

# THE SEATTLE GAZETTE.

VOL. 1.

SEATTLE, KING COUNTY, W. T., FEBRUARY 9, 1864.

NO. 9.

THE  
SEATTLE GAZETTE,  
PUBLISHED WEEKLY  
By J. R. WATSON & M. D. CANNAN  
SEATTLE, W. T.

TERMS:  
Per Annum, in advance, \$4 00  
Six months, " " 2 00  
Single copies, " " 12 1/2

Advertisements inserted at the customary rates

## THE TWO SHARPSHOOTERS.

Two men went out from the fire-lit camp,  
In the autumn midnight gray;  
Over the quaking croaking swamp,  
To the edge of the woodland still and damp  
With rifle and spade went they.

A hooting owl wailed out to its young,  
And a picket stood as still  
In the meadow below as the shadows flung  
By the beaded tent lights thickly strung  
On the silver threaded rill.

'Twas long ere the picket moved away,  
And there was no time to lose;  
The pits must be dug by the dawn of day  
Said one: "We are digging graves, I say!"  
The other one whispered, "Whose?"

With the morning light a column of steel  
Moved upward along the hill,  
Toward the hidden pits, but a double peal  
Close in the front made the column reel  
A moment, and then stand still.

The check won a battle-field that day;  
On the morrow the dead were laid  
Head to foot in a trench of clay;  
But two apart in the front that lay  
Were buried without a spade.

## A TEXAN OBITUARY NOTICE.

Texas was formerly the "Botany Bay" of the United States, and consequently her early settlers were of the dare-devil, coarse and illiterate class. The following obituary speech is said to have been delivered in the Texas Legislature a few years since:

"It seems that there was a member belonging to it by the name of Dill, who seceded from that body while 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, rose to announce the melancholy fact to the House. Another member of that 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:

"Mr. Speaker! I have riz in my seat for the purpose of informing this yer House that Solomon Dill, a member of this yer body, whose seat is now unfortunately vacant, has fell a victim to the grim and destroying tyrant who yesterday put an end to his career, and that he is now dead at the house of the widow Jones, on the hill, where he and many members of this yer House boards, who gave him attention throughout a lengthy and consequently protracted typhus fever, and who furnished board and lodging to the members of this yer Legislature to the uniform price of four dollars an a'af a week, washing not included! It ain't with feelings of no ordinary regret that I make this yer communication, to this yer orgust body, Mr. Speaker, for I knowed the disease, and knowed him from A to izzard! He, like all other men, had his faults, and who ain't got 'em. If he was not strickly virtuous among females, who is? I put it to you and this yer orgust body to answer! He may have been slightly addicted to whiskey; but who in Texas ain't? And so let that yer man shy the first rock.

"He may have been quick to use his tools; but who in Texas ain't? But he never draw'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 hoss, in the most extensive manner, and Mr. Speaker, conscientiously attended every race within twenty miles to this yer place, and, in a gentlemanly manner, backed his opinion onto certain events in the future to the extent of

his ability. He was a good, and honest man, and a perfect gentleman, and by his melancholy decease society has lost a bright ornament, and this yer House, but more especially over the domestic circle of Mrs. Jones, where, as I said before, board and lodgment is furnished to the members of this yer House at a uniform price of four and a 'af a weck, washing not included, Mr. Speaker."

Mr. Slaker here started up, saying that he "rose to a point of order."

The Speaker requested the honorable member to "state his pint."

Mr. Slaker said:

"Is it in order for a member of this House in his speech unto a dead man, to ring in a boarding house kep' by his aunt and furnished by himself?"

The Speaker decided the "pint" not well taken, and after a withering glance at Slaker, Mr. Gherken proceeded:

"This is too solemn a time, Mr. Speaker, to notice personalities and side mark. I'll see that his mutton is cooked hereafter, and not on a melancholy subject. To resume the deceased: Whatever can be said of him, no man can declare he was not a patriot! Look back on his record, and see what's thar! for Dr. Watts eloquently remarks: 'By their record shall ye know them.' Mr. Speaker, what is that record?"

"Virtue is its own reward, Mr. Speaker, and no great action was ever done but what the man who does it was barked after by somebody. But the deceased, intrenched in the glorious armor of patriotism, with hand upon this yer record, could defy chain lightning in any shape, and when prostrated and maciated he died on his prostrate bed at the house of Mrs. Jones, where, as I had occasion before to remark, no matter whose corns is trod on, the members of this yer House is furnished with board and lodging, at the uniform price of four dollars an a 'af a week, washing not included—the thought of that bill, and that record, and that patriotism, came to his wounded sensibilities and his sinking form like a heavenly angel, and death could not set him even a half turn back.

"I close, Mr. Speaker, this melancholy and afflicting duty, that a committee be appointed to draw resolutions on the deceased, and report; at the same time remarking that the gorgeous and smiling Heavens have opened to receive his mortal spirit, and that his earthly remains will be buried to-morrow, at 3 o'clock from the house of Mrs. Jones, where it is eminently proper to remark, and I do it emphatic, that board and lodging can be obtained at the moderate price of four dollars an a 'af a week, washing not included, where the deceased boarded and occupied an elegant room, now unfortunately vacant. Peace to his ashes."

SCENE MATRIMONIAL—WIFE TRUMPHANT.—"Can you let me have some money this morning to purchase a new bonnet, my dear?"

"By-and-by, love."  
"That's what you always say, my dear, but how can I buy and buy without money?" And that brought the money, just as one good turn deserves another. Her wit was so successful that she tried again the next week:

"I want money, my dear, to buy a new dress."

"Well, you can't have it; you called me a bear last night," said her husband.

"Oh, well, dear, you know that was because you hugged me so hard." It bit him just right again, and she got the money and something extra, as he left his pretty wife and hurried off to business, saying, "It takes a fortune to keep such a wife as you are—but it's worth it!"

PROPER QUESTION.—The question has been asked, why is it considered impolite for gentlemen to go in the presence of ladies in their shirt-sleeves, while it is considered in every way correct for the ladies themselves to appear before gentlemen without any sleeves.

## A Man Without a Country.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for December is a story as terrible in its episodes as it is fearful in its warnings. Philip Nolan was, in 1807, a lieutenant in the army of the West. He fell in with Burr, and was seduced by that accomplished traitor into sympathy with his schemes—during Burr's trial, Nolan was court-martialed at Fort Adams, Mississippi, as much in fun as anything else, by his brother officers. When asked why sentence should not be pronounced upon him for treason, he angrily exclaimed: "Damn the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!" This was too much for the loyalty of the court, composed in part of Revolutionary officers, and they, after consultation, without being any longer in fun, decided that his wish should be gratified. The sentence, afterwards approved by President Davis, ordering him into the navy. Instructions were given that never in his presence again should the United States be uttered; that he should never be permitted to see his native land, and that his treasonable desire should be satisfied to the very letter. For more than half a century (he died last summer in the Levant) this wretched man knew nothing of the United States. From those who surrounded him he could gain no intelligence. From all books and papers every allusion was carefully cut out; the buttons which he wore on his coat bore no insignia; he fought in the war of 1812 without knowing wherefore; he was frequently tantalized by homeward voyages, which terminated as soon as an outward bound vessel was met; he was ignorant of the growth, prosperity, and increased importance of the country he had cursed; ever craving some scrap of knowledge, all things relating to its history were carefully kept from him.

He became wretched—literally homeless, until he found a country beyond the grave. Miserable in this horrible isolation, dragging out an existence prolonged beyond the usual life of man, it was not until he lay on his death-bed that briefly he learned the story of his country's greatness, but happily heard nothing of the sad story of its present woe, which sprang from the fulfillment and the execution of anathemas similar to that which fell from his lips, and which was brought on by more successful conspirators than the one who sowed the seeds of treachery in his heart. He died repentant and begged that his epitaph might be: "He loved his country as no other man had loved her; but no man had deserved less at her hands."

Whether or not this story be true, it is, at least, an allegory of faithful and fearful significance. It shows what would be the condition of many a man, to-day, if the muttered curse, or the disloyal wish were fulfilled and gratified as it ought to be, by and for those who murmur or cherish it; who "hate and despise their country," or like far too many, who, in their heart of hearts, say amen to the awful imprecation against the land which protects and honors them.

LAMENTABLE FACTS.—A silly mother thinks she can make more than women out of her daughters. She toils in the kitchen, and they simper and drawl nonsense in the parlor. She rises with the sun to get their breakfast, while they read the last novel in bed. She toils over the wash-tub, while they drum on the piano. The earnings of the farm are squandered to put clothes on their backs, and to put them through a fashionable school. They are reared in idleness and become accomplished babies, utterly ignorant of all that womanly knowledge so creditable to the sex, unfit for anything but to dress finely, talk nonsense, and marry simpletons like themselves. It's of no use, mother, your silly dream will never be realized.

YANKEES AND THE CHIVALRY.—The Nashville *Daily Journal*, noticing the changes which have occurred and which are likely to occur in the South as the result of the rebellion, says:

"We are all drifting towards a condition in which we shall be a homogeneous Yankee Nation—in another year or so there will be, between the Lakes and Gulf, a people whose characteristics, thoughts, feelings and interests will have absorbed the chivalry so that there will remain only the Yankee.

When we say Yankee, we don't mean the long-legged, nasal, pine-whittling article, which exists only on the stage and in the imagination of the chivalry, but a strong, earnest people, given to labor, to industry, God-fearing, philanthropic—energetic in peace, in war loyal and irresistibly.

This is the same Yankee element whose bayonets are now staying Bragg at Chattanooga, whose Swamp Angels are now humming dirges over doomed Charleston, and whose energy, steadfastness and determination, within the last two years, have nearly accomplished a task, the like of which, in magnitude, the world has never seen.

And then when this Yankee influence has purified the land and made it blossom all over with the beauty of Free Schools, Free Labor, Free Speech and Free Government, then will factitious chivalry, with its pretentious gentility—its ethics of Bowie and Revolver, its shackles, its whip, its despotism and its feeble aristocracy slink away into the midst of obscurity and be forgotten.

Chivalry? long-haired, thin in legs, cadaverous, muttering curses against Yankee Vandals, and with heart bubbling more full of treasonable foulness than the witches' cauldron with devilish ingredients, how like you the picture?"

SOMEWHERE about the year 1780, so runs the tale, a traveling millwright, in those days the king of mechanics—foot sore, and with the broadest northern Doric accent, stopped at Soho, a locality once indicative of field sports, and then the engine factory of Boulton & Watt, and asked for work. His aspect was a little better than that of "beggary and poor looks," and Mr. Boulton had bidden him God-speed to some other work shop, when, as he was turning sorrowfully away, Mr. Boulton called him suddenly back.

"What kind of a hat have you on your head, my man?"

"It's just timmer, sir."

"Timmer, my man? Let's look at it; where did you get it?"

"I just made it, sir, my ainsel!"

"But how did you make it?"

"I just turned it in the lathe."

"But it is oval, man; and a lathe turns things round!"

"Aweel! I just gaur'd the lathe gang anither gait to please me. I'd a long journey afore me, and I thocht I'd have a hat to keep out the water; and I had na muckle siller to spare and I jist made aue."

By his inborn mechanism, the man had invented the oval lathe, and made his hat, and his hat made his fortune. He became a distinguished machinist.

"Bobby, what does your father do for a living?"

"He's a philanthropist, sir!"

"A what?"

"A philanthropist, sir; he collects money for Central Africa, and builds houses out of the proceeds."

An Irishman attending a Quaker meeting heard a young Friend make the following announcement:

"Brethren and sisters, I am going to marry a daughter of the Lord."

"Och, an' ye are," said Pat, "Faith an' be jabbers, and it'll be a long time before ye'll see yer father-in-law."

# THE SEATTLE GAZETTE.

SEATTLE, W. T., FEBRUARY 9, 1964.

## RAILROAD TO THE COAL MINES.

A company of about thirty citizens of King county have been granted a charter for a railroad from Seattle to the Issaquah coal mines, by the Legislature of Washington Territory. The object of the company, we understand, is to present its charter gratis to any company of capitalists which will undertake to construct the road in a reasonable time. In view of the fact that a large share of the resources of Puget Sound are already controlled by capitalists of one kind or another, and the country in general has been more cursed than blessed by their selfish operations, many persons dreading the creation of more monopolies, regard the proposition with a jealous eye. Under no circumstances could we be induced to favor a project likely to bring our county and people under the baneful power of a corporate monopoly; nor would we even favor the employment of foreign capital, in the hands of a few men, where ordinary home facilities could be made available for the purpose. But it must be remembered that capital is required to build this road; that our own people cannot command the necessary amount; that the road will open new fields of labor, and an inexhaustible source of wealth to the whole country, and that the charter cannot possibly convey any more special powers or privileges to a company of capitalists from abroad than by its provisions now rest in the citizens to whom it is granted. The builders of this railroad, whoever they may be, will be limited in their powers and purposes, and while they cannot travel out of the record to lay greedy hands upon the public domain, to the injury of other interests and enterprises, their work when completed will be a broader and more general benefit than that of most of the existing monopolies on Puget Sound. In a word, the builders of the Squak and Seattle railroad cannot enrich themselves and impoverish all outside of them; for the enterprise is of such a nature that its successful completion and the prosperity of the country are inseparably connected. We held these considerations to be sufficient answer to any objections against inviting capitalists to come and do us a good which we are unable to do ourselves.

It is true there are other less expensive means of access to our coal fields than by railroad. The coal can be profitably brought to market by way of the slough and lakes, and we shall hail the commencement of any of the several practical plans talked about by our citizens as omens of future prosperity; but while individuals or private companies may undoubtedly make use of these natural thoroughfares with profit to themselves, the public good demands a speedier and more efficient mode of conveyance for what is to be one of our greatest staple productions and points to the construction of a railroad as the grand object to be sought and accomplished.

We shall recur to this subject again and speak more particularly of the different plans discussed by our people for rendering the coal mines available; but we trust our citizens will take the railroad question under immediate consideration, and prepare themselves to give every encouragement to some one of the several companies of California capitalists, among whom the King county coal-fields are beginning to awaken an interest.

**SCARCITY OF MEAT IN VICTORIA.**—The *Victoria Chronicle* says "the butchers are at a dead-lock for want of fresh meat. Beef and mutton are particularly scarce, and the stock of pork is becoming alarmingly less. To the failure of the Eliza Anderson in bringing over the usual quantity of live stock, is attributable the scarcity."

A Victoria paper says:—Nanaimo Coal is worth \$20 a ton in San Francisco, and a large number of vessels have been chartered to come after cargoes.

**PRIVATE ENTERPRISE.**—While many of our coal-struck inhabitants have been engaged in wordy discussions of the quickest and best way to render the Squak coal mines available, and to bring the precious stuff down to the salt chuck, Mr. William Perkins went quietly to work, built a boat of about five tons burthen, provisioned her, and with a couple of aboriginal sailors for a crew, made his way up the Duwamish and Black rivers, through the lakes to the mines, loaded, returned by the same route, and on Wednesday last re-appeared at Yesler's wharf with about five tons of the veritable Squak coal—the first ever brought to market. The time occupied in making this first trip by water to Squak, was about 20 days, and the distance travelled in going and coming, is nearly 140 miles; but Mr. Perkins was obliged to cut his way through brush and logs that choked the channel of the long, crooked slough connecting Issaquah and Washington lakes, and to lay on his oars over a week at the mines awaiting favorable weather to take in his load. He is confident that the round trip may be made in half the time mentioned, and that between the mines and the landing on Washington lake, two miles east of town, it may be made in a few days. Mr. Perkins started back on Saturday for another load, and if it even takes him two or three weeks to make a trip by this roundabout route, the scarcity of coal for home consumption, and the price it readily commands, will yield a nice little profit for his labor. Perseverance like this is deserving of success, and we hope Mr. Perkins will win it.

**THE BRIG Charles Decens**, one of the Port Madison Mill Company's vessels, went ashore, in the fog, on Friday night last, near Point-no-point. The company's steamer *Resolute* endeavored to pull her off, but in vain. On examining the vessel it was discovered that the water in her hold had risen to a level with that outside. She has a large cargo of merchandise, most of which it is thought will be lost or greatly damaged.

**POPULATION OF PORTLAND.**—In the new city Directory about to be published the present population of Portland is estimated at 4,794—an increase of 727 in the last year. One of the Portland papers says this is a "healthy growth," but it is certainly very slow.

**BEFOGGED.**—The steamer *J. B. Libby* was befogged off this harbor on her trip down from Olympia last Friday night, and wandered about for an hour or two, unable to make the wharf. In answer to her whistle guns were fired, and the University bell was rung, which finally brought her in by the sound.

**THE TITANS OF AMERICA.**—A correspondent of the *American Phrenological Journal* says:

While you have spoken of the Kentuckians, Tennesseans, West Virginians, and Marylanders, as being so finely developed, permit me to say that the true titans of America have escaped your notice—men among whom, though nobody myself, I have walked, feeling myself among gods—physically speaking, of course—men beside whom the Highlanders are in a measure pigmies—men among whom six feet three inches and a chest of forty five, forty-eight and even fifty inches are not uncommon—I mean the backwoodsmen of Maine, to whom three generations, spent for the most part in the open air, battling with the piny wood-arches that girt the Umbagog, the Moose head, and other lakes and streams of that wild, bracing Northern climate, have given the most gigantic development of physical power which I ever saw or had any authentic account of.

**SNOQUALMIE PASS.**—Some Klickitat Indians, who came across the mountains by the Snoqualmie route a few days since, report very little snow in the Pass, and say that at no time this winter would travel have been interrupted by snow on this route.

## WHO KILLED THE CAPITAL BILL?

This is a question which somebody must answer to their constituents before long. It was unquestionably the wishes of the people that the Capital should be removed this winter, and it is equally certain that a majority of the members of the Legislature were disposed to respect the wishes of their constituents in this particular, if no other; but by one of those political dodges which sometimes, for the moment, enables a stubborn minority or even a single member to defy the public will, this measure was defeated. The entire blame is charged upon a single member of the Council, who through party or personal influence said to have obstinately ignored the known desire of his constituents for a removal, while some of his colleagues far less interested in the issue, were willing to concede the measure. We are not yet fully posted in the facts of the case, but when we shall become so, we shall hold up the guilty parties, wherever they may be, to the deserved scorn of the people they have betrayed.

A slave girl who ran away from her master in Maryland, recently returned home and begged to be taken into bondage again, freedom was so disagreeable to her.

We know large numbers of white folks who don't know how to live in a state of freedom. They must have masters to work them like puppets, feed them like slaves, and do their thinking as mothers are wont to do for their idiot children. The Legislature of Washington Territory is politic of such animals.

The wilderness of Steilacoom is famous for the hugeness of its productions. Friend Prosch prints the biggest newspaper in the Territory, and promises to double its present size as soon as fifteen hundred new subscribers "come to town." Keach, the "star" mail contractor is going to build the biggest steamboat that ever floated on Puget Sound. The big steamboat is designed to carry the big newspaper to its fifteen hundred new subscribers, and will be completed and in running order at the precise moment when the filling out of the Herald's subscription list is accomplished. Keach has the steamboat all built but the keel, hull, cabin, boilers and engines, and Prosch's travelling agent, on his late canvassing tour, obtained all but 1,499 of the new subscribers.

THERE is a whisky-mill in Steilacoom where, before a company of fellows take a "nip" they shake hands and bid each other a long farewell. After swallowing the dose, they turn sadly away chanting one to the other, the old hymn:

"If you get there before I do  
Just tell them I am coming too."

The steamer *Otter*, from Victoria called in at this port a few moments, on Sunday morning, but did not land. She was bound up for Steilacoom after cattle. The American Consul, Francis, was aboard, also Capt. Fleming, who, we were informed, was going to Olympia to tie up the steamer Eliza Anderson.

Mr. George Corlis and wife, formerly of Olympia, were lately murdered at their ranch in California. The *S. F. Bulletin* says they were murdered in their house at the Cruses, and their house set on fire. The next morning their charred bodies were found in the ruins. Their shepherd was also murdered, and even their dogs' throats were cut that all traces might be removed.

Liquor is worth \$20 per gallon at Cariboo, and bacon \$1.75 per pound. A Falstaffian indication of the difference between the spiritual and carnal appetites of the people of that region.

JENKS and his friend Jones were conversing together about a case which happened in Washoe, a few months since, where a man went home one night and found some one in his bed who ought not to have been there. "Jenks," said Jones, "if you were to go home some night and find a man in bed with your wife, what would you do?" "Do!" exclaimed Jenks, "what would I do? I'd throw his pantaloons out of the window if it rained ever so hard!"

**SNORING.**—Good old Deacon A—, having occasion to spend a night at a hotel, was assigned a room in which there were three single beds, two of which already contained occupants. Soon after the light was extinguished a man in one of the other beds began to snore so loudly as to prevent his falling asleep. The tumult increased as the night wore away, until it became absolutely fearful. Two of three hours after midnight the snorer turned himself in bed, gave a hideous groan and became silent. The deacon had supposed the third gentleman asleep, until, at this juncture, he heard him exclaim: "He's dead! thank God! He's dead!"

**DRUNK CLEAR THROUGH.**—Jenks, an acquaintance of ours, tells a good one on himself. He says he lately spent an evening with a social crowd, and when he went home he was considerably "elevated,"—that is, he was deuced tight. He was fortunate enough to find his better half asleep. He went to bed, and after a moment's reflection he thought it would be policy to turn over, lest his breath might betray him, when Mrs. Jenks opened her eyes, and in the mildest manner in the world said:—"Jenks, you needn't turn over—you're drunk clear through!"

**A GOLD WATCH FOR THE PRESIDENT.**—A Mr. Hoos, a jeweler of Chicago, who is up to all sorts of dodges, in the way of advertising, some time ago offered a \$50 gold watch to the largest contributor to the great Sanitary Fair held in that city. After it was over he "calculated" that President Lincoln was the largest contributor, because his Thanksgiving Proclamation made Thanksgiving day, and the Fair was held on that day—and further, that Mr. Lincoln donated the original draft of the Emancipation Proclamation, that sold for \$3,000, which was the largest single contribution to the funds realized by the Fair. Accordingly, he decided that the watch belonged to the President, and he sent it on to Washington—not the \$50 watch, but a finer one worth about \$150.

It is not sufficient for legislators to open the avenues to crime, unless they open those which lead to virtue.

## A PROPOSITION.

Keep it before the People.

Whereas, the Secretary of Washington Territory has assumed the power, hitherto exercised by the people, of appointing a public printer, and has contracted with said appointee to do the printing of the Territorial Legislature; and whereas, neither public necessity, economy nor patriotism, are alleged to have called for such assumption of power by the Secretary, and the awarding of the printing to the party now doing it is a violation of the established mode of letting Government contracts;

Therefore, the undersigned, a practical printer, hereby proposes to print the laws and journals, and all other legislative printing for which the Federal Government is required to pay, for the sum of one dollar per thousand ems of composition, and one dollar per token for the press-work of the same—this being one-third less than the price which the Secretary is now paying for the work.  
J. R. WATSON.

## MARRIED.

On Feb. 4th, by Rev. E. Doane, M. EDWARD A. THORNDIKE, to Miss MARY E. WENSTER, all of this place.

Rockland, (Maine) papers please copy. Accompanying the above notice came a package of excellent wedding cake, which we demolished with great gusto, and wished the happy couple who sent it no end of felicity.

**A Fine Gold Watch,**  
AND  
**SEVEN HUNDRED DOLLARS' WORTH**  
Of Pictures, Photographic Albums, Portfolios, Books, Portraits of Eminent Generals and Statesmen, of the United States,  
**TO BE GIVEN AWAY**  
TO THE PATRONS OF THE  
**SEATTLE GAZETTE.**  
Particulars next week.



A Young Lady's Soliloquy.

Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life, What was I born for? "For somebody's wife" I am told by my mother. Well that being true, "Somebody" keeps himself strangely from view, And if naught but marriage will settle my fate, I believe I shall die in an unsettled state. For, though I'm not ugly—pray, what woman is?— You might easily find a more beautiful phiz; And then, as for temper and manners 'tis plain He who seeks for perfection will seek here in vain. Nay, in spite of these drawbacks my heart is per- verse And I should not feel grateful for "better or worse" To take the first booby that graciously came And offered those treasures, his home and his name; I think, then my chances of marriage are small— But why should I think of such chances at all? My brothers are all of them, younger than I, Yet they thrive in the world, why not let me try? I know that in business I'm not an adept, Because from such matters most strictly I'm kept. But this is the question that puzzles my mind— Why am I not trained up to work of some kind? Uselessly, aimlessly, drifting through life, Why should I wait to be "Somebody's wife?"

THE CAT AND THE MOUSE.—The follow- ing story (a good one if it was in AEsop) was lately told by a reformed inebriate as an apology for much of the folly of drunkards: A mouse ranging about a brewery, hap- pened to fall into a vat of beer, was in im- minent danger of drowning, and appealed to a cat to help him out. "It is a foolish request, for as soon as I get you out I will eat you," replied the cat. The mouse piteously replied, "that will be far better than to drown in beer." The cat lifted him out, but the fumes of the beer caused puss to sneeze, and the mouse took refuge in a hole. The cat call- ed upon the mouse to come out: "Did you not promise that I should eat you?" "Ah!" replied the mouse, "I did, but I was in liquor at the time."

A bashful youth was paying his address- es to a gay lass of the country, who had long despaired of bringing things to a cri- sis. Youth called one day when she was at home alone. After settling the merits of the weather, Miss said, looking slyly into his face "I dreamed of you last night." "Did you? Why, neow?" "Yes, I dreamed you kissed me!" "Why, now, what did you dream your mother said?" "Oh, I dreamed she wasn't home!" A light dawned on Youth's intellect, and directly something was heard to crack—perhaps Youth's whip.

A druggist was aroused by the ringing of his night-bell, went down stairs, and had to serve a customer with a dose of salts. On his return, his wife grumbled out: "What profit did you get on that penny?" "A ha'penny," replied the assiduous drug- gist. "And for that ha'penny you will keep both me and yourself awake for a long time," rejoined the wife. "Never mind," added the placid druggist, "the dose of salts will keep him awake much longer; let us thank heaven we have the profits, and not the pain of the transaction."

CONCLUSION OF A HARD SHELL SERMON.— "My brethren and sisters! ef a man's full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace heated seven times hotter than it could be bet, and it didn't singe a har on their heads! And there was John Evangerler; they put him—and where do you think, brethren and sistern, they put him? Why they put him into a caladronis of bilin lie, and biled him all night, and didn't faze his shell! And there was Dan- iel, they put him into a lion's den—and what, my fellow travelers: and suspected hearers, do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for praying three times a day. Don't be alarmed my breth- ren and sistern; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den!"

ADAM AND EVE.—An English writer says in his advice to young married women, that their mother Eve married a gardener. Some one wittily remarked that it might be added that the gardener, in consequence of the match, lost his situation. WHAT is the difference between the Prince of Wales, the son of Esau, an or- phan, and a baby? One is heir apparent, the other a hairy parent, the other nary a parent, and the other nary a hair parent. When Mr. White looks black, does he change color?

WASHINGTON HOTEL,  
MAIN STREET, OLYMPIA, W. T.

THIS CAPACIOUS AND ELEGANT HOTEL, having been recently thoroughly renovated and refitted, is now prepared for the accommoda- tion of the public in a style superior to any other house on the Sound. The rooms are large, well lighted, warmed and ventilated, and tastefully furnished, having superior accommodations for Families, and Ladies private Dining Room, also suites of rooms for parties.

THE CULINARY DEPARTMENT Is the management of an experienced Cook and the TABLE will always be found provided with the best the market can afford.

THE BAR Will always be found stocked with the best Wines Liquors and Cigars.

To the public I ever wish to state, That for your favors I now wait, As I assume to ne'er despoise To take the chance to ADVERTISE,  
S. GALLAHIER.  
Olympia, W. T., Jan. 9th, 1863. no 5-4f

PACIFIC HOTEL  
AND  
RESTAURANT,  
OLYMPIA, W. T.

THE ABOVE WELL KNOWN AND POPULAR HOUSE having been THOROUGHLY RENOVATED and newly furnished, is now prepared to entertain guests in greater comfort and in a more accom- modating manner than any other house in the place. The house will be conducted on the

Restaurant Principle.  
Meals after Eight o'clock Extra.

An adjoining Cottage has been leased and refitted where a large number can be accommodated with lodging, good clean beds and well-ventilated rooms. Call and assure yourselves of the truth of the above.  
REBECCA HOWARD, Proprietress.  
jan9-tf

DELIN'S  
HOTEL,  
Commercial Street 3d door South Yesler's Corner,  
SEATTLE, W. T.  
A. P. De LIN, Proprietor.

THIS WELL KNOWN and Popular HOTEL now offers superior accommodations to the travelling public, being situated most convenient to the boat landings, and having comfortable rooms, good beds and a table always supplied with the best of every thing the market affords.  
GIVE HIM A CALL. no-1-4f

UNION HOTEL.  
Corner of Commercial and Main Streets,  
SEATTLE, W. T.

THIS being the largest and best arranged Hotel on the borders of Puget Sound, the subscriber is determined that no one shall excel it in accommo- dation, convenience and comfort for the traveling public. Boarders will find  
Spacious, well ventilated Furnished Rooms, And the house will be kept as a first class Hotel. nol-tf L. C. HARMON, Proprietor.

FASHION SALOON,  
A. B. RABBESON, PROPRIETOR,  
Next Door to Yesler and Denny's Store,  
SEATTLE, W. T.

THIS POPULAR SALOON has been recently re- fitted and prepared for the reception of its old customers and as many new ones as may favor it with their custom. The bar is always supplied with the very best quality of French, English and Amer- ican

LIQUORS,  
CHAMPAGNES,  
CALIFORNIA WINES,  
CLARETS, and BRANDIES,  
ALE, PORTER, BEER, CIDER, CIGARS AND TOBACCO.

A GOOD BILLIARD TABLE Is attached to the Saloon.

FRESH OYSTERS In every style, at all hours.  
Dec. 1st, 1863. nol-1f

UNIVERSITY  
Of Washington Territory.

THE UNIVERSITY established at SEATTLE on Puget Sound by Legislative Enactment and in ac- cordance with an Act of Cong. ess approved July 17th 1854, being completed, now opens its doors to all those who desire to avail themselves of the facilities it affords for acquiring a thorough acquaintance with the common and higher English branches, and also the usual Collegiate course of Study.

The Board of Regents have recently elected W. C. Barnard, A. M., President of the University. Mr. Barnard is a graduate of Dartmouth College, and was for two years at the head of one of the most flourish- ing Academies of New England. His subsequent ex- perience as Principal of La Creole Academy at Dalles Oregon, and still later, the reputation he acquired while connected with the Willamette University at Salem, as a thorough teacher and disciplinarian, just- tify the expectation that the University of Washing- ton Territory under his management, will rank sec- ond to none on the Pacific Coast.

CALENDAR.  
The School Year will be divided into four Session of eleven weeks each:  
First or Fall Session opens, Sept. 7, 1863.  
Second or Winter Session opens Nov. 30, 1863.  
Third or Spring Session opens February 15, 1864.  
Fourth or Summer Session, opens May 9th, 1864.

COURSE OF STUDY.  
The studies that each scholar shall pursue, will be determined by the instructors, while the wishes of the patrons will be complied with, so far as they may not conflict with the systematic progress of the student. All will be required to pursue Reading, Orthography, Writing, Geography and Mental Arith- metic, or pass a satisfactory examination in the same before engaging in more advanced studies. Classes formed at the commencement of the Fall Term, will continue without interruption through the year, or until the subjects considered shall have been mastered. It is therefore very desirable that those purposing to join the School, to do so at the commencement of the year, as those coming later must join classes already formed.

DISCIPLINE.  
No student will be allowed to retain a connection with the school whose habits are such as to render him an unfit companion, or who will not render a ready compliance with the regulations of the School. Frequenting of saloons, and attendance upon theatres and balls, are not allowed, but students are required to be at their respective places of abode at stated hours. A respectful observance of the Sabbath is re- quired.

BOARD.  
A limited number of Students can be accommodat- ed at the Boarding House on the University grounds, by making immediate application, while a few can find accommodations in private families in the town. Price of Board \$3 to \$4 per week—washing, lights and fuel, extra.

TUITION RATES:  
Primary Department, per Quarter, \$ 6 00  
Academic, " " " " " " " " " " 8 00  
Collegiate, " " " " " " " " " " 10 00  
Payable in advance. No deductions made for ab- sence except in cases of protracted sickness.  
Books and Stationery can be obtained at the city Book Store.  
For further particulars address the President,  
W. E. BARNARD, A. M.

H. MALEER,  
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET-IRON  
MANUFACTURER,  
AND DEALER IN  
STOVES,  
SEATTLE, W. T.

A large invoice of Cooking and other Stoves of fo the latest patterns and best quality, just received and for sale; together with a variety of other articles in his line. The public are invited to call and exam- ine his stock. nol-en

S. F. COOMBS,  
NOTARY PUBLIC  
— AND —  
COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS  
For the State of Oregon.  
Office at the Union Store, No. 4, Commercial Street  
SEATTLE, W. T. [nol-1f

FLOUR! FLOUR!!  
SUISUN CITY MILLS, (Cal.) KITSAP MILLS.  
W. T., Barnes & Hennis', Mills, Tumwater, W. T.  
For sale, Wholesale or Retail, at the Union Store.  
Seattle, by  
nol-1f S. F. COOMBS, Agent.

H. M. M'GILL,  
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR AT LAW,  
OLYMPIA, W. T.  
Practices in all the Courts of the Territory. -3a

G. KELLOGG & BRO., Druggists and Apothecaries, opposite Yesler Denny & Co's Seattle, W. T.

WILLIAMSON & GREENFIELD.  
DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS  
CLOTHING,  
COUNTRY PRODUCE

— AND —  
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,  
Commercial Street,  
SEATTLE, W. T.

D. HORTON,  
DEALER IN

STAPLE & FANCY DRY GOODS,  
HEAVY AND FINE  
CLOTHING,  
BOOTS & SHOES,  
GROCERIES AND PROVISIONS,  
TOBACCO & GIGARS,  
HARDWARE & CUTLERY,  
Steel Plows, and Feed Cutters, Crockery,  
Glassware, Clocks Looking-Glasses,  
Carpeting and Oil Cloths, Paints,  
Oils, Ship Chandlery, Doors,  
Windows &c., &c.

TERMS CASH.  
Corner Commercial and Washington Streets,  
SEATTLE, W. T.

CHEAP CASH STORE.  
CHARLES PLUMMER,  
DEALER IN

DRY GOODS  
CLOTHING,  
HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE,  
FURNITURE & UPHOLSTERY,  
GROCERIES, PROVISIONS

&c., &c., &c.,  
Also keeps constantly on hand a well selected stock of  
WINES & LIQUORS,  
All of which he will sell Wholesale or Retail, for CASH Please call and examine his stock before purchasing elsewhere.  
PRODUCE taken in exchange for goods and the highest cash price paid.  
C. PLUMMER,  
No. 1-4f Corner Main and Commercial Streets, SEATTLE, W. T.

Important to the Afflicted!  
KELLOGG'S GOLDEN BALSAM!  
IS A CERTAIN CURE for Syphalls in all its stages. No restriction in diet; no need of stopping work.  
GOLDEN BALSAM No. 1.  
For first and second stages, such as sores on the legs and body, sore eyes &c., &c.  
GOLDEN BALSAM No. 2.

For Mercurial and Syphalitic Rheumatism. To those afflicted with Rheumatism this remedy is particularly applicable and we GUARANTEE a perfect and speedy cure.  
We also prepare the celebrated  
SPANISH ANTEDOTE,  
A preparation never known to fail for cure of Gonor- rhea, Gleet, Irritation, Gravel, and all urinary derang- ements. The genuine has our Golden Balsam Cir- cles around each bottle.  
nol-1f KELLOGG & BRO.

JOB WORK.  
Orders for all kinds of Printing such as Posters Cards, Tickets, Bill-heads, &c., will be promptly at- tended to, at reasonable prices, at the office of the  
SEATTLE GAZETTE,  
one door South of Yesler, Denny & Co. Co's Store, 37 STAIRS. Entrance, water front, from Yesler's Wharf.