

The Northern Star.

Representing the Interests of Western Washington.

VOLUME II.

SNOHOMISH CITY, WASHINGTON TERR., SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1877.

WHOLE NO. 65.

LATEST BY TELEGRAPH.

EASTERN STATES.

WASHINGTON, March 31.—The Cabinet today had a discussion on Southern affairs and the need of immediate action. Secretary Thompson was most uncompromising in expressing his opinion that the federal government had no right to interfere in South Carolina, and that the State should be left absolutely free to settle her own disputes under her own laws to her own way. Secretary Schurz was extremely cordial and liberal in all he said. No vote was taken, but an expression of opinion by different members show that on a division a majority would be in favor of the immediate withdrawal of the troops from the State.

CHICAGO, April 2.—The *Journal's* special says the cabinet this morning assembled at 9:30 and considered first the nature of the reply to Hampton's letter; second, instructions to the Louisiana commission.

At the Cabinet meeting this morning the Secretary of War was directed to prepare an order transferring the troops from the State House in Columbia, S. C., to their camp. When Hampton was informed in advance of official notification that an order would be issued for the removal of the troops from the State House he expressed himself gratified, but said it was no more than he expected from the principles announced in the inaugural address. He was somewhat interested to know whether the order was to take immediate effect, as he wished to be present in Columbia when it was executed. However, as a precautionary measure, he telegraphed to friends his earnest wish that there should be no outward demonstrations such as must disturb the public peace, and he was satisfied his advice would be respected, and on the withdrawal of the troops from the State House, he would direct that a guard of two unarmed men be sent there to guard it from improper intrusion, and he thought such a force would be sufficient for the purpose. He felt satisfied that there would be no disturbance whatever, and people throughout the State would take courage in the effort to repair their shattered industries. He called this afternoon to take leave of the President and thank him for the withdrawal of the troops, repeating the assurances given in his recent letter, that all should share alike in the protection of law, and not doubting his ability to preserve the peace. He does not apprehend that Gov. Chamberlain will take any action with regard to the custody of the State House. Gov. Hampton will leave Washington on his return to Columbia to-night. He has been congratulated by numerous persons on the success of his visit.

WASHINGTON, April 2.—The Secretary of War declines to state when the order will be issued for the withdrawal of the troops from the State House at Columbia, but it is generally believed it will be delayed till Hampton reaches home next Wednesday.

CHARLESTON, April 2.—News of the determination of the cabinet to withdraw the troops causes unbounded joy here. Telegrams from various points in the interior of the State says the news is received with impromptu meetings, salutes of cannon and other demonstrations of popular rejoicing.

CHICAGO, April 2.—Chamberlain dined with the President to-night. There is the best of feeling between them, and though this decision virtually destroys Chamberlain's hopes and gives the government to Hampton, yet the former appreciates the President's position and gives him credit for a sincere interest. The President has repeatedly expressed sorrow that duty compelled him to sacrifice his friend, and takes no pains to conceal his regret that South Carolina must pass from Chamberlain's hands.

NEW YORK, April 2.—The *Express* says the secret of Hall's sudden departure is reported to us as growing out of a call for \$100,000 as his part of the grand fund to be restored to the city Hall, it is said, answered that he had no such sum to pay if it was just to pay it. A report comes to us from Albany that a Senator who put through the Tweed charter to the tune of \$200,000, will refuse to keep his name out of print, and there is also a report that another Senator received \$40,000.

Inquiry at Hall's residence elicited the information that the family had heard nothing whatever from the missing man. They are bewildered by the accounts published of his arrival in Liverpool, and if it really be he, they cannot account for his continued silence.

Wreck and Suffering at Sea.

BOSTON, April 2.—Details of the wreck of the *Roanoke* are most harrowing. The following is the statement of the only survivor: "Left Philadelphia March 17 on brig *Roanoke*, Capt. Wilkie, with a crew of nine men and three passengers, the latter were Mr. and Mrs. Dallet and a Spanish gentleman. On the 18th encountered a heavy gale which carried away sails and everything movable on deck; finally the vessel became unmanageable and broached to, and the masts were cut away, every sea making a clean breast over her. On the 20th saw a schooner and made signals of distress to her, but she continued on her course. Had she laid to all hands would probably have been saved; had a little preserved fruit and some lager beer that day; on the 22d there was a heavy gale, the sea breaking over us clean fore and aft. The vessel had commenced to break up. The captain wished to take to the boats to save life, but was persuaded not to do it. In the afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Dallet were exhausted. They shook hands with the captain and mate, bade them good-bye and expressed a hope that they would all meet in heaven. Mr. Dallet took his wife's waterproof and wrapped it around her head. They embraced each other, and the sea soon swept them overboard. The Spanish gentleman soon followed, said his prayers, wrapped a quilt around his head and leaped overboard in a delirious state. Soon after this a sea carried away the after deck, with the captain, steward, one sailor and a boy. The stern broke away and went next, with the mate and second mate, and a boy was drowned nearly alongside. The second mate was on the poop when last seen. Only two men were then left with myself. Everything was gone down to the lower deck. We were lashed to a stump of the mainmast and suffering terribly from exposure. A brig passed close to us, but did not stop. We had some tallow to eat but suffered terribly from thirst. It blew a gale all night, and on Friday the gale continued. Saturday we had fine weather; we saw a square-rigged vessel to leeward; we got some candles and a tin box of sardines, but no water. On Sunday it was blowing southeast; one man became crazy from thirst and drowned himself. On Monday there was a gale from the southeast with some rain, but the sea was breaking so that we could not get any fresh water. Tuesday the gale still continued from southeast; at daylight saw a schooner which proved to be the *Addie Todd*, and on making signals she lay to, but it blew too hard for her to assist us. When the gale lulled he beat back to the wreck, and after trying five times I succeeded in catching a line and was hauled on board. While the schooner was lying to another man became crazy and leaped overboard and was lost.

NEW YORK, March 31.—The suspension of Geo. D. Montee is reported on the stock exchange.

Pacific Coast.

THE GREAT RACE.

SAN FRANCISCO, March 31.—At San Jose to-day, Goldsmith Maid and Rarus contested for a purse of \$3,000, mile heats, best three in five, to harness. There was a large attendance, weather fine and track in excellent condition. The pools sold ten to one in favor of the mare. Bud Doble drove the Maid and J. Splann Rarus. The latter drew the pole the first heat. They got off well together at the third attempt. At the quarter pole the Maid drew ahead, time 35 $\frac{1}{2}$, and widened the gap to the half, passing it in 1:12 $\frac{1}{2}$. Rarus then pressed the Maid closely and nearly got abreast of her, but on the home stretch the Maid drew slightly ahead, winning by half a length in 2:22 $\frac{1}{2}$.

Second heat—Good start was had after scoring twice. The Maid took the lead to the first quarter in 34 $\frac{1}{2}$, Rarus close behind. The half mile was passed in 1:00. Down the home stretch they came at a tearing pace, Rarus doing wonderfully well, the Maid leading him half a length, passing under the string in 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$ —the fastest time in the State except that of Occident at the State Fair in 1873, which was the same.

Third heat—The Maid took the lead, making the quarter in 34 $\frac{1}{2}$, the half in 1:08 $\frac{1}{2}$ and winning by a neck in 2:18 $\frac{1}{2}$. By the conditions of the race, as the Maid did not beat 2:16 $\frac{1}{2}$ the purse was reduced to \$2,000.

Confession of John D. Lee.

HIS ACCOUNT OF MOUNTAIN MEADOWS MASSACRE.

Our limited space this week prevents us from publishing more than the leading features of this monster's confession, which is contained in full in our California exchanges. This confession of Lee's will probably result in bringing many, if not all, of his accomplices to the same fate which he has suffered, and must end in the utter overthrow of Mormonism within the jurisdiction of the United States. After giving in detail the account of the arrival of the emigrants in Utah, he gives the following description of the plan adopted for their destruction:

The plan agreed upon there was to meet them with a flag of truce, tell them that the Indians were determined on their destruction; that we dare not oppose the Indians, for we were at their mercy; that the best we could do for them (the emigrants) was to get them and what few traps we could take in the wagons, to lay their arms in the bottom of the wagon and cover them up with bed clothes, and start for the settlement as soon as possible, and to trust them selves in our hands. The small children and the wounded were to go with the wagons, the women to follow the wagons and the men next, the troops were to stand in readiness on the east side of the road ready to receive them. Shurtz and Nephi Johnson were to conceal the Indians in the brush and rocks till the company was strung out on the road to a certain point, and at the watchword "Halt! do your duty!" each man was to cover his victim and fire. Johnson and Shurtz were to rally the Indians, and rush upon and destroy the women and larger children.

It was further told the men that President Haight said that if we were united in carrying out the instructions, we would receive a "celestial reward." I said I was willing to put up with a less reward, if I could be excused. "How can you do this without shedding innocent blood?" Here I got another lampooning for my stubbornness and disobedience to the priesthood. I was told that there was not a drop of innocent blood in the whole company of emigrants; also referred to the Gentile nation who refused the children of Israel passage through their country when Moses led them out of Egypt—that the Lord held that crime against them, and when Israel waxed strong the Lord commanded Joshua to slay the whole nation, men, women and children. "Have not these people done worse than that to us? Have they not threatened to murder our leaders and

Prophet, and have they not boasted of murdering our Patriarchs and Prophets, Joseph and Hiram? Now talk about shedding innocent blood." They said I was a good, liberal, free-hearted man, but too much of this sympathy would be always in the way; that every man now had to show his colors; that it was not safe to have a Judas in camp. That it was proposed that every man express himself; that if there was a man who would not keep a close mouth they wanted to know it then. This gave me to understand what to expect if I continued to oppose. Major Higbee said: "Brother Lee is right. Let him take an expression of the people." I knew I dare not refuse, so I had every man speak and express himself. All said they were willing to carry out the counsel of their leaders; that the leaders had the Spirit of God and knew better what was right than they did.

They then wanted to know my feelings. I replied, "I have already expressed them." Every eye was upon me as I paused; but, said I, "You can do as you please, I will not oppose you any longer." "Will you keep a close mouth?" was the question. "I will try" was my answer. I will here say that the fear of offending Brigham Young and George M. Smith had saved my life. I was near being "blood atoned" in Parowan, under J. C. L. Smith, in 1854, but of this I have spoken in my autobiography.

Saturday morning all was ready, and every man assigned to his post of duty. During the night, or rather just before daylight, Johnson and Shurtz ambushed their Indians the better to deceive the emigrants. About 11 A. M. the troops, under Major Higbee, took their position on the road. The white flag was still kept in the corral. Higbee called William Bateman out of the ranks to take a flag of truce to the corral. He was met about half way with another white flag from the emigrant's camp. They had a talk. The emigrant was told we had come to rescue them if they were willing to trust us. Both men with flags returned to their respective places and reported and were to meet again and bring word. Higby called me out to go and inform them the conditions, and, it accepted. Dan McFarland, brother to John McFarland, lawyer, who acted as aid-de-camp, would bring back word, and then two wagons would be sent for the firearms, children clothing, etc. I obeyed; and the terms proposed were accepted, but not without distrust. I had as little to say as possible—in fact, my tongue refused to perform its office. I sat down on the ground in the corral, near where some young men were engaged in paying the last respects to some person who had just died of a wound. A large fleshy old lady came to me twice and talked while I sat there. She related their troubles—said that seven of their number were killed and forty-six wounded on the first attack; that several had died since. She asked me if I was an Indian agent. I said, "In one sense I am, as Government has appointed me Farmer to the Indians." I told her this to satisfy her. I heard afterwards that the same question was asked and answered in the same manner by McFarland, who had been sent by Higbee to the corral, to "hurry me up for fear that the Indians would come back and be upon them."

When all was ready, Samuel McMurdy, Counselor to Bishop P. K. Smith (Klingen-Smith), drove out on the lead. His wagon had the seventeen children, clothing and arms. Samuel Knight drove the other team, with five wounded men and one boy about 15 years old. I walked behind the first wagon to direct the course, and to shun being in the heat of the slaughter—but this I kept to myself. When we got turned fairly to the east I motioned to McMurdy to steer north, across the valley. I at the same time told the women who were next to the wagon, to follow the road up to the troops, which they did. Instead of my saying to McMurdy not to drive so fast—as he swore on trial—I said to the contrary, to drive on, as my aim was to get out of sight before the firing commenced, which we did.

We were about half a mile ahead of the company when we heard the first firing. We had drove over a ridge of rolling ground, and down on a low flat. The firing was simultaneous along the whole line. The moment the firing commenced McMurdy halted and tied his lines across the rod of his wagon box, stepped down coolly with a double barreled shotgun, walked back to Knight's wagon—who had the wounded men, and was about twenty feet in the rear. As he raised his piece he said, "Lord, my God, receive their spirits, for it is for the

Kingdom of Heaven's sake that we do this," fired and killed two men. Samuel Knight had a muzzle loading rifle, and he shot and killed the three men, then struck the wounded boy on the head, who fell dead. In the meantime I drew a five shooter from my belt, which accidentally went off, cutting across McMurdy's buckskin pants in front, below the crotch. McMurdy said, "Brother Lee you are excited; take things cool; you was near killing me. Look where the ball cut," pointing to the place on his pants.

At this moment I heard the scream of a child. I looked up and saw an Indian have a little boy by the hair of his head, dragging him out of the hind end of the wagon, with a knife in his hand, getting ready to cut his throat. I sprang for the Indian, with my revolver in hand, and shouted at the top of my voice, "Arick, ooms, cot too soon!" (stop, you fool). The child was terror stricken. His chin was bleeding. I supposed it was the cut of a knife, but afterwards learned that it was done on the wagon box as the Indian yanked the boy down by the hair of the head. I had no sooner rescued this child, than another Indian seized a little girl by the hair. I rescued her as soon as I could speak; I told the Indians that they must not hurt the children—that I would die before they should be hurt; that we would buy the children of them. Before this time the Indians had rushed around the wagon in quest of blood, and dispatched the two runaway wounded men.

In justice to my statement I would say that if my shooter had not prematurely exploded I would have had a hand in dispatching the five wounded. I had lost control of myself, and scarce knew what I was about. I saw an Indian pursue a little girl who was fleeing. He caught her about a hundred feet from the wagon, and plunged his knife through her. I said to McMurdy that he had better drive the children to Hamblin's ranch and give them some nourishment, while I would go down and get my horse at the camp. Passing along the road I saw the dead strung along the distance of about half a mile. The women and children were killed by the Indians. I saw Shurtz with the Indians, and no other white man with them. When I came to the men they lay about a rod apart. Here I came up with Higbee, Bishop Smith and the rest of the company. As I came up, Higbee said to me, let us search these persons for valuables, and asked me to assist him. Gave me a hat to hold. Several men were already engaged in searching the bodies. I replied that I was unwell, and wanted to get upon my horse and go to the ranch and nurse myself. My request was granted.

I got breakfast that morning, then all hands returned to the scene of the slaughter to bury the dead. The bodies were all in a nude state. The Indians, through the night, had stripped them of every vestige of clothing. Many of the parties were laughing and talking as they carried the bodies to the ravine for burial. They were just covered over a little, but did not long remain so, for the wolves dug them up, and, after eating the flesh from them, the bones laid upon the ground until buried, sometime after, by a Government officer.

At the time of burying the bodies Dame and Haight got into another quarrel. Dame seemed terror stricken, and again said he would have to publish it. They were about two paces from me. Dame spoke low, as if careful to avoid being heard. Haight spoke loud, and said: "You know that you counseled it, and ordered me to have them used up." Dame said: "I did not think that there were so many women and children. I thought they were nearly all killed by the Indians." Haight said: "It is too late in the day for you to back water. You know you ordered and counseled it, and now you want to back out." Dame said: "Have you the papers for that?" or "Show the papers for that." This enraged Haight to the highest pitch, and Dame walked off. Haight said: "You throw the blame of this thing on me and I will be revenged on you, if I have to meet you in hell to get it."

Some two weeks after the deed was done, Isaac C. Haight sent me to report to Governor Young in person. I asked him why he did not send a written report. He replied that I could tell him more satisfactorily than he could write, and if I would stand up and shoulder as much of the responsibility as I could conveniently that it would be a feather in my cap some day, and that I would get a celestial salvation, but the man that

[Continued on page eight.]

The Tendencies of Present Religious Things.

By Rev. Charles F. Dale.

The purpose of this article is to trace the tendencies of present religious thought, to distinguish the issue upon which men are divided as conservatives or liberals, and to indicate the general drift of opinion. One of the characteristics of modern thought, proceeding as it does from a study of facts, is the difficulty of definitions. Sect and party lines seem hopelessly confused. Two conflicting tendencies, however, flow side by side: the progressive or liberal, and the stationary or conservative. The difference between them is not essentially in object or spirit or opinions or methods, but in point of view. The liberal sees things with an eye to his object, and makes means simply auxiliary. The conservative sees means, precedents and authority as primary, the objects as secondary. The two tendencies run through human nature, and mutually checking each other work out progress. In religion more than ever before people are united in their general purpose. It is the bringing mankind into harmony with God. Their apparent differences upon the question of the supernatural are largely misunderstandings of language. Their theological disagreements are surprisingly indistinct. They believe in the same general elements of a religious life, such as love, reverence and obedience to law. Still, everywhere you find our two great tendencies. Several conditions will define the liberal position.

(1.) The supreme purpose is divine character. The liberal does not insist upon any special means or scheme of salvation. Much less does he seek, first, clearance from any supposed penalty and character afterwards.

(2.) The sole standard of judgment is character. Men are judged as bad not by any conventional test of belief or experience, except so far as their beliefs and experiences go to make character; nor by their "acceptance of Christ," only as they become really like Christ; nor by any act or choice except so far as it represents genuine character.

(3.) The spirit or tempter demanded is love.

(4.) The authority upon which the liberal relies is the study of facts, using the word facts in its broadest sense. The whole study of theology thus undergoes radical change. Instead of beginning with hypotheses and proof texts, and proceeding to reconcile facts, it now, like every other science, begins with facts wherever found and requires theories to conform.

(5.) Religious faith must be rational; as though by divine compulsion the mind questions, doubts, and, if need be, waits till it is able finally to rest in the unity of truth.

(6.) Religious belief is real only as it comes to depend on each man's own experience; i. e., because truths commend themselves.

(7.) Truths, convictions, facts, theories, methods ordinances are relatively important according to the bearing which they have upon character.

(8.) The future of religion is free, being necessarily directed and inspired, but never bound by the past. Past facts are good for their lessons, precedents for the principles which they cover, authorities for the eternal truths to which they point.

(9.) Absolute truth lies always before and not behind. In short, a past infallibility and a completed revelation seems in the nature of things unphilosophical, impossible and contrary to the facts.

If this liberal confession of faith is widely inclusive, it is all the better. It would be hard to believe that in all creeds and religions, men would not be found to agree with it. Even the last article when understood and clearly faced would probably command extensive assent.

The applications of these principles may readily be illustrated. The liberal believes in the Bible for that which the book really is and does, and for the means which it may afford for a religious life. The liberal believes in or doubts miracles according to the weight of evidence which they present. The religious life is equally "bear to him, irrespective of his doubts or convictions upon a subject

relatively so important as the miraculous. He regards Jesus Christ, too, for that which the facts seem to make him, and his ideal of that which each man ought to be, holds the same whatever his theory of the nature of Jesus. Sin, again, is the same, as bad, as curable and as perilous, whatever be the speculation upon its origin; and guilt and responsibility are facts, whatever definitions, Arminian or Necessitarian, are given them. In religious organization, governments and methods likewise, the liberal uses, modifies or discards, according to present exigencies.

A word now of the law of religious development. It is, as in every other department of nature, a sort of survival of the fittest. Whatever is good is its own best evidence, and holds its place because better than anything else. Conformity to facts, reasonableness and actual experience, are the stern and axiomatic tests of truth.

It may be interesting now to indicate what appears to be the general drift of religious movement. In the first place, the extreme conservative party is losing strength. It is impossible for people to-day not to read, to question and to learn charity. There is an irresistible atmosphere around them of unrest, of doubt and of thoughtfulness.

Next, the extreme radical wing represented by materialism, agnosticism and atheism, necessarily becomes weak as fast as its real meaning is clearly apprehended. Whenever a philosophy denies man's religious nature, doubts the eternal character of truth and goodness, and destroys the hope of immortality, the very purpose and motive of philosophy themselves are lost. If this is what Mr. Cook means by skepticism, it is probably true when he says that there is no secularly skepticism to-day.

My next point is that the so-called religious dogmas, having for some time lost their distinctness, are declining in influence and consideration. The common ignorance and thoughtlessness about them is a silent proof of their unreality. The zeal with which they are still occasionally set forth is rather a sign of alarm than of conviction among their defenders, while many of the most intelligent thinkers already deem them unworthy of serious attack.

Meanwhile in all denominations theological unsoundness is frequent, and few ministers care to discuss the dogmatic forms of their creeds; they prefer to accept their articles for "substance of doctrine," and to let them alone in their preaching. Thus to take the single case of the doctrine of regeneration; all are agreed that man needs spiritual life, and that God is its source. But he is a bold man who will dare squarely to say that his children are born into the world, by nature, lost souls and enemies to God; that before the change called conversion, whatever the character, they are doomed to remediless hell, but the infant after they are sure of paradise. The overwhelming fact, by Jesus' favorite test of the fruits of men's lives, is that no sharp lines of difference divide men into two distinct classes of saints and sinners; but the bad and the good, as in every other department of nature, grade into each other with almost insensible variations. It is hard to find a man who is wholly a sinner, or, again, who is entirely a saint; and the divine seeds of goodness just as really lie in the heart of each child awaiting development, as the germ of evil tendencies to be repressed. The corner stone of "evangelicalism," as a theological system, consists in the denial of these seemingly plain facts; and here perhaps, more than anywhere else, orthodoxy is unconsciously losing its hold over men who find themselves unable clearly to face premises terrible, unreasonable, contradictory to experience and observation, and, to say the least, doubtfully scriptural.

More positively now men are coming to distinguish and to rely upon certain great religious essentials:

(1.) The belief in God, on the grounds not only of power, thought, beauty, righteousness and love, illustrated both in nature and in human history, and testified by the words and lives of holy men, but still more for what we may see, know, feel and be, ourselves.

(2.) The idea of revelation, or the fact that moral and spiritual truth has

come into the world—no matter how nor through whom; for not even Jesus Christ seems to have introduced new and unknown principles.

(3.) The fact of inspiration, or the presence of God with each soul, according to the eternal condition of *purity in heart*.

(4.) The fact of divine sonship; Jesus is thus called the Christ because he stands in men's minds as the ideal of that sonship which he taught was possible for all; whoever loves and seeks goodness really "accepts Christ."

(5.) The hope of immortality; they have always held it with most certainty who, like Jesus, have possessed in themselves immortal qualities of character.

(6.) The belief in retribution, or the solemn and inevitable connection of wrong-doing and suffering.

(7.) The possibility of the cure of sin. The fact of a love divine in forgiveness is a thought broadening and deepening through all human history.

We sum up what has been said in the single proposition that the tendency of modern religious thought and life, often where little suspected, is towards pure theism, or what is called natural religion. In other words, the living, active religious thoughts of the times are those great essential and rational ideas, for the plain teaching of which Jesus can never cease to be regarded as wonderful; which are common to all religions, and which, if a broad enough meaning is given to nature, including humanity, may be called the truths of natural religion. I do not say here how far this movement will go, but merely what it undoubtedly is. I do not for a moment define theism or natural religion, as by a common fallacy has often been done, as opposed to Christianity, or as leaving out Christianity. Natural religion is all the religion there is in the world. Christianity, with its teachings, its ideals, and its associations, is a fact of the past, from which the present and the future can be neither able nor willing ever to escape. A pure and developed Christianity may well be the highest possible type of theism. I do not mean, again, that natural religion is not of divine revelation. By its very essence, whatever is of religion is of God. But I say that the tendency of the times is towards theism, or natural religion, as opposed to dogmatic or "revealed religion," in that narrower sense of *revelation* by which doctrines are supposed to be specially communicated, which on grounds of fact and reason would not otherwise command assent. It is significant that it is upon such doctrines that Christian people disagree, and that they are not believed for themselves, but because they are supposed to be involved with religion itself. We have already shown that they are either taking on a new and larger meaning, or else sinking out of actual belief into neglect. They were not the real things which Jesus thought and they are not the fountains from which men draw their spiritual life. Mr. Cook's lectures are an admirable illustration of our point. Whenever he is strong and clear, it is upon the foundations of natural religion. You will often suspect that he is not happy upon other ground, and he seems to enjoy the company of his favorite German authorities better than more orthodox society.

Mr. Moody, from quite a different point of view, gives you the same impression. His real power lies in this, that he demands moral reform; that he gives an unmistakable sense of God's love through the power of his own; that he insists on the same spirit in his hearers, and that he believes in religion as joyous and good. All these elements make him essentially a preacher of natural, and I may add, of liberal religion. In short, when the Boston lectureship, supposed to represent the most fearless as well as the soundest evangelical thought of the day, defines "saving faith" so as to save Theodore Parker, and when Mr. Moody tells us that a Christian is known by the love which he has for his brother, you return to the grand and simple test of character by which men have been rated good or bad under every form of religion. And this is what Mr. Cook and Mr. Moody, whatever else inconsistent and illogical they say, are really helping people to see.

A few words now as to the character of the present conflict of thought. The method of discussion is coming to be no longer force or words, but deeds and lives. Can your simpler religion produce holy lives. Can your supposed perilous position prove itself safe, not by arguments, affirmations or denials, but as commending itself through the power of its love, joy, peace and other virtues? You believe, on the other hand, certain doctrines or opinions important. Men are not to be persuaded with proof texts, but rather as your doctrines give you a character, which without them they fail to secure. You see God's check against error. Whatever false views of truth, lack of conformity to nature, or want of harmony with God, somewhere and sooner or later, is shown in men's lives. If righteousness and love in any respect really depend on a single idea from which men to-day may be drifting away, be sure, though this present reaction may go on for a century, yet the tidal wave of human progress shall return again towards any lost or forgotten truth which men's souls need.

Two or three points in conclusion. The people of this generation care little for past issues. The Baptist separation, the divisions of Old School and New, the Unitarian controversy, the Universalist protests, these questions subside when ministers of religion anxiously ask demonstration of their faith in God, and when the reality and the helpfulness of religion itself are involved. Meanwhile to many the vision seems to grow clear that religion is more simple, more comprehensive and more natural than the artificial systems through which it has been only shadowed.

We care little, also, for denominational lines. Except as they indicate methods and church government, they seem no longer to indicate true distinctions. Neither are people going to travel from one sect-line to another for truth and freedom to-day. They can commonly work out freedom and truth where they are. Many of us use these names already only under protest. We object to profess peculiarity in opinions upon which thousands of other names are really as one with us. We do not love even to seem to stand as secretaries when the Broad Churchmen are everywhere.

Finally, what people want to see proved to-day is not negatives. It does not help them very much to batter Mr. Moody's theology. But they are interested to know how the grand elements of true character—integrity, earnestness, humility, love—can be won and developed. They would like to be shown that they do not depend upon dogmas and theologies. If then we possess the spirit of candor, discussing for truth not for victory; if we are ready to learn new truth or to recover old truth neglected; if we love and serve people; if our conceptions of truth inspire genuine enthusiasm; if we are generous and appreciative of goodness wherever found; above all, if our lives have in them the power of helpfulness, and are themselves both proof and revelation of God—we shall thus be the best possible demonstration of the delight, the safety and the truth of a liberal faith.

CLEANLINESS NOT NEXT TO GODLINESS.—No devout Spanish woman dares to bathe without the permission of her father confessor, hence her neck is too frequently ornamented with dirty stripes. The aversion to cleanliness came forward in the time of the anchorites, and, indeed, whole sects of that epoch condemned ablutions as heathenish, and were lauded because they wore their clothes so long that they rotted to pieces and fell off them, or because their skin became as "pumice stone," from the crust of dirt on it. The superstition that cleansing the body soils the soul still exists among the women of those Christian nations which have long carried on conflicts with the Mohammedans, on whom the Koran enjoins frequent ablutions. A female Bulgarian is permitted to wash only once in her life—on the day of her wedding; and in most South Slavonian families the girls are rarely allowed to bathe, the women never. It is not surprising to learn that with them the pig is the pet of the household.

Oregon contains 95,274 square miles, with a population of 120,000.

RELIGIOUS INSANITY.—The *Tribune* of the 1st inst. said: A few weeks ago, a young man who had been attending the revival services at Chicago, shot himself at his boarding house while singing "Sweet bye-and-bye." A commercial traveler who had listened to Mr. Moody's sermons in the same city, left his room in an Evansville, Ind., hotel one evening last week, walked down stairs, without so much as a collar to protect him from the cold, and informed the clerk that he was going out doors to do penance for his sins. Religious excitement had crazed his brain. On Saturday night, a young man who had lost his reason through the same cause, made desperate attempts to wreck a train on the Erie Railway. After forcing open the switch and obstructing the track near the bridge, he seated himself on a freight car and waited for another Ashtrubala horror, which happily did not come to pass. When he was arrested, he remarked that he had been reading about Mr. Bliss' death and was anxious to see a big accident. These incidents illustrate the dangers that are inseparable from emotional religion. Mr. Moody is a practical man, and preaches a common sense, broad daylight gospel. He aims to enkindle Christian zeal rather than religious excitement. But his audiences are large and it is not strange that the overwrought enthusiasm of an ill-balanced mind ends in insanity. To say that revivals pave more paths to lunatic asylums than to heaven is cruel folly. But the leaders of the Boston movement cannot be too cautious. Let them make their movement what their leader designs it to be, a revival of wholesome, practical Christian work.

ORATOR AND NEWSPAPER.—Compare the orator, one of the noblest vehicles for the diffusion of thought, with the newspaper, and you may gain a faint glimpse of the ubiquitous powers of the latter. The orator speaks to a few hundreds, the newspaper addresses millions; the words of the orator may die in the air, the language of the newspaper is stamped on tablets imperishable as marble; the arguments of the orator may follow each other so rapidly that the majority of the audience may struggle in a net of ratiocination, the reasoning of the newspaper may be scanned at leisure without a fear of perplexity; the passion of the orator influences an assembly, the feeling of a newspaper electrifies a continent; the orator is for an edifice, the newspaper for the world—the one shines for an hour, the other glows for all time; the orator may be compared to lightning, which flashes over a valley for a moment, but it leaves it again in darkness; the newspaper to a sun blazing over the whole earth, and fixed on the basis of its own eternity. Printing has been happily defined as the art which preserves arts. Printing makes the orator more than an orator. It catches up his dying words, and breathes into them the breath of life. It is the gallery through which the orator thunders in the ears of ages. He leans from the tomb over the cradle of rising generations.

AN HONEST BOY.—The *Detroit Free Press* tells the following story about a "good boy." He stood on the corner of Campus and Jefferson avenues, when a policeman came along, and pointing to a box at his feet, this good boy said: "The farmer who lost that off his sleigh will feel awful bad. Is'pose you'll take it to the station, won't you?" "You are an honest boy," replied the officer. "Some boys would have lugged that box home. Yes, I'll take it to the station." It was a stout box, weighing over eighty pounds, and when the officer set it down at the station house all his bones ached. Some said it was butter, and some said cheese; and so it was opened. The contents were cobble-stones. The officer ran all the way back, and he spent hours looking for the good boy, but without any luck. The g. b. know his business.

Don't work too hard. Don't work so hard that you can't go home at night and jaw around if supper isn't ready; and have strength to kick things around and get up after supper feeling renewed strength, and go down town and play billiards till 1 o'clock; and come home and sleep till 8. No, don't work too hard. It is best to have a little pleasure as well as work in the world, and, besides, work breaks down the constitution.

The Self-Murderer.

THOUGHTS ON DRUNKENNESS—WORDS OF CAUTION BY A PAULIST FATHER.

Take the most filthy, hideous and repulsive thing in creation; compare it with the drunkard, and it gains by the comparison. Look at a drunkard at home, or in public, and you will blush for our common humanity. He was made by God, a little less than angels (Psalm viii., 6), but he has degraded himself lower than the brute. He was crowned in glory and honor (*ibid.*), but he has sunk into ignominy and disgrace. The tavern is his temple, his prayers are blasphemies, his God is his belly, Philip iii., 19). In the midst of his infernal orgies he barks, he shouts, he roars, he screams, he bellows, he stamps, he kicks, he strikes, he gnaws, he tears, he snores, he grunts, he yawns, he hiccoughs, he vomits. Vengeance, hatred, blasphemy, and bestial obscenity are on his serpent-like tongue; his eyes are fire and blood-shot; his ears stunted; his carbuncled nose is a dripping distillation of nastiness, which mingles with his foul eruptions dropping into and savoring his poisonous cup. His hair is a bundle of hissing serpents, his teeth chatter and rattle like ivory in a dice-box; his hands are palsied; a cess-pool is a pure fountain compared to his mephitic stomach; his knees totter, and his legs refuse to support his bloated carcass. The drunkard tramples on all the laws of nature, as well as all the precepts of God. He robs, he steals, he cheats, he breaks his word, he violates his promise, he betrays the secret which was confided to him. He has no honor, no principle, no spirit of independence, no regard for truth, no respect for modesty. Theft and sacrilege, adultery and murder, he commits without remorse. He is a wicked husband, an ungrateful child, a cruel father, a false friend; a troublesome neighbor, a social pest.

At home he is a roaring lion; when he appears in public he is a midday devil, vomiting fire and flame. He is always in excitement, his nerves are on the rack, his thoughts are scattered, his memory is weak, his will is vacillating, his judgment is obscured, his understanding is impaired. The drunkard is exposed to a thousand dangers, from which the sober man is secured. Every time he drinks to excess his life is in peril, as also his property, his liberty, and his reputation. He may be seen by hundreds, and to be seen is to be despised. He may commit many crimes for which he is amenable to justice. He becomes an easy prey to the ROBBER, THE VILLAGER, AND THE CHEAT; he makes a ruinous purchase; his pockets are rifled, his valuables are stolen; he is sometimes even stripped of his clothes. Perhaps he falls from his horse and breaks his neck, or fractures his skull; he tumbles into a river and is drowned; he falls into a dike and is suffocated. His eyes swim, the earth reels, surrounding objects are in motion; he staggers from one side to the other; he describes all manner of geometrical figures on the highway, he creeps like a serpent, and grasps the earth for support; he advances like a crab, and continues to walk backward whilst he is making the most violent efforts to go forward. No Arabesque is more intricate, no Cretan labyrinth more tortuous than his zigzag path. He falls upon his skull, and his brains are dashed out, or upon his face and he is smothered or upon his side, and he perishes from the inclemency of the weather. If he escapes death, after wooing him in so many forms, who can describe the agony of his returning consciousness, or the trembling fits of his delirium?

Hideous spectators surround him, frightful apparitions, appall him, terrific and mysterious whispers curdle his blood; the demon of intemperance, to whom he has sold his body and soul, exults over his despairing victim, and all the imps of hell are, as it were summoned to his bedside to laugh at his destruction, to mock his agony, and to tell him, in the language of the damned, that his reign of misery is passed away, and that hope is no more! The sequence is natural. He may cut his throat, hang himself, or blow out his brains; but before he executes this vengeance of heaven upon himself, it frequently oc-

curs that he murders his wife, dispatches his child, or sets fire to the house. If he be not prematurely cut off by a sudden accident, or a blow, or a wound, he is sure to hasten his end by the insidious poison of intoxicating drinks, which he daily imbibes. His spongy throat cries out like a horse leech, "Give, give," and he is never satisfied. The scorched palate has lost all savor and more powerful stimulants must be mingled with the hellish liquid, in order to arouse for a moment the jaded sense. No foul shaft in a coal mine is more explosive than that bottomless pit, the drunkard's insatiable stomach. The heated blood is propelled through the swelling veins with railroad speed, and the very marrow is frying in his bones. He exposes himself to a long catalogue of excruciating and fatal diseases. He leads a dying life, he endures a lingering martyrdom, and whether by apoplexy, or dropsy, or consumption, or fever, death is sure to clutch its wretched victim. So true is the old proverb, that *the throat has killed more than the sword*: So true would be the epitaph upon almost each of the accursed race of drunkards: *HERE LIES A SELF-MURDERER!*—*Catholic Sentinel.*

When Whiskey May be Taken Medicinally.

After goose, or Irish stew, or any delicacy of the season into which onions may have seasonably entered.
Invariably after salmon.
When there is washing being done at home.
When the painters are in the house.
When a person feels faint and doesn't know what is the matter with him.
When a friend turns up after an absence of several years, or when you are parting with a friend whom you do not expect to see for several years.
When a person has the toothache.
When a person has lost at cards or has come into property.
When a person has met with a great misfortune, or made a tremendous bargain.
When a person has quarreled, and when a reconciliation has taken place.
When a man is going to be married to a beautiful young lady, and has made her a present of a \$500 set of jewelry, and she elopes with her music teacher.
When a person takes a ride in a baggy oris on a sea voyage or goes out between the acts of a five-act tragedy, or before ascending in a balloon, or after coming off the jury of a coroner's inquest, or when you are sitting up for your wife, or when a friend drops in to smoke a cigar; and, in fact, upon all suitable occasions of sadness and merriment.

A Conscientious Engineer.

Scribner's Monthly has the following item: Mr. Peter A. Dey was the engineer who surveyed and located the first hundred miles of the Union Pacific railroad. He estimated its cost at not over thirty thousand dollars a mile. When this estimate was shown to the directors it was returned to him with orders to retouch it with higher colors, to put in embankments on paper where none existed on earth, and to make the old embankments heavier, and to increase the expense generally; and then he was requested to send in his estimate that it would cost fifty thousand dollars a mile. When Mr. Dey found that this part of the road was to be let to parties at \$50,000 per mile, for work which he knew could be done for \$30,000—this difference of \$20,000 a mile, amounting to two millions of dollars on the first hundred miles, and to five millions on the two hundred and forty-six miles—he resigned his position as chief engineer, with a letter to the president of the road. He closed that letter thus:

"My views of the Pacific road are, perhaps, peculiar. I look upon its managers as trustees of the bounty of Congress. * * * You are doubtless informed how disproportioned the amount to be paid is to the work contracted for. I need not expatiate on the sincerity of my course, when you reflect that I have resigned the best position in my profession this country has offered to any man!"

"Hell and Damnation" is the title of a pamphlet written by Rev. G. H. Humphrey of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania. It is a theological work and not, as might be supposed, a review of the electoral commission.

Somebody who claims to know, states that during the progress of the Moody and Sankey meetings in Chicago, nearly one thousand pocket-books were stolen.

LATEST PATENT SPRING BED BOTTOMS

Two Styles, at Reduced Rates.
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One Door East of E. C. Ferguson's Store,
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T. F. MARKS, PROPRIETOR.
SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.

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OLD STAND.

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WATCH MAKERS,
Jewelers & Engravers.

Dealers in American Gold and Silver.
WATCHES, FINE JEWELRY, SILVERWARE, CLOCKS and SPECTACLES,
FRONT STREET, SEATTLE, W. T.
All orders from a distance by mail or express, promptly attended to.
Watches, Clocks and Jewelry repaired in the very best manner, and warranted to give satisfaction.
Give us your order and satisfy yourselves.

OYSTERS! OYSTERS!

Served in the most delicious manner at
C C C
A. W. PIPER'S,
PUGET SOUND

Confectionery Saloon
Front Street, Seattle.

HAM AND EGGS
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v141 SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T. January 1, 1876

Snohomish Exchange

SNOHOMISH CITY, W. T.
THIS HOTEL
Is the Best in Snohomish County, in every respect.

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Is always furnished at Moderate Rates.

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Is supplied with the best Wines and Liquors North of San Francisco
Also a First-Class BILLIARD TABLE.
To Accomodate the Patrons of this House. :
ISAAC CATHCART, Proprietor.

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, AND CIGARS

to be found in the market.
THE TABLE
Will be supplied with the best that can be obtained in this market.
v170 **CHARGES REASONABLE.**

The Northern Star.

SATURDAY, MARCH 31, 1877.

Local Items.

Items in Brief.

A large freight was taken up the river on Wednesday.

The saw-mill at Glenwild is running, with orders ahead.

Rev. J. R. Thompson preached in this place last Sabbath.

The genuine negro minstrels are soon to pay Seattle a visit.

Mr. George Plumb has just received a new invoice of wall paper.

The school-house is being enlarged and improved. We are glad to see.

Work has been resumed on the new church, and is progressing favorably.

The Blackman Bros. have filed a caveat for their valuable improvement in logging cars.

The river is fallen enough to make log running safe again. The Pill Chuck loggers will soon have theirs in the main river.

Mr. McKay has a contract for a lot of dimension ship knees. He is getting them near Mr. Mathews place at the forks of the river.

The Pill Chuck boom, which went down river during the late high water has been towed back to its place and re-adjusted ready for logs.

The Sawtelle Troup played at the Riverside Hall last Friday and Saturday evenings. Considering the state of the weather and the amount of sickness in town, they had good houses. The performance was satisfactory.

A yoke of cattle attached to a wagon load of wood were accidentally driven into the river at Mr. R. D. Hilton's place this week. Fortunately the cattle became detached and swam ashore. The wagon has not been seen since.

MR. NIEL McMILLAN, a gentleman who was formerly engaged in the logging business on Ebey slough, and who was at one time a partner of Harry Mills, but who left this county about one year ago, has lately returned; and having purchased from his former partner (Mr. Mills) between five and six hundred acres of timber lands on Ebey slough, intends to resume business and permanently settle in the county. Mr. McMILLAN has been most of the time in the Cassiar mines and other parts of British Columbia; and failing to find anything that suited him, after a year's search, now thinks our county good enough for him for life. Mr. McMILLAN's opinion of the mines is this: that there are a few rich paying claims, but they are exceedingly scarce and hard to find. Some claims have paid as high as \$100 a day while most of the balance yield barely wages, and many not that even. Wages are from \$8 to \$10 a day. The season is very short, barely three months. Provisions of all kinds are high, the winters long, cold and dreary. Those only can make anything who have a high yielding claim, and they are few indeed. Mr. McMILLAN will go at once to Ebey slough, to his old place and commence ranching, his timber lands being subject to a lease.

DIPHTHERIA.—This disease and those of a kindred nature appears to be on the decrease. There are only two cases in town, and they are both improving. It is not certain but it may reappear again at any time more violent than ever. Too much precaution can not be taken to guard the little ones from the ravages of this fell disease. Warm clothing, flannels next the skin, warm baths and nourishing, easily digested food are sanitary regulations that should not be neglected in families containing little children.

DR. FOLSOM, who was severely injured about two months ago from a fall, that for a time threatened to have cost him the loss of one of his eyes, has nearly recovered. This week, for the first time since the accident, he has been able to contribute to the columns of the Star. We are not only glad for his own sake, but on our own account, as he has been of great assistance to this journal, even helping to issue the first number.

It is rumored that several young ladies from abroad are about to make Snohomish City a visit. We think the report is founded in fact, as several of our handsomest young men are already sprucing up. Paper collars are very scarce already.

Real Estate.

F. Dolan has sold his half interest in the Ebey House property to O. S. Young; consideration, \$750.

Ulmer Stinson has sold to Blackman Bros. the southeast 1/4 of section 2, township 27, range 5 east; consideration, \$430.

Mrs. M. L. Sinclair, lots No. 7 and 8, block No. 7, Snohomish City, eastern part, to Mrs. Lizzie Leighton; consideration, \$100.

E. C. Ferguson to Lot Wilbur, lots 15 and 16, block 11, in Snohomish City; consideration, \$150.

Sold by F. D. C. Mills to Neil McMILLAN, the south 1/4 of the southeast 1/4 of section 34, and the southwest 1/4 of section 26 and west half of northwest 1/4, the southeast 1/4 of northwest 1/4, the northeast 1/4 of the northwest 1/4, the north 1/4 of southwest 1/4, the southeast 1/4 of southwest 1/4, of section 35, township 30 north, of range 5 east, W. M.; total amount, 560 acres; consideration, \$1,000.

Sold by Mrs. M. L. Sinclair to D. O. C. Mills, 2 lots in Snohomish City, eastern part; consideration, \$200.

ATTEND TO YOUR WATCH.—There are very few of the many who carry watches who ever think of the complexity of their delicate mechanism, or of the extraordinary and unceasing labor they perform. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for years, without a particle of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling, the wheels of which do but a traction of the service. For example, the main wheel makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1460 in a year; the second or centre wheel 24 revolutions in 24 hours, or 8760 in a year; the third wheel, 192 in 24 hours, or 70,080 in a year; the fourth wheel (which carries the second hand) 1440 in 24 hours, or 525,600 in a year; fifth or scape wheel, 12,960 in 24 hours, or 5,529,000 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours are 432,000 or 157,680,000 in a year.

The above is good advice, and Chas. Nacher is prepared to do such work in first class style. See his card in another column.

We call attention to the card of Ellsworth & Hanford, in another column. Mr. Hanford has done too much business for our citizens to need further notice from us; his acts speak for themselves as a careful, honorable and able lawyer. His partner was admitted to the Bar last week at the session of the District Court for this county. He appears to be a gentleman thoroughly qualified; a practicing lawyer in Nebraska before coming here.

THE Naturalists' Directory has been received. It is an annual publication, contains the names of all naturalists and scientific men in the United States, with their addresses, and the specialties to which each one is devoted. It is edited and published by M. Cassine, Salem, Mass. No scientist can afford to be without it. Price \$1.00 in currency. Address the author.

THE Athenaeum is indebted to Hon. O. Jacobs, Delegate to Congress from this Territory, for valuable public documents and records. The Librarian tenders thanks. The Superintendent of the Scientific Department has recently received some splendid offers from similar institutions by way of exchange. Can not the Trustees so arrange it that those offers can be accepted.

LOGGING.—As far as we can learn, all the camps, both up and down the river, are making preparations for a good season's work. In a month more, if the weather is favorable, they will make a general move all along the line. We hope this season that none of them will advance backward.

PERSONAL.—W. H. White, of Seattle, District Attorney for this judicial district, left us last Monday for Whatcom and the lower Sound. Hon. J. R. Lewis has returned to Seattle. Dr. T. C. Markey has settled at Utsalady.

UP RIVER.—A large freight for the Snoqualmie loggers was taken up last Saturday by the Nellie. Also a large passenger list and quite a number of excursionists.

SEATTLE PLANING MILLS.—Messrs. Stetson & Post, proprietors of the Seattle planing mills, have just been, or rather are now being, at great expense in building a new mill for their work in making doors, windows, blinds, mouldings, stair-rails, brackets, and all work of this character, at the foot of Commercial street, where they will be able to do work on a much more extensive scale than heretofore at their old mill, foot of Mill street. Their trade has always been extensive with this section, and now with improved facilities for work, and the growth of the lower Sound, it can not help increasing.

BUSINESS PROSPECTS.—Considering the general depression of all branches of business everywhere throughout the country, we cannot complain of the outlook for our county. At the lower end of the county farmers are preparing to cultivate a larger area than ever before. The Utsalady mill will be put in good repair and run to its full capacity. The mill company will have a large store which will be a great benefit both to farmers and loggers of that region; affording also a good market for all the products of this and the Snoqualmie region.

THE bridge across the slough between Mr. Lord's and Mr. Low's place has been so injured by the late high water as to be unsafe. Pity it had not gone entirely. It was always a disgrace to the road and no credit to the county. What is the use of cutting roads through the timber and then have all travel blocked for want of bridges across a few creeks and sloughs.

TROLLING for trout will be in order on the lower river next month. Get your spoons, boys. If you want an extra article, probably Benj. F. Butler of Lowell, Mass., has some of the old Orleans stock left for sale cheap for cash. Send P. O. order to the same, office at Lowell, or to the branch houses at Gloucester and Washington.

DR. LOCKE is doing so well in the dental line, that he has concluded to remain awhile longer. We are glad of it. Besides being an agreeable gentleman, he is master of his profession. We recommend all who need anything in that line not to let the present opportunity slip by unimproved.

MR. PAYNE has retired from the firm of B. A. Hill & Co., of Seattle, the manufacturers of the celebrated wire-suspension, vibrating spring beds, the firm now being B. A. Hill & Son. These bed springs took the first premium wherever exhibited, and are doubtlessly the strongest and most durable bed made.

THE many friends of H. D. Morgan, a former resident of Olympia, will be pleased to learn that his son Alonzo and his daughter Maud, who have been dangerously ill of Diphtheria, are both recovering, and unless a relapse supervenes they will be around town in a few days.

For foot passengers the trail from here to Lowell is best on the south side of the river. Will Mr. road supervisor please to fix up the bridge between Mr. Little's and Mr. Morse's places. Fine weather is at hand and people want to move round occasionally.

HENRY JACKSON, formerly of Lowell, has changed places with his brother Charles, in the care of Packard & Jackson—has lumber on the ground for a new dwelling house and as soon as it is completed will make this place his permanent home.

Across the river from our window, as we write, we can see the plow turning its furrow, the garden spade doing its work, cattle and sheep grazing, and every other indication of agricultural thrift.

We regret that our friend T. F. Marks is again dangerously ill. Probably no man now living in this county has suffered more from injuries and sickness than he.

Our County Auditor has issued another marriage license this week. Thus one after another the stalwart and brave are falling. Soon all will be gone who are worth going for. How sad!

Will the bridge across the creek one mile below town ever be rebuilt? Who knows?

W. A. Jennings, Importer & Jobber,

COMMERCIAL STREET, SEATTLE.

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Furniture, Pictures, Picture Frames,

BRACKETS, WINDOW CORNICES, MOLDINGS, WINDOW SHADES, PERAMBULATORS, ETC.

Give me a call. Get my Prices before buying elsewhere, as I will not be undersold by any one.

Front Street, Seattle, W. T.

PRODUCTIONS OF MINES.—Nevada, the silver state, is pouring out daily \$125,000 in silver, \$75,000 in gold, \$8,000 in lead, and \$5,000 in other metals, making a yield of \$210,000 daily, or \$63,000,000 per annum.

California is producing about \$40,000 in gold, \$10,000 in silver, \$6,000 in quicksilver, \$5,000 in lead and copper, \$7,000 in coal, and \$5,000 in iron, antimony, zinc, and other minerals. Its total yield is therefore \$75,000, corresponding to annual product from its mines of \$23,500,000.

Colorado is producing \$15,000 in silver every twenty-four hours, \$10,000 in gold, and \$1,000 in other minerals, or \$26,000 daily, equal to \$700,000 yearly.

Utah is credited with a daily output of \$12,000 in silver, 9,000 in lead, and \$2,000 in other minerals; \$23,000 per day, or \$6,900,000 per annum.

Idaho, Montana, Oregon and New Mexico together are turning out each \$20,000 in gold, \$17,000 in silver, and \$1,500 in base metal; giving a total of \$38,500 each day, or \$11,550,000 annually.—*U. S. Economist.*

PERILOUS WORK.—One of the greatest displays of amateur rope-walking ever seen in the world occurs daily in laying the foot bridge on the wire ropes over the East river. The narrow flooring is laid in sections twenty feet in length. The man carrying the outer section to be laid walks backward on a single rope until the inner end joins that already laid, when he stoops down, places it in position, and steps from the rope on to the walk. This, at the height of 270 feet, is said to be the most dangerous part of the great work of building the bridge. The careful and cool-headed manner in which this perilous work is performed relieves the spectator from any over-anxiety as to the fate of the workman. Our ambitious politicians, now endeavoring to carry on their work at dizzy heights, can learn a lesson by watching the footsteps of the Brooklyn bridge builders. It is dangerous work, and every step should be carefully measured before it is taken.

A MILLION PEOPLE.—Few people are aware of the vast number of people that can be placed in a small place. When we speak of millions of men, we are apt to picture to ourselves an almost boundless mass of humanity; yet a million people standing together, each person occupying four square feet, could be placed upon a patch but little more than a mile square.

It is told of Pope Pius IX, that he recently noticed a young man studying a painting in the Vatican gallery: "You are of the academy, my son?" he asked. "No, your holiness, I am too poor." "Go and put your name down, and I will pay the fees." "But your holiness, I am a protestant." "The academy is for artists," quietly replied the Pope; that is enough for me."

Some idea of the severity of the late cold snap in the East may be gathered from the fact that the Mississippi river was gorged with ice as far south as Ozark Island, nearly a hundred miles below Helena. Only once before in the memory of that venerable chronologist, "the oldest inhabitant," has such a thing occurred, and that was in the exceptionally cold winter of 1839.

In one of the fierce battles in the South a colored soldier stood with the standard well up in front. An officer tearing that the ensign would be captured, called out in the thick of the fight, "Come back with that flag!" The dusky hero replied, "Massa Cap'n, this year flag never go back; bring up dem men dar!" "Dem men dar" came up and turned the tide of battle.

A preacher took up a collection on Sunday and found, when his hat was returned, that there wasn't a penny in it. "I thank my God," said he, turning his hat up side down, and tapping the crown, of it with his hand, "that I have got my hat back from this congregation."

A clergyman in Northern Indiana ascended the pulpit the other Sunday and said: "No man can serve the Lord while he has the jumping toothache. I therefore dismiss the congregation."



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and as cheap as can be purchased anywhere in the Territory.

BUTTER, EGGS, HAY, HIDES,

SHINGLES, SHIP KNEES and LOGS.

Taken in Exchange for Merchandise.

v1:n1.

An Anecdote of Mrs. Hayes.

The Warren (Ohio) Tribune says: The simplicity of manners which makes Gov. Hayes and family so popular with the people is well illustrated by an incident which occurred in 1862. Colonel Hayes then in camp with his regiment at Marlinton, West Virginia. While there Mrs. Hayes visited her husband and made a short sojourn in camp.

James Parker, of Mesopotamia, Trimble county, was a good natured, jolly "boy" in one of the companies of Hayes' regiment. Soon after Mrs. Hayes' arrival and before it was known to all the boys, Parker was expressing his regrets to some of his comrades that there was no one to mend his blouse and put pockets in it. One of them replied: "Why, Jim, why don't you take it to the woman who does the sewing for the regiment and get her to fix it?" "I didn't know there was such a woman. Where is she?" asked Parker. "She's up in the Colonel's tent," said his comrade, "and if you take your blouse up there she'll mend it for you. That's what she's there for."

The unsophisticated Parker at once started for the Colonel's tent, blouse in hand. Col. Hayes politely returned his salute, invited him in, and inquired what he wanted. He replied that he wanted his blouse mended and pockets put in it, and that he understood there was a woman there to do sewing for the regiment. The Colonel took in the situation at once. With a merry twinkle in his eyes he called to Mrs. Hayes and asked her if she could fix the soldier's blouse. She promptly accepted the job and told Parker to call for it in the afternoon.

When Parker returned to his comrades they were looking out for some fun. "Where's your blouse?" they asked. "Why, I left it with the woman to be fixed," said Parker. And when, in answer to their further questioning, he told them how the Colonel received him and how kindly the woman undertook the job of fixing his blouse, the boys could tell whether the joke was on Jim or on himself; and when later in the afternoon Parker appeared with his blouse neatly mended and two ample pockets in it, he was the hero of his company.

It may well be imagined that the incident did not lessen the popularity of the gallant Colonel and his wife. Poor Jim died in the service, and his name, with many others is engraved on the beautiful monument at Mesopotamia.

The Angel's Toe a Little Too Long.

A very celebrated painter drew a picture of a terrific thunderstorm. The reception was grand. Lovers of the art wondered at it, and even the ignorant admired it. They were filled with awe as they looked upon the grandeur of the scene, and envied the skill that could so vividly present "the fearful frown of angry nature." Over the swaying forests, and falling trees, and frightened herds, and the dark, rolling clouds, and the scene of general devastation, he placed an angel, to heighten the effect by the contrast. The picture was supposed to be very near perfect.

But was anything ever so grand and soul-inspiring, so near perfection, as to escape adverse criticism? To find fault seems to be the very mission of some men, as they interpret their mission. Nothing can exactly suit them. They search for defects, are sure to imagine, at least, that they find them, and are as certain as certainty itself to announce their discovery. They fail to see the beautiful, the grand, and the good. One of these objectors, after viewing the picture for some time with a very puzzled expression, was asked his opinion. Not a word of praise came from him. No.

He was looking for defect, and so, pointing to the angel in the picture he said: "I think that toe, just there, is a little too long." The picture of the thunderstorm was a failure. Nothing in it was to commend. His soul was not touched; the angel's toe was just a little long, according to his notion, and he spoiled all. You laugh at this? Well, now, that you are not laughing at your own self, and in a matter too serious for smiles.

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Table listing market prices for various goods including Milk Cows, Work Oxen, Beef Cattle, Horses, Sheep, Pigs, Groceries, and Produce.

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Table listing grain market prices for Wheat, Barley, Oats, Rye, and other crops.

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Seattle Steamboat Directory.

Shipping schedule for Seattle Steamboat Directory, listing routes to Victoria, Olympia, and Tacoma.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Legal notice regarding a foreclosure of mortgage for \$4,800, dated March 15th, 1877.

Notice of Sheriff's Sale.

Legal notice regarding a foreclosure of mortgage for \$4,830, dated March 15th, 1877.

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