

Notes on American Towns and Country.

[From the Birmingham Post.]

Another system of street conveyance which is coming largely into use in New York—it has only recently been introduced there, and that city is making the experimental trial for America—is that of an elevated railroad. Strong iron pillars are sunk into the ground on the edges of the foot paths, and they stand in a single row along the streets, at a distance of about twenty yards from each other. The pillars branch out at the top and support iron girders which run from pillar to pillar in a double line, about three-and-a-half feet apart. Along these girders are laid rails on which run the trains of cars. A very small locomotive, enclosed in a handsome case of ornamental wood and glass, draws the cars, each train being capable of carrying from 70 to 100 passengers. The speed at which the cars travel is about ten or twelve miles per hour, stoppages being made about every half mile. In consequence of passengers being able to traverse the train from end to end, only small platforms, about 20 feet long are erected at the stations, and very little ground is therefore required. I am told some objection has been raised to the railroad by property owners in streets along which the cars pass, as the trains run close to the first floor windows and thus to a considerable extent destroy the privacy of the houses. However, the system finds much favor, and it is being largely extended throughout the city.

By my next recital I expect I shall cause weeping and wailing amongst my total abstinence friends. I have heard those gentlemen, when advocating Permissive Bill principles, refer to America as the free and enlightened land which had adopted the system they would so dearly like to see enforced in England. Well, I have been to a town in Connecticut where the Permissive Bill was in operation, and I will tell how it works. This town had been much agitated on the question, and for two or three years the drinkers had mustered strongly at the polls and by a small majority carried the license ticket. But retaliation came. The temperance party drummed up their forces and triumphantly carried the day, and thenceforth no license for the sale of spirituous liquor could be granted in that community. Far from gratifying has been the result. The public-houses remain open, ostensibly for the dispensation of harmless soda water and gassy seltzer. There, however, may be obtained anything in the way of drink that is required. Some little secrecy is exercised, it is true, but the exhilarating "mint julep," the cooling "sherry cobbler," the stimulating "corpse reviver," the restorative "eye opener," the appetizing "cocktail," the soothing "milk punch," and the intoxicating "forty rod whisky," may be purchased as of yore. I verily believe the concoctions have derived a new and gratifying flavor on account of their being put under a prohibitory ban. As a bar-keeper remarked, "It ain't everybody as likes to blow themselves up with gas, and we can fix 'em up, I guess, some. You bet."

If I cannot say anything very gratifying on the Temperance question, I can on the Educational. During a short stay in the small manufacturing town of Danbury, State of Connecticut, I was fortunate in making the acquaintance of a genial gentleman, who is far from unknown to Birmingham newspaper readers. This was the well-known "Danbury Newsman," whose lucubrations have so frequently enlightened the "Varieties" column of the *Weekly Post*. Under his kindly guidance I proceeded to investigate the educational appliances of this small New England town. It is generally admitted that the State of Massachusetts takes the lead in American education, and the State of Connecticut, in sporting parlance, comes in a good second. I shall consider Danbury to be a fairly representative town of the State, and I will tell how they manage matters. Since the British army, in 1777, thought fit to wipe Danbury off the face of the earth, an industrious little community has sprung up amongst the hills of this picturesque part of the state, and the town now contains something like 2,500

inhabitants. For the most part, the people are engaged in the manufacture of hats, and a more thriving little place I have never seen. The compulsory law with regard to education is in force, and that education is imparted free to any who attend the school. I am not prepared to speak in favor of the mode of raising the money for the maintenance of the schools. To my mind, it seems rather oppressive on some parties, and unfairly lenient with others. Only property owners have to pay to the education rate; and a man who merely rents a house, however good may be his position in life, escapes absolutely free. Were the tax to be levied on all inhabitants, in proportion to their means, I fancy it would be much more just in its incidence, and I believe more fully appreciated by the people of Connecticut themselves. Now for the schools. There are three schoolhouses in Danbury—two elementary, and one for high-class education. I visited one of the elementary schools—a neat "frame," or wooden building—and found perhaps seventy scholars of tender age, divided into two classes, each class occupying a separate room, and under the charge of a young lady teacher. The tiny scholars in the lowest class were just learning to write and spell, and several of the little mites had really made marvellous progress. In the other room were children of five, six, and seven years of age. I heard them read, and the correctness and clearness of their enunciation was praiseworthy in the extreme. The teachers had the scholars under perfect control. They were as systematic and precise in all their movements as soldiers of the line; and a movement of the teacher's finger, or one word, was sufficient to guide their conduct. I also visited the chief school, to which the scholars of the elementary schools are drafted so soon as they have attained suitable proficiency. The school was a handsome brick building, fitted with all appliances, and composed of class-rooms, with wide, airy corridors in the centre of the building. Prior to school hours the children can play in the large yard adjoining, or, if the weather is unfavorable, in a spacious room on the basement of the building. On the signal being given for resumption of work, the scholars at once deposited their superfluous clothing in convenient rooms on the ground floor, and formed up in line, class by class, with the precision of companies of volunteers. The classes contained both boys and girls. At another signal, one of the lady teachers seated herself at a grand piano, situate in the first floor corridor, and commenced to play a stirring march tune. With measured tramp, and in perfect order, the children, class by class, then marched to their class-rooms, and in a few seconds took their places at their accustomed desks. It should be observed that children of all classes of society in the town attend this school. The daughter of a wealthy manufacturer might be seen sitting next to the son of a poor negro laborer. There is no class distinction in the school, save that of educational attainment. Twenty-four teachers attended to the various classes, the whole being under the control of a superintendent. The average attendance was 1,000. Of course, the children were divided into classes, according to the progress they had made; but in that free school a child could commence at the lowest step of education and proceed to the highest—in fact, receive an education that would fit him or her to proceed to college. I copied the curriculum of the high class, and will reproduce it, so that Birmingham people may see what may be done even in free schools:—Algebra, physiology, natural philosophy, general history, chemistry, astronomy, rhetoric, botany, geology, geometry, English literature, trigonometry, zoology, mental and moral science, Latin, Greek, &c. I believe painting, drawing, and music also are taught. I only wish some of these Birmingham voluntary school teachers who raved so foolishly against the Mayor's ideas on free education could have seen this school. They would sing small for ever afterwards, and never again enunciate their ideas as if they knew all that it was possible to attain.

Philadelphia, in the minds of most people, is associated with Quakerism,

and Quakerism is generally understood to imply, amongst other things, a staidness of demeanor, an habitual gravity of countenance, and a soberness of apparel. Philadelphia may be a steady growing town, as a rule, and its inhabitants, on ordinary occasions, may incline to hats of the low-crowned and broad-brimmed species, and habiliments of unostentatious brown or decorous black. Just now, however, the chief city of Pennsylvania is far from quiet, is the reverse of dull, and the most imaginative person could not truthfully declare that its general aspect is one of sedateness and unpretension. It is a centre of gaiety and pleasure—a city of festivity and rejoicing. If its normal condition is one of demurness, it has demonstrated that it can change from "grave to gay," and play either part perfectly. The city is positively radiant with colors, and overflowing with jubilation, for the Centenary of Independence has come, and the people of America commemorate the anniversary of their deliverance from foreign rule.

Having thus ministered to the desires those who like a little wedge of solid information to begin with, I will turn to other topics. The first thing that attracted my attention on entering this city was the enterprise its inhabitants display in the matter of advertising. The shop fronts are neatly all signboards. Every deal wall is liberally upholstered with pictorial posters; in many places the pavement is sculptured into advertisements; kerbstones fare the same; and I know of a three rail wood fence, miles in length, skirting one of the suburban roads, almost every inch of which is occupied with traders' announcements and invitations. This mural literature takes a queer form, as a rule. Readers are courteously invited to "lay" that "Bixby's Blacking beats the world;" to "bet on Pilcher's Pills being death to diarrhoea," and so forth. There is another style of advertising equally curious to the unsophisticated Englishman. Many shopkeepers place outside their stores colossal statues of Columbia, the Last of the Mohicans, General Washington, and so forth. Like the London shopkeeper, who, on the occasion of the marriage of the Prince and Princess of Wales, displayed a banner, with the somewhat equivocal inscription, "A sandwich and a glass of beer for 3d; God bless them both," the storekeepers here combine patriotism with business. Thus, Columbia with one hand holds aloft the Stars and Stripes, or the Charter of Freedom, and with the other offers you a ten cent packet of chewing tobacco; Uncle or Chingachhook wields his tomahawk with the right hand, offering you a pot of Lager beer with the left; and General Washington, with his old benevolent smile, endeavors to inveigle you into purchasing "fried clams" or stewed scrappins, or terrapins, or something of the kind.

Our colored friends seem to have taken an especial fancy to Philadelphia, for there are any number of them resident here. I have it on the best authority that they are an admirably conducted set of people. The only thing I object to is their mode of conducting religious services. Any one who has the least respect for his auricular organs had better shun a negro revival service. A colored gentleman, with a voice of massive construction, expounds the Scriptures in a highly original style, and his auditory chime in, with suggestions and scraps of advice, as it suits their wayward fancy. The negro imagination is proverbially fertile, and consequently the preacher receives the benefit of a running fire of emendations and annotations, all screeched out at the very top of the voice, and generally received, if deemed appropriate, with a chorus of appreciative "Ah's!" "Oo's!" and "Yeth's," and "Bress ed Lord's!"

Celestials from Flowery Land, too, flourish here. I was introduced to a Chinese laundry the other night, and it was a novel spectacle. Half a dozen male Heathens, fresh from the wash tub, sat around a small room, indulging in a little political discussion, or something equally cheering. They recognized my advent by distending frightful gashes in

the front of their heads, which I suppose they call mouths. Unfortunately, my acquaintance with the Chinese language is limited—being, in fact, confined to two or three expressive sentences, picked up from the Heathen worthy who officiated in the last pantomime at the Prince of Wales Theatre. Consequently I did not say much, not knowing how such a cursory remark as "Hi Ki," or "Lum a loo lah," might be received. I, however, proceeded to take stock of the premises. Now, it must be written that Chinamen wash well. I saw articles of linen looking as white as snow, and the way they starch and iron filled my heart with joy. An elderly looking he Pagan was engaged in what I believe is known as "damping down." (Lady readers will please understand that I write subject to correction on technical matters, as I have not Mrs. Rufus here to keep a watchful eye on me.) I believe it is the custom in England, when damping linen preparatory to ironing, for water to be sprinkled with the fingers. The idolaters to whom I have referred adopted no such plan. Beside him stood a bowl of water, and having deftly spread out the article on which he was engaged, he stooped, and plunged his countenance into the basin, filling his mouth with the water. This he blew out through his lips, in a shower of spray, on to the linen, and certainly accomplished the damping process with extreme rapidity, if not with commendable taste. Some other of the Chinese notions of laundry work are peculiar, but they certainly turn out their clothes well.

From Philo.

FOR THE STAR.

Mr. F. H. M.—In my last, I spoke of you rather than to you. In this number I will address you directly, and I want you to know two or three things that you may the better know how to pilliate for my faults. 1st. I have lately had both my feet so much bruised that I cannot walk alone; and my folks (some of them) say I am peevish; this I don't believe, of course. Still if it be true, it might work itself a little into this article. 2nd. I am an old man; so my friends and acquaintances think that I am quite on in my dotage. Now this may be true, but then I don't believe a word of it, and you need not, without you want to. And 3d. I am at the best a poor writer; but about this I need not trouble you, for you may find it out.

I would be glad to see you and talk these matters over. Call when you come this way. Anybody can tell you where I board.

I propose to make a few more quotations from the bible in favor of its morality and benevolence.

Exo. 22:25. "If thou lend money to any of my people that is poor by thee, thou shalt not lay on him usury," i. e. interest.

Deut. 23:19. "Thou shalt not lend upon usury to thy brother." The Hebrew word that is translated by usury means *biting*, and is interest at any rate per cent., see Psa. 15:5, Ez. 18:3, 18:17; usury in the bible is not "unlawful interest," but any interest.

Exo. 23:4, 5. "If thou meet thine enemy's ox or his ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again." v. 9, "also thou shalt not oppress the stranger."

Deut. 10:19. "Love ye therefore the stranger."

Matt. 5:44. "But I say unto you love your enemies; bless them that curse you." See Rom. 12:14, 20.

Deut. 23:15, 16. "Thou shalt not deliver unto his master the servant (slave) who is escaped from his master unto thee. He shall dwell with thee even amongst you, in that place which he shall choose, in one of thy gates, where he is best pleased. Thou shalt not oppress him."

Levit. 25:23. "The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is mine;" (saith the Lord.)

But I must forbear, for to show the loving kindness of the christian system I would have to quote the New Testament. But I will refer you to Christ's sermon on the Mount; to Rom. 12th chapter and the Epistle to the Colossians. You ask "why Br. Thompson did not dwell on the dogmas of popular Chri-

stianity?" This was Br. T.'s business, and not that of anyone else. You have not attempted to show that he taught a code of bad morals, or that society would be made worse by his teaching; nor have you shown that there is any better religion than christianity. If you feel like disparaging christianity by introducing a better religion, all right. My High Priest and law-giver is the Lord Jesus Christ. Who is yours?

Br. T. has not even valued Paine or Voltaire, nor under Juggernaut; this god's (the lord of the world's) temple is the most celebrated temple in Hindostan. Nor has he ever rated Christ; for history will fully sustain him in his position.

From the *Encyclopedia Americana*: "Juggernaut is a carved block of wood, with a hideous face painted black, and distended, blood-red mouth. On festival days the seat of the image is placed on a tower sixty feet high, moving on wheels; six long ropes are attached to the tower by which the people pull it along. The priests stand around the idol on the tower, and sometimes turn to the worshippers with indecent songs and gestures. The walls of the tower and sides of the car are also covered with obscene images in large and durable sculpture. While the car moves along numbers of the devout worshippers throw themselves on the ground in order to be crushed by the wheels, and the multitude shouting approbation of the act, as a pleasing sacrifice to the idol. It is calculated that 1,200,000 annually (as pilgrims) visited Juggernaut of this number about one-tenth returned home." This was in 1844, and is from a reliable source. It is also stated that "for miles around this sacred place the country is covered with human bones." Yet you say, "The religion of Juggernaut is of a mild, peaceful and benevolent character." Now please remember two things. First, that the abominations of Juggernaut and of the pagan religions, such as self-immolation under the wheels of Juggernaut, the burning of children in the bosom or furnace of Moloch, the burning of widows on the funeral pile or pyre, the throwing of live children into the Ganges to be devoured by the alligator, these things are all done by the authority and with the approbation of these religions. Whereas second, all the evils and immoralities of which you complain that are in any way connected with christianity, are done in direct opposition to its teachings, and in spite of its mightiest efforts to the contrary. So that while you are becoming ashamed of your religions and working away from them, we glory in our religion as the only true one; and we are working for its success and prevalence and to sustain its glorious banner.

Yours,
PHILO.

Secular Sermon—No 2.

Text "SPACE"—What is it? An infinite reality, comprehending the whole of the material, spiritual, mental, and moral Universe—yet constituting no part of either. Wonderful, eternal, infinite, uncaused reality—yet comprehending all causes, and all effects; itself, neither a cause or an effect—yet comprehending them all. Uncaused, indestructible, unchangeable, eternal and infinite space! governed by no law, yet comprehending all law—impersonal, self-existent, uncreated, indestructible, unchangeable, incomprehensible, eternal necessity, which cannot be overcome by God, man, or devil.

Let us pray. O, finite, imperfect, ignorant and presumptuous man! in view of the truths above enunciated, how canst thou presume to be bigoted, intolerant, and uncharitable to thy equally finite and weak fellow creature, because he can not subscribe to the popular creeds of the day, in reference to the one, or the many gods, now extant on the earth, existing in the imaginations or creeds of men! O, thou spirit of intolerance, that driest men, either to martyrdom—to social and political degradation—or to hide under the folds of hypocrisy and deceit, thereby smothering their manhood, their self-hood, their individuality, their independence, and becoming slaves! O, foolish man! abandon thy folly, and allow thy fellow to grow in freedom, in the light of science, reason and common sense!—So mote it be. Amen.

LORENZO DOW.

Unsatisfied.

"Only a housemaid!" She looked from the kitchen—
Neat was the kitchen and tidy was she;
There at her window a seamstress sat stitching;
"Were I a seamstress how happy I'd be."
"Only a Queen! She looked over the waters
Fair was her kingdom and mighty was she;
There sat an Empress, with Queens for her daughters;
Were I an Empress how happy I'd be!"
Still the old frailty they all of them trip in!
Eye in her daughters is ever the same—
Give her an Eden she sighs for a pippin!
Give her an empire she pines for a name!

"Pore Soldier!"

"Pore soldier!" exclaimed a lone old
veteran in blue appeared at her door,
and meekly asked for a cup of cold
water. "Pore soldier! I know in reason
that you are tired and thirsty, and
that you will be powerful glad to get a
drink of water, not to speak of a little
suthin to mix with it."
"Thank you, mum; but I belong to
the Daughters of Temperance, and can't
drink, unless it is a little in the way of
medicine, and I do feel very weak, as I
have marched more than forty miles to-
day."

"Forty mile! The laws have massey!
How could you do it? Why, it would
kill my nule."

"It is very hard; but we get used to
it. I wouldn't have minded it, if I had
anything to eat."

"Sakes alive! Do come and sit down,
Pore soldier!"

The good old lady brought out a black
bottle, from which the battered veteran
poured a teaspoonful into a glass of
water, and took a vigorous pull at the
bottle when her back was turned. Then
she placed before him a substantial sup-
per of ham and eggs and corn bread and
coffee, upon which he advanced in gal-
lant style.

"And you are mighty young to be a
solderin," she said, looking at him be-
nignantly over her spectacles.

"Yes, mum; I am the only son of my
widowed mother; but my country called
me, and my duty to my country is only
second to my duty to my Creator."

"Sho! Why, you talk as peert as a
minister."

"I was studying for the ministry when
the war broke out."

"I had a notion that the soldiers was
all so wicked; but I'm glad to find out
that they ain't. You have seen a power
of fightin', I reckon?"

A great deal, mum. It is hard for a
Christian to take life; but the enemies
of our country must be punished."

"Jess so. Have you ever been
wounded?"

"Very often. I was once shot through
the heart."

"Through the heart! Lawful sakes!
Didn't it kill you?"

"Not quite. The intercostal muscle
was penetrated longitudinally and ex-
travasated with varicose veins; but the
bullet ranged across the left lobe of the
aorta, producing a comminuted
fracture of the anterior process of
the cerebellum, and causing a lesion of
the spinal viscera and the hypophos-
phates of the fibula, and that delayed
my recovery."

"You don't mean to say that you lived
through all that?"

"I was spared, mum, to be a humble
monument of the mercy of Providence."

"Should think so. What was that
noise? It sounded like somebody down
cellar."

"Nothing but rats. Don't be alarmed,
madam. I am here, and will protect
you. I once defended the house of a
widow when it was attacked by a dozen
guerillas. I was obliged to kill seven
of them, and the rest ran away."

"Doo tell! Should think you ought
to be an officer."

"The President has tried to persuade
me to accept a commission as General,
but I have believed that I can serve my
country better in my present sphere.
Thank you, I don't care if I do take a
spoonful of that. I must be going now,
with many thanks for your kindness.
It is nearly time for our evening prayer
meeting, and I must be there to open it.
Have you any such a thing as a pocket
Bible to spare? Mine was destroyed in

the last battle by being struck by a bul-
let in my coat pocket. It was the last
gift of my beloved mother, and it saved
my life."

"Lawful sakes! Which pocket?"

"The behind pocket, mum."

"What a blessed thing it is to have a
Bible! There is one that belonged to
my Matilda Jane; but I know that you
will make good use of it. I will re-
member you in my prayers, pore sol-
dier!"

As the last rays of the setting sun
lighted up the face of the battered vet-
eran, they shone upon two big tears,
that slowly trickled down either cheek,
making miniature canals through the
dust that coated his epidermis. He
walked up the road until he was joined
by several more battered veterans, who
came out from a corner of the fence.
Two of them bore a keg, others carried
tin buckets, others had their arms full of
bottles.

"Have you got it, boys?" asked the
veteran to whom the Bible had been pre-
sented.

"All right, my covey. Ten gallons of
peach brandy, a keg of apple-jack, and
ever so many bottles of blackberry wine.
The old gal was well fixed."

"You made such a d-d of a noise
that she would have smoked you if I
hadn't been there to throw her off the
track. Let's go and divide. I ought to
have the biggest share, as I had the
hardest part of the work."

It is thus that patriotism and virtue
are rewarded.

Marry Her First.

Many years ago, there lived a power-
ful blacksmith, fond of his pipe and joke.
He was also fond of his blooming daugh-
ter, whose many graces had snared the
affections of a young printer. The cou-
ple, after a season of billing and cooing,
engaged themselves, and nothing but the
consent of the young lady's parents pre-
vented the union. To obtain this an in-
terview was arranged, and the type pre-
pared a little speech to admonish and
convince the old man, who sat enjoying
his pipe in perfect content. The typo-
dilated on the fact of their long court-
ship, and their mutual attachment, their
hope for the future and like topics; and
taking the daughter's hand, he said, "I
am here, sir, to ask your permission to
transplant this lovely flower from its
parent bed"—but his feelings overcame
him, and he forgot the remainder of his
oratorical flourishes, blushed, stammered,
and finally wound up with "from its pa-
ternal bed into my own."

The father keenly relished the discom-
fiture of the suitor, and removing his
pipe, and blowing a cloud of smoke, he
replied:—

"Well, young man, I don't know as
I have any objections, provided you mar-
ry the girl first."

The preliminary work on the channel
tunnel to connect England and France
has been commenced at Margate. The
French shafts have been sunk to a depth
of 400 metres. When these reach the
depth of 100 metres below the sea, a
gallery one kilometre long will be made
in the chalk, and if this is successful
and nothing indicates the impracticability
of the project, the tunnel will be
definitely commenced.

The whirligig of fashion may bring
around the most sudden and dazzling
changes, and the duties of the toilet may
multiply like leaves in Valambrosa, but
there is nothing that will make a woman
stand before her looking-glass so long as
a sunburnt nose.

It is now estimated that of the five hun-
dred thousand Philadelphians who ex-
pected to make their fortunes this sum-
mer, not less than four hundred and
ninety-nine thousand will be disap-
pointed.

A New York printer, setting up a re-
cent report of a horse race, said "the
fool-sellers were busy," instead of "pool-
sellers," but it did not alter the sense of
the paragraph much.

There is iron enough in the blood of
42 men to make a plowshare weighing
24 pounds.

Had Been at Niagara Falls.

There was a man at the City Hall Mar-
ket yesterday, says M Quail, who had
just arrived from Niagara Falls. He
lives near Racine, but stopped off here to
hunt up some relatives. As he was get-
ting a bite to eat he suddenly remarked
to the woman behind the stand:

"You keep away from Niagara Falls."

"Why?" she naturally inquired.

"I was there three days," continued
the stranger, "and what do you suppose
I saw?"

"Something very grand, I suppose."

"Not by a jug full, my sweet woman
—not by two jugs full. All I saw was
a blamed waterfall, a small town, two
bridges and one or two scrub dog fights.
There wasn't a horse race, no stabbing
or shooting, nobody going to be hung,
and none of the landlords would do as
much as to walk over to Goat Island
with you and point out the spots."

He cut a fried sausage in two, sighed
heavily and finished:

"You stay right to home. You'll see
more black eyes here in one day than
you can there in a month."

NEW ENGLAND HOUSE

Main St. Olympia,
W.T.

E. T. YOUNG - - Proprietor.

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eligibly located, its accommo-
dations for families unsur-
passed.

The House is kept open allnight.
MEALS SERVED AT ALL HOURS
Charges very moderate.

The New England coach will be at the
Wharves on the arrival of STEAMERS
PASSENGERS AND BAGGAGE TO AND FROM
THE HOUSE FREE OF CHARGE.

All stages leave the door.
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Hall & Paulson

Manufacturers of and Dealers in

Furniture, Bedding,
Window Curtains,

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Windows, Doors,
and blinds.

Seattle, W. T.
v1 n1

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SNOHOMISH CITY, W.T.

The best of wines,
liquors and cigars.
always on hand at

THE OLD STAND.
v1 n10.

LOWELL HOTEL!

E. D. SMITH, Proprietor.

THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE ENTIRELY NEW

THE BAR ROOM

is the largest in the County,
Furnished with a BILLIARD TABLE, and the best brands of
Wines, Liquors & Cigars,
to be found in the market

THE TABLE

Will be supplied with the best that can be obtained in this market

v1 n7 CHARGES REASONABLE.

DOLLY VARDEN SALOON

FRONT STREET, NEAR THE PAVILION
SEATTLE, W. T.

At the DOLLY VARDEN,
WINES, LIQUORS, BEER AND CIGARS,

Of the BEST QUALITY, will always be served to our customers.

CUTTER'S OLD BOURBON WHISKEY

AND THE BEST CIGARS IN SEATTLE,
Are the specialties at this house.

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Wire-suspension,

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BED BOTTOMS

Patented July 1, 1873,

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FIRST PREMIUM,

With Diploma

At the California State Fair, 1875. Also

at the San Francisco County Fair, 1875. And

at the 1876 Joaquin County Fair, 1876.

Special Diploma

At the 1876 Joaquin County Fair, 1876.

JOHN PIKE, Agent,
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v1 n4.

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Our Stock Consists of

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We sell the best goods for the least money of any place on
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Give us a Call.

PINKHAM & SAXE.

F. H. M.

We received, a few days since, a communication from the above gentleman, complaining of typographical errors in the STAR, requesting correction of the following errors, which he alleges have appeared among others in our columns, and notifying us that except we can give him some assurance of improvement he prefers to cease contributing to our columns. The corrections specially requested are as follows:

"For instance, instead of—'so to my mind religion and superstition are synonymous terms, and if a constituent element of our nature, so is ignorance; for they are always found together. You make me to say,—'so to my mind, religion and superstition is a constituent element of our nature, so is ignorance, for they are always found together.' Instead of—'The individual at maturity,' you make me to say—'The individual at maternity.' Instead of—'Redemption and improvement,' you made me say,—'Resumption and improvement.' Instead of,—'Prenatal existence,' you make me say,—'Parental existence,' &c., &c."

In answer to the above communication we would say, that we cheerfully afford space for the correction of the above errors. F. H. M. has written so much, that we are not surprised he should find at least that many in all the articles he has written.

F. H. M. well knows the circumstances under which we carry on the STAR; the difficulties we have to contend with &c. We know we take as much pains to keep our paper free from typographical errors as any one on the Sound, and believe it usually compares favorably with other journals.

We find no trouble in getting plenty of controversial articles, well written at that; in fact oftentimes they crowd out matter of more importance from our columns; while to get at facts illustrative of the real growth and progress of the community we are compelled to travel and hunt up that information for ourselves. This necessarily takes us a great deal from our office. In our absence we are compelled to trust to the judgment of others. If F. H. M. and others would send us more local and descriptive matter and fewer controversial articles, our readers would be better pleased, and we could be at our office more of the time, and personally supervise more of the work done. We know personally how unpleasant it is to have the effect of a carefully written article spoiled by a misplaced letter or word; we know, also, how difficult it is to prevent such errors taking place. Especially, how rare it is in a newspaper office to find common workmen, who will work for common wages, that have both the experience and the peculiar talents making them perfect proof-readers. Men who have been years in the business occasionally find or train such men, few offices possess them. We know we have good men in our employ, who try to do as we request them, yet we do not expect to print a faultless paper, but to continue to show gradual improvement typographically as we have in other respects. None regret errors more than ourselves. When present at our office we personally supervise all matter going into the paper, read proof etc., and take as much pains as the means at our command will allow for elimination of error.

F. H. M. is a strong writer of a very radical but peculiar style of thought; having warm admirers, and severe critics. For some time past he has had full use of our columns to ventilate his personal opinions; others have replied, causing the STAR to appear as a journal favoring the most violent personal controversy, rather than one devoted to a constructive work, such as developing the local resources, and organizing and educating the public thought of our people upon literary, scientific, moral and social subjects, by making them better acquainted with the resources found for such progress at home.

We have not, nor do we propose to publish a journal representative of any

one man's opinions, let him be never so able. As representative of a large class, we have given F. H. M. a chance fully to express his opinions, we are still willing to give space sufficient to represent the opinions of the class to which he belongs, provided they don't crowd out more important matter, or matter that will more directly aid us in the work we have to accomplish, as we understand it. Because we expect to carry on our work, by educating the public mind, by facts published, by showing the effect of work already done, and not by a controversy of opinions and a war of words.

We can promise only a gradual improvement in work done in our absence, when present we will try to take every precaution possible against errors. The only way we know of satisfying F. H. M. and our other readers and still give him a reasonable space in our columns, is as follows:

When we are necessarily absent, so we can not be personally responsible for errors committed, no more of F. H. M.'s communications will be inserted in the STAR, but we will reserve them all for insertion when we can see that no errors are left uncorrected that we can correct. By so doing we can prevent most all important errors. And as most of these articles will keep, can furnish them as often as desired, by our readers, consistent with the main objects of our paper.

Utsalady.

While at this place recently, we could not help but observe some of the many natural advantages presented by the place for the location of a business town as well as for its present use as a site for a steam saw mill.

Formerly Utsalady was a great camping ground for Indians, hundreds being congregated there from all the surrounding country, now very few are seen on the spit.

Messrs. Cranney, Chisholm and others built up the mill there, and did a good business for a number of years, until meeting with heavy losses, they became financially embarrassed, so that a short time after the death of Calvin Chisholm by the sinking of the ill fated Pacific, the mill and everything connected therewith was placed under the control of the Court at Port Townsend, and the parties owning the mill and town site were declared bankrupt. It is expected that in a few weeks everything there will be sold under orders of the District Court, and business will again start up in hands of parties, we hope able to use for the public good all the natural advantages presented by this place.

Hence a description of its natural advantages will not be inappropriate at present.

Camano Island is situated between Whidbey Island and the eastern shore line of the Sound. The island is about twenty miles long by some six or eight wide. Utsalady is situated near the north west part of the island. Its distances from the various points around there is not far from, as follows:

Centreville, near the mouth of Stillaguamish river, eight miles. Skagit City and forks of Skagit, fifteen miles.

La Conner and the Swinomish Flats twelve miles.

Deception Pass, some twelve or fourteen miles. Crescent Harbor, on Whidbey Island, six to eight miles.

Oak Harbor, on Whidbey Island, eight miles.

Coupeville on Whidbey Island ten miles.

Utsalady is the natural business and commercial centre of all this vast, varied and fertile country, a section comprising greater and more varied resources than are to be found in the region of country immediately tributary to Seattle. That Utsalady is not a town of one thousand inhabitants is not the fault of its location.

It is close to this place, the large ocean steamers anchor, while the light draft boats bring the grain from the Swinomish. Utsalady is the natural warehouse for grain raised on the Stillaguamish, Swinomish and the Islands in the vicinity.

It is expected the California steamers will go there for grain each time they come to the Sound, until this grain is all

shipped. The *Ducolah* being expected there on her next trip.

We should like to see the mill and property necessarily appurtenant thereto sold separately from the land adapted for a town site, so that the natural commercial advantages presented by this locality could be developed for the benefit of the surrounding country. We do not know what it was that caused the failure of its former proprietors, but this we do know, it was not the lack of natural advantages as a business centre.

Whidbey Island.

We expected to be able this week to furnish an article giving quite full statistics in relation to population, wealth, amount of cultivated land etc., of this, the largest island in the Sound, but have not been able as yet to get the facts in such shape as we would wish; therefore present a few general items instead:

This Island is some fifty miles long. Its southern point, Skagit Head, being some twenty miles north of Seattle. It extends in a north and south direction, lengthwise with the general course of the Sound. Upon its western face the Island is very straight—no bays or good harbors. Its eastern face is broken by numerous bays, forming many excellent harbors, such as Penn's Cove, Crescent Harbor, Oak Harbor, &c. &c. Its width varies from a couple of miles between Penn's Cove on the east side, and Ebey's Landing on the western side opposite Port Townsend, to upwards of fifteen miles in other localities. A great deal of natural prairie is found on this Island, which caused it to be among the first settled of any agricultural land in the Territory. Here we see house and farm improvements made long enough ago to appear really venerable. The only place in the Territory where farm improvements look like an old settled community. One reason of this is, that very little land is being now cleared for cultivation, while most of the natural prairie was taken up a score of years ago, and has been long subject to cultivation. Then here we see old orchards loaded down with apples, pears, or plums, second in quality to none found elsewhere; we do not wonder the islanders love their beautiful island.

This Island, with Camano's constitutes Island County. The mill at Utsalady forms quite a market for these islanders. The stoppage of the mill makes times unusually dull on the island, but this can last but a short time.

Much of the prairie, as well as a majority of the settlers are north of the mouth of Penn's Cove. This portion of the island is now increasing in population. We have been over much of Ebey's Prairie. The scenery there is beautiful and home like. There is less rain on the island than upon the main land to the eastward, the soil and climate is quite well adapted to the raising of wheat. Much of which is raised yearly.

There are three good stores on the island. Maj. Haller's is the oldest and largest, and does a large business off the island with loggers and others.

The island having so large a shore line makes most of its timber accessible to salt water, consequently for a score of years past, more or less logging has been carried on, there now being quite a number of logging camps running. How many we do not know exactly, will ascertain as soon as possible. Several parties are at work reclaiming marsh land, while others are opening up some very fine, large farms, such as Col. Larribees, near Millers Point, and Capt. Barrington of Oak Harbor, &c. We hope before long to present some statistics relative to some of these fine farms.

Annual Fair.

The sixth annual fair of the Washington Industrial Association will be held in Olympia during the first week in October, from the 2d to the 7th inclusive. An address will be delivered on the 4th by Rev. D. N. Utter, one on the 5th by Gov. Ferry, one on the 6th by Hon. Elwood Evans, and on the 7th by Judge R. S. Greene. There will be dancing every night, and a grand ball on Friday night. A number of horse races and a rifle shooting match during the week. The exhibition this year will be on the Association's own grounds in the rear of

the town. Liberal premiums are offered for articles exhibited. Single season tickets will cost \$1.50; single admissions, 25 cents; children under ten years of age will be admitted free. Articles to be exhibited will be carried on the Sound steamers free of charge, and passengers on the same steamers and over the Northern Pacific Railroad at half fare. L. G. Abbott is Secretary, and W. O. Bush President of the association.

Port Townsend wears the Bell.

In our wish to acquire a knowledge of the Chenook Jargon, so we could make ourselves understood when needing the services of Siwas-hes, we unconsciously contracted the habit of using in ordinary conversation a great many words of the jargon. Although feeling quite diffident as to our knowledge of the language when compelled to negotiate with the natives, we felt we did *know a thing or two* in Chenook, when we found ourselves called the Chenook lawyer and editor of the Sound.

Soon, we found we were in danger of losing our freshly acquired laurels: when we received from Port Townsend a beautifully gotten up letter of invitation, printed on rose tinted paper in *delate* Chenook requesting our attendance at a clam bake, &c., there.

Feeling ourselves inadequate to the effort, (being unable to go in person,) we called in the services of one of our most skilled chenook friends, who eloquently told the story of our misfortunes, that we hoped to conquer our enemy by pity, and still retain the position previously conceded to us. But alas! a few days since we incautiously ventured across the *chuck* to Port Townsend, where we met a number of self styled friends, but pitiless rivals; comprising among the number several of the leading professional men of the place.

When dining with a party of them we so far forgot ourselves, as well as the *classic language peculiar to the place*, that in passing a glass of water, we called it by a name different from the standard Chenook. We were quickly reminded of our error by a leading professional gentleman of the place sitting beside us assuming a voice and manner as stern and grim as a Roman Censor, and sternly saying, *Wake! Wake! Yaka delate chuck*.

This reproof, so fiercely administered, under such circumstances convinced us that nothing was left but for us to gracefully yield the palm of pre-eminence in the classic chenook to the professional gentlemen of Port Townsend.

We shall try to forget what little we know upon the subject, and respectfully refer all desiring a knowledge of the language to these gentlemen for that complete knowledge of the sweet sounding Chenook we never hope to obtain.

"Marriage Contract" Again.

MR. EDITOR:—Some nameless person, in the last STAR, takes a very false view of what marriage relations would be under "simple contract." According to his position mankind are unfit to be trusted with freedom in anything; for they would be sure to go to the bad. Or, would he be understood to mean, that they can be trusted with freedom in everything *except* in the conjugal relation, which concerns the parties to it more than anybody else? Does he mean to say that mankind are naturally promiscuous, and that nature is at fault?

Whatever is natural to man is right; and he should be allowed to act out his nature, so far at least as he does not interfere with the natural rights of others. The true conjugal relation is between those who have the highest preference for each other; and in all such unions the parties are satisfied with each other, and if they are held together from any other motive the union is an impure one, and the sooner it is dissolved the better; and all parties should have the freedom to dissolve such relations as often as they may occur; for prostitution in marriage is worse than prostitution out of marriage; and every case of marriage not continued from mutual love and desire is prostitution.

Now then, under the "simple contract" each party could be protected from the continuance of what might

turn out to be an unholy alliance; and no law is necessary for the continuance of a union founded in mutual love and satisfaction; and in no case is any other law fit to govern in the conjugal relation.

To say the least, promiscuity is not the highest type of conjugality; but if there are some men and women not developed above that type—wherein is the "simple contract" objectionable for them? Why should such even, be forced to live together in misery, any more than those who are developed to a higher type? The law of force in either case is wrong; for it is nothing more or less than enforced lust and prostitution.

I claim most emphatically that freedom in all things is safe; mankind can safely be trusted with it, and left to regulate themselves under it. If not, let us return to the one man power and done with it.

The great misfortune is that freedom has never been the rule; and the false notion that man cannot be trusted with it, has always prevailed in accordance with the teachings of priesthools, and despots.

Under the "simple contract" rule, the parties would be on equality, which is just and right; therefore let us have a statute to that effect, which shall entirely supersede all the common law in reference to marriage, and place the parties on a perfect equality and free to make their own terms to suit themselves, under general law.

Nameless is afraid, under the "simple contract," that but few children would ever know who their father was; he may to-day have a belief of who his father was, but he does not know.

Children resulting from the true love and affection of their parents, are not very likely to be disowned by them, unless from fear of a ruthless and unreasonable law, or public opinion, or both.

The law of force in the marriage relation is what makes and perpetuates domestic hells; and children bred in such places generally turn out to be criminals. Under the law of freedom such hells would become abolished, and happy families only be perpetuated and propagated, and harmony and righteousness take the place of discord and crime; and children would be blessed with the heritage of the true lives of their parents, instead of their false lives under the law of force instead of love.

F. H. M.

The following items are from the *Tribune*:

THE NEW TUG.—The tug *Tacoma* passed up the Sound yesterday about noon, on her way from San Francisco to Tacoma. She made the run from San Francisco to Port Townsend in 3 days and 23 hours, and to Tacoma in 4 days and 4 hours. Capt. Carroll, formerly of the *Pelican* and other steamships, brought her up.

A SHIP LOAD OF WHEAT.—Robert Kennedy, a wholesale farmer of Walla Walla, put in about 400 acres of wheat on what is known as Bakers Bluff, land hitherto considered perfectly worthless, unless for county roads, and realized from the same land thirty-two bushels of wheat to the acre. Even at 35 cents a bushel, he will realize a handsome sum as the result of his labors.

HARVESTING.—The Swinomish farmers are cutting their grain with all the force at their command. The two big threshing machines, one steam and the other horse, are at work near La Conner, moving from farm to farm, and threshing daily in the neighborhood of 2,500 bushels. Barley is being cut first.

The following items are from the *Intelligencer*:

We learn that the Port Discovery mill is now shut down for repairs, and that there are three vessels now laying at the mill waiting for lumber. The mill at Port Blakely will also shut down night work on Monday.

FROM THE PUYALLUP.—We learn from Mr. Hughes, who has just returned from Puyallup, that it is very lively in that valley just at present. There are fifteen hundred hop pickers employed in gathering the hop harvest. They are mostly Indians with a little sprinkling of the pigtail fraternity. The harvest will be abundant, much larger than ever before. The picking commenced last Monday at the Ryan & Avery's place.

NOTICE.

The Republicans of Snohomish City...

SATURDAY SEPTEMBER 23RD.

at 2 o'clock P. M., for the purpose of nominating candidates...

LOCAL ITEMS.

About one dozen dead or nearly dead...

We notice a couple of very neat houses now being built in town...

During the past week we have visited the Stillaguamish, Ursula...

Mr. Allen brought down from Falls City one day this week a raft containing about 20 M. feet of very superior cedar lumber...

EARTHQUAKE.—A slight shock of earthquake was felt here on last Tuesday evening at about half past nine o'clock.

Messrs. Waddell & Miles appear to be doing a very extensive and profitable business if their extensive stock...

The Nellie is building up a good trade on this route. On Monday she brought a fair load of freight...

COUNTY FAIR.—The Territorial Fair takes place the first week in October. We hope to see a full attendance...

A short time since we had a very pleasant chat at the "Arcade," Messrs. Boyd, Poncin & Young's store in Seattle...

We call attention to the advertisement of W. A. Jennings in another column. Mr. J. is long and favorably known on the Sound for business qualities...

For a number of years he was in charge of the Port Madison mill Co's affairs at that place; giving general satisfaction to all. His stock is among the largest and best found in the Territory...

When last at Olympia, were at the establishment of Benj. Vincent, so justly celebrated for the excellent quality of boots and shoes made by him there.

heavy and best raised on the flats. The Yakima took some 15 tons of barley and six tons of potatoes from there to Gamble last Tuesday.

It is also the most or the family favorite Wood sewing machine. One of the best machines in the market...

ROLL OF HONOR.—Of scholars attending Snohomish Public Schools, enrolled for punctuality, correct deportment and diligence in study for the month ending Sept. 8, 1876.

Calvin Haskell, James Clanton, Charles Elwell, Sherman Bennett, Leslie Packard, Hinman Witter, Howard Masterson, Harry Masterson.

Our office was solicited by the appointment of a day or so since of L. Samuel the enterprising editor of the West Shore, a monthly pictorial journal published at Portland Oregon.

This paper is a pioneer in the field it represents, is doing more than any other journal on the Northwest coast to make known the local features and resources of this Territory and Oregon.

During the time the Fanny Lake is being remodeled Capt. Hill has caused the Otter to take her place on the route between this place and Seattle. She arrived here on her first trip under this arrangement last Tuesday...

Mr. W. M. Tirtlot, whose professional card appears on our first page, came to this place a few days ago and has finally located here with the intention of practicing his profession and assisting in building up and developing our community.

SWINOMISH CROPS.—The yield of grain on the Swinomish is larger than last year from increased acreage sown rather than increased yield per acre.

Not all the oats on the flats are cut; the barley is cut and about 150 tons carried away from the flats, about 100 tons on the Yakima to Port Gamble...

Jeff. Negley's barley was among the

heaviest and best raised on the flats. The Yakima took some 15 tons of barley and six tons of potatoes from there to Gamble last Tuesday.

ANOTHER OPPORTUNITY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE AFFLICTED.

The Surgeons of the National Surgical Institute, located in Indianapolis, Pacific Division, Alhambra Building, Bush Street San Francisco, have yielded to the many urgent appeals from their patrons and friends in Oregon and Washington Territory and adjoining regions to revisit Portland.

They will have with them a great amount of surgical apparatus, appliances, etc., and competent assistants and workmen to change, fit, and make such apparatus as may be required.

Now is the time to subscribe for THE WEST SHORE just entering its second year. It is ENLARGED AND IMPROVED.

Beautifully illustrated by the leading artists on the Coast. Some of the ablest writers in the Pacific Northwest contribute to its columns. As a Family Journal, it stands at the head of Pacific Coast publications.

AGRICULTURAL MEETING. A meeting of the Snohomish County Agricultural Society, is requested to be held at the School house, at Snohomish City, W. T., September 30th, 1876.

NOTICE.

UNITED STATES DISTRICT LAND OFFICE, OLYMPIA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY. SEPTEMBER 2, 1876. Complaint having been entered at this office by J. H. Drake for abandoning his Homestead Entry No. 1507, dated January 8th, 1872...

SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT. STOCK. Milk Cows, 42 hd. \$25.00 @ 50.00. Work Oxen, 2 yoke. \$150. @ 250. Beef cattle, on foot, 2 B. \$5. @ 100. Horses, 2 hd. \$30. @ 100. Sheep, 2 hd. \$5. @ 100. Hogs, on foot 2 B. \$6. @ 100.

GROCERIES, PROVISIONS &c. Bacon, 2 B. \$1.15 @ 25. Pork do. \$1.00 @ 25. Chickens, 2 doz. \$3. @ 3.50. Eggs, do. \$3. @ 3.50. Flour, 2 bbl. \$8.50 @ 7.00. Wheat, 2 bush. \$1. @ 1.25. Butter, 2 lb. \$30. @ 35 cts. Hides, green, 2 B. \$50. @ 50 cts. Potatoes, 2 B. \$50. @ 50 cts. Oats, 2 B. \$2. @ 2.50. Ground Barley, 2 ton. \$42.50. Hay, 2 ton. \$12.00 @ 14.00. Candles, 2 B. \$25. @ 25 cts. Beans, do. \$6. @ 6 cts. Sugars, do. \$10. @ 10 cts. Syrup, 2 keg of 5 gals. \$4.50. Dried Apples, 2 B. \$11. @ 11 cts. Nails, 2 B. \$8. @ 8 cts. Coarse salt 2 B. \$2. @ 2 cts. Tobacco, do. \$75. @ 81.20. Coal Oil, 2 case. \$5.00. Cabbage, 2 B. \$1. @ 1.50. Turnips, do. \$1. @ 1.50. Apples, 2 bush. \$1.25 @ 1.50. Wood, 2 cord, deliv'd. \$2.50. Shingles, 2 M. \$2.00. Ship Knees, 2 in. \$40. @ 50 cts. Logs, 2 M ft. \$5.00. Hewed Timber, 2 lineal foot. \$10. @ 10 cts.

SAN FRANCISCO GRAIN MARKET. From the San Francisco Chronicle. WHEAT, new, 2 ct. \$1.50 @ 1.52 1/2. choice old milling, \$1.57 1/2 @ 1.62 1/2. BARLEY, new, 2 ct. \$1.00 @ 1.05. choice old brewing, \$1.10 @ 1.20. OATS, new crop, 2 ct. \$1.30 @ 1.45. HYE, 2 M at \$1.57 1/2. Buckwheat, 2 B. \$3. @ 4 cts. Hops, Wash. Terr'y, 2 B. \$9. @ 10 1/2 cts. GIACUD BARLEY, 2 ton. \$24.00 @ 25.00. HAY, 2 ton. \$7.50 @ 13.50.

For Sale. 160 acres of good land lying near the mouth of the Skykomish River, with 15 acres cleared and 75 bearing fruit trees, for sale at a bargain.

FOR SALE. The undersigned being desirous of changing occupation, now offers Hazel Dell, better known as Wood's Prairie for sale. Said farm contains 160 acres of good tillable land, 50 acres now under fence and in a good state of cultivation.

WADDELL & MILES, WHOLESALE DEALERS IN STOVES & RANGES, TIN, COPPER, & JAPANED WARE, SUCTION AND FORCE PUMPS, Lead and Iron Pipe, GAS & STEAM PIPE FITTINGS, BRASS GOODS. All work pertaining to the business done at short notice and in a workmanlike manner. Give us a call. SEATTLE, W. T. v1 n8

SHIP SPARS! p as of every description will be furnished by THE undersigned at his place of business, Lowell, SNOHOMISH CO., W. T. In Any Quantity Desired. Address E. D. SMITH, LOWELL, SNOHOMISH CO., W. T.

LOVERS OF SPORT! You will find a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT THE MOST IMPROVED SPOON HOOKS! And Fishing Tackle

Of all kinds, at John Sullivan's, Commercial St., Seattle, W. T. 1231

Puget Sound Stone Yard! Foot of Second Street SEATTLE, W. T.

Every Variety of GEMETERY WORK, HEAD STONES, Monuments, &c., Executed in marble and other stones, with neatness and dispatch. All Orders Promptly Filled. Also all kinds of Masons building material KEPT FOR THE MARKET. All Orders Addressed To M. J. CARKEEK, PROPRIETOR. v1 20.

BLACKSMITH! THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING OPENED A New Blacksmith Shop, AT Snohomish City, Washington Territory, IS READY TO DO ALL KINDS OF LOGGERS AND FARMERS WORK IN HIS LINE. WITH NEATNESS AND Dispatch. SHOP IS BACK OF MARK'S SALOON. Call and see my work. L. HANSEN. v1 n26.

NORTHERN STAR JOB OFFICE, Snohomish City, W. T.



A GOOD ASSORTMENT OF Business and Legal Blanks on HAND. All kinds of job work IN THE BEST STYLE AT REASONABLE PRICES. Ladies' Visiting Cards A SPECIALTY.

Influence of Food Upon the Intellect.

The influence of diet upon the mental health is a subject of far deeper importance than it would usually appear to be considered by people in general. Judging from appearances, we are inclined to say that there is a widely-spread and profound indifference prevailing respecting the matter. There can be but little doubt but that what people eat and drink affects their character. Physiology tells us that the brain and stomach are too intimately connected for there to be any question as to the correctness of the assertion. Indeed, the brain is the slave of the stomach; and the former utters what the latter dictates.

That such is the design of an all-wise Creator is very evident. Referring to the Mosaic record of the fall of man, we read that when the serpent tempted Eve through her palate, he also appealed to the benefits her understanding would derive from eating the forbidden fruit. It was "a tree to be desired to make one wise." How fatally true the story was we know from its result. Ancient classical writers give us very minute accounts of the barbaric magnificence of the banquets of ancient Greece and Rome. The incongruous ingredients of the *plats* are strangely typical of eccentric atrocities perpetrated by the partakers of such dishes. Thousands of nightingales' tongues entered into the composition of an especially favorite dish of the Roman Emperor who caused the streets of his capital to be illuminated by the burning bodies of the christian slaves. Looking at matters from the stand-point which we have erected, the diet of monarchs in the days of despotic power must have been a matter of no slight importance. What hasty decisions, what bewildering political complications may not have been caused by a fit of indigestion on the part of the powers that were? It is a well-established fact that a leg of mutton caused a revolution in the affairs of Europe. Napoleon the Great, just before the battle of Leipzig, insisted upon dining upon boiled mutton, contrary to the advice of his *chef-de-cuisine*, who seems to have properly understood his business and to have been somewhat of a physician as well as cook. The Emperor's brain resented the liberty taken with his colleague—the stomach—the monarch's equilibrium was overturned, the battle lost, and a new page opened in history. "Who drinks beer, thinks beer," says the time-honored proverb, and its truth is well exemplified in the literature of the Tudor period, when beer was the customary drink. It was the ordinary beverage drunk by the virgin Queen herself. The literature of the era is like the strong fluids and solids, which nourished the brains of the writers. It is coarse, pungent and vigorous, full of the sensuality of thought and expression which a gross manner of living tends to foster. Yet, withal, what a glorious literature! There were no *dilettanti* writers in those days, no second serving up of the thoughts of others in an adulterated form. All was fresh and original, perfectly coinciding with the modes of living in those medieval times.

Pursuing this train of thought, we naturally glance at the great writers of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Here we find a notable difference in the style of living; a difference which has had a most remarkable influence upon the literary productions of the age. The French Queen of Charles I., Henrietta Maria, introduced a more refined system of dietary amongst the upper classes. This, taken in connection with the more habitual use of wine—particularly Port—had its influence upon minds of the greater thinkers of the time. The style of writing had become more refined and polished; lacking in the coarseness of Elizabethan era, whilst preserving its vigor and freshness. With the introduction of tea commenced the age of ephemeral literature. *The Tatler* and *The Spectator* were the offsprings of coffee-house chat. They are remembered and quoted now because they are almost the chief records of the every-day life of the period at which they were written. With the mixture of foods comes a mixture of literature most curious to note. Dean Swift was fond of tea, but he was also a lover of stronger fluids and solids, and here we find a key to that strangely

constituted mind which could pen such grossness as his "Directions to servants," and yet produced that inimitable "Journal to Stella," than which a purer and tenderer piece of writing does not exist in the English language. Dr. Johnson was much addicted to the pleasure of the table. He was a huge eater and drinker; he liked port and did it ample justice, but tea was his favorite beverage. His literary productions form a curious and remarkable corroboration of the fact that food has a material influence upon character. He labored incessantly at literary work; yet of all his productions not one is left to sustain his reputation, save his dictionary. Such a book must be, necessarily, and to a very considerable extent, a compilation; but he invested the dry details with so much interest that his work soon superseded the then current "dictionary for the explanation of hard words." He gathered from all sources, comparing things new and old, the result being a composition which could only have been attempted—much less successfully accomplished—by a man of such general and generous diet as the great lexicographer notably was.

The foregoing is merely a resume of a few facts selected at random from a multiplicity of others. If, then, we take it for granted that diet has hitherto exerted so great an influence on character, is it not an absolute duty upon the part of social reformers to try and remedy the existing abuses in the modes of preparing food, and especially in the proper combination of viands? It is the middle and lower classes that suffer most from ignorance in these respects. It is a common mistake, made by most people, that only the wealthy can have good cookery. There never was a greater fallacy. Skill in cooking can be displayed in the boiling of a leg of mutton and turnips, as well as the most intricate French concoction. Properly speaking, good cooking consists in turning scientifically to the fullest account every wholesome article of food, and converting into palatable meals that which indifferent or unscientific cooking would render either uneatable or put aside as useless. The middle and artisan classes are the more to be considered in this food reformation and its effects upon character, for for it is principally from them spring the men whose industry, intelligence and active genius have been the mainsprings of advancement in science, art, literature and general civilization. *Mens sana in corpore sano* is the great aim of humanity; and as a properly-natured and well balanced physical frame induces a corresponding habit of mind, surely the attainment of this object is well worth the attention of all intelligently thinking beings.—*London Housekeeper*.

About Her Ear.

The Reese River *Reveille* tells of an Austin man who was reading a story to his wife the other night, and came to a piece of "fine writing," in which the ear of the heroine was compared to some "creamy-white, pink-tinted shell of ocean." "By the way, dear," said the husband, cutting short his reading, "that description of the ear reminds me of your ear; you have an ear like a shell." It was the first compliment she had received from him since the early days of their marriage, and a blush of pride suffused her face as she asked: "What kind of a shell, darling?" "An abalone shell," he replied. She had never before heard of nor seen an abalone shell, but she did not want to display her ignorance; so she made up her mind to hunt it up in the "Condensed Treatise on Conchology" that ornamented the centre-table. Next morning, the first thing she did after her husband left the house was to hunt up the description of the abalone shell. She found it. It was described as a shell about the size of an ordinary wagon-wheel. She nursed her wrath during that day, and when her husband came home that night she met him at the door with the towel-roller—and now his ear is as big as an abalone shell, but it looks like a piece of pounded beef.

Daniel Fender concluded a letter asking Mary to be his, thus: "And should you say 'yes,' dear Mary, I will ever and faithfully be your D. Fender." Daniel thought that was neat, and so did Mary.

The Mystery of Marshal Ney.

A curious story is going the rounds of the western press, says the Charlestown (South Carolina) *News*, to the effect that Marshal Ney was not shot, as history tells us, but that he came to the United States and lived for many years in the South, where he was known as Peter Stewart Ney. The story is not a new one. Sometime about the year 1830 a French gentleman, known as Peter Ney, resided in Darlington or Marlboro district, in this State, and pursued the profession of teaching. Many old citizens are still living who were his pupils. Some curious incidents are related concerning this gentleman, which tend to corroborate the suspicion that he may have been the Marshal Ney of the first Empire. At the time referred to he is said to have been exceedingly reticent as to his personal and private history. In conversation, however, he showed a remarkable familiarity with all the events and battles of the Napoleonic wars, and very frequently commented upon them, admitting freely that he had taken an active part in them. His martial bearing, style of dress, and the sabre scars upon his head showed that he had known military service. He is said to have been generally reserved and quiet in his demeanor, but fond of a social chat with men of his age. At times he relapsed into fits of profound melancholy, which occasionally ended in a fit of intemperate drinking. He seemed disposed to court retirement, but on one occasion, when on a visit to Columbia, he attended a military review on horseback, when his distinguished and soldierly bearing attracted much attention. The story goes that some French travelers, who were in the town at the time, declared very positively that it could be no other than Marshal Ney. This gentleman, moreover, always betrayed a marked interest in every item of news connected with Napoleon in his exile, and one day, sitting in his quiet school-room reading a newspaper which he had just obtained, he suddenly dropped from his chair in a swoon. The paper on being examined was found to contain the news of Bonaparte's death.

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vi 24.

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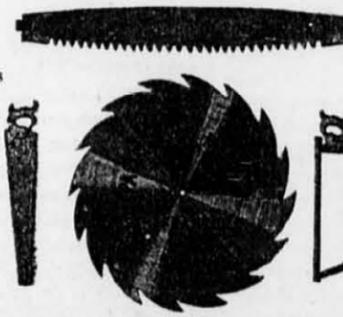
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vi n 22.

Not Fit to be Kissed.

"What ails papa's mouf?" said a sweet little girl, Her bright laugh revealing her teeth white as pearl.
 "I love him, and kiss him, and sit on his knee, But the kisses don't smell good when he kisses me!"
 "But, mamma"—er eyes opened wide as she spoke—
 "Do you like nasty kisses of 'baeco and smoke?"
 They might do for boys, but for ladies and girls I don't think them nice," as she tossed her bright curls.
 "Don't nobody's papa have moufs nice and clean?"
 "With kisses like yours, mamma—that's what I mean?"
 "I want to kiss papa, I love him so well, But kisses don't taste good that have such a smell!"
 "Its nasty to smoke, and eat 'baeco, and spit, And the kisses an't good, and an't sweet not a bit!"
 And her blossom-like face wore a look of disgust As she gave out her verdict, so earnest and just.
 Yes, yes little darling your wisdom has seen, That kisses for daughters and wives should be clean;
 For kisses lose something of nectar and bliss From mouths that are stained and unfit for a kiss.

A Wonderful subterranean Palace.

Recent proceedings in the Hungarian Parliament disclosed a most remarkable discovery, which, were it not so conclusively authenticated, would be almost impossible to believe. The story, as condensed from official reports, is that two peasants, or rather shepherds from the village of Ivan-Egerzeg, near the ancient city of Vezprim, and not far from Lake Balatone, came to Pesh, and to a jeweler offered some broken fragments of what evidently was some very old golden ornament for female wear, probably a bracelet or band for the upper arm. The jeweler questioned the shepherds, and their answers being unsatisfactory, he had them arrested on suspicion of being thieves. On the examination they told a tale which was so astonishing that it was communicated to the Minister of the Interior, and this functionary ordered an investigation by scientific officers. The information of the shepherds was, that in the woods skirting Ivan-Egerzeg, where they had some huts for shelter when out at night, they had been digging at a little hill, wanting the earth for building purposes. Suddenly they came upon what appeared to be a square structure of brick walls, with a stone covering the aperture. Removing this stone they found that these walls enclosed an opening into the earth, and resolved to sound its depth. Lowering a stone tied to a rope, they ascertained that the shaft, about three feet in diameter, or nine square feet, descended perpendicularly to a depth of over a hundred feet. The pebble they had lowered reached what seemed like a stone floor beneath, and from the sound itself, they judged that this opening must lead to some large subterranean cavern or hall.

They agreed to keep the discovery a secret and explore the mystery. A day or two afterward the shepherds were again at work. They prepared a small square board, freighted with stones, and in the centre of it they placed three lighted candles. This they let down through the shaft, and by the light of the candles they saw distinctly that the inner sides of the shaft were smooth, and apparently ended in some large apartment. As the candles continued to burn all the way down, they came to the conclusion that the air could not be vitiated, and that it would be safe to go down. They next prepared a rope ladder of the requisite length, secured lanterns, and then one of them let himself down the shaft. At the bottom he stood in wonderment as he gazed upon a large, square hall, the walls covered with faded paintings, chairs, benches and tables standing around, ornamented with gold and ivory, and large, heavy doors, hung on golden hinges, leading to other rooms. The shepherd climbed the ladder, and told his companion of the discovery. Both of them went down together and, walking about, found themselves in a succession of rooms abounding with elaborately carved furniture of a style they had never seen before. In some of them were low

large stands, evidently once used for beds; there were also closets, bureaus containing armlets, rings, medals, coins, daggers, chains, swords, shields and helmets. There was also breast-plates of leather, covered with iron and studded with ornaments in gold. Some of the armlets they took away, broke them up, and carried them to Pesh for sale, in which transaction they were arrested as above stated. The officers of the Hungarian Ministry of the Interior began their investigation under the ancient law which makes all such discoveries the property of the crown, and their report as communicated to Parliament is still more startling. Their researches clearly establish it as a fact, that this subterranean structure was undoubtedly an old Roman castle, built many centuries before the Huns and Magyars left their Asiatic homes to invade this part of Europe. This section of Hungary was in the province of Pannonia, of the Roman empire, and in the vicinity of Lake Balaton there was a large permanent camp, the agricultural and military settlements of the Romans extended for many miles, and traces of this Roman occupation, which continued down to the sixth century of the Christian era, have repeatedly been found. But how this vast structure, which is said to cover two acres, and two stories high, with massive walls of stone and brick, was covered with earth to the depth of more than sixty feet, over which a forest of heavy timber had grown up—a forest, too, that is mentioned as existing in the oldest preserved chronicles of the kingdom, the officers have so far found it impossible to account for. In one room several skeletons of human beings have been found, but the bones were too much decayed to indicate with certainty the race to which they belong. As a thorough search of this wonderful building is now proposed, further developments may clear up the mystery. The shaft through which the first discovery was made is believed to have been either a chimney or an observatory or look out, as iron hooks have been found fastened to the wall inside, to which means of ascent and descent were probably attached. The Minister of the Interior has asked for a preliminary appropriation of 100,000 florins to make a more careful examination, and also demanded authority to commence work at once, digging out the whole earth now burying the place, and thus bring to the eyes of the nineteenth century evidences of Roman provincial life, hidden from the light of day possibly for fifteen centuries.—Ex

AN ARTLESS GIRL.—Down in Mexico, Mo., a young lady and a young man get out on the steps of a Sunday evening and enter into a contract. For each shooting star he is to receive a kiss. On one of these interesting occasions a half hour passed away and not a solitary star shot across the sky. But after a while the cherry lips of the young lady parted and she called her young man's attention to the flying meteors that were about to escape his observation; then she got to calling his attention to the lightning bugs, and finally got him down to steady work on the light of a lantern a man was carrying about the depot where the trains were switching. Artless girl.

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 How short to me would seem life's page—
 I'd ask an *other year*.
 For as I trace each thrilling note,
 The hours seem like a dream,
 For on this magic chord I float,
 As down some silvery stream.
 How rich and sweet, each perfect strain,
 How grand this harmony,
 Which binds me, as a pleasant chain,
 And I would not be free.
 Then boast, who will, of warbling birds,
 In distant vales and dells,
 But let me hear the thrilling chords,
 Of our *Snohomish "Bells."*

LENSO.
 Snohomish Exchange, Sept. 7, 1876.

Final Answer to F. H. M.

EDITOR NORTHERN STAR.
 I see that your regular sermon critic F. H. M., has again been handling his "grey goose quill." I take up my pen not for the sake of answering him because his favourite arguments, "falsehood," "ignorance," "superstition," &c., are altogether unanswerable save by silent contempt. I see however that he admits what he in the same paragraph denies when he says—"Paine was a drunkard, so was nearly every clergyman of his day." Talk about "smirching characters." This beats anything I have ever seen in that line. Fortunately F. H. M., has overdone the thing. There are but few of the intelligent readers of the STAR who cannot see clear through to the other side of that miserable defense of his Hight Priest and Messiah—the besotted drunkard Tom Paine.

I respectfully draw the attention of your readers to the fact that I did not though F. H. M., asserts that I did, yield "the whole ground" of controversy by stating that "I am not much of a contender for the peculiar dogmas of my own branch of the church." "Peculiar dogmas" in this connection simply mean those, in the belief of which, our church differs from other evangelical denominations. It is a term well understood among intelligent people, and nobody but a literary gladiator more anxious to misinterpret his opponents language than to arrive at its true meaning would have dreamed that I had expressed the most remote intention of "yielding the whole ground." Some of the ablest champions of evangelical christianity have not been zealous contenders for the peculiar dogmas of their own branches of the christian church and yet they would have been ground to powder rather than yield one single inch of ground to the common enemy of truth, in any form of unbelief and I honor them for both—for their liberality, and for their unflinching devotion to truth.

It seems I was all right in my assertions regarding Voltaire and the widow burning and Thug murders of the Hindoo religion. F. H. M., silently concedes those points, though he was very angry about them a few weeks ago. Now there remains as a solitary offense, the so called slander about the votaries of his poor old friend the "mild and benevolent" Juggernaut. Well it is too bad that universal testimony lies on one side, to crush the "best recollection" of three capital letters. The readers of the STAR can weigh this opposing evidence about the character of Juggernaut.

The statement that I detest free thinkers is not true as my friends all know. Judging from this controversy the hatred and bigotry is all on the side of my critic, I do honorable detest some of the miserable bantlings brought forth under the sacred name of free thought, notably the pernicious free love sentiments lately promulgated through your pages by this same self-dubbed champion of unbelief. F. H. M., expresses "a wonder if Brother Thompson says the mark! has heard that Vicksburg was taken." To this very original conundrum I may be excused for answering, that I heard of such an event about eleven years ago, but I am not in possession of minute particulars, perhaps he will furnish them for the next issue of the STAR. Possibly he will also pardon me if I suggest that in any future controversy upon religious topics he had better make at least a decent attempt to write like a gentleman. It does not become him to steal out wholesale vulgarity when addressing or talking about wiser and better men--

than himself. There are some other students of science in the world besides him, and wisdom will not die when he "shuffles of this mortal coil." It would also be well for him to bear in mind that it is a very foolish thing to put on his sacerdotal robe to read the burial service over, and indicate a willingness to pay all the funeral expenses of the christian church. The first thing that may dawn upon his mental vision will be the fact that he is handling the liveliest corpse that he ever undertook to bury, and it is altogether probable that he will hand over the contract to some other man. Christianity (intermingled with more or less of human selfishness and sin, and in spite of these drawbacks,) has lived a long time in the world, and its Great Founder will be sovereign of a universal empire of peace and purity, and perfect happiness long after F. H. M., has disappeared from the stage of time—long after his name has been forgotten in this little corner of the world, long after his bigoted unbelief and miserable free love principles have gone down to that oblivion where they belong.

With this letter my share of this correspondence will close. Permit me to notice that nothing has appeared in any part of it, or on either side of it which opposes the leading idea of the sermon which was the occasion of it, namely that the christianity taught and exemplified by Jesus Christ is good for this world and good for the world to come, good for all ages of human history and good for all conditions of men, that every patriot should support it, that every philanthropist should be its friend and every philosopher its disciple and, that if all men were honest and faithful disciples and imitators of Jesus, this world would be a perfect paradise. When I read the effusions of such cordial haters of christianity as your regular sermon critic F. H. M. I think of the words of Holy Writ—"out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh"—and crowding upon the heels of this thought comes another idea—out of the lack of wisdom and understanding the mouth sometimes speaketh a great deal more.

I remain &c.
 J. R. THOMPSON.

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