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THE BOY.

There's something in a noble boy,
A brave, free-hearted careless one,
With his unheeded, unbidden joy;
His dread of looks and love of fun,
And in his clear and ready smile,
Unshaded by a thought of guile,
And unexpressed by sadness,
Which brings me to my childhood back,
As if I trod its very track,
And felt its very gladness,
And yet 'tis not in his play,
When every trace of thought is lost,
And not when you would call him gay,
That his bright presence thrills me most,
His shout my ring upon the hill,
His voice be echoed in the hall,
His merry laugh like music thrill,
And I in sadness hear it all—
For, like the wrinkles on my brow,
I scarcely notice such things now;
But when, amid the earnest game,
He stops, as if the music heard,
And heedless of his shouted name,
As of the carol of a bird,
Stands gazing on the empty air,
As if some dream were passing there;
'Tis then that on his face I look,
His beautiful, but thoughtful face,
And like a long-forgotten book,
Its sweet familiar meaning trace,
Remembering a thousand things
Which passed me on those golden wings,
Which time has fettered now—
Things come o'er me with a thrill,
And left me silent, sad, and still,
A holier and more earnest soul,
That was too innocent to last.
'Tis strange how thoughts upon a child
Will, like a presence something press,
And when his pulse is beating wild,
And life itself is in excess—
When foot and hand, and ear and eye,
Are all with ardor straining high—
How in his heart will spring
A feeling whose mysterious thrill
Is stronger, sweeter far than all;
And on its silent wing,
How with the clouds, he'll float away,
As wandering and as lost as they!

Waifs.

FISHING FOR A LOVER.—An old farmer out West, who had two handsome daughters, would not let them keep the company of young men. After the old man had retired to rest, the girls would hang a sheet out of the window, and each bear, with the assistance of his lady, would thus gain an entrance. It so happened that one evening the girls hung out the sheet too early, and the old gentleman spying the article, could not conjecture the meaning of it. So he caught hold and endeavored to pull it down. The girls, supposing it to be one of their "fellows," began to hoist, and did not discover their mistake until the old man's head was level with the window-sill, when one of them exclaimed, "Oh, Lord, it's dad!" and letting go the sheet, down came the old gentleman to the ground, dislocating his shoulder. Withdrawing all opposition to their keeping company, he was soon a father-in-law.

At a St. Louis theatre, lately, Mrs. Florence had sung and danced in sailor's costume, holding the star-spangled banner, which she tossed to Mr. Florence at the other side of the stage. He took it, spread it out carefully, counted its thirty-three stars aloud, and exclaimed with deep feeling: "Thank God! they are all there!" The house rose as one man, and the enthusiasm lasted several minutes.

The number of words defined in Webster's Dictionary is 99,000, exclusive of six or seven thousand which have recently come into use, and about 36,000 geographical, scriptural, and proper names, making an aggregate of over 140,000 words. In Worcester's Dictionary there are 103,300 words defined, and 28,000 geographical, scriptural, and proper names, making a total of about 132,000 words.

The great novelist Dickens, indulges in some pretty affectations; a flag waves over his house-top, like the Queen's over Buckingham palace, as a signal to all interested that the distinguished occupant is at home.

From our Port Townsend Correspondent.

Sequim Prairie, Washington Territory.
Having recently returned from a visit of a couple of weeks in the vicinity of Dungeness, on Fuca Straits, I think it may interest a few of your readers to know something about the "lay of the land" in Clallam county—the most extreme northwest county in Washington Territory, and consequently the remotest portion of the domain of the United States.

I left Port Townsend on the 12th of January, in company with a friend, who had invited me to pass a couple of weeks with him on Sequim Prairie. We proceeded in a canoe without let or hindrance to Sequim Bay, or Washington Harbor, as the charts have it, where we made our first landing. Sequim Bay is between Port Discovery and New Dungeness, and is one of the very best harbors on the Pacific. Its entrance is protected from the heavy seas in Fuca Straits by a bar or spit, forming nearly two-thirds of the way across its mouth, making a complete breakwater, behind which a fleet could lay at anchor, and ride out any gale that might blow from the heavens.

From the landing, a good wagon road of two miles over a bottom, covered with a belt of fir, brought us out on the open plains of Sequim Prairie. The prairie is situated south of the village of New Dungeness, from which it is separated by a belt of timber and gently rising country, over which a good wagon road of three miles in length gives the settlers another outlet, by which the products of their farms can be conveyed to the coast, to be convenient for water carriage to Victoria and other markets on the Sound.

The prairie or bottom land extends from Sequim bay, in a north-westerly direction, some ten miles, terminating in a precipitous bluff, which forms a portion of the eastern shore of the harbor of Old Dungeness or Cherbourg, as it is now called; the width of the prairie varies from two to seven miles. Perhaps one-half of the whole of this area is open grass land, and the remainder forest. I say perhaps, because as yet this section of country has not been fully surveyed, consequently I am unable to state the exact proportion of forest and pasturage. On the north side of the prairie is a bluff hill, some forty or fifty feet high, forming a ridge of several miles in length; from the top of this ridge is one of the most beautiful landscape views I have ever seen in this country. Immediately at the foot of the bluff the level prairie commences, dotted here and there by the farms of the settlers, which look in the distance like mere garden patches.

Across the prairie, which at this point is about two miles wide, the eye meets the line of forest growing to a uniform height from the level bottom. Beyond and above the forest of the plains rise the foot hills of the Olympic Sierra, all densely covered with heavy timber, and above these hills the sharp crags and snow covered summit of the Olympic range of mountains rise, towering far above the clouds.

During the spring and early part of summer, when vegetation is most luxuriant and the variegated carpet of flowers in full bloom, the scenery is enchanting and fully warrants the encomiums bestowed upon it by Vancouver, who writes in his narrative of his exploration on the northwest coast in 1792 of the country about Dungeness: "To describe the beauties of this region will on some future occasion be a very grateful task to the pen of the skillful painter. The serenity of the climate, the innumerable pleasing landscapes, and the abundant fertility that unassisted nature puts forth, require only to be enriched by the industry of man, with villages, mansions, cottages, and other buildings, to render it the most lovely country that can be imagined, while the labor of the inhabitants must be rewarded in the bounties which nature seems ready to bestow on cultivation."

The open plains of Sequim prairie afford excellent pasture for stock, and already the settlers have large herds of cattle, whose condition showed the superior quality of the feed. Those that I saw were in better order than any I have seen the past year in this portion of the territory. Stock raising at present pays better than any other product of the farm; but as soon as experienced farmers with sufficient means will commence a systematic method of agriculture, the soil will yield abundant harvests. To make the land of Sequim prairie produce to its entire extent, the system of sub-soil plowing must be adopted; in fact deep plowing is the best for new lands at all times, and is

the great secret of success in raising crops.

NEW VARIETY OF WHEAT.
One of the settlers, Mr. John Donnell, showed me a new variety of wheat procured from the crop of a wild goose. As its history is interesting, I will give it as related to me by Mr. Donnell. During the early part of the winter of 1858 Mr. Samuel K. Matney shot a wild goose near the Butte mountains, Sutter county, California, the goose was with a flock coming from the north; in its crop were some kernels of a grain such as Mr. Matney had never seen before. It was evidently a species of wild wheat. The seeds were saved and planted the next spring, but before the plants had fully ripened Mr. Matney came to this territory, bringing with him a few of the unripe kernels which he plucked from three heads of wheat.

Mr. Matney is well known, both here and in Clallam county, as a great hunter, spending the most of his time in the pursuit of game. He is known hereby every one as "Uncle Sam." On one of his hunting excursions he called at Mr. Donnell's house on Sequim prairie and passed the night; the next morning he avowed that he had lost a parcel for which he would not take five hundred dollars. A search was then commenced, and after a while an old rag was found with something tied up in it. Uncle Sam immediately claimed it as his lost parcel, and related to Mr. Donnell that it was the identical wheat that had been produced from seeds taken from the wild goose's crop. He then gave 15 kernels of it to Mr. Donnell, who planted them last year, and has now two thousand kernels which he will plant this spring, and save the crop for seed until he can increase it enough to sell to others. I compared some of this wheat with the common wheat raised on the prairie, and it measured three times the size. Its shape is more like a rye kernel, being longer in proportion to its breadth than common wheat. It ripens very early, grows from five to six and a half feet high, and has heads averaging ten inches long. Mr. Donnell says that if it should not prove good wheat for flouring purposes it will be most excellent for fodder, as its yield is very great. The question naturally arises, where could this wheat have originated? The goose from whose crop it was taken came from the north, and as there is no wheat like it between here and California it must have come from some part of the country far to the north of this, probably in the Russian possessions. It is asserted by hunters that the wild goose, when about to start upon its migratory tour, always first fills its crop with food and continues its flight so long as anything remains undigested. Persons curious in such matters can calculate the length of time it requires for wild geese to digest their food while flying for a length of time, then take the number of miles a goose can travel through the air per hour, and the result will give some idea from which to form an opinion as to where the wheat originally grew.

I have seen varieties of wheat at the Patent Office in Washington, from all parts of the world, but I never have seen anything like this, and I have no doubt that if Mr. Donnell succeeds in increasing the seed free from accident of smut, rust, or mildew, so that it can be generally introduced, it will prove a most excellent forage crop, and if its flouring properties are of a good quality it will be a valuable addition to our cereals. Mr. Donnell calls it the "Uncle Sam" wheat.

WILD GAME.

Sequim Prairie would be an excellent place for sheep raising but for the presence of innumerable quantities of wolves, whose dismal howlings make night hideous, and cause the traveler, who may be benighted in the woods, great apprehension. These animals are very large and fierce, and cause the hunters much trouble by stealing their game. The elk are very plenty in the woods of the prairie and on the side hills, and parties go out to hunt them at the proper season. The usual method adopted after killing the game is to quarter it, and then go to the settlements for teams and assistance to haul it out. Unless the hunter has taken proper precaution the wolves are sure to get the game before he returns. One of these hunters having been served in this manner several times, placed some strychnine in an elk's carcass, and killed some forty of the thieving wolves. A good business might be made of hunting these wolves for their skins, which are valuable in the Eastern cities where they are manufactured into robes for wagons or sleighs, or for coats for winter use.

Besides elk and wolves, deer abound, and vast numbers are annually killed by settlers and hunters either for their own food or else for the Victoria market. Grouse, partridges, rabbits and squirrels are very abundant, and the lagoons and bays upon the salt water are filled with ducks and geese. There is no better hunting-ground that I am acquainted with than the range of country along the base of the Olympia range, extending from Port Discovery to Cape Flattery—and on this whole range, no portion is better adapted to the hunter than Sequim.

The most expeditious method of reaching the prairie, for any person up the Sound, desirous of visiting that portion of the Territory, would be to take the steamer *Eliza Anderson*, and proceed in her to Dungeness. From the village a good road of three miles will afford easy travel either on foot or horseback. A trip to Dungeness and Sequim will well repay the lovers of the picturesque, and if the hospitalities tendered me by the settlers of both places are an evidence of their general rule towards strangers, certainly no one can complain.

The great fertility of the land in Clallam county, and particularly in the vicinity of Dungeness, is well known. Had I the proper material to refer to, I would give you an account of the resources of that county, but I think it but justice to the settlers for some one of their own number to write you such information as you desire, upon that section of the Territory. One thing, however, I can add from my own observation, and that is in relation to the climate. It is a singular meteorological fact that the air is milder and more pure on Sequim prairie than it is here in Port Townsend, only thirty miles distant. The reason appears to me to be this—the belt of timber and hilly country between the prairie and Dungeness softens and breaks the force of the strong north-west winds that prevail on Fuca Straits during the winter months, while the hills between Port Discovery and Sequim lay and the timber on the foot hills of the Olympic range equally protect it from the south-east winds which prevail on Hood's Canal and Puget Sound, as far down as Port Townsend, where they seem to expend their force. The two winds meet at the entrance to Admiralty Inlet, and it is not an uncommon occurrence to have the wind blowing here from the south-east, and below Point Wilson either a calm all the way to Dungeness or else a north-west wind blowing on the Straits. On several occasions during my visit on the prairie I noticed the fog and scud driving down the passage between Point Wilson and Whidby's Island before a strong south-easter, while we were enjoying clear sunshine and a perfect calm.

The near proximity of the prairie to the base of the Olympic mountains will make it a convenient position for any expedition to start from, with the intention of prospecting or exploring those mountains, either in the search for gold or to discover some pass which will lead to the fertile valley of the Chehalis. That both these objects can be attained I have no doubt; no exploration, except a little prospecting, has as yet been undertaken, but wherever the streams have been examined the color of gold has been found, and last year on the Elwha river, a few miles west from Dungeness, some very good specimens of rich gold were obtained. No one however has seen fit to prosecute the search—the attention of miners having been directed to gold fields already found on Frazer river, and in our own territory east of the Cascades. It is in contemplation to start a party of explorers through these mountains the coming summer. The result of their investigations will prove of great interest, and I have every confidence that a careful exploration will be crowned with success. Should such prove the fact, the benefits that must accrue to this portion of the territory, in causing an increased population, will more than amply repay the present settlers for any outlay they may be called upon to make to defray the expenses of such an expedition. Should it be my fortune to join the proposed party, you may rely upon a full account of the result for your columns.

JAMES G. SWAN.

Old maids—a class of sensible women, who refuse to accept a husband until they get some one whom they can love and esteem—which of course, they rarely do.

The marble floor of the rotunda of the Ohio State House is composed of 4,797 pieces of various colored marble, arranged in concentric circles.

Sketch of Major Anderson.

Major Robert Anderson, whose name has now become as familiar as a household word in connection with the defenses of Charleston, was born in Kentucky, in September, 1805, and is now, therefore, in his 56th year. In personal appearance, he is about five feet nine inches in height; his figure is well set and soldierly; his hair is thin, and turning to iron-gray; his complexion swarthy; his eye dark and intelligent; his nose prominent and well-formed. A stranger would read in his air and appearance, determination and an exaction of what was due to him. In intercourse he is very courteous, and his rich voice and abundant gesticulations go well together. He is always agreeable and gentlemanly, firm and dignified. On the 1st of July, 1821, he entered the Military Academy at West Point, whence he graduated July 1st, 1825, taking a high position in a large class, composed of such men as Alexander Dallas Bache, Col. Benjamin Huger, Col. Francis Taylor, Col. Charles F. Smith, and others who have been distinguished as well in civil life as in the line of their profession. His first commission was that of brevet Second Lieutenant of the 2nd Artillery, July 1, 1825, and he was subsequently promoted Second Lieutenant in the Third regiment, dating from the same day.

From May to October, 1832, he was acting Inspector General of the Illinois Volunteers, in the Black Hawk war; and it is here worthy of note that our President elect, Mr. Lincoln, was one of the captains of those troops. In June, 1833, he was promoted 1st Lieutenant, and between 1835 and 1837 was Assistant Instructor and Inspector at the U. S. Military Academy. In 1838 he became Aid-de-camp to Major-Gen. Scott, and in the following year published "Instructions for Field Artillery, Horse and Foot, arranged for the service of the United States," which has been highly approved. For gallantry and successful conduct in the war with the Florida Indians, he received the brevet of Captain, bearing date April 2, 1838. July 7, 1838, he became Assistant Adj.-General, with the rank of Captain, which he relinquished subsequently on being promoted to a captaincy in his regiment, October, 1841.

In March, 1847, he was with the 3d Artillery in the army of Gen. Scott, and took part in the siege of Vera Cruz, being one of the officers to whom was entrusted by Gen. Bankhead, the command of the batteries. This duty he performed with signal skill and gallantry, and he continued with the army until its triumphant entry into the City of Mexico, in September following. During the operations in the valley of Mexico, he was attached to the brigade of Gen. Garland, which constituted a part of Gen. Worth's division. In the attack on Molino del Rey, on the 8th, September, where he was wounded very severely, his brave conduct was the theme of especial praise and commendation on the part of his superior officers. Capt. Burke, his immediate commanding officer, in his dispatch of September 9, says: "Capt. Robert Anderson (acting field officer) behaved with great heroism on this occasion. Even after receiving a severe and painful wound, he continued at the head of the column, regardless of pain and self-preservation, and setting a handsome example to his men, of coolness, energy and courage." Gen. Garland speaks of him being with "some few others, the very first to enter the stony position of El Molino," and adds that "Brevet-Maj. Buchannan, 4th Infantry; Capt. Anderson, 3d Artillery; and Lieut. Sedgewick, 2nd Artillery, appear to have been particularly distinguished for their gallant defence of the captured works." In addition to this testimony to his bearing on that occasion we have that of Gen. Worth, who particularly directed the attention of the Commander-in-Chief to the part he had taken in the action. "For gallant and meritorious conduct, in the battle of Molino del Rey," he was promoted to the brevet rank of Major, dating from September, 1847. October 5, 1857, he was promoted to the position of Major, 1st Artillery, which position he now holds.

This is certainly a good record for a soldier, and proves that a judicious selection was made of the commander who is to defend the government forts and property at Charleston. The last service of Maj. Anderson, previous to his taking command of Fort Moultrie, was as a member of the commission ordered last summer by Congress to inquire into the manner of instruction at the West Point Military Academy. The labors of that commission have already been laid before Congress.

A Woman's Politics.

Yes, Mr. Crocus, I think it's full time you were home! I'd like to know where you've been all this time? Only to an anti-secession meeting? What business is it of yours whether the South secedes or not? A pretty idea, that the poor women folks have to sit at home, crying their eyes out, while you are hallooing yourself hoarse about panics, and politics, and—I don't know what else! The Personal Liberty Bill is in danger! Well, let it be in danger. Caleb Crocus's opinions on the subject, I presume. The Personal Liberty Bill don't buy tea and sugar at your grocery, I take it. People have a great deal too much Personal Liberty as it is—if it was a law keeping decent men at home with their wives at night, I should think differently! The Union is tottering to its foundation—is it? Well, if it can't keep itself up without your running to the tavern to put your shoulder under, I say, let it go! The base fire-eaters of South Carolina are undermining our Constitution? Indeed! I should think you was undermining yours, by the looks of your nose! Pity the South Carolinians don't know your opinion of them. They'd appoint a day of fasting and humiliation, probably!

Don't tell me I don't understand the weighty interests involved! I understand quite enough. Strange if I didn't when you spend your whole time wrangling with drunken loafers and hurrying at the silly speeches of some fool who is a degree more fanatical than even you! I haven't any patriotism? My husband has enough for both it seems! I hear of nothing but national concessions, and compromises, and seceding, until I'm sick of the sound of them. Did you hear that clock strike, Mr. Crocus? Did you know that it was eleven o'clock, and that you ought to have been home four hours ago? No use turning the conversation to Old Abe. If Old Abe can't take care of the country without your help, he must be a poor stick; and talking about sticks, there isn't a blessed kindling split for to-morrow. Who did you suppose was going to split them? Old Abe, I suppose? Or perhaps you are going to send up a committee from the tavern? You'll please go about it as soon as possible! I'm not going to set up all night for you.

You want your supper? Well, I've wanted you these four hours! You needn't go prying into that cellar—you won't find anything to eat there. Where's the cold beef? The cold beef has seceded, Mr. Crocus! There's no use in banging that door, either. Keep your fingers out of the cake-safe, unless you want 'em caught in the rat-trap; see what comes of staying out until eleven o'clock at night.

The next time you go to help save the Union, I'm going with you. It's very strange if a man's wife can't be a little patriotic too? I might expand my mind vastly by the study of politics! Oh! I haven't any patience with the men! Crocus, you shan't stir out of the house to-morrow night! How will I help it? I'll hide your hat! You guess you can go without a hat? Then I'll hide your trousers!

I'm sure I shall dream of Secession and Personal Liberty Bills to-night! It's enough to wear a woman out. Oh, dear! I wish there was no such thing as politics!—Mrs. G. W. Wyllys.

A friend of ours has got a suit of new clothing, and thus relates his "experience": "We are completely disguised. We look like a gentleman. Upon first putting them on, felt like a cat in a strange garret, and for a long time thought we were wrapped off. Went to the house and scared the baby into fits; wife asked us if we wanted to see Mr. A., and told us that we would find him at his office; went there, and pretty soon one of our business men came in, with a strip of paper in his hand; asked if the lawyer was in; told him we thought not; told him we thought not; asked him if he wished to see him particularly; said he wanted him to pay that bill; told him we didn't believe he would be in. Business man left. Started to the house again; met a couple of young ladies; one of them asked the other: 'What handsome stranger is that?' In this dilemma met a friend and told him who we were, and got him to introduce us to our wife, who is now as proud of us as can be. The next time we get a new suit, we shall let her know beforehand."

SIR ISAAC NEWTON'S "BULL."—It is related of Sir Isaac that when he made a hole in his door for the entrance of the cat, he made also a smaller one for the kitten!