

# PUGET SOUND HERALD.

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## PUGET SOUND HERALD.

CHARLES PROSCH,  
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### Agriculture.

#### A few words on the Cultivation of Wheat.

Corn, oats, rye, and barley, are all more or less used as food for man—they are all eminently nutritious; but of all cereals, wheat is most preferred, and is most extensively used. On the other hand, few animals relish wheat, and without exception always prefer oats, corn, barley, or rye, where a choice is allowed them. Wheat was designed to supply the principal bread-food of the most active and intelligent portion of the human race. Ever since the sons of Jacob went to Egypt, to buy wheat, with *double money* and a present of "a little balm and a little honey, spices and myrrh, nuts and almonds," the wheat-growing farmers could always find a market more readily than the producers of any other cereal.

Though wheat is a native of the temperate zones, yet it is remarkably hardy, withstanding alike the hottest summers and the severest winters. Its range of *habitat* is more extensive than that of any other cereal. From the cradle of the human race to the last clearing on our western frontier, wheat can be grown. While some soils are much better adapted to its cultivation than others, there are few soils so poor that they cannot, by judicious management, be made to produce at least an occasional crop. The soil naturally adapted to the growth of wheat is of very limited extent. Its production for any length of time, in any country, is not an easy matter. Infinite wisdom has so ordered, that those things which are most desirable shall be the most difficult to obtain. As we have said, there is comparatively little land that will naturally produce good crops of wheat; but on the other hand there is even less land which intelligent and careful culture cannot make to yield more or less wheat. In the county of Norfolk, in England, we have seen, on what was once a "blowing sand," large fields of wheat which would average forty bushels per acre. Farmers must not expect to grow this prime article of human food without intelligent labor. With it, nothing should daunt them. The Anglo-Saxon motto, "*Thorough*," combined with science, will overcome all obstacles.

It is impossible to lay down specific directions for the cultivation of wheat, adapted to all sections where the *Genesee Farmer* circulates. We can but allude to general principles, and leave their application to the intelligence of the reader. In Western New York, so celebrated for the production of the famous "Genesee wheat," many fears are entertained that wheat culture must be given up on account of the ravages of midge. We have repeatedly given our reasons for considering these fears unfounded. Farmers here have run their land too hard; they have sown too much wheat and other cereals. They must now sow a less area; select the best portions of the farm, manure judiciously, cultivate in the best manner, and sow early with plenty of seed and an early kind.

By far the greater portion of land in this section needs underdraining. Even intelligent farmers have the crudest and most erroneous views on this subject. They laugh at the idea that light, high, rolling land, can possibly need draining. Yet it is a fact that such land is often full of stagnant water. Dig a trench eight or ten feet long and three or four feet deep; let it remain open for a week or two, and see if in the mean time water does not accumulate and remain in it. If it does, the land certainly needs draining before it can produce healthy, early, maximum crops of wheat. Three-fourths of the land in Western New York is in this condition, and the wonder is, not that wheat so often fails, but that fair crops have been so long obtained. That judicious underdraining will pay in this section, has been repeatedly demonstrated. It no longer admits of a moment's doubt. Underdraining is a permanent improvement, and the increase obtained from it is not profit. We know of instances where the *increase* of the first crop of wheat after underdraining has paid the whole cost of constructing the drains. It seems impossible to make farmers believe this. We could wish that every town and county agricultural society in the State would appoint a committee, consisting of two or three intelligent practical farmers, to visit such thoroughly underdrained farms as those of John Johnston and Robert J. Swan, near Geneva, N. Y., and have them report at a subsequent meeting. Such is the force of *example* in agriculture, that we believe such a visit would lead to much good. We make the suggestion entirely on our own responsibility, feeling confident that Messrs. Johnston and Swan would cheerfully allow such persons to examine the results of their system of cultivation.

It is quite evident that since the prevalence of the midge in this section, a better system of cultivation, in many instances, has been introduced. Less land is sown to wheat, and more labor is bestowed in its preparation. Farmers are inquiring for the earliest varieties of wheat, and many are sending south for their seed. Mr. Cox, of Scottsville, informs us that he obtained *Blue Stem* wheat from Kentucky, last year, and it ripened this season as early as the *Mediterranean*, and was consequently little affected by the midge. These indications of the general interest felt in the subject of wheat growing lead us to believe that we are on the eve of great improvements in our system of farming.

One of the most notable facts in regard to the growth of wheat in the United States, is the immense quantity of land that is sown to produce a comparatively small quantity of grain. We believe the wheat crop of the United States does not average ten bushels per acre. Where land is cheap and labor high, what has been denominated "high farming" will seldom pay; still, with our unrivalled facilities for the transmission of produce to the great markets of the world, the time has come when a more thorough system of cultivation will be profitable. More labor and less land must now be the rule among farmers, with perhaps here and there an exception. Few of us can manure our land as highly as we could wish, but nearly all can develop the latent fertility of the soil by better tillage, thorough cultivation, and a judicious system of rotation. By so doing, we can gradually increase the quantity and greatly augment the quality of the manure made on the farm. There is, too, on most farms, more or less low land of great natural fertility, which, by draining and good culture, may be made to produce immense quantities of grass and the coarser grains. These will enable the farmer to keep more stock, and thus to enrich the poorer, wheat growing, upland portions of the farm.

Agriculture is a complex art. The wisest, the most persevering, the most skillful, and the most experienced, will find ample scope for all his energies. This is peculiarly true of the American farmer. A fairer field, a more encouraging prospect, was never offered to the farmers of any age or country. Let us prove ourselves worthy of it.—*Genesee Farmer*.

#### An Experiment in Dairying.

An experiment was lately tried at the Munster Model Farm, in Ireland, for the purpose of determining the quantity of roots which a cow could eat in cold weather. (February) also the quantity of milk yielded and its richness in butter. The following results were obtained: Each cow, on the average, consumed from 224 to 264 lbs. of roots (mangolds and ruta bagas mixed) per day, and gave about twelve quarts of milk. Of this milk eight and one-fifth quarts produced one lb. of butter. The cows were next fed on 100 lbs. of roots, five lbs. linseed cake, five lbs. bruised beans, five lbs. bruised oats and ten lbs. of hay for each cow; but the difference in the yield of milk was scarcely perceptible. Whether or not the milk was richer, when fed on the richer food, is not stated. The inference drawn from this experiment by the person reporting it is, therefore, somewhat unreliable, especially as it is at variance with the results of the very careful experiments of Mr. Horsfall, republished in our State Transactions. The inference of the reporter referred to, is that it is not desirable (profitable?) to give milk cows condensed and rich food, as oil cake, beans, &c.

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[WRITTEN FOR THE PUGET SOUND HERALD.]

#### The Comet.

Hail! hail bright wanderer of the starry zone,  
Celestial pilgrim of the misty realms of air!  
Whence comest thou, and whither dost thou roam,  
So glorious and bright? art thou, where? oh! where?  
Art thou an envoy sent from heaven to view,  
In these strange times, earth's strange and motley crew,  
To make a record of the things that be,  
Among the archives of eternity?  
As twilight deepens in the west I haste  
To look for thy broad head of beauteous beams,  
And look out in the dark and starry waste,  
And dream such strange, vague, unearthly dreams  
As I'm wont to dream; wild dreams that make  
The soul leap up to its high source, and wake  
A wizard glow of thought that seems to be  
A prelude to a higher destiny.

Hail, beauteous stranger! welcome to a world  
Of spirit dwellings on the shores of time,  
Whose feeble pinions have not yet unfurled  
To bear thee to that far off radiant clime  
From whence thou comest. Perchance thy train  
Canst tell us something of the glorious bow  
Of night, so far away, to reach whose crown of suns,  
Four earth-born fancy fathers as it runs.  
Sweet orb, thou'rt welcome to our earth; to me  
Thou seem'st like some old friend; where I  
Have oft thought me I would love to be,  
There thou hast been, beyond the walled up sky,  
That shuts our vision from the world above,  
That shuts our yearnings from the world of love;  
That makes us earthlings in the narrow sphere,  
Familiar with the sigh, the heave, the tear.

Thy light is glorious, and a sense of awe  
Steals o'er me as I think that thou hast been  
Night unto heaven, and perchance, didst glow  
Largely in its fountain for the gorgeous stream  
That wreaths thy brow. Thy glorious retinue—  
Turbid banners on the heavenly red—  
Too, looms as if it had obtained a loan  
Of fiery from the great electric sun.

In thy peregrinations, vast and long,  
Strange sights have greeted thee, I ween, and rare,  
No man to heaven yet'st heard the rhapsodist's song.  
And then the low deep wavings of despair  
Come up from gloomy hell in such deep throes,  
You hastened from the dismal realm of woe  
With triple speed, desirous not to hear  
A deeper moan, more piteous and dear.  
For centuries thy home has been among  
The gorgeous stars that ever roam through space,  
And vast colonies of bright stars that throng  
The sides of heaven in their myriad race.  
Oh! hast thou seen in all thy journeyings, with  
A spirit loved, whose pristine home was earth,  
Who left us in Time's wilderness of years,  
A lonely wanderer in this vale of tears?  
Oh! tell it when again you pass his home,  
On some wild shore, some heaven-illumined coast,  
That you have seen, old earth's dimmer gloom,  
Its early form, the one that first I met!  
Oh! tell it that he's lonely here, and waits  
For strength of wing to bear him to the gates  
Of that bright world where angel friends, they say,  
Are waiting his last tears to wipe away.

SEATTLE, OCTOBER, 1858. H. R. S.

#### THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.

The shadows of life surround us on all sides, and the sweet sunshine of our existence only serves to render them more distinct. Indeed, life may be compared to a long avenue of trees, in the centre of which is a broad strip of glorious light, and on each side gloomy masses of darkness, that seem struggling to meet and devour that delicious track of brilliancy.

So it is with man; on each side of him are shadows; but he may avoid them if he chooses, or make as much use of them as the weary traveller does when he shelters himself in their recess from the too scorching rays of the sun. Darkness has its uses as well as light; it is the earth's couch, and is as necessary to its healthy existence as light, for universal nature is made up of friendly extremes.

Not so, however, reasoned a young man, as he stood by the side of a sun-dial erected in one of those old churchyards so common in the rural districts of England, and which we all love for the quaintness of their sacred edifices and antique aspect.

He was evidently about twenty-two and dressed in mourning, for he had just lost his only relation, and had to carve his own way in the world alone and unaided. He was contemplating the sun-dial, and as he saw the shadow move, his reflections were rather of a sombre character.

"We are but shadows after all," he muttered half aloud. "We creep on like this shadow and then vanish in the deeper darkness of night. Not so this shadow; round and round it goes for ages, marking the brief time which man has carved out of the infinite. But, ah me! I fear my lot will be a brief shadow, a stalking gloom, traversing through a few years, and then be swallowed up in the hideous night of the grave."

"Say not so, Frank!" exclaimed a gentle voice, as a hand laid on the shoulder of a feather was laid on his shoulder. He started, and a gleam of joy shot over his features as he recognized the speaker.

"Say not so, Frank," repeated the maiden, for such she was, "this shadow teaches us our duty, and far from reminding us of doom, it tells us how slowly but surely time travels, and that while we are here we should not be despondent. See! there is sunshine behind and before!—so look upon the shadow as a monitor, a friend, and take a lesson from its unvarying industry."

"You have grown quite a philosopher," the young man said sadly, as he fondly caressed the delicate hand that was without any coyness placed within his; "but you always were placid and hopeful. I will try; but oh! Lucy, it is hard to part with those we love. Years may elapse before we meet again, and then—then—"

"Never, Frank Webster," replied the maiden

earnestly. "Lucy Dixon's heart was not given away lightly or to one undeserving, and she will not refuse her hand when the proper occasion arrives, unless upon such provocation as a Christian girl ought not to overlook. Have the same faith in me, Frank, as I have in you. I trust you."

"Dear, dear Lucy," returned the young man, earnestly. "May heaven shower every blessing on your head! I do trust you—I will."  
Leaving them to their sweet though mournful conference—for they were about to part for an indefinite period—and what is sadder to young hearts than the parting of lovers—we will say something about their previous history. Both were orphans and each had been brought up by a relation, Lucy Dixon by an aunt, Frank Webster by an uncle. Lucy had received what is called a good education for a country girl in humble life, and fortunately for her it happened to be a practical one. She could write English with propriety, knew a little of arithmetic, but she knew a good deal more about housekeeping. She was what is called a famous manager, and performed her work with such tact and delicacy that few noticed she was working until she had worked, and hard too. She was a bee without its buzzing and sting. Her aunt dying, she found herself the possessor of a few pounds and a little furniture. Alone and unprotected what was she to do?

Frank Webster had been educated in a different manner altogether, as it was only natural he should have been. His uncle, being childless, devoted upon him, and being a thriving, although a small farmer, placed him in a neighboring grammar school, where he received a classical education, and the good old man even denied himself some indulgences to allow him three years study at one of the universities. So that when Frank Webster had passed his twenty-first year he was a good scholar, knew Greek and Latin, was well up in mathematics, and had even taken to Kant and the German school of philosophy. His uncle was proud of him; but the former happening to die suddenly, a host of next-of-kin pounced on his property, and Frank turned his back on the home of his childhood with just one hundred pounds sterling in his pocket. What was he to do? He knew no business or profession. Having no friends, the Church was closed against him, and as to the law, his pecuniary means forbade him to look to that as a resource. What was he to do? London suggested itself to his mind; and after a short deliberation, to London he resolved to go and try his fortune, as hundreds of thousands had done before him. And Lucy, his dearly betrothed, what was she to do with her scanty purse? We shall see.

To town Frank Webster came with no settled aims, no defined purpose. He trusted to chance and his own abilities. Poor fellow! he was swathed up in his own shadow the very moment he entered the metropolis.

Being duly located at a coffee house, his first step was to make a tour of this wonder of the world, London; the second, to visit some old college friends, who, having selected professions, were laboriously pursuing them; his last, to see what he could do for himself. He had a high opinion of his own powers, and felt confident that he could fill any position either in law, divinity, politics, or literature. He had recourse to the papers—every young man similarly situated does the same—and day after day he carefully perused those advertising columns which are so eloquent an index to the splendor, business, wants, and miseries, of the metropolis of the world.

At the end of a month he found nothing that would have suited him. He then advertised his own wants, with, at the end of a month, no better result. He began to be alarmed, and took to authorship, that tempting refuge for the friendless and embarrassed, who fancy they have talent. It is one of the leading peculiarities of a large class of young men of the present day, that if they receive a tolerable education they rush to the conclusion that they are geniuses. Some aspire to the stage—others to the press—others to the high art of writing books, and astonishing the world with new ideas. A few succeed, but they are very few, and their success is purchased by severe privations and the most humiliating mortifications. The rest, after a faint struggle, fall back on less ambitious pretensions, and seek a livelihood in more humble and profitable capacities.

Frank Webster, who really had ability, belonged to this aspiring class; but he had no thought. He possessed the machinery of genius, but not the tact, solid judgment, and keenness of perception necessary to give it adequate motive power. He therefore wasted his time and abilities by not knowing or earnestly striving to know what to do with them, to say nothing of any power to keep on doing when he had made the grand discovery. His continuous querulous complaint was, "I am only a shadow, uselessly travelling around the dial of misfortune." However, he did write a book, full of Greek and Latin, and, in his own opinion, a very learned composition. By the advice of an acquaintance he forwarded it to an eminent publisher, and in due course waited upon that worthy gentleman.

"Sir," said the latter, "your book is a very

good book in its way, but it won't take. The public don't want such books. They would rather know something about California, or Australia, or Borneo, or even Kamschatka, than ancient Rome or Greece. Good morning, sir."

"Three weary months wasted," Frank sighed, as he threw his manuscript into the fire.

But youth is ever hopeful, especially when it has a few pounds in its pocket. So Frank continued to write cheerful letters to Lucy, and in return received the most affectionate ones; but to her repeated inquiry "whether he had settled down," he always returned an evasive answer.

His second literary effort was a novel, which met the same fate as his learned composition. Then he betook himself to less pretentious sources and failed in them all. Occasionally he earned a few pounds, which inspired him with hope for a time; but at the end of a couple of years he was almost penniless. In despair he accepted an offer to be amanuensis to a blind author, but the latter suddenly dying in a short time, he was thrown on the world homeless, tattered and destitute. He was seen no more by any of his metropolitan acquaintances.

So much for the man who came to London without a profession or an aim, and not possessed of any experience or natural gift for his selected calling; for authorship not only requires a preparatory special training, but a large share of that commodity, which, if not precisely talent, is a blending of ability with unabashed confidence. But Frank was only one among thousands who enter the metropolis with bright hopes and high aspirations, with the certainty of having them scorned and blighted. Success in any department of life requires capacity for it, and a latent adaptability to circumstances as the rise. Genius will force its way anywhere; but mediocrity must be trained to follow some peculiar calling, and that alone. Like the shadow on the sundial, it must go its allotted round.

And what of Lucy all this while? The poor lonely girl had no very ambitious visions of the future. She was a practical little body; and instead of saying what she should like to do, she asked "What can I do?" We commend this wisdom to all young persons. It is one of the secrets of success in life.

"What can I do?" she thought. "I can teach children and I can sew—well, what better can I do than this?—I can do it and I will."

So, smoothing her rich Auburn hair, and arraying herself in her neatest attire, she waited upon the recter's wife, and to her joy was promised every assistance. The good lady went round among the villagers, and in less than a month Lucy had twenty chubby faced little children for scholars, and the promise of more. She also took in plain needlework, and having diligently studied the higher branches of the art, soon began to have orders from ladies in the neighborhood, who admired her for her industry and propriety of conduct. In the course of a year her business increased, and at the end of two years more was so flourishing, that she was obliged to have assistants, and transfer her school to a young woman, who, if a herself, had been left to make her own way in the world.

"How rich I am getting!" she innocently exclaimed one summer evening. "What a nice surprise for Frank! I wonder he don't write. I hope he is not ill; but he would have been so sure to let me know if he was. Perhaps he is so busy that he has not time to write to me. I will send him a long sweet letter, and post it myself."

Little did she know that at that moment Frank was approaching the village, way-worn, haggard, hungry, and almost shoeless.

In the morning, as was usual with her, Lucy looked out of the window for the postman, and as the window commanded a view of the churchyard, she observed a meanly-dressed person leaning on the sun-dial, apparently deeply absorbed. Surprised at such an occurrence, for the villagers were by no means addicted to such contemplation, she regarded him with great attention.

"Some poor highway pilgrim," she thought; "if he comes this way I will give him a half crown for Frank's sake, for it was there we parted. But I had better send it." And forthwith calling her maid of all-work (for Lucy Dixon now kept a servant) she dispatched her with the coin.

Frank Webster—for as the reader may have guessed it was he—was leaning on the pillar in a sad reverie.

"My words were prophetic," he said to himself; "my destiny is but a destiny; it began and is ended; and there is an end of it. Shadows begin at nothing and end at nothing. Three times three hundred and sixty-five suns has this dial recorded, and yet there is the shadow still—silent, sombre—slowly moving as ever. So with myself, I have gone the round of the years, and have come back only to gaze on the symbol of my own fate. Roll on, shadow!—time and tide wait for no man as nothing."

While he was thus morbidly meditating a girl addressed him saying, "Please, sir, missus sent you this," and she presented half-a-crown.

"Alms!" he cried, as the red blood mantled his forehead, "take it away!"

His look frightened the girl; so, throwing down the coin, scampered away.

"And has it come to this?" he groaned, "and on this spot, too, sacred to the memory of my happiest days! Oh, Lucy, dear Lucy, may you

never know the misery that has fallen on me!" He was about to hasten away when the girl returned, saying her mistress did not mean to affront the gentleman.

"Who is your mistress?" he asked.  
"Miss Dixon, sir," replied the girl.  
"Miss who?" shouted Frank Webster.  
"Miss Dixon, the milliner," said the girl.  
"Lucy Dixon!" exclaimed Frank, interrogatively.

"Missus's name is Lucy, sir," replied the girl.  
"Not married! not married!" exclaimed the fallen man, "and true to me. And what am I? A wandering vagabond about to elicit at the nearest depot. My shadow is now black indeed!"

He could no longer restrain himself, so leaning on the sun-dial, the hot tears gushed from his eyes, and he sobbed aloud.

The girl stood petrified; but in a few seconds Frank, mastering his emotion by a great effort, picked up the half-crown, and pressing it passionately to his lips, turned to the servant, and said,

"Tell Lucy—I mean your mistress—that I will wear this next to my heart, in remembrance of her goodness, till my dying hour. Is Miss Dixon well?"

"Yes, sir," was the reply.  
"And happy?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, she's got a nice shop," said the girl; "yonder it is."

Frank looked in the direction indicated, and perceived a neat little shop window, graced by some choice articles of feminine attire.

"I would not see her for the world. She would despise me," he muttered. "Tell her," said he to the girl, "that this stranger will ask for a blessing on her head every hour of his existence." And, so saying, he walked out of the churchyard and took the road that led away from Lucy's abode.

The girl's incoherent account, coupled with what she had seen in the churchyard, threw Lucy in a state of violent agitation. The stranger's knowledge of her, his extreme emotion, and Frank's long silence, raised an extraordinary suspicion in her mind.

"It must be Frank!" she exclaimed, and hurriedly putting on her bonnet, she ran down the road with the speed of a fern.

She soon overtook the wanderer, and one glance at his face, although pale and emaciated, was sufficient.

"Frank, dear Frank!" she cried as she laid her hand on his arm.

"Lucy!" he gasped, and fell senseless on the road. The shock had exhausted his strength.

Lucy calling for assistance, some laborers approached and carried the insensible form of the withered but once handsome Frank Webster to the nearest inn, where he was speedily put to bed, and Lucy dispatched messengers for medical assistance.

For weeks poor Frank lay hovering between life and death. Lucy, the gentle, hopeful Lucy, was all the time his tender and loving nurse. How great was her joy when he was pronounced out of danger! She bowed down her head, and as tears glistened in her eyes, her lips moved, but only one knew the language they breathed.

When Frank was sufficiently recovered, he related his adventures. After he left London, he procured employment as copyist in an attorney's office. In that situation he failed; for he was continually making blunders. He then became a strolling player, and, being the worst actor in the company, only received a kind of bread and water salary. On the breaking up of the company, he resolved to enlist as a soldier; but an unconquerable desire to visit his native place, and once more behold his beloved Lucy, seduced him, and he travelled two hundred miles on foot for that purpose.

Some days afterwards, Frank said to Lucy, "When I contrast what I have done with what you have done, how humiliated I feel! You tried to do what you could do, and have succeeded. I tried to do what I could not do, and have failed, and undeservedly so, for my eyes are opened now." "Hope for the better," said Lucy, sweetly. "You have passed through a severe ordeal, but the experience you have gathered will be of priceless value to you hereafter."

"Ah, Lucy dear, that sun-dial teaches a great lesson. I grumbled at the slow, monotonous traveling of the shadow, without thinking, if it went round quicker, it would show there was confusion and disorder in the world. The lesson has not been profitless. I now feel that a man should be content with the station he is fitted to fill, and never be tempted from it by any object entirely unsuited to his habits."

"My dear Frank," said Lucy, sweetly, "you became morbid on the subject of shadows. You interpreted their meaning wrongly; for we all of us have a shadow, and if we only would admit it, perhaps it is one of our best friends."

When Frank was restored to convalescence, the good recter, one of his earliest friends, procured him the situation of usher in a neighboring school. It was just the employment that suited him, and he replied rose to the highest class as a teacher. In due time he married the wise and good Lucy Dixon, and the benevolent recter and his lady lived long enough to see him head-master of the very grammar-school in which he had been educated, which was one of the most richly endowed and flourishing in England.

L. P. FISHER, 1714 Washington st., San Francisco. Authorised to act as the Agent in receiving advertisements and subscriptions in San Francisco, and collecting and receiving for the same.

PUGET SOUND HERALD. STEILACOOM, W. T., FRIDAY, NOV. 12, 1858.

PACIFIC RAILROAD. On the third page of this issue will be found the proceedings of a Railroad Meeting held in Sawamish County, W. T. This is the second meeting on this subject that has been held in our Territory, and it is interesting as showing an increasing solicitude in regard to this all-important work.

California is now in communication with the Atlantic States by two overland routes, travelled by stage-coaches. Over one of these routes a weekly mail is carried; to the other the Postmaster General has refused to entrust a mail.

In this connection we cannot do better than give place to the annexed statement from the Philadelphia Inquirer, by which it appears that the Norhern has every advantage over all other routes, in regard to both distance and the nature of the country.

In considering the important subject of a Railroad from the older States to the newly settled regions, says the Philadelphia Inquirer, the mountain passes are very important points. Formerly these "gates" were regarded as all but insurmountable, but now it appears the several are very easy to traverse, and that the gradients of railroads over them will be even more gentle than on the Pennsylvania Central Road across the Alleghanies.

The country is so level that in March a journey was made with a wagon from Fort Benton to Cantonment Stevens, 296 miles, in twelve days. The inclination is so gradual that the wheels were not locked in the descent. We now proceed to quote a comparative view of several routes:

Table with 2 columns: Route and Miles. Rows include Memphis to San Francisco (2,820), Rock Island, Ark., and the South Pass (2,850), St. Paul to Seattle, on Puget Sound (1,890), West end of Lake Superior to Seattle (1,813), Memphis route (48,521), Rock Island to San Francisco (29,120), St. Paul to Seattle, by Snoqualmie Pass (22,254), St. Paul to Vancouver, head of ship navigation, Columbia River (18,054), Memphis route (8,000), South Pass (5,573), St. Paul to Puget Sound (6,044).

Each route has the following number of miles at an elevation of more than 4,000 feet above the sea:

Table with 2 columns: Route and Miles. Rows include Memphis (727), South Pass (1,222), St. Paul (129).

It is thus seen that in every aspect St. Paul and Puget Sound have the advantage as the termini of a Pacific Railroad. Practical railroad men alone know the value of level routes. The wear and tear and increased expense on routes of high elevation and short curves are excessive. In economy of operation, the route from St. Paul stands far ahead of all others.

It is in 1856, the country put nearly 3,600 miles (the extent of railroad built in that year) in operation, there need be no hesitancy in regard to our ability to construct, during the next two or three years, 1,000 miles, even though it be through an unsettled country, a portion of the way, especially when more than half of the distance is as easy of construction as roads in Illinois and Wisconsin! We learn from the authority we have quoted that the route from St. Paul is already under construction. A company is chartered and in operation, aided by land grants, to construct a road from St. Paul to the junction of Bois de Sioux with the Red River of the North, a distance towards the Pacific of 237 miles, leaving less than 1,600 miles to be provided for.

CARRIES FOR FRONT BORDERS.—Major P. McD. Collins, says an Eastern exchange, recently left New York for St. Petersburg, having been employed by the Amoor River Company to assist in their scheme for the development of the Russian territory on the Pacific. One of his schemes is to forward camels down the Amoor, and transport them across the Pacific to the Columbia River and Puget Sound.

Mrs. Jane Higgins, aged 110 years, residing near Athens, Tenn., died Aug. 17th.

HIGH PRICES.

To the Editor of the Puget Sound Herald: In perusing your columns, I find an article headed "High Prices." After quoting the high prices of butter and milk, you ask the question, "Is it strange that the farmer gets rich quick?" I say it is very strange, and you would come to the same conclusion if you dare step into the mercantile houses and there inquire if it is strange that that class of people get rich quick. Please look at the prices between this place and New York in the subscription list for a weekly paper. In New York, four pounds of butter will pay a week's board; here it takes sixteen pounds to pay a week's board.

The farmer seldom gets rich off the merchant, but, on the contrary, the merchant always gets rich off the farmer. If you please, hereafter pickle up the merchants with their great wealth, as well as the farmers, and publish the above and you shall have butter and milk next summer at 50 cents.

FARMER. The above is in answer to an item in this paper, two or three weeks since, giving the prices of milk and butter in Steilacoom. Since then the price of milk has been increased to one dollar a gallon, and we are constrained to say, in reply to our query, it is certainly not strange that our farmers get rich quick. While we are sometimes made to wince under exorbitant charges for such articles, we are rather pleased than displeased at the fact that the farmer can and does receive such liberal wages for his labor. It is indicative of a high state of prosperity. The two articles mentioned—milk and butter—can be dispensed with, if need be, and their large consumption is evidence of wealth in the community. The French use little or no butter and milk in their kitchens or on their tables, and there is less dainty fare than they provide. If the French can subsist without these luxuries, Americans also can. Very little milk and butter were consumed by the people of the Pacific before Americans came here, and the pioneers among our own people deemed it no great privation to do without them. A free indulgence in these luxuries, therefore, is an indication of prosperity, and as such we rejoice at it.

When it is taken into account that our winters here are extremely short and mild, there seldom being a month of weather sufficiently cold for snow and ice, it is readily seen that cows are very profitable. Here, cattle are not even housed in the winter, and find their own food during eleven months of the year; in the States they are not only housed, but food must be provided for them at least six months in the year. The price of milk cows here is about double the price in the States. The cost of purchase and the cost of keeping are both to be considered, in order to arrive at a correct idea of the profit accruing.

Thus much for milk and butter. For all descriptions of vegetables better prices are obtained here than rule in California, and for many years to come the prices on the Sound will be such as cannot fail to enrich all engaged in producing them. It is needless to detail instances by comparison; the fact is too well known to require it.

Of the profits realized by the merchants in their trade with the farmers we know but little, as each party in such transactions usually buys, sells, or exchanges to the best advantage, and one bargain is no criterion for another; but with regard to newspapers we will say a few words. For the information of "Farmer," we will state that the cost of printing paper on the Pacific is 100 per cent. higher than it is on the Atlantic, while the relative cost of all the departments of labor is in about the same ratio. A weekly paper in New York, published in connection with a daily, as most of them are, costs much less in composition than a weekly paper disconnected with a daily; for the same matter that appears in the daily finds its way into the weekly paper without being re-set, thus saving largely in that department.

We fear "Farmer" did not stick very close to the truth when he wrote "in New York four pounds of butter will pay a week's board; here it takes sixteen pounds to pay a week's board." Let us see: here the price of board is eight dollars a week, and the price of butter 75 cents a pound; in New York the price of board (plain) is four and five dollars a week, and the price of butter 20 cents a pound. The two showings are rather conflicting.

As we have published his communication, we hope "Farmer" will keep in mind his promise to supply us with "butter and milk next summer at 50 cents."

REV. MR. BEANT AGAIN.—We have been informed and requested to state that this gentleman intends returning to this country in February next, with (it is whispered) a wife. He designs passing some two months in Washington city.

FREEMAN & CO.'S EXPRESS placed us in possession of late papers this week. Mr. Crow, late from Victoria, will accept our thanks for like favors.

THE FRASER RIVER NEWS IN AUSTRALIA AND CHINA.

An Australian correspondent of the Evening Bulletin writes as follows: The news from Fraser River has excited considerable attention here, and should it be confirmed, there will be a large stampede from Australia to the new Dorado. Already three ships have been put up, and are filling with passengers. The traffic between Australia and Vancouver Island will be considerable, as goods can be bought here, on favorable occasions, on the same terms as in England, while the distance is much shorter. It cannot be much longer before steam navigation is established between the two coasts.

The Bulletin states that the Melbourne papers are full of extracts from the San Francisco journals of May last, regarding the gold discoveries on Fraser River. Several ships are up for the "Vancouver Island Gold Fields." The Notice is advertised to sail on the 15th and the Orca on the 20th August. Private advices state that the excitement is spreading wide and rapidly among the miners, and it was supposed that several thousand persons would soon leave the colony, if convenient opportunities offered, and if the first glowing news was not contradicted by subsequent arrivals.

The first news of the gold discoveries on Fraser River had reached Hongkong, and was received with favor. It was probable that a large Chinese emigration would soon set out for the supposed new Dorado.

The Usqueiros.—John H. Scanton, Esq., having long ago acquired a well-earned reputation for indomitable energy, seems aiming now after a fame for ubiquity. Constantly flying about, higher and thither, he seems here and there at the same moment, and we never know where to look for him. "Now you see him, and now you don't," as the sharper said of the little joker, comes involuntarily into our mind while thinking of Mr. Scanton's rapid movements. We were not a little surprised at receiving a very acceptable package of late papers from him yesterday, accompanied by the following hasty note: "Steamer Cortes arrived at Victoria Nov. 8th, and I came up on the H. B. Co. steamer Beater, Capt. Swartow." The steamer passed up to Niqually on Wednesday evening, whence the papers were forwarded to us through the politeness of Dr. Tolmie, to whom also, as well as Mr. Scanton, we are indebted for papers.

IN LUCK.—We have been in luck again this week. To show what her garden was capable of producing, the amiable wife of Judge Chambers presented to our other half a upwards of a bushel of fine carrots, which Mrs. Prosch pronounced the largest and best she ever saw or ate. To be even with Mrs. Chambers, the worthy Judge, with a very commendable Christian spirit, added to the carrots a sack of beautiful white flour, which he said was to be used in cooking the carrots; but whether he meant pies, dumplings, or puddings, we did not learn. We presume they are equally good in either style. The givers have our sincere thanks and best wishes.

A BANK FOR VICTORIA.—We learn by the Cortes, says the Gazette, that Sir E. B. Lytton, as Colonial Secretary of England, had made arrangements for opening a bank at Vancouver's Island, and ultimately in British Columbia. He had also suggested a plan for uniting a fortnightly postal communication to New Zealand and South Australia, via Panama, with a postal service by the same route to Vancouver.

SINGING SCHOOL.—Mr. J. A. Packard, of Niqually, opened a singing school in Steilacoom on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings last, under very favorable auspices; the attendance being good, notwithstanding very inclement weather. This being one of the best of all social accomplishments, we hope to see all of our people, old and young, of both sexes, participating in it.

SAD ACCIDENT.—We regret to learn, says the Democratic Standard, of the 3d inst., that Mr. Henry Shipley, of California, and formerly editor of the Democratic State Journal, was thrown from a horse at the Dalles on Friday, 29th ult., and sustained injuries of so severe a character that at last accounts his life was despaired of.

In France the astonishment at the American manifestations of rejoicing over the completion of the cable, continues to augment as the manifestations increase. The fact is, the French do not comprehend the full force of the great event. One editor declares that the Americans were so wild with joy that their fire-works did not come up to their point of enthusiasm, and so they set the City Hall on fire, and then went home satisfied that they had done proper honor on the occasion.

John Mitchell, in his Southern Citizen, calls the Atlantic cable the "thrice accursed telegraph," and says, "to us the most exhilarating circumstance connected with the great event of the age is, that it can be easily ruined." A most amiable man, isn't he?

A portion of the crew of the slave Echo have been lodged in jail at Charleston. Their trial will take place in Columbia, S. C., in November. Their offence, under the laws of the United States is piracy, punishable with death.

Baron Humboldt has predicted his own death. A letter written by him, lately read in one of the Prussian law courts, caused a sensation, from its containing the declaration, "My death will take place in 1859," and urging that it would be better to postpone a certain publication of his works till then.

It is stated that Mons. Reviere is making arrangements with Lola Montez to give a series of lectures on morals and fashions early in the ensuing fall. The captain is said to be staying temporarily with Lola at her cottage out at Yorkville, near New York.

WARNING TO CHILDREN.—The danger of permitting little children to meddle with tools and machinery received a distressing illustration on Sunday morning last, in the loss of two fingers by a little son of Mr. James Bigney. The little fellow, while incautiously playing with a hay-cutting machine, had the two first fingers of his left hand cut off near the middle joint. Dr. Rigby performed the painful operation of sewing up the wounds, which the child bore with wonderful fortitude. This should serve as a warning to both parents and children; the first to be watchful of their little ones, and the others to a careful avoidance of edge tools and machinery.

DUEL IN VIRGINIA.—A duel took place on the 18th of September, in the neighborhood of Richmond, between the Hon. Sherrard Clemens, member of Congress from the Wheeling District, and O. Jennings Wise, Esq., one of the editors of the Enquirer. Clemens's thigh was fractured. Wise was unhurt. The cause of the duel was a charge on Clemens by Wise, in the Enquirer, of having perpetrated an act of gross treachery toward Judge Brockebrough, under guise of personal friendship, in stating in a letter to the Enquirer that Brockebrough was not a candidate for the Governorship, without authority of Judge B.

Steilacoom Prices Current.

Table with 2 columns: Item and Price. Rows include Beef, Pork, Butter, Flour, Wheat, Corn, etc.

Patent Medicines.

P. KEACH HAS JUST RECEIVED, PER STEAMER NORTHERNER, A WELL SELECTED STOCK OF PATENT MEDICINES, which he intends to keep constantly on hand, adding new varieties to his stock as the demand requires.

- List of various patent medicines and their prices, including items like Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy, and various oils and tinctures.

MEDICAL NOTICE.

MATTHEW P. BURNS, PHYSICIAN, SURGEON AND OCULIST, Office next door to Pacific House, Main street, Olympia.

DR. M. P. BURNS RETURNS THANKS to the citizens of Washington Territory and Vancouver's Island for the liberal patronage which he has received during the past five years. Dr. Burns offers his services to all who are afflicted with chronic disease of the Urinary and Biliary, and for that formidable disease, stricture of the Urethra, and chronic disease of the Eye and Ear. He can be consulted gratis every Friday in his office: office hours from 9 to 12 M. Persons consulting him from a distance will be faithfully attended to. Charges moderate.

HUGHES'S HOTEL, Corner of Commercial and Balch streets, STEILACOOM, W. T.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING FITTED UP this Hotel in a comfortable manner, is prepared to accommodate transient and regular boarders with bed and board. The sleeping apartments will be found clean and comfortable. There are several pleasant rooms in the house for families and single persons. The bar is furnished with the best of Liquors and Cigars. The house is convenient to the steamboat landing at Balch & Walker's wharf, and travelers will be received at any hour of the night.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry.

Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry has long been known to possess important medicinal properties. This fact is familiar to every nation in the East or West, First Stage Consumption, &c. In short, this Balsam is very safely adapted to every disease of the Lungs and Liver.

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The Washington NURSERY.

THE UNDERSIGNED WOULD RESPECTFULLY INFORM his friends, patrons, and those intending purchases, that notwithstanding all the great excitement about Fraser's River, Rocks, Passes and Trails, he has without the temptation for the purpose of supplying the wants of the people with as good a selection of

NEW ARRIVAL.

P. KEACH, HAVING JUST ARRIVED FROM SAN FRANCISCO, per steamer Constitution, offers for sale, at the lowest cash prices, a large and well selected STOCK OF GOODS,

- List of various goods including Flour, Sugar, Coffee, Tea, and other household items.

- Extensive list of various goods including various types of Flour, Sugar, and other commodities.

Watches, Clocks, and Jewellery.

WATCHES, CLOCKS, AND JEWELLERY. JOB M. SEAMANS, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER, Steilacoom, W. T.

JACKS FOR SALE.

25 JACKS AND JENNIES for sale by FUGO MILL CO., at Tokah, W. T.

Stoves! Stoves!

GEORGE GALLAGHER, HAVING ESTABLISHED A BRANCH OF HIS BUSINESS in Steilacoom, is prepared to supply the residents of Pierce County with Stoves of every description, and Hardware of every variety, at prices to suit all.

Cattle for Sale.

120 HEAD OF PRIME CATTLE, consisting of Cows, Calves, Yearling Heifers, and Steers, in good condition. For sale by Apply at Byrd's Mill. D. H. BYRD, Proprietor.

Special Notices.

Ho-tetter's Celebrated Stomach Bitters for Jaundice, Dyspepsia, Nervous or Chronic Debility, are very pleasant in taste and smell, and can be taken under any circumstances. In cases of Dyspepsia it acts like magic, strengthening the tone of the stomach, stimulating the digestive powers, and giving ready health to the check and complexion.

Dr. L. J. Capray.—We would direct the especial attention of invalids to a perusal of Dr. L. J. Capray's advertisement, as he is a learned and experienced physician, and in order to place the services of a learned and experienced physician within their reach. So much ill has been inflicted on the human family from the pernicious and ignorant practices of empirics, that it seems as if we were fulfilling a bounden duty to make known where relief can be obtained. To those unfortunate who are afflicted with either chronic or private disease, or other ailments, we cheerfully commend Dr. L. J. Capray as a man of rare scientific and medical acquirements, possessing all the requisites, from long experience and acknowledged skill, for the successful practice of his profession.

Dr. Grayson's Improved Extract of Yellow Bark and Sarsaparilla.

Dr. Grayson's Improved Extract of Yellow Bark and Sarsaparilla, is a most valuable medicine, and is particularly adapted to the treatment of all chronic and private diseases, and is particularly adapted to the treatment of all chronic and private diseases, and is particularly adapted to the treatment of all chronic and private diseases.

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Miscellaneous

A story is told of a man who, on starting for Baden Baden, by an excursion or pleasure train, took care to forget his wife.

The Rev Dr. Lyman Beecher was in attendance at the church of his son, in Brooklyn. Some one, in an address, said that the father must feel like Simon of old, ready to 'depart' in view of what he now saw.

Mountains are considerably up and down in Vermont. It is related that a coachman, driving up one, was asked if it was as steep as the other side.

An argument urged in the British Parliament, against a bill preventing a man from marrying his deceased wife's sister, was decidedly novel.

'Julius, what part do sermons do to ladies most admire when they go to church?'

'Well, Pompey, I can't tell what that is; can you tell?'

'Sambro you black fit, Sambro, you betray dat secret?'

In the Malay language one word signifies both women and flowers.

A theological professor, speaking of Baalam's Ass, says it is wrong to doubt that the ass spoke like a man, when we daily hear so many men speak like asses.

Insults, says a modern philosopher, are like counterfeit money; we can't hinder them from being offered, but we are not compelled to take them.

To Tom Moore's line, 'Our best shall be soon hanged with dew.'

'Corn bread' is the Irishman, 'we have not got it; an' isn't it corn bafé you mean?'

'Sir, you are just like the motions of a dog's tail.' 'How so?' 'Because you are a wag.'

The three great conquerors of the world are: Fashion, Love, and Death.

Joy, Temperance, and Repose, 'Slain the door on the doctor's nose.'

JANSON, BOND & CO., IMPORTERS AND JOBBERS OF DRY GOODS

Have now landing and in store—3000 bales No. 10 brown drills;

1000 bales No. 10 brown sheetings; 1000 bales No. 10 blue sheetings;

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Business Cards

J. RIDGELY, M. D., PHYSICIAN, SURGEON & ACCOUCHEUR.

WOOD & BRADLEY, Auctioneers and Commission Merchants.

WOOD & BRADLEY, CONVEYANCERS.

MR. WOOD will pay strict attention to the duties of Notary Public.

JOHN M. SEAMANS, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELLER.

J. R. MEEKER & SONS, DEALERS IN LIVE STOCK, FRESH MEATS, PROVISIONS, AND GENERAL MERCHANDISE.

S. McCAW & CO., Wholesale and Retail Dealers in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, BOOTS AND SHOES, READY-MADE CLOTHING, Hardware, Tinware, Crockery, &c.

LAFAYETTE BALCH, J. B. WEBBER, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.

W. H. WALLACE, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

FRANK CLARK, ATTORNEY AT LAW.

H. P. DENNISON, ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW.

THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING PRACTICED TEN YEARS in Ohio and California, has opened an office in Whatcom, W. T.

GEORGE GALLAGHER, DEALER IN STOVES, HARDWARE, TINWARE, AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, ETC.

WILBUR & BUSHEMANN, RIGGERS AND STEVEDORES.

P. J. MOOREY, Wholesale and Retail Dealer in DRY GOODS, GROCERIES, ETC., ETC.

G. A. BARNES, HARNES & AYERS, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in HARDWARE, TINWARE, COOK, BOX, AND PARLOR STOVES.

LAFAYETTE BALCH, J. B. WEBBER, Manufacturers, Importers and Dealers in PUGET SOUND LUMBER OF ALL KINDS.

WILSON & DUNLAP, Wholesale and Retail Dealers in FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC WINES AND LIQUORS.

A. H. HIGGS & CO., WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN WINES, LIQUORS AND HAVANA CIGARS.

J. C. REUSSDORFFER, MANUFACTURER AND IMPORTER OF HATS, CAPS, AND HATTERS' STOCK.

PUGET SOUND HERALD, BOOK AND JOB PRINTING.

Having on hand a large assortment of Book, Card, Job and Fancy Printing Material, we are prepared to execute all kinds of Job work with neatness and dispatch.

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Useful Publications.

THE GOLDEN PRIZE, THE GOLDEN PRIZE, THE GOLDEN PRIZE.

ILLUSTRATED EVERY WEEK, ILLUSTRATED EVERY WEEK, ILLUSTRATED EVERY WEEK.

THE GOLDEN PRIZE, ILLUSTRATED! ILLUSTRATED!

The New York Weekly GOLDEN PRIZE is one of the largest and best weekly papers of the day.

One copy for one year... \$2.00 and 1 gift. Two copies for two years... \$3.50 and 2 gifts.

AND TO CLIPS: Three copies one year... \$3.00 and 3 gifts. Ten copies one year... \$10.00 and 10 gifts.

The articles to be distributed are comprised in the following list: 2 Packages of Gold, containing... \$200 each.

Leonard Scott & Co's BRITISH PERIODICALS.

"Farmer's Guide," Great Reduction in the price of the latter Publication.

THE PROPRIETOR OF THIS WELL KNOWN AND ESTABLISHED HOUSE is still at his old trike.

THE PROPRIETOR HAS RECENTLY ERRECTED, IN CONNECTION with and as a part of the "Washington Hotel," a large two-story building.

A WAGON, which belongs to the house, to convey passengers and baggage, free of charge.

WASHINGTON HOTEL, Corner of Main and Second streets, OLYMPIA, W. T.

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THE PROPRIETOR HAS RECENTLY ERRECTED, IN CONNECTION with and as a part of the "Washington Hotel," a large two-story building.

San Francisco. WHAT-CHEER HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

If you have business of any kind to transact, it is not important that you should endeavor to get as near as possible to where business of all kinds is known to centre?

Do you want to patronize a house conducted on strictly temperate principles? Do you want to stop at an establishment favorably known throughout California, Oregon, and all other places for its moderate charges, good and the best of beds, together with order, comfort, convenience, and superior accommodations?

WHAT-CHEER HOUSE, SAN FRANCISCO.

Board, per week, \$5.00; Board, per day, \$1.00; Meals, 50 cents; Lodgings, 50 to 75 cents.

Single rooms, furnished complete, 75 cents per night. Traversers will please to remember that there are no runners connected with this establishment.

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San Francisco. DR. L. J. CZAPKAY'S Grand Medical and Surgical Institute, Sacramento Street, below Montgomery, opposite Pacific Mail Steamship Co's office, San Francisco.

Established in 1834, for the Permanent Cure of all Private and Chronic Diseases, and the suppression of quackery.

Attending and Resident Physician, L. J. CZAPKAY, M.D. Late in the Hungarian Revolutionary War, Chief Physician to the 20th Regiment of Honors, Chief Surgeon to the Military Hospital of Pesth, Hungary, and Lecturer on the Diseases of Women and Children.

Address DR. L. J. CZAPKAY, San Francisco, Cal.

TO THE AFFLICTED, DR. L. J. CZAPKAY returns his sincere thanks to his numerous patients for their patronage, and would take this opportunity to remind them that he continues to consult at his Institute for the cure of chronic diseases of the Lungs, Liver, Kidneys, digestive and genitral organs, and all private diseases, viz: Syphilitic ulcers, gonorrhoea, gleet, strictures, seminal weakness, and all the horrid consequences of self-abuse, and all the diseases of the blood, and during the Hungarian war and campaigns, he is enabled to apply the most efficient and successful remedies against diseases of all kinds.

Such as Nervous Debility, Loss of Memory, Loss of Power, general Weakness, Dizziness of Vision with peculiar spots appearing before the eyes, Loss of Sight, Wakefulness, Dyspepsia, Liver Disease, Eruption upon the Face, Pain in the Head and Neck, Female Irregularities, and all the various discharges of both sexes. It matters not from what cause the disease originated, he never loses standing the blood, but restores it to its natural purity, and in a short time than a permanent cure can be effected by any other treatment, even after the disease has baffled the skill of eminent physicians and resisted all the means of cure. The medicines prescribed are pleasant, without odor, entirely vegetable, causing no sickness, and free from mercury or balsam. During fifteen years of practice, in Europe, the United States and California, I have rescued from the jaws of death many thousands who, in the last stages of the above mentioned diseases, had been given up to die by their physicians, who warranted me no recovery. I have cured many thousands of patients under my care a perfect and speedy cure. Private diseases are the greatest enemies to health, as they are the first cause of Consumption, Scrophula, and many other diseases, and should be a terror to every family. A permanent cure is scarcely ever effected; a majority of the cases falling into the hands of incompetent persons, who not only fail to cure the disease, but in the constitution, filling the system with poisons, which, with the disease, hasten the sufferer into a rapid consumption.

But should the disease be treated not only with speed, but with the victim's health, the disease is eradicated upon the children, who are born with feeble constitutions, and the current of life corrupted by a virus which betrays itself in scrophula, tetters, eruptions, and other affections of the skin, eyes, throat and lungs, falling upon them a brief existence of suffering, and consigning them to an early grave.

Self-use, Nervous Debility, Syphilis in all its stages, Strictures, Gleet, Gonorrhoea, Diseases of the Lungs, Kidneys and Bladder, Mercurial Rheumatism, Scrophula, Pains in the Bones and Ankles, Diseases of the Lungs, Throat, Nose and Eyes, Hemorrhoids, Female Irregularities, Cancer, Dropsy, Epileptic Fits, St. Vitus's Dance, and all diseases arising from a derangement of the Sexual Organs.

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