifty, sir," replied Bridget.

"You are mistaken, Bridget; you are not over twenty."

"Yes, sir, that is it. I'm about twenty or fifty, somewhere along there."

This answer indicates about the same degree of intelligence as that of an old grey-headed negro in South Carolina.

"How old are you, Pete?" said a gentleman to him one day.

"I dunno, massa, I feels berry old; 'spects I's about five or six hundred."

The Duchess of Kingston was remarkable for having a high sense of her own dignity. Being one day detained in her carriage by the unloading of a cart of coals in a very narrow street, she leaned with both her arms upon the door, and said to the man:

"How dare you, sirrah, stop a woman of quality in the streets?"

"Woman of quality?" replied the man.

"Yes, fellow," rejoined her grace. "Don't you see my arms on my carriage?"

"Yes," replied he, "I do—and a pair of coarse arms they are."

A Dutchman, looking for a person by the name of Dunn, who owed him a small account, sat in a wag near an eating house, as he wished to find Mr. Dunn. The wag told him to go into the eating-house, and the first person at the first table was the gentleman he was inquiring for. The Dutchman went in, about as slow as a jack-ass towards a peak of oats, and this "first gentleman" happened to be an Irishman.

"Are you Dunn?" said the Dutchman.

"Done!" said Pat, "by my soul, I am only just commenced!"

A lady riding in the cars, a few weeks since, found herself seated by the side of an old man who was exceedingly deaf.

"Ma'am," said she, in a high tone, "did you ever try electricity?"

"What did you say, miss?"

"I asked you if you ever tried electricity for your deafness?"

"O, yes, I did; it's only last summer I got struck by lightning, but I don't see as it did me a bit of good."

Said a Sunday school teacher, "remember, dear children, that God is everywhere. His words had hardly escaped his lips when a roughish looking fellow rose up and said:

"Please, sir, did you say God everywhere?"

"Yes, my son; everywhere."

"Is he in my pocket?"

"Yes, he is in your pocket."

"Well, I guess I've got you there," was the triumphant retort; "cause I ha'n't got any pocket."

"You are going to keep house?" said an elderly maiden lady to a young woman recently married.

"Yes, was the reply.

"Going to have a girl, I suppose," was queried.

The newly made wife stammered, colored and then responded:

"I don't know whether it will be a girl or a boy!"

As Rev. Mr. Field, who lived in Vermont several years ago, went to deposit his vote, the officer who received it being a friend and parishioner, but of opposition politics, remarked:

"I am sorry, Mr. Field, to see you here."

"Why?" asked Mr. Field.

"Because," said the officer, "Christ and his kingdom was not of this world."

"Has no one a right to vote," said Mr. Field, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"

An itinerant phrenologist stopped at a rustic farm house, the proprietor of which was busily engaged in threshing.

"Sir, I am a phrenologist. Would you like me to examine the heads of your children?"

"Well," said the farmer, pausing between the strokes, "I rather guess they do not need it. The old woman combs them with a fine tooth comb once a week."

"No smoking allowed here," said the captain of a steambot to one of his passengers, an Irishman, who was puffing away at a long pipe.

"And surely," answered Pat, "I'm not smoking alone!"

A gentleman who had just married a little under-dressed beauty, says she would have been taller, but she is made of such precious materials that nature could not afford it.

Examiner—"Who was the strongest man?" Smart boy—"Jonah." "Why so?" "Cause the whale couldn't hold him after it got him down."

An advocate of capital punishment argues that the gallows are calculated to elevate mankind.

Touching Obituary Epitaph.

That waked wag, "The Chancellor," writing in the N. Y. Dispatch, gets off the following rib-tickler:

A member of the Texas Legislature, named Dill, succeeded from that body a few years ago whilst it was in session, the inducing cause of his secession being typhoid fever, and a lack of wind. On the day which followed his decease, Mr. Gherken, a member, arose to announce the melancholy fact to the house. Another member of the body, named Slaker, was the chronic opponent of Gherken in all matters of legislation from a cambric needle to a sheet anchor, and never neglected a chance to give him a shot. Mr. Gherken, after a solemn pause, said:

"Mister Speaker! I have rise in my seat for the purpose of informing this yer house of the heart-rending and solemn intelligence that Solomon Dill, a member of this yer body, whose seat is now unfortunately vacant, has left a victim to the grim and destroying typhoid fever, and yesterday put an end to his career, and that he is now dead at the house of widdler Jones, on the hill, where he and many members of this yer house boards, who gave him attention throughout a lengthy and consequently protracted typhoid fever, and who furnished board and lodging to the members of this yer legislature at a uniform price of four dollars n'alf a week, washing not included! He ain't with feelings of no ordinary regret that I make this yer communication to this yer august body, Mr. Speaker, for I know'd the deceased and know'd him from A to Izzard! He, like all other men, who are mortal, had his faults, and who ain't got 'em? If he wasn't strictly virtuous among females, who is? I put it to you—was it this yer august body to answer! He may have been slightly addicted to whiskey; but who in Texas ain't; and so let that man sit the fast rock! He may have been quick to wit his toady; but who in Texas ain't? But he never drew'd a weapon if he wasn't mad! People say he didn't pay his debts! Who does in Texas, Mr. Speaker? Among his virtues, he was fond of encouraging the breed of that noble animal, the horse, in the extensive manner, and Mr. Speaker, conscientiously attended every race within twenty miles right to the place, and in a gentlemanly manner backed his opinion upon uncertain events in the future to the extent of his ability. He was a good citizen, and honest man, and a perfect gentleman, and in his melancholy disease society has lost a bright ornament and this yer house a member which has cast a gloom over the country at large and over this yer house, not more especially over the domestic circle of Mrs. Jones than over the public

THE PUGET SOUND HERALD

Published every Thursday evening, at \$3 per annum in advance...

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

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

L. P. FISHER, 630 Washington st., San Francisco.

PUGET SOUND HERALD

STEILACOOM, W. T., Thursday Evening, Sept. 5, 1861.

THE PUGET SOUND MAIL.—Owing to the failure of the new contractor, Mr. Parkinson...

ARREST OF THE PARDONING POWER.—On this subject the Dallas Mountaineer of the 28th ult. has two articles...

A DANGEROUS LUNATIC.—Mr. Albert G. Balch, who is subject to fits of lunacy during certain stages of the moon...

THEATRICAL.—That favorite little troupe, the Robinson family, again visited Steilacoom on Tuesday last...

EDITORIAL VIII.—Friend Damon, of the Northwest, called upon us last week...

CAVING SHIPMENT.—Messrs. Moody and Van Brimmer shipped from Keen's wharf, yesterday, on the steamer Flying Fish...

THE NEW-INDIAN SUPERINTENDENT.—Our Olympia cotemporary is fearfully exercised in spirit at the appointment of B. F. Kendall, Esq., as Indian Superintendent...

THE NEW-INDIAN SUPERINTENDENT.

Our Olympia cotemporary is fearfully exercised in spirit at the appointment of B. F. Kendall, Esq., as Indian Superintendent of this Territory.

We know not how all this may appear to the minds of others, but to our mind it seems that the only cause for this violent crusade against Mr. Kendall is to be found in the disappointment of another, or others, who were over-confident of the success of their applications for the same office...

The most serious charge preferred against Mr. Kendall—that upon which the greatest stress is laid—is that he is not a member of the party which elected Lincoln.

In making the above remarks, we have endeavored to express briefly and with candor our feelings, with no desire to engage in a controversy with the political opponents or personal enemies of Mr. Kendall.

DEATH OF CAPT. BAILEY.—Hon. Jos. Bailey, of Lane county, says the Oregon Statesman, had gone to Goose Lake, near the southern boundary of the State, to seek pasture for a large band of cattle.

ADJOURNMENT OF CONGRESS.—Both Houses of Congress decided to adjourn sine die at 12 o'clock on the 5th ult., and the extra session ended on that day.

THE CAPITOL.—The good people of Vancouver are just now laboring under much excitement respecting that vexed question, the Capitol.

INSANE ASYLUM.—According to the Portland Advertiser, the first insane asylum of Oregon will be inaugurated on the 18th inst.

GREAT FISH CROWDER.—The Knight's Landing (Cal.) News says that the water in Sycamore slough has been so heated by the sun that the fish has been boiled therein and are causing "an ancient fish-like smell" to arise on the air for miles around...

GOING EAST.—Capt. Thom, of the corps of Topographical Engineers, has been ordered to Washington, and will leave in a few days.

FROM THE NEZ PERCES MINES.

The following letter is from a gentleman well known and much respected in this county, and one whose statements may be relied upon in every particular:

NEZ PERCES MINES, Oro Fino City, W. T., Aug. 11th, '61.

I will give you a few items concerning the route from Steilacoom to Oro Fino City, also concerning these mines. We left Steilacoom on the 26th of June, and after sundry misadventures, arrived in Oro Fino City on the 23rd of July.

There has been a very large amount of work done on the road from Lewistown to Oro Fino, evincing a determination on the part of the people to put the roads in the best possible condition.

Most of the miners here who have claims and work them are doing well. The claims that are open, take them a 1, as far as I have seen, average about \$10 per day to the man.

There is plenty of provision in the mines. Flour is worth from 16 to 18c per pound; bacon 30c; beef 12 to 15c; sugar 30c; coffee 40c; tea \$3 per lb., and everything else in proportion.

Oro Fino City has about four hundred houses and tents at this time, and is improving very fast. There are about fifteen hundred inhabitants in and around Oro Fino, but no Chinamen.

FOUND BY LAST.—According to statements made to us, says the Portland Daily Advertiser, the El Dorado has been found at last, where the "big chunks" are lying around loose.

AGES OF THE ARMY CHIEFS.—The age of Scott is 75; Wool 73; Harney 65; Mansfield 60; Totten, head of the Engineer Corps, 80; Thayer, Engineer, 80; Craig, head of the Ordnance Department, 76; Ridley, Ordnance, 70; Sumner, 65; Lawson, Surgeon General, 80; Larnard, Paymaster General, 70; Gibson, Commissary General; Churchill, Inspector General; and Thomas, Adjutant General, are all old men, having entered the army in the beginning of the present century—Gibson in 1808 and Churchill in 1818.

EARLY FROSTS.—Indian Valley, Plumas county, Cal., has suffered severely from early frosts. The Standard says that it is estimated that thirty thousand bushels of wheat have been destroyed in that locality by the unwelcome appearance of the early frost.

INCREASE OF PAY.—A bill has passed both Houses of Congress, increasing the pay of soldiers in the Federal army (both regulars and volunteers) from \$11 to \$15 per month.

ILLNESS OF THE POPE.—At last accounts from Europe, the death of His Holiness the Pope was hourly expected. An abscess in his leg, infecting his whole body, is the malady from which he suffers.

NEVADA TERRITORY.—From the Enterprise we learn that the census of Nevada Territory, just taken, shows the population of the Territory, including Honey Lake and Esmeralda, at 16,374.

BRAVE EXPLOIT OF A STEWARD.

A few weeks ago our news summary contained an item stating that a colored man had killed the prize crew on a schooner of which he was steward, and brought the vessel safely back to New York.

The schooner S. J. Herring, of Brookhaven, from New York for Montevideo, July 4th, with an assorted cargo, returned to New York on Sunday. On the third day out, July 7th, she was brought to by the privateer J. J. Davis, which sent a boat full of men alongside, and ordered the captain of the schooner to haul down the United States flag, and declared her a prize.

By the bold use of his hatchet, coupled with his success in getting the vessel back to port, Tillman made a small fortune, in which Steadling shares. At last accounts, Tillman was the lion of New York, and Barnum had caged both the steward and the sailor, and was exhibiting them to crowded audiences.

BATTLE IN MISSOURI.—Later accounts of the battle near Springfield, Missouri, confirm the report of the death of Gen. Lyon, but McCulloch and Price, on the side of the enemy, were not killed. Gen. Lyon was obliged to give battle, notwithstanding the great odds against him, or retreat.

CURE FOR SNAKE BITE.—Some of the western papers, and with the authority of Judge Army, naturalist, who has been engaged for three years in gathering reptiles for the Smithsonian Institute, recommend iodine as a certain cure for the rattlesnake bite.

MILITARY MATTERS.—Col. Beall, of the 1st Dragoons, arrived at Portland by the Cortes, to take command of this military district. The Advertiser says Col. Wright is to proceed to San Francisco to relieve Gen. Sumner in the command of the Department of the Pacific.

AN ACT OF VANDALISM.—A Virginia General in the Confederate army (Magruder) recently destroyed the village of Hampton by fire. The excuse for this act of vandalism was that the place might be occupied in the winter as quarters for the United States troops.

CALIFORNIA CAVALRY COMPANY.—Don Antonio Maria Noriega, of Santa Barbara, Cal., has been authorized by Gov. Downey to raise a cavalry company of 100 men rank and file, for service on the plains.

Gen. Scott said, "this is no defeat—no defeat. The odds are against us, temporarily, through inaccuracy of details; but Massachusetts, Virginia, and the Union are ours." Such is said to be the language of the veteran soldier after gathering all particulars.

The slaves who run away from their masters in Virginia are set to work at once by Gen. Butler, and made to keep at it, much to their annoyance. One of them having been put to it rather strongly, said, "Golly, Master Butler, dis nigger nubber had to work so hard afore; guess dis child will succede one moah!"

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT AND PILLS.—SCURFY, SKIN DISEASES.—These unightly complaints are the source of much annoyance to thousands. While fretting the mind, they irritate the nerves, and produce a continuous slow fever, disordered stomach, and restless nights.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING BEEN APPOINTED by the Probate Court of this County Administrator of the Estate of JAMES BALLEW, deceased, hereby gives notice that all persons having claims against said estate present the same within one year from this date, or they will be forever barred; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment.

WAR INCIDENTS.

The Ohio regiments displayed signal bravery throughout the battle. Col. McCook, who first placed them under discipline, was cool and collected as when drilling his men upon the parade ground, and issued his orders with bullets and cannon balls whistling about his ears as thick as hailstones, without any apparent excitement whatever.

A New York Fire Zouave, who was wounded, tells some thrilling adventures. He gives the Mississippians full credit for being perfect devils in battle. At one time, when in close quarters, and a bayonet charge was about being made, the Mississippians came up in terrible array.

Col. Cowdin, of the first Massachusetts regiment, was leaning his back against a tree in a very exposed position, when a friend expostulated with him for his recklessness. The Colonel said the bullet was not mounded, it would shoot him that day.

Dr. J. H. Erwin, surgeon of the Second Wisconsin Regiment, was chased by one of the Black Horse Cavalry, who fired within ten feet of the surgeon, at the same time another personal friend came up, and reaching out his hand to the Colonel, the latter stooped a little to grasp it, when a conical cannon ball struck on the spot where an instant before was the head of Col. Cowdin, shattering the tree to splinters.

Col. Cameron seemed to have a presentiment of his death. In a conversation with him at his tent on the evening prior to the battle, he said he had accepted the command of the gallant Highlanders because he admired them, and inasmuch as he had only a short time to live, he might as well devote it to his country.

In consequence of the arrest of Joshua Gentry, one of the oldest citizens of the county, and President of the Hannibal and St. Jo. Railroad Company, by the rebels, Gen. Harburt has ordered five of the most prominent Secessionists in this place to be arrested, and in case any violence is offered Gentry, to retaliate by shooting all five of the Secessionists here.

Miss Augustine Foster, daughter of the Second Maine Regiment, from Augusta, Maine, was upon the battle field on Sunday, had her horse shot from under her, and walked all the way from the scene of action to Alexandria, where she was ministering to the wounded at the hospitals, where there are fifteen wounded of the Minnesota First.

A Rhode Island soldier states that after the capture of one of the Bull's Run batteries, forty-eight dead men and one wounded of the enemy were found piled up at the guns. The wounded man, on being asked how they managed to stand by the guns so long, answered that "they had taken an oath never to leave them."

David's message to Lincoln is now published in Southern papers. It makes a threat to kill all prisoners, if the privateers are tried as pirates.

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Special Notices.

The Medical and Surgical Institute of Dr. L. J. Zaparky is already secured in a position which places it as its proprietor, far above the assaults of envy and professional malice. In the schools of France, the highest prizes are often awarded to practitioners in this department of medical science, and they occupy with others an equally lofty position in the profession.

FAITH, HOPE, CHARITY, JUSTICE AND INDUSTRY. Independent Order of Knights Templar, Vanover Camp No. 1, 1, 0, of W. T., meets every THURSDAY evening, in Vancouver, W. T. All worthy Companions are invited to attend.

THE regular meetings of Olympia Lodge, No. 1, of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, are held on Saturday evening of each week, at 6 o'clock, in Barlow's new Hall, next door to the office of W. Bedington.

MISCELLANEOUS ADVERTISEMENTS. PHILIP KEACH, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES, Liquors, Cigars, Pipes, &c.

W. BEDINGTON, RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE PUBLIC that he has taken to the Retail part of his business, and has taken to the Retail part of his business, and has taken to the Retail part of his business.

BANK EXCHANGE. THE UNDERSIGNED IS NOW SOLE PROPRIETOR OF THE BANK EXCHANGE SALOON. It has been thoroughly refitted by him, and the bar supplied with the choicest Liquors and Cigars.

STEILACOOM Drug Store. JUST OPENED, A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF DRUGS AND MEDICINES. ALSO—Every variety of TOILET AND FANCY ARTICLES, Extracts, Perfumery, Oils, &c.

UNION CLOTHING STORE. PENKUS & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS in CLOTHING of every variety, have added to their stock, by recent arrivals, a large assortment of HATS, CAPS.

NOTICE! NOTICE! I TAKE THIS METHOD TO INFORM THE public generally that in future I will not endorse for any and all those who have been engaged in the business of the late J. H. Erwin.

NOTICE. THE UNDERSIGNED GIVES NOTICE THAT they desire all persons indebted to them to call and settle their accounts. With reference to prompt payment, please call on the undersigned.

