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## THE WASHINGTON STANDARD.

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**JOHN M. MURPHY,**  
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### New Year's Calls.

Some cynic, who has probably been "out calling" on "New Year's Day" and not treated exactly to his liking, "lets himself off" as follows:

"Tis New Year's Day, 'tis New Year's Call—  
The dunkey's time has come!  
And some are rushing round for smiles,  
Some reeling round for rum;  
Each parlor changed to a saloon,  
With glass and wine arrayed,  
Each loaded board becomes free lunch,  
Each hostess a bar maid.

"Tis funny just to walk around  
And quiz the rushing mass,  
And see aristocratic doors  
Receive each fawning ass,  
To see each gourmand and each sot,  
Whirl wild along the street,  
And note how aristocracy  
And plebeian meet.

At every door a crowd goes in,  
Or leaves—from one to seven—  
Equality is king to-day,  
Earthly dears aspire to Heaven,  
The rowdy and the dunkey call  
Where they never called before,  
And if they should hereafter, would  
Be booted from the door.

But all to-day are welcomed, for  
Each dame desires to say  
And boast hereafter of the calls  
She had on New Year's Day.  
Oh! it is not the quality,  
The number is the thing,  
Each counts for one, the snob or clown,  
Equality is king.

Each parlor 's made a grocery  
Of cocktails and free lunches,  
Each board a bar, each wish a gulp  
Of cold rum or hot punches.

Gin, whisky, juleps, brandy straight,  
Usurp the social editor,  
And womanhood descends to be  
A strychnine liquor mixer.

John Barleycorn is emperor,  
Allegiance is to fuddle,  
Till friendship, decency and love,  
And sense are "all a mudle."  
Now out on such a low abuse  
Of New Year! since it must come,  
Why greet it with a friend's embrace,  
But not this gazing custom.

### Waifs.

A Superintendent was catechising a Sabbath School, when he took occasion to remark that a tree was known by its fruits, and that no one would expect apples from a pine tree.

"Yes, they would!" exclaimed an incontinent sprig of Young America on a back-seat.

"Indeed!" replied the surprised Superintendent, "what kind of apples, my son?"

"Pine-apples!" vociferated Young America at the top of his voice.

A physician passing a marble worker's one morning hawled out to him:

"Good morning, Mr. W., hard at work, I see. You finish your monument as far as 'In memory of,' and then you wait, I suppose, to see who wants a monument next?"

"Why, yes," replied the old man, resting upon his mallet, "unless somebody is sick, and you are doctoring him—then I keep right on!"

A contemporary describing a dance in a country village in his neighborhood, said: "The gorgeous strings of glass beads glistened on the heaving bosoms of the village belles, like rubies resting on the delicate surface of a warm apple dumpling."

A few years ago the ladies wore a kind of hood called "Kiss-me-if-you-dare." A later style of bonnet might be called with equal propriety, "Kiss-me-if-you-want-to."

People who always talk sentiment have usually no very deep feelings. The less water you have in a kettle, the sooner it begins to make a noise and smoke.

We see there is a Democratic Association in Florida calling themselves "The Tads." We wonder, says Practice, if they raised a Tadpole?

It has been a matter of dispute as to the time of day when Adam was created. It is now decided that it was a little before Eve.

### The Upper Columbia Gold Region.

We take the liberty of adopting as a basis for this article, the recent interesting "notes on the valley of the Upper Columbia River," in the *Alta California*, with but very trivial alterations and amendments:

"We have been permitted to see a private letter of Mr. S. Mattingly, now residing at Clickat Prairie, in Washington Territory, near the Dalles, on the Columbia River, to a friend here. In this letter he gives some interesting information about the Valley of the Columbia, and we shall make a couple of articles from its substance. The prairie lies north of the Dalles, about two hundred miles from the ocean along the course of the Columbia river. The scenery is beautiful, and the valley, covered with grass and bare of trees except along its borders and near streams, is gently undulating in its surface. The timber is mainly pine, fir and oak. Numerous springs rise in it, and supply water to never-failing rivulets. The herbage is chiefly of that species known as "bunch grass," one of the most nutritious and palatable, to cattle, of all the grasses. The soil is a warm, light sand, and will probably produce good crops of wheat, oats, barley and potatoes, but the settlers in the valley occupy themselves chiefly with stock-raising, and have never given the soil an opportunity to prove what its capabilities for farming are. The grass, the rivulets, the belts of trees crossing the valley in every direction, the surrounding hills and the distant mountains, with several peaks covered with eternal snow, make the view very pleasant.

To the southwest is Mount Hood, said to be 18,000 feet high, and higher than any other peak in the United States. In the northwest appears Mount Adams and Mount Rainier, in the west, Mount St. Helen's, all of which are as white as milk to their very bases, though St. Helen's is still a volcano—as all the others once were—but she gives no sign of fire in her bosom, save by sending up a thin little cloud of white steam-like smoke, which the passing traveler, uninformed of the character of the peak, seeing it but once, standing in a clear, still day, over the mountain like a funnel, might consider to be singular, without supposing it to be from a volcano.

A remarkable feature of the Upper Columbia Valley is Chelan Lake, between the Cascade Mountains and the Columbia River, about latitude 48°. There is some very rich and beautiful land about this lake, with a fertile soil, abundant grass, a healthy climate, and just enough timber for the convenience of settlers. The lake runs far into the Cascade Mountains, but at a low level, so that it nearly cuts through the range. \* \* \* \* \* The lake is navigable throughout its length for the largest ship that floats, but its outlet, connecting it with the Columbia, is not navigable for any craft, because it falls two hundred and fifty feet in two miles."

The Indians say they can paddle from the head to the foot of the lake in three days. Lieut. Duncan, in the Report of the Northern Pacific R. R. survey, estimates its length at thirty-four or thirty-five miles; says that the water in it is perfectly still. We were informed sometime ago, by an entirely reliable gentleman, who was unable to cross at the ferry at the southeast end, (the point crossed in traveling to the mines from the Dalles,) that he was obliged to go all around it. His estimate, was not to exceed thirty miles in length. The information in regard to its length, direction, extent &c., is conflicting, but a bill has recently passed our Legislature, for the establishment of a ferry there, so we hope this important feature cannot long remain undeveloped. In this connection we may state, we shall be happy to learn from any of our readers, any particulars touching the topography &c., of Lake Chelan.

"The mines of Rock Creek and Kettle River, in the valley of the Upper Columbia, are highly spoken of. Rock Creek is about 300 miles distant from the Dalles, in a northward direction. It is a tributary of Kettle River, which empties into the Columbia near Fort Colville. Boundary Creek is another tributary of Kettle River, and has some rich bars, where some miners are now at work, but there is room for five times as many. All the country in this vicinity is auriferous, but it has not been prospected save along a portion of the streams named; but the paying bars already found, contain much dirt that has not yet been washed. The amount made per hand per day varies, of course, as in all mines; but the wages for good

laborers is four dollars per day. There have been cases where men have made more than \$100 a day with a rocker. Two men working with a rocker averaged \$56 a day each, for ten consecutive days. Mr. M. has three acquaintances who have worked with one another for over two months, and they told him that the lowest day's work was \$4 18 each, and the highest was \$17 00. They were mining on Boundary Creek, part of which is in British Columbia. A nugget worth \$560 was found a few weeks since on Rock Creek, which is entirely in British Columbia. All the other auriferous branches of Kettle River are in Washington Territory. Kettle River itself is about as large as Feather River. Much mining will be done on this stream and its tributaries next year. There is good grass and rich soil in the basin of Kettle River. One thousand persons are wintering in the Rock Creek mines. The Wenatchee is a small tributary of the Columbia, rising in the Cascade mountains, near the Snoqualmie Pass and running eastward. It has long been known to have some rich diggings in its bars and ravines. Twenty-five miners winter there. Flour is worth from 20 to 25 cents per pound, fresh beef from 12 to 15 cents."

J. L. Ferguson, Esq., member of the House of Representatives of this Territory, from the Counties of Clickat and Skamania, furnishes the following information, for the benefit of persons travelling to that region via Columbia River and the Dalles:

By Steamboat, Portland to Rockland opposite the Dalles, 117 miles, thence to Fort Simcoe by military road, 65 miles, to At-ah-nim creek at the ruins of Pandozy's Mission 10 miles, (sometimes called Mission Creek) 10 miles to Chy-wee-chess, 21 miles to the Nah-chess River, 5 miles to the Wenass, 10 miles to Canyon creek, 8 miles to the crossing of the Yakima four miles below Kie-cas, thence 25 miles to the Columbia River, 10 miles up the river to the crossing of mouth of Wenatchee, 17 miles to Etty-en-co creek, 20 miles to the Ferry on Lake Chelan, 15 miles to the Met-how, 20 miles to Okinagame River, 45 miles to the Forks, mouth of Similkameen, and 18 miles to Rock Creek. Water and grass abundant the entire route.

The above Road can be traveled from the first day of May to the first of November without the slightest difficulty. Mr. Ferguson recommends for the remainder of the year, taking what is known as the White Bluff Route, that is passing through the Canyon in the Simcoe and Xenaimo mountains and cross the Columbia at White Bluff thence through the Grand Coulee, re-crossing the Columbia River at Fort Okinagan. A portion of the above route is the same for persons going to the mines by either of the various passes through the Cascade mountains. From Seattle by Snoqualmie Pass, the itinerary would be, following the Snoqualmie trail down the Yakima some 20 miles, thence easterly to the Wenatchee, at the forks about 25 miles above its mouth, thence to Etty-en-co creek, down which creek some six miles to the Columbia River. Other routes by the Passes of the Cascade Mountains are favorably known, and will be developed in a future article.

MISS MARTINEAU ON CRINOLINE.—The following very sensible remarks, from the pen of Miss Martineau, we take from a London paper:

"Do the petticoats of our time serve as any thing but a mask to the human form—a perversion of human proportion? A woman on a sofa looks like a child popping up from a haycock. A girl in the dance looks like the Dutch tumbler that was a favorite toy in my infancy. The feat is so the reverse of accurate, as to be like a silly hoax—a masquerade without wit; while, at the same time that it is not an easy fit. The prodigious weight of the modern petticoat, and the difficulty of getting it all in at the waistband, creates a necessity for compressing and loading the waist in a way most injurious to health. Under a rational method of dress the waist should suffer neither weight nor pressure—nothing more than the girdle which brings the garment into form and folds. As to the convenience of the hooped skirts, only ask the women themselves, who are always in danger from fire, or wind, or water, or carriage wheels, or rails, or pails, or nails, or, in short, everything they encounter. Ask the husbands, fathers or brothers, and hear how they like being cut with the steel frame when they enter a gate with a lady, or being driven into a corner of the pew at church, or to the outside of the coach for want of room."

### Rates of Postage.

Letters in the United States, per half ounce, (fractions same) not over 3000 miles, three cents, prepaid; over 3000 miles, ten cents. Letters dropped for delivery, one cent prepaid. Advertised letters, one cent extra. To or from the Provinces, not over 3000 miles from the line, ten cents per half ounce; over 3000 miles, fifteen cents, prepaid or not.

Transient Newspapers, periodicals, unsealed circulars, or other articles of printed matter, not exceeding three ounces in weight, to any part of the United States, one cent, prepaid; each additional ounce or fraction of an ounce, one cent.

Regular Newspapers or periodicals, paid yearly or quarterly in advance, when circulated in the State where published, not weighing over one and a half ounces, one quarter cent; over one and a half and not over three ounces, one half cent; every additional ounce or fraction of an ounce, one half cent.

When circulated out of the State, all weighing three ounces or less, half a cent, every additional ounce or fraction of an ounce, half a cent.

Weekly Newspapers within the country where published, single copy free to each subscriber. Periodicals, monthly or oftener, and pamphlets not containing more than sixteen 8vo pages, in single packages of not less than eight ounces to one address, prepaid by stamps only, half a cent on each ounce; fractions same.

Books, not weighing over four lbs., one cent per oz., under 3000 miles, over 300 miles two cents per oz., prepaid.

Newspapers, or regular or transient periodicals, pamphlets, and all printed matter to the British provinces in North America, same rates as in the United States, and must be prepaid.

Publishers of Newspapers and periodicals may send to each actual subscriber, enclosed in their publications, bills and receipts for the same, free.

All printed matter must be mailed either without cover, or so enveloped that a portion may be open for inspection.

Newspapers to Great Britain or Ireland, two cents each, payable in the United States.

Periodicals and pamphlets, not over two ounces, two cents each, and four cents for each extra ounce, payable in the United States; and same postage is payable in the United Kingdom, excepting that for the third ounce it rises to sixpence, and each extra ounce two-pence.

FOREIGN COUNTRIES.  
England, Ireland, Scotland and Wales twenty-four cents, prepayment optional. France, fifteen cents. Holland and Belgium, twenty-one cents, prepayment optional. Canada, New Brunswick, Cape Breton, Prince Edward's Island, Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, all ten cents, prepayment optional. On newspapers and periodicals, the postage must be prepaid. Aspinwall, Cuba, Mexico and Panama, ten cents, if distance from mailing office does not exceed 2500 miles, and 20 cents where the distance exceeds 2500 miles, prepayment required. British West Indies, &c., ten cents, prepayment required. West India Islands, (British) except Cuba, thirty-four cents, prepayment required. Equador, Bolivia, Chili, thirty-four cents, newspapers six cents. This is the United States and foreign postage, and must be prepaid.

Peru, United States and foreign postage, twenty-two cents, newspapers eight cents, prepayment required. German States, different prices, according to conveyance, viz: via France, twenty-one cents, English steamer, five cents, American steamer twenty-one cents, Prussian closed mail, thirty cents; Switzerland by the same conveyances, five, twenty-one, and thirty-five cents, via France twenty-one cents, prepayment optional. Brazil, via Falmouth, forty-five cents; Cape Verde Islands, sixty-five cents; China, except Hong Kong, via Southampton, thirty-three cents, and via Marseilles, forty-three cents; via France, open mail, twenty-one cents; South Australia, via Plymouth, thirty-three cents, and Hong Kong, via Southampton, five or twenty-one cents, Malta and Gibraltar, five or twenty-one cents, prepayment for all these required.

Young LINCOLN (a student at Harvard College,) has, within the past week, grown vastly in popularity with his fellow students and the towns-people generally. On Wednesday night, in a body, the students called upon him, congratulated him upon the success of his father and the jollys tate of affairs in the country generally. Mr. LINCOLN made a very neat speech in reply, which is said to be worthy of the stock from which he sprung.

### The Four Georges.

A late number of the Cornhill Magazine has the first of Thackeray's excellent lectures on "The Four Georges of England." The following extract therefrom relates to the life and times of George I:

Delightful as London city was, King George I. liked to be out of it as much as ever he could; and when there, passed all of his time with his Germans. It was with them as with Blucher, one hundred years afterwards, when the bold old reiter looked down from St. Paul's and sighed out, "Was for Plunder?" The German women plundered; the German cooks and intendants plundered; even Mustafa and Mahomet, the German negroes, had a share of the booty. Take what you can get, was the old monarch's maxim. He was not a lofty monarch, certainly; he was not patron of the fine arts: but he was not a hypocrite, he was not revengeful, he was not extravagant. Though a despot in Hanover, he was a moderate ruler in England. His aim was to leave it to itself as much as possible, and to live out of it as much as he could. His heart was in Hanover. When taken ill on his last journey, as he was passing through Holland, he thrust his livid head out of the coach window, gasping out, "Osnaburg, Osnaburg!" He was more than fifty years of age when he came amongst us; we took him because we wanted him; because he served our turn; we laughed at his uncouth German way, and sneered at him. He took our loyalty for what it was worth; laid hands on what money he could; kept us assuredly from Popery and wooden shoes. I, for one, would have been on his side in those days. Cynical and selfish as he was, he was better than a king out of St. Germain's, with the French King's orders in his pocket, and a swarm of Jesuits in his train.

The Fates are supposed to interest themselves about royal personages; so this one had omens and prophecies specially regarding him. He was said to be much disturbed at a prophecy that he should die very soon after his wife, and sure enough pallid death, having seized upon the luckless princess in her castle of Ahlden, presently pounced upon H. M. King George I. in his traveling chariot, on the Hanover road. What position can outride that pale horseman! It is said, George promised one of his left-handed widows to come to her after death if leave were granted to him to revisit the glimpses of the moon; and soon after his demise, a great raven actually flying or hopping in at the Duchess of Kendal's window at Twickenham she chose to imagine the king's spirit inhabited these plumes and took special care of her sable visitor. Affecting metempsychosis—funeral royal bird! How pathetic the idea of the Duchess weeping over it! When this chaste addition to our English aristocracy died, all her jewels, plate and plunder, went over to her relations in Hanover. I wonder whether her heirs took the bird, and whether it is still flapping its wings over Herrenhausen?

The days are over in England of that strange religion of king-worship, when priests flattered princes in the Temple of God; when servility was held to be ennobling duty; when beauty and youth tried eagerly for royal favor, and woman's shame was held to be no dishonor. Mended morals and mended manners in courts and people, are among the priceless consequences of the freedom which George I. came to rescue and secure. He kept his compact with his English subjects; and if he escaped no more than other men and monarchs from the vices of his age, at least we may thank him for preserving and transmitting the liberties of ours. In our free air, royal and humble homes have alike been purified; and truth, the birthright of high and low among us, which quite fearlessly judges our greatest personages, can only speak of them now in words of respect and regard. There are stains in the portrait of the first George, and traits in it which none of us need admire; but among the nobler features are justice, courage, moderation—and these we may recognize ere we turn the picture to the wall.

Mrs. S. D. Curtis, a poetess of some reputation, died at Madison, Wis., lately. She was a native of Pomfret, Conn., and had contributed to the *Boston Journal*.

The mother of Hon. Howell Cobb received at a late Fair in Georgia, the premium of a silver goblet for five handsomely embroidered shirts, worked by herself.

There is an old story which represents a couple of sagacious cronies discoursing on the probable principle which guided Adam in the names he gave to animals.—One asserted that he did not see why he called a lion by the name of lion. "Why," replied the other, "that is simple enough to me. He called it a lion because it looked like a lion!" We doubt if the Democratic party could get its appellation on such a principle of naming. Nobody would think of calling it a Democratic party because it looks like a Democratic party.—*N. Y. Post*.

Free homes for free men.

### The Pacific Telegraph.

The intelligence of a change in the route of the Pacific Telegraph has been confirmed. According to the St. Louis correspondent of the *Union*, the route adopted is south of Fort Kearney, passing through Denver City and the mining towns in advance of it, to Santa Fe; thence to El Paso; and thence to Los Angeles. Various reasons have been assigned for the change. It is thought that the line on the new route would be self-sustaining, while the wires would be kept in repair with more facility than on a more central course where thunder storms are frequent and unfavorable atmospheric influences are feared. It is also complained that the stockholders of the Placerville and Carson Valley Telegraph Company are intractable; that they set too high a value upon their privileges and it is therefore impossible to consummate the necessary arrangements with them. It is likely, however, that there are two sides to this story; and we think it more than probable that the Government contractors are more exacting in their demands.

The principal objection urged against the new route is, that the line will pass through a hostile Indian country, and be necessarily subject to frequent accidents. Indeed, the correspondent above alluded to says that the contractors are only making an experiment to ascertain whether the line now built to Fort Kearney, and which will be extended early in the spring to Julesburg, at the crossing of the Platte, cannot advantageously be carried south through the Pike's Peak gold region. Should the experiment fail the contractors will have to fall back on the Butterfield Mail route from Fort Smith, to which place the Stebbin's line has already been extended. Fort Smith is some 1200 miles distant from Angeles. We believe that already a contract has been made for extending the line from Fort Smith to Red River, at Sherman, in Texas; another for poles for nearly two hundred miles up the valley of the Gila, in Arizona; and still another for pushing the line forward, on this side, from Los Angeles to Fort Yuma.

We apprehend that it matters little to the people of California which route is chosen. All they are anxious for is to be in instantaneous communication with the East; and as the contractors have an immensely valuable franchise it is to be hoped that they will permit no unworthy jealousies or rivalries to interrupt the great national work.—*San Francisco Herald*.

WHAT IS MEERSCHAUM?—We notice that these pipes are becoming very popular and common, yet their component parts are very little known. A New York paper thus explains the manufacture:

"In the islands of Negropont and Samos, in the Archipelago, a peculiar variety of magnesia is found on the coast beneath a thin stratum of earth. When first obtained, it resembles the foam or froth of the sea, and hence is termed meerschaum by the Germans, while the French style it *ceume de mer*. Analysis proves that it is composed of magnesia, carbonic acid, water, and four per cent. of silica. The idea so common in this country that meerschaum is foam of the sea, originated in the resemblance referred to, and also to the old fashion of calling meerschaum pipes. When first dug from the earth, the magnesia is soft and easily moulded into any shape that fancy may dictate. In this condition it is formed into pipes and cigar holders, and exposed to the air until it hardens. Before being boiled in wax or oil, it is nearly as light as pitch, and full of minute pores through which a pin or knife may be stuck with no more damage than the same operation performed on a fine sponge. The pipes are boiled in wax or oil, in order to give them a polish, as well as to render them durable; but smoking soon burns out the oleaginous secretions, and the oil of the smoke sinks into the pores gradually until the outer surface is covered."

There is an old story which represents a couple of sagacious cronies discoursing on the probable principle which guided Adam in the names he gave to animals.—One asserted that he did not see why he called a lion by the name of lion. "Why," replied the other, "that is simple enough to me. He called it a lion because it looked like a lion!" We doubt if the Democratic party could get its appellation on such a principle of naming. Nobody would think of calling it a Democratic party because it looks like a Democratic party.—*N. Y. Post*.