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WILLIAM KAPUS.

In a recent Washington letter of the *Bulletin* we find the following: "The nomination and confirmation of William Kapus as Collector of Customs for the District of Alaska has excited considerable surprise among Californians here, as this gentleman is entirely unknown to all the members of our delegation and of course was not supported by their recommendations."

And so William Kapus was nominated and confirmed without even a "by your leave," being offered to the delegation! This has annoyed the delegation; it has ruffled their dignity and, oh, unfortunate Kapus! it has put the newspaper correspondents upon their mettle and now they turn upon thee, delegation and all. Our heart strings are touched, Kapus, and our sympathetic feelings yearn towards thee, for is it not written that the great shall be small and the small shall be greater? But even though the delegation and the correspondents and everybody else ignore thee, *we* shall not, oh Kapus! but shall enshrine thy name, thy vowel-y name, in a nebula of ink, and though our translation should make the blush mantle in thy cheek, we will not hold back the good morsel from our readers. It appears then that William Kapus, who, as the *Bulletin's* correspondent has it, is a *nobody*, but nevertheless appointed and confirmed Collector of Customs for Alaska, is a native of Hanover, and in 1853 he emigrated to America, finding employment in a bag factory in Oregon. Kapus then became fired with a commendable desire to rescue the Union from rebellious fangs, he "shipped for a soldier," and his gallantry was rewarded with epaulettes and a sword, *i. e.* he was made into a lieutenant and in the roaring of guns has buried all his reminiscences of *gunny* bags. Fortune smiles upon the brave, and in due course of time the gallant Kapus received the favoring smile of Louis Sloss and under the wing

of that gentleman he winged his way into the collectorship of Customs of the broad and wealthy Empire of Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., and of course their interests and, *par consequent*, those of his protector, Sloss, will be under the wing of Kapus.

The foregoing is conclusive evidence that Kapus is not a nobody. Still more; the name of the new Collector is significant. Translated into English, dragged from its vowel-y originality, scalped of its liquid sweetness, it means *sauerkraut*. Yes, reader, Kapus and sauerkraut are synonymous, and when we consider that the Secretary of the Treasury will permit the natives of Alaska to kill seals for the food which they afford them and couple to this the *translated* Kapus we realize in a measure why "sauerkraut" was appointed, annointed and put through the confirmation without a word being allowed from the delegation.

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FISHERIES OF ALASKA.

In a previous number of the ALASKA HERALD we invited the attention of our readers to those other valuable resources of our new territory, besides the much vaunted seal fisheries of St. Paul and St. George Islands. In this we propose to say a few words about the cod fisheries, and the immense avenues of wealth which might be opened up by this trade. At present our fishing marine may be said to be in its infancy; at its birth it appeared likely to escape the curse of monopolists, and believing these too busily employed in amassing wealth in Alaska, we fondly hoped that our fleet would roam along the coast from Kadiak to Ochotsk Sea, and develop the resources of the fisheries. We knew that salmon, herring, halibut, lobster etc., which abound in those waters in millions besides the codfish, superior, it is said, to any in the world and more abundant than on the coast of Newfoundland, might be obtained in quantities to load the largest vessels and find a ready market here at those figures to which a legitimate and healthy competition would bring it. Thus at present, codfish sells in this market at 13 @ 14 cents per pound, while it ought really to sell at 5 @ 6 cents. Imported cod is flooding the market and our citizens are compelled to concede high rates to the importers, while millions of our own native fish, of superior quality, roam unmolested almost next door and our fishermen, who recently started from here full of sanguine hopes, will return in the fall with their vessels entirely empty. The cause of this is that trade of no character can flourish under the shadow of monopolies and while Hutchinson, Kohl & Co. and those of that ilk rule, monopolize and gobble up the territory by land and by sea, honest, but poorer, traders are entirely ruled out. The government forbids all trade in that vicinity where small traders would most wish to go and Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., under pretext of being sutlers, will have another monopoly added to their capital stock.

In conclusion, we would invite the public attention to the singular proceedings of the Customs' officers with the barque *Cyane* which arrived a few days ago. She was freighted with about 40,600 fur seal skins from St. Paul Island consigned to Hutchinson, Kohl & Co., which cargo is worth from \$200,000 to \$250,000 here and at least fifty per cent. more in the markets of Europe. We are informed that this rich plum passed through the Custom House without paying the legitimate duties and with its very character undetected.—Undetected?

CAPTAIN C. J. J.

