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v1 n5

Horn.

Lines on the Loss of the Pacific.

Written for the Argus.]

November sun has risen thrice at most

Before that day, and yet the wintry wind

Mooned thro' the groves of fir, along the coast,

And meeting their proud heads did make them bend

Down towards the waves, which mounting more

and more,

Angerily hurled themselves upon that rugged shore.

November clouds were covering all the sky

And lowering o'er the vessels in the bay

Where, at her moorings, with the town hard by

That mighty steamship, Pacific, lay,

And the black smoke wreaths as they upward curled.

Meeting the clouds, were with them mixed

and twined.

For on the north the steamer is to sail

Far to the south, for San Francisco bay,

And we can see full many a woman pale

At parting with her loved ones, and they say

"Goody-by," "God bless you," and again will turn

To wish "a pleasant trip and quick and safe return."

Upon the deck there stands a lovely girl,

With such a pure and winning winsome face,

And so divinely molded, but the curl

That shades her forehead, does not hide the trace

Of tears upon her lashes. Does she fear

To journey forth alone back to her mother dear?

And many a stalwart miner in the crowd,

Returning from far Caslar, to whose

His peaceful home he left, and long and loud

Will be my welcome, thinks he, when I'm there;

Brave souls, they know not that the hungry wave

Would ere the morning sun, o'er their cold

comes rave.

And, towering o'er the crowd, the russet beard

And sinewy form of Sullivan I see,

Caslar's Gold Commissioner, and feared

Among the Northern tribes, and reckless he,

But a warm-hearted son of Erin's isle, and fair,

And generous, as brave Irishmen are counted everywhere.

Oh! ye who read forgive me here awhile,

To drop a tear for one I've known so long,

Though other hands his monument will pile,

Oh! let the requiem be my simple song,

And with the friends who loved him most, my breath

Unites to praise his life, and mourn his sudden death.

And now the whistle sounds, and willing hands

Cast off the cords that bind us to the quay,

And the great steamer freed from moorings stands

Out of the harbor and then takes her way

Southward against the winds, and past the light

At Tatoosh isle and on into the dreary night.

And so the evening passes, and the lamps

Are lighted, and the people on the ship

Excitement has made wary, and they tramp

Down from the deck, and on by one they slip

Into their berths, who have them—many more

For want of berths sleep on the cabin's polished floor.

Yes, sleep, why should they not? our captain here

Is braver as brave as he, and wondrous kind,

Surely with him we have no cause to fear

The rolling billow or the roaring wind.

Our steamer must be staunch, were it not so

Inspectors surely would not let her cross the

Meanwhile on deck the six-man at the wheel

In the far distance seem a gleaming light

Flash o'er the water, and he does feel

That to our harbor quarter from the right

Some vessel must be passing, but so far

Ahead of us she is, her light gleam-like a distant star.

He looks again and lo! the beacon light

A moment past was red, has changed to green

And nearer comes, and nearer, all his might

He uses now to change his course, I weep.

And at his bidding twirls the wheel, 'till now

He has the light so green upon his starboard bow.

But see how pale he grows, as veering round

Again the red light flashes in his eyes,

And though the oldest sailor 'twould avow,

Yet bravely bears he on the wheel, and tries

His vessel's course to change, in time to save

Her from the dreadful pass, him from a watery grave.

And would he were alone, but the stranger now

Luffs in the wind, with canvas all black

Just at this moment, square across our bow;

Valiant the white bows, the speed is checked,

The engines o'er reversed, the stranger rath,

Surges against our bows, with sudden shock

and crash.

Then comes a scene of uproar from below!

Up rush the passengers in wild dismay,

From side to side, and back and forth they go

Like sheep, where'er the leader leads his way;

Meanwhile the water through our ruddes prow

Steadily pours, and sinks the steamer low.

"The officers and seamen to the boats!"

Lead calls the captain; at his word they fly

Each to his place, and one by one three floats

Long boat and dingy, and the launch they try

Vainly to lose, and crowded to the brink

With passengers the boats—the boats, alas!

they sink.

And where, ye gods, is now that stranger craft,

The cause of all our woe, our great despite!

Three hundred souls, of other hope bereft,

Wildly their voices raise, and all unite

In calling, pleading, praying o'er the wave,

The stranger to return, and in God's name to save.

Oh pitying Heaven! does he not hear our cry?

Can he not see our signal of distress?

And will he coldly leave us here to die?

Here, on this dreary waste, this howling wilderness?

And can he hope for mercy from his kind?

E'er see his yards he squares, and scuds along

before the wind!

Now our last hope is gone, let us be brava,

And meet death as Christian all should try;

But many a cheek is wet, and many a form

Bows to the deck in hopeless agony,

And many a prayer goes up to God on high.

For pardon and forgiveness, ere we sink and die.

At last the moment comes, and lungy waves

Leap o'er the deck, engulfing all the host

Of shuddering victims: some do find their graves

At once, while others battling hard at most

Prolong a life they cannot save, and take

What place they can upon the floating remnants

of the wreck.

And many a deed of bravery was done,

And glorious self-sacrifice, that's writ

Even in the Judgment Book, and will be known

When that dread day shall come, when there

does sit

The great Jehovah, on the emerald throne,

To judge the trembling world, and all that dwell thereon.

But oh that bitter night, the biting surge

Cuts through the clothing, and the cruel wind

Chills to the marrow. But why should we urge

The harrowing details; 'tis enough we find

That only two survived to tell the dismal tale,

And we can nothing do but our lost friends

bewail.

And now to you, O Orpheus! but a word:

Why did you change your course, and why,

oh why

Did you not turn and save? You must have heard

The captain's call—that wild despairing cry,

And seen the blue-light's glare, nor did you try

Nor seem to care to help, but cruelly passed

them by.

No wonder that the God of storms has frowned

Upon you for the deed, and sternly cast

You against the barren rocks of Barclay Sound,

There to be dashed to pieces by the rising blast.

For they you left to perish in the foam-cup'd sea

Well could have steered you into port, as safe as

safe could be.

And ye who mourn the dead, father or son,

Maiden or mother, sister, brother, wife,

Let us together say "His will be done—

He has but claimed His own, who first did

give them life,

And we should not repine, they have but gone

to sleep;

Thy will, O Lord, not mine, I bow my head

and weep."

The Microscope.

Extract from a lecture read by D. A. C. Folsom before the Snohomish Free Religious Association Sunday Aug. 23, 1874.

Owing to the favorable manner in which the public received a prior lecture from the author of this one, and in compliance with the general wish of this community we submit the following, the second one of this series, to our readers. These lectures were designed mainly for the young, and those who had given but slight attention to this subject. This one was profusely illustrated with Black Board Exercises. When read they were not designed for publication; our readers will make suitable allowance for these things—Ed.]

This subject so naturally follows that of last Sabbath, that I deem the present the most fitting opportunity for its presentation. Like every other science it has developed with wonderful rapidity during the last half century. It has aided materially in solving many doubts and other obscurities in many other sciences. By its aid the Astronomer has pushed his inquiries concerning the geography of many of the planets so as to arrive at conclusions about their structure that are almost absolutely certain. It has enabled the botanist, the chemist, the anatomist and the mineralogist, to elevate their respective sciences to the dignity of absolute fixity. The Geologist is indebted to it for many discoveries. To the Naturalist it is more than an eye or a hand. Even the Physician finds it at the present day as essential as his lancet or his viols. So well is its use understood by the scientific, that none hardly ever attempt to pursue their researches without its aid. It is found on the table of every investigator. You often find it among parlor ornaments. Scholars cannot do without it; for investigation in certain departments of science would end only in theory or conjecture, did not the microscope step in and supply the needed evidence.

To the Greek and Roman philosophers its value was not appreciated if known to them. They made very little use of it at any rate, and for that reason they often theorized falsely and made many errors and mistakes in classification. It was not until it was perfected, so as to magnify objects many thousand diameters; that any of the sciences, astronomy alone excepted, could be regarded as fixed. Previous to the adoption of the microscope to scientific researches, many of the sciences now regarded as absolute and indisputably certain were but little more reliable than many of the myths of the ancients. Their avowed principles were based upon theory and conjecture, and of course liable to be exploded or changed according to the whims and caprices of the schools of philosophy.

Although the microscope is regarded, comparatively speaking, as a modern invention, there is abundant evidence that it was not unknown to the most ancient nations that have left traces of their civilization. Indeed the opinion is now almost universal, among the best informed in matters pertaining to pre-historic nations, that the uses of the microscope must be regarded as a re-discovery or revival of one of the "lost arts." Many of the pictures of strange animals, found upon the ruins of ancient temples, are known to be facsimiles of animals brought out and enlarged by powerful lenses. The Aryans knew the use of the magnetic needle and the Telescope. The latter instrument perfected to such a degree, that thousands of years before Egyptian civilization in the valley of the Nile, they had astronomical calculations and records whose correctness has been proved by four of the most eminent astronomers of modern times. No did the Chinese. In China to-day may be found serpents, immense birds, huge winged dragons and representations of monsters that do not and never did exist in any other form than animalcule and infusoria. A careful comparison of these engravings with microscopic insects, leave no room to doubt that they are really drawn from magnified natural objects; for geology has not revealed any terrestrial fossils remains that bear any resemblance to these engravings carved upon structures so old that history fails to give any account of their builders. I have myself seen in Central and South America, aboriginal ruins ornamented in a similar manner, with resemblances of insect life, that often reminded me of magnified animal life; but I never had the opportunity of proving conclusively, that they really were copied from microscopic enlargements. It seems almost inconsistent with reason, to believe that nations could possibly leave such marvelous evidences of their power, mechanical skill and of their advancement in the higher arts, without a knowledge of many appliances that we now look upon as modern inventions. The evidence that the old Aryans had a knowledge of the microscope is almost beyond controversy, and when we consider the advanced stage a nation must have reached when the wonders of the microscope were revealed to them, we must assign to them a higher position in

the scale of civilization than modern history has yet accorded them.

What are some of the practical uses which the microscope is put to? They are so numerous and varied that in one short lecture they can hardly be enumerated, much more fully described. Microscopes have been practically used for certain scientific purposes that magnify as high as 40,000 diameters. Those used in the arts and for common purposes, generally enlarge the object from 400 to 1,500 times. Even smaller ones answer all purposes for the agriculturist, the wood grower, the cloth manufacturer and the mineralogist. But for anatomical, philosophical, medical, chemical and botanical purposes the only limit to their usefulness as far as magnifying power is concerned, is the perfection of the glasses. Since the adaptation of the Camera Lucida to the compound microscope, the operator, if skillful with the pencil can present accurate drawings of objects magnified thousands of times. By calling in the art of photography, to aid investigation, actual facsimiles, almost incredibly enlarged, have been produced, of objects invisible to the unaided vision and never dreamed of till revealed by this incalculably valuable invention. By means of the telescope, the microscope, the camera lucida and the electric light, astronomers have taken accurate photographs, not only of the moon and many of the other solar planets, but of many of the fixed stars; so that their geographical appearance has become familiar to the eye.

But perhaps the greatest wonder of all is the revelations from the greatest depths of the ocean, made apparent by this wonderful instrument. The debris adhering to deep sea sounding instruments, drawn thousands of fathoms from the surface, has proclaimed that even here, animal life, invisible until revealed by the microscope, is prolific enough to actually build up, and gradually lessen the amount of these great depths, as one generation succeeds another, and species follow each other with surprising rapidity. Without the microscope we should never have known that the coral reef is nothing but the successive dwelling and tomb of countless myriads of animals, literal "tollers of the sea," whose silent workings have actually built continents and are still quietly invading and lessening ocean depths and areas. Water drawn by scientific processes from great depths, in many places, has been found literally swarming with microscopic animalcules, so minute indeed, that a single drop furnishes an ample home for the tiny object, proportionally as extensive as the Arctic Ocean does for the walrus, seal and whale.

First Settlement of the Snohomish.

In our last we promised to give some items in relation to the first settlement of the Snohomish. We were so occupied with other matters that we came near omitting it this week; but finally obtain the following which we submit to our readers.

In the summer of 1859, settlers first permanently located on this river, as well as at the mouth of the river, in the vicinity of Mukilteo. E. F. Cady, Egbert Tucker and Hial Barnes, settling at Snohomish City. Cady locating what was afterward known as the Snelair claim, Barnes locating a claim for E. C. Ferguson, who came down and took possession in April 1860. Snohomish City is now located on these two claims.

Tucker located his claim across the river on the bottom land, now John Harvey's ranch. These men came here from Stella-coom. Almost the same time M. H. Frost settled at Mukilteo, and Dennis Brigham between there and the mouth of the river.

The fall of 1859 brought a number of additional settlers to the Snohomish, as well as quite a number who went up and began the settlement of the Skykomish River Valley. Most of these persons still remain with us.

Alexander Davis, Chas. Short, Chas. Taylor, John Ross, John Richards, Jacob Foss, Geo. Kelsey and others settling on the Snohomish, and Salem Woods, Frank Dolan and James Long on the Skykomish.

Cady was an Engineer by trade. He for some time commanded one of the first, if not the first steam boat regularly running on the Snohomish, a small scow built boat, bearing a very euphonious name, expressed by the cabalistic letters "F. H." printed on her flag. She had no great power, so that when coming up river against a strong current the hands were oftentimes compelled to put out lines, or might be seen pulling her up stream by the dense vine-maple and salmon-berry brush along the bank.

We believe Geo. Greenwood for a time acted as Engineer of this primitive craft.

Mr. Tucker remained in connection with the river only some two years, quite a portion of this time being spent at Stella-coom. After the breaking out of the Rebellion, he raised a company of volunteers at Stella-coom, received a commission as Captain, and was in command of Fort Stella-coom for a long time.

Capt. Tucker has the honor of being the first literary celebrity of the Snohomish, as well as its first poet. Some of our old boys quote the following as a sample of his effusions when on Parnassus.

"We are the boys what's got the rand, To fell the trees and clear the land."

We feel like saying there was a great deal of truth, if not poetry in these lines.

During the time of Capt. Tucker's connection with the river he acted as Snohomish Correspondent of the paper then published at Stella-coom by Mr. Prosch now senior member of the firm publishing the Seattle Tribune.

Our friend H. D. Morgan of this place tells the following amusing story about Capt. Tucker's father, who years ago kept one of the leading log hotels of Des Moines the present capital of the state of Iowa.

Mr. Tucker senior, was an excellent landlord, a dignified, kind hearted gentleman, and very anxious to make his guests comfortable, and profuse in his expressions of care and regard for their welfare. With all these good qualities, he was also anxious to use high sounding language, his early education had been neglected so that he sometimes used words without fully realizing their meaning. A certain Mr. Jones was a great favorite at this hotel. Tucker had been at work making numerous improvements to his hotel; after describing them to Mr. Jones one day, he wound up with saying: "You see Mr. Jones when I get this condition to my Hotel finished, I shall be able to contain more people in a more hostile manner than any other Hotel West of the Mississippi."

What is Wanted.

Since commencing the publication of this Journal we have experienced no lack of willingness from our people to assist us by every means in their power. We have received much valuable assistance in the same, in items of news, letters and original literary articles, both prose and poetry, some of high merit submitted to us for publication. Our thanks are due our friends for assistance rendered us in this respect. We esteem favors of this kind very highly, and desire their continuance, a word may not be out of place as to the kind of communications we desire by us.

First: We never can have too many news items, or accounts of the local interests of each portion of our community sent to us. These articles if not in proper shape for publication, we always can, and are willing to rewrite and condense. The information they contain is what we want. No newspaper is ever in danger of receiving too many of this class of articles. Therefore if any of you see your own neighborhood is not properly represented, or if events have there taken place of local importance by us unnoticed do not fear to write to us, informing us of the facts in the case.

In our first number we stated that as soon as our support would justify, we should try to make our paper a record of the literary and scientific progress of the Sound region, and of the Snohomish in particular. In fulfillment of this promise, we have every week given considerable space to original

literary articles, both prose and poetry; this we have done not because we deemed all of these articles equal in literary merit to selections we might make from our exchanges or copy from the works of standard authors, but rather for the same reasons we would patronize a lyceum, or support our Athenaeum meetings, that is to encourage amateur efforts made towards literary composition. In further pursuance of this design, and as an original article of merit, as well as the product of the pen of a talented young man well known all over the Sound, we copy from the Argus the poem on the "Loss of the Pacific," which appears in this issue.

There is always one very important difference to be observed between writing local news items, and literary articles; in local items, or articles chiefly valuable for facts they contain, the originality and value of the article consists in the facts, and to obtain these facts we are always ready to rewrite and condense as if necessary, to fit this class of articles for publication. In poetry or other purely literary articles, the style of the article is one of the essential elements of its originality. Plenty of first class articles of this nature can always be selected from exchanges or works of standard authors. Nearly every one can furnish us with valuable facts; very few in any community can write a good poem, or first class literary article; many a person, whose local communications we would prize very highly, can write nothing else that would be fit for anything but the waste basket.

Not fully perceiving this difference, as well as that we have room for but one or two original poems, and but a very few original literary prose articles each week. We not long since received enough original poems and prose literary articles to have lasted several months; all written in good enough shape, so that if they had been purely news items, we could easily have rewritten, condensed and used nearly everything contributed, and would have been pleased to have received them. Many of these articles were well written, were of merit, and were published in our columns. Many others we tried to correct, yet found it a very difficult task to correct a poem for instance written by one who expressed an idea very prettily, but knew nothing of the technical rules of versification. This task fell mainly upon the Associate Editor of this Journal; after vainly trying to please all, and being astonished at the difficulties presented he gave vent to his feelings in a few stinging remarks, that offended some, stopped the contribution of much of this class of matter and relieved him of his labors.

We have taken this amount of space to explain this matter fully so that our many friends and contributors will hereafter know what is most wanted. We desire their communications, especially items of local news, or local history, we can't get too much of this class. We also wish to receive original literary articles, yet of this class we do hope our contributors will do all in their power to correct ready for publication before sending them to us; because we do not know how to rewrite a literary article or poem and preserve its originality. The remarks of the Associate were meant in the kindest spirit, not to injure the feeling of any. He may bark, but will not bite.

We see by a paragraph in the last Port Townsend Argus that some of the citizens in conjunction with the revenue and army officers stationed there are about to take steps relative to celebrating the 4th of July at that place. We regret to learn this, as it is desirable that almost every one upon the Sound should be present at the grand demonstration to be made here on that eventful day, and we believe it would prove a far more enjoyable entertainment to the people of Port Townsend to participate with us in the festivities of that occasion, than to attempt a celebration of their own. Besides this, we think such an act on their part would only be a just reciprocation of the consideration extended to them two or three years since by the people of Seattle, when public observance of the Day here was dispensed with, in order not to interfere with a previously announced celebration at Port Townsend, but to in lieu our citizens to attend, which they did in larger numbers than could have been expected.—Intelligencer.

If the people of Seattle wish all the people of the Sound to unite with them in making the celebration at the commercial Metropolis, a celebration for the whole Sound region. Would it not be courtesy on their part, before requiring them to forego their own local celebration on that day, to request them to take part in arranging the exercises. Have the committee of arrangements selected from each county of the Sound, and have arrangements made to perpetuate the centennial history of each locality, as well as of the Sound region as a whole.

Doubtlessly for such a celebration as that, embracing all the interest of the Sound each community would render some assistance. Otherwise, while we think Seattle ought to have nothing undone to make their local celebration of that day one which her people, and their children after them might feel justly proud of, yet we think the people of Port Townsend, Snohomish and each other community are called upon just as strongly to celebrate their local county interests, and development as a county, within their own county, as the people of Seattle are called upon to help celebrate the interests and developments of King county. We write this not to complain of any one, nor because we are unwilling to render any reasonable assistance to Seattle in their celebration of that memorable occasion, but rather to express our sense of the duty resting upon our people to show their appreciation of the importance of preserving a local patriotic pride and public spirited regard for the occasion that will be remembered by our children after us, as well as perpetuate among them vivid recollections of what our local history has been until that time.

THE DEATH CHAMBER.

Lines written on the death of Mrs. E. Morse.

Flushed is the room, the window dark, And friends are circling near To watch life's feeble, dying spark, In one they hold so dear. Her breath is feeble, halting, slow; Her eyes have lost their sight; But o'er her face a heavenly glow Is spread, so pure and bright.

The heart is beating faintly now, And fainter comes her breath. The cold death-damp is on her brow— That harbinger of Death. Breathless, almost, they circle 'round The dear ones dying bed, Amid their tears and grief profound They watch—and she is Dead.

Dead? ah no! She sweetly sleeps! Her sufferings are all o'er. As life is waning, day-light peeps Upon that heavenly shore. Gently, gently close her eyelids: Fold her hands upon her breast; Angel hands her welcome bids, And her spirit is at rest.

Peace, then, to her mouldering ashes. Happiness is now her own. In whose pure and holy meshes Lives her spirit near the Throne. Peace, stay, oh stay the scolding tear, As we lay her 'neath the sod, Though we miss her presence here, She is happy with her God.

OBITUARY.

We were just going to press last week when the news of Mrs. Morse's death reached the office. Of course we could hardly mention her death at that time. Hence the following obituary.

Mrs. Morse, wife of the Editor and Proprietor of this paper, was born, of English parents, in Urichville, Tuscaroras County, Ohio, on the Stillwater, near New Philadelphia, Dec. 1st, 1851, her birth place being about 190 miles from Cleveland. Mrs. Morse was born a short time after the emigration and settlement of her parents at that place, their names being Isaac and Mary Turner, her maiden name being Martha A. Turner. We are thus particular on account of her many relatives and friends, still living in Ohio, Iowa and England. In the fall of 1854, she removed with her parents from Ohio to Iowa, settling near Blakesburg, Wapello County. In February 1861, the family emigrated to Franklin Township, Monroe County, Iowa, their present residence. Mr. Morse met and formed her acquaintance in the fall of 1858 while engaged in teaching in the immediate neighborhood of her residence. In the summer of 1869 and winter of 1870 and 1871, Mrs. Morse was engaged in teaching, meeting with marked success; her knowledge of history, familiarity with poetry and taste for the sciences, rendering her an accomplished instructor as well as agreeable companion. In needle and fancy work she was an adept, spending, later in life, her invalid hours in that occupation and in perusal of the most advanced works of modern literature. She was at one time a pupil of the Burlington High School at Burlington, Iowa, distinguishing herself as an advanced scholar in history and natural sciences.

In April, 1871, she was married to E. Morse, Esq., at Abia, Iowa, he being at that time engaged in the practice of his profession at that place. Their only child, Edward C. Morse was born there April 1st 1872. In the fall of 1872 they removed to Washington Territory, settling in this place, where they have ever since resided. Unfortunately very soon after her arrival here, she was afflicted with a severe and painful sickness from which she never recovered, and from which there could be no hope of escape until relieved by the friendly hand of death; physicians, friends, change of climate even, could only palliate, but never cure. For weary months at a time, she was confined to her bed, seldom getting a respite from pain and rarely going out of doors. Sometimes her agony was excruciating; but her strength of mind enabled her to endure it all patiently, without a murmur or a complaint. Her only trouble of mind being her sorrow lest her continued illness should render her a burden to others. For this reason she often endured suffering rather than let her wants be known or ask for relief.

At her last birth day, her husband presented her with a beautiful dress. She spent all, or nearly all her leisure time when well enough to do so, in making and ornamenting this dress. When her last hour approached she told her husband she had no requests to make, except that she wished to breathe her last in his arms, and to be buried in that dress—a dress she never wore, on which she had spent so much time, thus actually while living working, forming and ornamenting a shroud that was to clothe her loved form in death. Her little boy, to whom she was fondly attached, she assigned to her husband and sister's care, without a word of direction or expression of doubt but that her little orphan would be fondly cared for when its mother rested in the grave with flowers and grass growing above her. As a neighbor, she was obliging, gentle and kind. As a wife and mother she was above suspicion or reproach. As a sister not one of her family had any reason to complain. She was a member of the Athenaeum of this place and among its records may be found many valuable contributions that have excited comment and wonder how one so physically afflicted could maintain such intellectual clearness and perception.

Her funeral was very largely attended, the Shone Bros., kindly opening their parlor for the services. We print below the beautiful and appropriate remarks made by our fellow townsman W. H. Ward before proceed-

ing to the grave. Appropriate music, with prayer and the Episcopal burial services completed the exercises, and all turned to their homes with saddened hearts, feeling that we had met with a loss that was wholly irreparable.

We are assembled beside the narrow home of one dearly beloved by all who knew her. Like a flower blooming at sunrise, sparkling with dew, fragrant with the perfume of the morning of life, ere it reached the meridian of mid day, the ruthless hand of death cut it down. It is dead. It's fragrance, it's beauty is gone. The nook or corner in the garden of life is vacant. A remorseless worm has severed its tenderest root—has drunk its life's blood.

This obedient daughter, this faithful wife, this loving sister, this happy, fond mother, and tender hearted neighbor has finished her earthly course. A coffin encloses her loved form. Her spirit has gone to the beneficent river of life. Her spirit has been set free. We alone are left entangled and burdened, to mourn her early departure. We can but envy her, her peaceful rest, her sweet repose after weary years of suffering—after days and nights of anguish, unable to draw a single breath free from pain. Who could have the heart to call this wearied spirit back to this frail tenement of clay? To a renewed life of anguish? For many days, kind friends, with sympathetic hearts and willing hands, with gentle touch, have out-watched the stars ever, beside her pain racked couch—all in vain—Long ago death marked her for his own. He has finally conquered, as he always will; as he will some day conquer us all. When, or how soon, none can tell. My friends, we have come together to pay the last, the saddest of all tributes, a sacred tribute to the ashes of the dead. Let us do it as we would others should do to us, if we could change places with her that now lies sleeping so sweetly before us.

Strive not to suppress, dry or conceal your tears—let them flow, they are mainly sacred, HOLY. Weep not for her; but for ourselves. She is gone—forever gone. We are left to struggle, to grieve and to suffer. She is gone a little before us; soon we shall join her—join the innumerable hosts of immortals. No more shall we see her. She has given the last wifely embrace—has imprinted the last fond mother's kiss. We shall never hear her sigh of pain or accents of joy; we shall never look in her eye again or hear the rustle of her garments, or her foot-fall on the floor. Her life is hushed forever. That minute, immutable, incomprehensible power that giveth all life, all things that gave her's, has claimed its own, has called her to himself. We could not aver it. We ought not to try—to murmur, or to complain. It is right. It is for the best. It is as it should be.

As we turn from her to go to our homes, let us finally resolve, to so deal with every one of our fellow men, that when death claims them, we can look at them, in their coffin, and truly say within ourselves, I have never knowingly embittered their lives.

A Card.

Since making the Snohomish my residence, I have frequently been under great obligations to citizens of this community, for services rendered to myself and family, as well as for support given and sympathy extended in accidents, or misfortunes to which I have been subject. I take this occasion to return my thanks for assistance rendered and sympathy extended to me and my family, in this my great affliction. Especially would I thank the ladies of this community for their unwearied care and attention in watching and caring for my beloved wife in her last sickness. Every thing was done that medical science, or the sympathy of friends and neighbors could suggest, to alleviate the severe physical suffering, and if possible return my now lost companion to health and happiness; that these efforts were unavailing, I feel is not owing to any thing having been left undone within the power of our people. With gratitude for the sympathetic effort made by friends and neighbors, to make our home seem less desolate, upon the loss of one who there was equally beloved as wife, sister or mother, and again thankful for services rendered the deceased, as well as those to our selves, in this our great affliction, I resign myself to this, the greatest of all human losses, and remain as ever subject to all the changing joys and sorrows of life.

ELDRIDGE MORSE.

Anticipating a favorable action by Congress in making an appropriation for the removal of the great jam in the Skagit River, certain parties have commenced taking out logs, with the view of selling them to saw-mills for making lumber. A very considerable portion of this vast accumulation of drift wood is in a good state of preservation and suitable for excellent lumber, so much so that we have no doubt the Government would be largely reimbursed by the sale of timbers taken from this jam to the saw mills of Puget Sound, in the event of appropriating \$15,000 for the purpose, as estimated by Gen. Michler of the Corps of Engineers. So Congress may as well regard the appropriation as a temporary loan, which will find its way back into the Treasury; and yet, it may be safely said that nothing but the organized and systematic effort of the Government can accomplish the work with any efficiency and profit.—D. B. Mail.

[The Chief says, we will back but not bite. Plenty have heard his smothered growl, but we defy any one to produce a person who ever saw his fangs, or felt his claws. He never hurr any one, but he always gets away with every bone he sees; his seat is keen on a cold track.] ASSOCIATE.

E. C. FERGUSON,

Dealer in

General Merchandise,

Snohomish City, W. T.

HAS ON HAND A LARGE AND WELL ASSORTED STOCK OF GOODS,

CONSISTING IN PART OF

DRY GOODS, GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,

HARDWARE and CUTLERY, BOOTS and SHOES,

CLOTHING, HATS & CAPS, YANKEE NOTIONS, CORDAGE, Crockery & Glassware,

Paints & Oils,

Stationery, Wines, Liquors, &c.

ALSO

A large assortment of SHIP KNEES constantly on hand.

SHIP KNEES of any dimensions furnished to order.

Give Me a Call

810 SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T. January 1, 1876.

UPLAND NURSERY! Fruit Trees and Shrubbery AT REDUCED PRICES! Apple, Pear, Plum, Prune, Peach, Cherry, Quince, Grape, Goose-berry, Currant, Blackberry, Raspberry, Strawberry, Nut-bearing trees, &c., &c. All in Great Variety. SEND FOR CATALOGUE AND PRICE LIST TO JNO. M. SWAN, Olympia, W. T. vt 142m.

HALL & PAULSON Manufacturers of and Dealers in Furniture, Bedding, Window Curtains, Picture Frames, Windows, Doors, and blinds. Seattle, W. T. K. SHONE

RIVER SIDE HOTEL!

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, Shone Brothers HAVING RECENTLY LEASED this convenient and well known Hotel Building, for a Term of Years and refitted it in good style, beg leave to inform the community that they are now prepared to accommodate the public. They propose keeping a strictly

First Class Hotel.

The Table will be supplied with the best the market affords. FIRST QUALITY OF WINES, LIQUORS AND CIGARS ALWAYS ON HAND. Every attention will be shown for the convenience of persons patronising This House.

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 BOUDBON WHISKEY AND THE BEST CIGARS IN SEATTLE. SMITH & JEWETT, Proprietors.

NEW BOOK & STATIONERY STORE.

JOHN L. JAMIESON, NEXT DOOR TO SCHWABACKER BROS, SEATTLE, W. T. SCHOOL & MISCELLANEOUS BOOKS, STATIONERY, CUTLERY—MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS, CIGARS, TOBACCO and SMOKERS MATERIALS. Subscriptions solicited for all San Francisco and Eastern Papers and Periodicals. All orders will receive prompt attention. vt 93

LOCAL ITEMS.

Last week the Fanny Lake took 17 tons of hay to the mouth of the river.

H. G. York, formerly a resident of this place, is now here on business, looking well and in the same jovial, companionable gentleman he used to be.

Capt. Hill of the Fanny Lake, has expressed a determination to spend as much time on the river with his boat, to do local freighting, as he can make profitable.

On her last trip the Yukonia brought lumber for Mrs. M. L. Sinclair, who will soon have erected a commodious dwelling on one of her lots at the east end of town.

A Marriage license was issued to Mr. Jas. Williamson and Miss Eliza Bradley of the Stillaguamish. We are no "dog in the manger," and rejoice to see these things going on even if we are not allowed to participate.

One of our most reliable, as well as beautiful print exchanges, is the illustrated "West Shore," published at Portland Oregon. The terms are only \$1.50, per annum, and it is a splendid family paper second to none on the Pacific coast.

NEW RAIL WAY.—The Blackman Bros. have nearly finished laying the rails and ties of their new track used for hauling logs. They have fir rails with maple caps instead of iron, which, it is thought, will do fully as well and be cheaper. They have changed the location of the track from the rear to the front of T. F. Marks' Saloon. When their track is completed we expect they will show us how logging is done on a "grand scale," and put logs in the water in "Rail Road Time."

Messrs Willard Sly and Gardner Goodrich were in town, from the Stillaguamish one day this week. They came to transact business in the Probate Court, filing there a will of Wm. Butler, late of this county, deceased, and as executor of his estate, presenting the will for Probate. They also called at our office, subscribed for the Northern Star, and assured us that it was exceedingly well received there, and that all of the reading men of the Stillaguamish would subscribe for it.

PRIEST POINT ITEMS.—March 14, Steamer Yukonia towed 22 ship spars, from Lowell, belonging to E. D. Smith, to Port Gamble.

March 14, Yukonia towed a boom of logs for E. D. Smith, containing 400 M. to Port Gamble, also at same time a small boom of maple for Blackman Bros.

There is at the present time lying at Priest Point over two million feet of logs, ready to tow, belonging to various parties engaged in the logging business on the Snohomish and its tributaries.

The gentlemanly land-lord of the Exchange kindly took us all over his hotel, recently, and we must acknowledge that for neatness and comfort it cannot be excelled by any hotel in Washington Territory. He has just finished renovating and refitting every room in the house, from first to third floor. All the halls and stairways are substantially carpeted. Every room has been repainted and the walls and ceilings freshly calcimined. On the second floor every room has a fine ingrain carpet, of neat, modern pattern. All the furniture in these rooms is entirely new, the beds being furnished with the latest, and most improved spring mattresses. Mr. Cathcart, the proprietor, has expended over \$1,500, in making these improvements. These are the kind of citizens we ought to encourage, men who spend their money in improvements of a substantial kind.

We call the attention of our readers to the advertisement of Humphrey & Young in another column of this issue, they have the only complete line of books and stationery kept north of Portland, their subscription list for eastern newspapers and magazines is double that of any house in the Territory.

Our friend T. F. Marks has refitted his Saloon in very neat style. His former patron will be pleased to find him at his old stand. He is one of the few, in this Territory, who has on hand a choice brand of old English Porter.

James Cahlon, of Stillaguamish River, got out a Marriage License last week. Mr. C. is an old resident of this territory, and we are not sorry to chronicle his prosperity. He seems a whole-souled gentleman, and most generously remembered the "printers" on his late visit to town.

Mr. T. Ferguson has the thanks of the society for the presentation of a specimen of silicified wood brought from San Francisco. Mr. Benj. Stretch for a specimen of gold bearing quartz from the lode discovered last fall above the falls of the Snoqualmie.

Mr. Peter Henry for a specimen of timothy measuring over 12 inches in height when cut grown this season on his place. That is pretty good considering it was cut nearly three weeks ago.

Also Eddie Pike and Clarence Sinclair for presenting a very large specimen of the wild cat, *Felis Catus* which they killed near town with a shot gun. The specimen will be duly mounted.

A. C. FOLSON, Superintendent Scientific Department, Snohomish Athenaeum.

Centennial Articles.

ANDREW JACKSON

To class President and General Andrew Jackson among the men of '76 at first seems out of place. But he, though President as late as 1835, had won Revolutionary honors that should not be overlooked though they may have been overshadowed by the triumphs of his later life. Born in South Carolina in March, 1767, he was only nine years old at the signing of the Declaration of Independence, a boy who had just commenced the study of the languages, preparatory to the profession he expected to embrace—the ministry.

Still, early in the eight years' war, 1780, he joined his brothers in the Colonial Army, the elder of whom was killed at the battle of Stone Ferry. At the time of a reverse, caused by a surprise to a small portion of General Sumter's army in North Carolina, Jackson and his remaining brother were taken prisoners. This brother died after the two were exchanged, shortly before the battle of Camden, from the effects of a wound received at the hands of a British officer, who was angry with him for refusing to do some menial service. Andrew narrowly escaped with his life from the reckless wrath of the same officer, receiving on his arm a sabre cut intended for his head. The cause was similar to that in his brother's case.

It was now 1780, and General Sumter's small command was attracting considerable of Lord Cornwallis' attention. Though apparently annihilated on the 18th of August, with a militia force, many of whom were scarcely more than boys such as Jackson, he on the 8th of November defeated Major Wemyss. For this and the affair at Hanging Rock previous, and the repulse of Colonel Tarleton at Blackstocks, immediately after, Congress passed a vote directing their thanks to be presented to General Sumter and the troops under his command for their patriotism, bravery and military conduct.

Partly on account of a wound received by General Sumter at Blackstocks and the winter being at hand, his force disbanded until February, 1781. From April in that year until the enemy were confined within the walls of Charleston, Sumter's force acted in conjunction with General Greene, furnishing him much information, gathering provisions and frequently cutting the communications of the enemy and harassing him in every way possible. Here Jackson, many times in adversity and seldom in success, had four years of military education.

At the close of the war, before which his father had died, he supported himself by the moderate estate he now had inherited, prosecuted the study of law in Salisbury, North Carolina; was admitted to practice in 1785, and removed to Nashville in 1788, where he found the only practitioner in town retained as counsel for the defendants and was engaged to prosecute seventy suits the next day after his arrival. This fortunate opening secured him a good business.

In 1787 he was appointed Solicitor of the district, now the State of Tennessee. From 1796, in continuous order, he held for a short time each of the following positions: Member of the Constitutional Convention of his adopted State, member of the House of Representatives of the State Legislature, and afterwards Senator and Judge of the Supreme Court (an office he soon resigned). In 1813, then Major General of State militia, in a campaign against the Creek Indians he acquired the sobriquet of "Old Hickory" by setting an example of endurance to his troops, who were destitute of supplies, by feeding on hickory-nuts. His victory at New Orleans, in 1815, over the British under General Packenham, places him in a lofty position in another era of American history. After that, Governor of Florida, lately ceded to the United States, and United States Senator from Tennessee, and the seventh President of the United States, re-elected by an overwhelming majority, are positions he filled with ability and firmness. But we have passed in the long fifty years of public life of Andrew Jackson from centennial days, and to times, too, like the present, in which the strong party feeling and political strife have not yet been softened by the mild atmosphere of a century's distance from view. He died at his farm, the Hermitage, near Nashville, June 8, 1845, a believer, from experience, from conviction, he was never a skeptic, and died wishing peace to his enemies and that the liberties of his country might endure forever.

We have received a copy of the Daily Olympian, the new daily at Olympia. It is an exceedingly well printed and edited four column paper. It presents the best appearance of any daily around the sound. Notwithstanding friend Gunn, of the Transcript, gets up an excellent paper, it thus jostles him for his newspaper sin of "patent outsides."

"The Transcript knowing our antipathy to 'patent outsides,' sends us this weeks issue printed on but one side. We appreciate the joke, and if it wouldn't offend the San Francisco branch of the firm, we would say, it is greatly preferred to the usual edition, as it can, after read, be cut up into excellent wrappers, or items paper."

The first term of the District Court of the County of Snohomish will begin its session at this place, on Tuesday, March 21st 1876. There will be not far from a dozen cases on the docket.

MUSICAL REVIEW.—Pumphrey & Young of Seattle, W. T., have the agency for the "Musical Review," the only "Musical Magazine" published on the coast, the price is one dollar and fifty cents, and each subscriber will receive with the first number one dollar's worth of sheet music. Persons should send in their names early.

The following items are from the Intelligence:

NEW HOTEL BUILDING.—During the past week workmen have been busily employed in clearing the lot on the corner of Main and Commercial streets of all but the main building known as the United States Hotel, for the purpose of making room for the new hotel, structure which is to be erected on its site, for Thos. J. Jackson, Esq. of Port Blakely, the owner of the property. As soon as the present main building, which is 22x60 feet in dimensions, is moved to the rear end of the lot, so as to face on Main street, work of construction will be at once commenced on the new hotel, which is to have frontage on Commercial street of 56 feet, and 98 on Main, and be three stories in height. This new structure, together with the old building in the rear, which it will adjoin, will cover the entire lot which is 60x120 feet in size—with the exception of a four-foot alley on the south side of the lot, which is to be left for the purpose of having light on that side of the house in case of any large building being erected on the line of the adjoining lot—and when completed will not only be the largest building in the Territory, but will prove of great accommodation to the public, and at the same time add much to the appearance, if not to the business, of that portion of the city.

BUILDING.—More new buildings are now in process of erection in this city than any other period of its history; and at the rate they are now being put up, it is safe to say that this place, in less than a twelvemonth's time, will assume due proportions which will impress the new comer or visitor with the conviction that the word "city" as applied to Seattle, is no misnomer.

The Talbot Coal Company have already run their new incline 300 feet into a solid body of coal, and are now taking out 100 tons of coal per day, and will, in a couple of weeks increase that amount to 150 tons.

We have read a story of a little boy who, when he wanted a new suit of clothes, begged his mother to ask his father if he might have it. The mother suggested that the boy might ask for himself. "I would," said he, "but I don't feel well enough acquainted with him." Many a father keeps his children so at a distance from him that they never feel confidentially acquainted with him—Ee

MARRIED.

On Sunday, March 12th, by J. N. Low, J. P., Mr. John Kreischel to Miss Mary Moya, of Snohomish County.

NOTICE.

The Pill Chuck Boom is now ready for use. Those desiring to use the same in catching logs this season, can arrange terms for the same by applying to FRANK DOLAN or E. C. FERGUSON. Dated March 13, 1876. vl no. 10. 1m.

Notice to Creditors.

To all whom it may concern: NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT HAVING been appointed administrator of the estate of L. P. Smith, late of Snohomish County, W. T. Deceased, by the Probate Court of said county, and having qualified as required by law; all persons having claims against the deceased are required to present them to me at Snohomish City, W. T., with the necessary vouchers within one year from date hereof, and all persons indebted to said estate are required to make immediate payment of the same to me at said place. Dated, Snohomish City, W. T., March 16, 1876. J. N. LOW, Administrator of said estate. vl no. 10 4 w.

T. F. MARKS

SALOON,

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

The best of wines, liquors and cigars, always on hand at THE OLD STAND. vl n. 10.

GRAND BALL!

The Shone Brothers of THE RIVER SIDE HOTEL. Will give a GRAND BALL, MARCH 24, 1876. MUSIC BY F. Mathews and C. Jackson, assisted by Miss Fanny Low. A general invitation is extended. TICKETS - - - \$3 00 E. SHONE, K. SHONE.

CALLER, FRED CEDERGREEN. FLOOR MANAGERS, CLARK FERGUSON, HENRY JACKSON, JOHN MORGAN.

SEATTLE

CALL ON

THE OLYMPIA TRANSCRIPT.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Price of Subscription: One copy for one year, in advance, \$3; for six months, \$1 50; single copies 10 cents. E. T. GUNN, Editor and Proprietor.

SNOHOMISH CITY MARKET REPORT.

Table with market prices for various goods like Milk Cows, Work Cows, Hides, etc.

FRESH OYSTERS

CAN BE OBTAINED FROM THIS DATE AT THE

FUGET SOUND

CONFECTIONERY SALOON

Front Street, Seattle.

THE STEWS AND FRIES OF THIS establishment have, under the superintendence of MR. PIPES, received a "SOUND" reputation. Customers will find at this place all the delicacies of the season, the finest Java Coffee, the best Tea and Chocolate; also

HAM & EGGS

and other Eatables.

FRESH MADE CANDIES,

And an Assortment of

FINE CAKES

Constantly on hand. Wedding Cakes made to order on the shortest notice. Ball Suppers and Parties supplied.

STOVES

AND TIN WARE.

S. P. ANDREWS & CO. DEALERS IN

Cook, Parlor and Box Stoves

Pumps iron and Lead Pipe.

All job work pertaining to the business done in a workman like-manner.

ORDERS FROM ABROAD

Receive Prompt ATTENTION

Store on Commercial St. SEATTLE, W. T.

SHIP SPARS!

Spars 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. Administrator's Sale.

By virtue of an order issued out of the Probate Court of Snohomish County, W. T., dated Feb. 26th, 1876; I will sell at public auction on SATURDAY, 25th DAY OF MARCH, A. D. 1876, at Snohomish City in said county, the real and personal estate of Peter Gauthier, situated on Gedney Island, township twenty-eight (28) north of range four (4) east and particularly described as the south east quarter of the north west quarter and lots numbered three, four and five of section eight in the township aforesaid containing one hundred and fifty-three acres and fifty hundredths of an acre in the district of lands subject to sale at Olympia. Personal property composed of seven cows, five yearlings, one calf, four pigs, four pieces fire arms, a two barrel pistol, household goods, carpenter tools, one saw and chain. Sale between the hours of ten A. M. and the setting of the sun, of said day. Terms in accordance with the law, conveyance at expense of purchaser. M. H. FROST, Administrator.

The Olympia Transcript.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING. Price of Subscription: One copy for one year, in advance, \$3; for six months, \$1 50; single copies 10 cents. E. T. GUNN, Editor and Proprietor.

PEOPLE'S DRUG STORE! G. Kellogg & Co. WHOLESALE and RETAIL DEALERS IN DRUGS, CHEMICALS, PATENT MEDICINES, DRUGGISTS' SUNDRIES. The Largest and Most Complete Assortment to be Found in the TERRITORY. New Brick Bank Building, Seattle, W. T. vl n3

W. G. JAMIESON, Watchmaker, Jeweller, and Engraver. NEW BRICK BUILDING, SEATTLE, W. T. "LARGEST STOCK IN THE TERRITORY." WATCHES and JEWELRY CAREFULLY REPAIRED AND WARRANTED. vl n3 All orders promptly and carefully attended to.

Mrs. Ada Blackman DEALER IN Millinery & Fancy Goods, COR. CHERRY & SECOND STREETS, SEATTLE, W. T. My stock is the largest in Washington Territory. AGENT FOR Singer sewing MACHINE. SOLD on the Monthly Installment PLAN. LADIES READY MADE UNDER WEAR A SPECIALTY. Call and examine my STOCK. vl n8

LOWELL HOTEL! E. D. SMITH, Proprietor. THE HOUSE AND FURNITURE IS ENTIRELY NEW. THE BAR ROOM is the largest in the County, Being 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. vl n7 CHARGES REASONABLE.

PINKHAM & SAXE, DEALERS IN CLOTHING AND GENTS FURNISHING GOODS, SEATTLE, W. T., Our Stock Consists of Clothing, Boots, Shoes, Hats, caps, & Under Clothing of all kinds. We send the best goods for the least money of any place on the Sound. Give us a Call, PINKHAM & SAXE.

WHEN YOU GO TO

SEATTLE

CALL ON

THE OLYMPIA TRANSCRIPT.

PINKHAM & SAXE.

An Incident of Early Days.
 While Pickett's division was before New Bern, Gen. Pickett received, by way of a letter from a gentleman in Boston, accompanied by a package of money containing \$2,000, in which the writer stated that he had a brother, a Federal officer in the 15th Maine, that his brother was a former comrade of Pickett in the Mexican war, and appealed to him by the friendship of their old days to forward the money to his brother. The appeal touched the generous heart of the brave soldier, and he at once dispatched an orderly with the money to the officer. The orderly, tempted by the annual sight of so many greenbacks, basely deserted to the lines and escaped with the booty. As soon as Pickett heard of the desertion he immediately went to Richmond and, by a mortgage upon his Turkey Island property, succeeded in borrowing \$2,000, which he carried to the prisoner with an explanation of and apology for the delay. The officer, when he learned by what means the General had raised the money, declined to accept one thousand; but with that nice sense of honor which distinguished the true southern gentleman, Gen. Pickett then talked over the brave old days of the past, when together they fought under the same flag, and as the conversation ripened into a friendly confidence, the prisoner frankly told the General that his object was to escape, if possible, and that he intended using some of the money he had paid him in the effort. The General checked him at once by telling him that he could not receive his confidence in such a matter. That the money was his own, and that he had a right to do with it as he pleased, but it would be improper for him to become a party to his plans. He then left. The prisoner did escape. The war ended disastrously to the south, and Gen. Pickett's estate was sold to satisfy the mortgage which he had executed to pay a federal prisoner in his hands the money which had been stolen from him by the connivance of the enemy. Would it not be better for Blaine to hunt up such acts as these than to gloat so fondly over Andersenville.—*Rome (Ga.) Courier.*

PEAS THREE THOUSAND YEARS OLD.
 In the course of late exploration in the ancient ruins of Egypt, General Anderson, a traveler, found enclosed in a sarcophagus, besides a mummy, a few dry peas, which he preserved carefully, and, on his return to Great Britain, planted them in rich soil of the Island of Guernsey. The seed germinated, and soon two little plants appeared from which, at maturity, sufficient peas were gathered to plant quite a large tract of ground the following season. Some of the plants thus raised have attained a height of six feet and have been laden with blossoms of exquisite odor, and of a delicate rose tint. The peculiar feature of the growth is the stem, which is small near the root, but increases greatly in size as it ascends, requiring a support to sustain it upright. The pods instead of being distributed around all portions of the stem as in the ordinary plant, are grouped about the upper extremity. The vegetable, it is said belongs to the ordinary garden variety; but from its presenting the very distinctive differences above noted, it seems worthy of close botanical examination. The peas are of remarkable fine flavor, excelling in delicacy those of the choicest known varieties. *Fz.*

One article that will go to the Centennial from Oregon is worthy of special notice. Mr. John 'Hobson, of Clatsop county, has prepared a bundle of shingles for the Centennial, half of which were 10 inches in width and half 20 inches. These shingles are made from a white spruce tree that stood upon the camp ground where Lewis and Clark, the explorers encamped in 1805, on Clark creek in Clatsop county. From this same tree, Mr. Hobson got out 100,000 shingles for which he got \$3 per thousand, and 58 cords of wood. This was indeed a valuable tree both for its historical associations and for what it brought in market.

A young man in Olathe, Kansas, who is particular about his washing, the other day wrote a note to his washerwoman and one to his girl, and, by a strange fatality, put the wrong address on each envelope and sent them off. The washerwoman was well pleased at an invitation to take a ride the next day, but when the young lady read: "If you muss up my shirt bosoms, and rub the buttons off my collar any more, as you did the last time, I will go somewhere else," she cried all the evening, and declares she will never speak to him again.

LOVE.—The love that survives the tomb is the noblest attribute of the soul. If it has woes, it has likewise its delights; and when the overwhelming burst of grief is lulled into the gentle tear of recollection, then the sudden anguish and convulsive agony over the present ruins of all we most loved are softened away into the pensive meditation of all that it was in the days of its loveliness.

Who would root such a sorrow from the heart? Though it may sometimes throw a passing cloud over the bright hour of gaiety, or spread a deeper sadness over the hours of gloom, yet who would exchange it for the song of pleasure or the burst of revelry? No; there is a voice from the tomb sweeter than song; there is a remembrance of the dead to which we turn, even from the charm of the living.—*W. Irving.*

The proprietor of the house in Lewis street, Quebec, where the remains of Gen. Montgomery were laid out, has offered the ground for sale to the United States Government for the erection of a monument to the memory of Montgomery.

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 Why is it the Best?
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 It has *Perfect Self Adjusting Tension.*
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