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QUEER ENOUGH.—In the Charleston Convention, over which Caleb Cushing presided, there were twice as many delegates as there were electoral votes, and thus it happened that very often half votes were given. Ben Butler, the people have never forgotten, cast his vote over sixty times for Jeff. Davis. He was the chairman of the Massachusetts delegation, and invariably, in announcing the vote of his State, closed with the defiant statement in his most rasping tones, "and the State of Massachusetts casts one vote for Jefferson Davis, of Mississippi." The other half of the vote that Ben thus made conspicuous was that of the President of the Convention, Mr. Cushing. It is not the least curious of the impossible things that are always happening, that Butler is now the foremost man in the House, while Cushing has just been appointed Minister to Spain, and that the President of the United States was, at the time the Charleston Convention was held, an obscure and retired army officer, laboring for a small salary in a leather store in Galesburg, Illinois, known to his friends as an ardent Douglas man.

A Clinton (Mo.) Farmer's Mass Meeting recently adopted the following sentiments:

Down with high freights; up with cheap transportation.

Down with a President at \$50,000; up with one at \$25,000 per year.

Down with obstructions in western rivers; up with free and cheap navigation.

Down with the traitor in the great fight; up with the man that is sure to do right.

Down with the demagogue for office; up with the honest and intelligent farmer.

Down with whatever stands in our way; up with such things as will honestly pay.

Down with the miller that takes too much toll; up with good mills that grind at fair rates.

Down with the back pay grab and salary steal; up with the honest representatives in Congress and elsewhere.

Livingstone county, New York, boasts of a remarkable case of catalepsy. Miss Bonney, a lady well known in the community, and a believer in modern Spiritualism, had been predicting for a long time that sooner or later she was to enter the trance state. One evening about five weeks ago, she robed herself for the night, and told the family that the event she had so long predicted had arrived. She laid herself upon a bed and in four hours she breathed no more, the heart stopped beating, the pulse ceased throbbing, and she has laid in that condition up to the present time without food or water. She occupies a sleeping apartment adjoining a sitting-room, in which a fire is kept night and day. There are no signs of decomposition. Previous to going into this state she designated the persons who were to have exclusive charge of her inanimate form, and all others even her parents, were to keep out of the room.—*N. Y. Times.*

An Iowa editor says: "Last season we could get five bushels of good potatoes for one year's subscription. This year we consider ourselves lucky if we get two bushels for the same equivalent. Now we ask what encouragement is this for a man with a growing family?"

The brick chimneys of the new San Francisco Mint are turning a beautiful green. The peculiar color is occasioned by using salt-water brick, or brick made of clay taken from salt marshes, which the acids used in the laboratory thus discolor.

A man may be great by chance, but never wise and good without taking pains for it.

Never turn a blessing around to see whether it has a dark side to it.

An Adventure in St. Paul's.

We colonials, on the whole, I think, have more appreciation of St. Paul's than of any other of the London sights. More than of Westminster Abbey, even. For it wants a deal of history to understand the Abbey and its puzzling chapels; and after a certain amount of stock-driving one jumbles up the kings and queens. Coming over from Australia for a six month's visit to England, one of the first things I promised myself on landing was to see St. Paul's; and yet it's a singular fact that up to the very end of my sojourn here I had never been inside of your (or may I say our?) great cathedral.

I felt it impossible to go back and face my relations and friends if I couldn't say I'd seen St. Paul's, and I made half a dozen plans at various times of paying it a visit. But first one thing intervened and then another till my last day in England had come, my pilgrimage unperformed. This last day, however, I kept clear of engagements on purpose to see the place. Before I was out of bed in the morning I had a telegram of importance, which took me off post-haste to the eastern counties; and it was eight o'clock in the evening before I reached Shoreditch station on my return journey. Now, I was bound to start early next morning to reach Brindisi in time for the Italian mail, and it thus seemed as if it were my fate to miss my last chance of entering St. Paul's. Still, I was determined not to throw away a chance. It might be that the cathedral was still open; and I picked out a fast-looking horse from a row of hansom, and bade the driver put me down in the shortest possible time at the corner of St. Paul's church-yard.

As I descended from the cab and stood on the edge of the pavement looking up at the giant bulk of the dome, the clock struck nine. The sun had set; but high overhead the golden ball and cross stood out against the sky, still burnished by the evening glow. All the lower part of the building was in deep shadow, rendered still darker by the thick coating of soot that encained it; but the upper portion, towering clear of houses and chimneys, and swept and sweetened by the winds and rains, caught a gleam of brightness from the clouds above, and raised itself white and fair into the evening sky.

The traffic of the day had slackened; there were few pedestrians, and only an occasional cab rattled by. The big warehouses had retired from business; the shops were shut; the city seemed to sleep. Paul's, also, was closely fastened up. It misgave me that all I should see of it would be the outside. Bending back my neck and gazing upwards at the huge dome, I saw that about the great golden cross and ball was a tracery of cobwebs, and men like flies were crawling about those slender filaments. Stout scaffoldings and thick cables they were, no doubt; but from the street they looked like the delicate fabric of the gossamer.

I walked quickly around the church, hoping to find some doorway open, some access to the interior. The iron gates were all closed, the doors were fast. Paul's portals looked as inaccessible and forbidding as the rocky flank of a mountain. I was determined to find my way in, if possible, but knew not how to set about it. Could I have come across anything that looked like a deanery or sacerdotal residence, I should have made bold to knock thereat and ask the occupiers for the key. But I could find nothing of the sort. Even at a bun-shop, which was still open, where I inquired as to the way of getting into the church, the people knew no more about St. Paul's than if it had been a thousand miles distant.

I began to feel despondent about the matter, but went around the church once more till I came to the end or the south transept—the shorter limb of the cross—and looked vaguely up at the fine semicircular portico, with its tall columns and flight of steps. All this time I never thought of there being anybody living inside St. Paul's; I should as soon have expected to meet with furnished apartments in the catacombs, or a family residence in the pyramids. But peering cautiously about I espied in the angle formed by the nave and transept on the western side, a window from which came the faint gleam of a candle. I stood and looked between the railings and saw that somebody was moving within. There was a bird-cage in the window; on the sill outside some red flower-pots. Presently somebody came to the desk near the window and began to write; an old man with white hair.

If I could only make him see me, perhaps he would take compassion on me and let me in. But it wasn't likely that he would see me. Looking from the lighted window into the twilight outside it was hardly possible that he should see anything. I thought of flinging a pebble at the window; but it was a good distance off; I might break the glass and be taken into custody. I gave a few shrill whistles, holding my mouth; I even ventured on a modified version of an Australian "cooeo," but

it was all of no use. The old man didn't turn his head.

Once again I had almost given the thing up and gone home; but just then the light disappeared from the window and all was darkness. Was the old man off to bed, I wondered, or had he gone to grope among the crypts below? Should I see his light presently twinkling in those high windows? Did he crouch in some stony gallery to find a resting place in the golden ball? Whilst I was thus speculating I heard a door softly closed, a footstep on the stone staircase; the iron gate at the bottom creaked on its hinges. I sprang forward and met a gray-headed old man with a pallid face, who was just opening the iron grille.

With all the eloquence of which I am master I besought him to do me the good office of letting me into the sacred fane. He hesitated, shook his head; at last he relented. "Very well," he said, "it's against rules; but as you say, it's a long way to the antipodes. I'll let you in if you don't mind stopping inside alone for an hour; it will be that time before I return; and I must lock the door behind me. Do you still wish to go inside?"

I thanked him warmly and said: "Certainly, yes." I was delighted at the idea of an hour in perfect silence and seclusion among the mighty columns and arches of St. Paul's. I got under the great dome, which hangs like a luminous cloud above, full of hazy, uncertain shadows, a faint circle of light rimming it round, arches and huge piers encompassing it. From the west a subdued crimson glow; eastward the choir, dark and somber; the windows of the apse showing as stray luminous patches, the altar glooming in the distance like some funeral catafalque. White figures gleaming here and there in shadowy recesses, marble warriors, heroes, statesmen.

Under the dome in the great open space, was a vast crowd of chairs—lashed together in rows, looking toward the east. Choosing one of the most central of these I sat down and began to dream, peopling this wide area with a vast, invisible congregation.

In soft, low-drawn cadence the bell of Paul's struck out the hour of ten. I felt chilled and numb. Enough of dreams. Let me walk briskly up and down and think of the busy scenes awaiting me; the warm, glad welcome; wife and children holding out eager arms—right at the other side of this huge world.

I paced rapidly up and down the avenue between the chairs. I had seen enough; I was anxious to be released, to get away from the world of shadows into the living world outside. For a moment I stood in what seemed to be the very center of the dome, and looked upward. A faint circle of light marked the apex of the soaring vault, and just above my head I saw—my eyes being now accustomed to this half-light—I saw, I say, a rope hanging down from the vast height above.

Then I remembered the spider-webs I had seen outside the ball and cross. And as I stood, and looked, and listened I heard faint sounds of hammering and knocking. Men were at work hundreds of feet above; a light shone here and there, twinkling like a star.

In years gone by I used to be a famous gymnast, and the sight of the rope hanging just above my head put me in mind of my ancient prowess. I was heavier now, my muscles less elastic; still, there was some salt of youth in me. How many times, I wondered, could I, hanging to that rope, draw my chin up to my knuckles? The rope was just out of reach, but I leapt up and caught—once, twice, thrice. I felt a kind of emulation with my old self; I wanted to persuade myself that I had not lost much of my former prowess; and so I went on drawing myself up and down, not touching the ground, till I grew tired, and stretched myself out, expecting just to reach the pavement with my toes. But I could not reach it. Casting a glance below me, I saw with horror that the flooring had vanished under me. I was swinging suspended by my hands high up in the dome.

Perhaps, if I had dropped at that moment, I might have escaped with only a serious shaking; but I hesitated, and was lost. Slowly and steadily, the rope was being wound up. I shut my eyes. Surely this was a hideous delusion that another moment would dispel. But no; as I looked down, the floor below was almost lost to my sight. There I swung, a tiny human speck, half way between heaven and earth. I couldn't hope to hang on much longer. My muscles were weary with the task I had given them. I made a desperate effort to raise myself hand over hand, so that I might grasp the rope with my feet also; but it was impossible; I could not do it. Even the desperate energy of self-preservation could extract no more force from my muscles; I could only hold on.

I was now on a level with the plinth that surmounts the great arches of the dome. The gilded ground-work of a new fresco in the spandrel cast a sort of glow upon me; the colossal figures

seemed to mock my agony. I must be half way up now, and for the moment a ray of hope shone in upon me that I could hold on to the end. But, to my despair, I now saw that the seeming dome was a false one, above which rose the veritable conical roof, another hundred feet or more; and that through a vast round orifice in the sham dome, the rope was to ascend to the uppermost peak of the roof. In that moment of torture I recognized my fate as inevitable. I might prolong my agony for a few seconds; my muscles were involuntarily relaxing; my grasp would fail; in another minute at furthest I must fall to be dashed to pieces on the adamantine floor below.

A thousand confused thoughts whirled through my brain, like the smoke and sparks of an approaching conflagration, but especially clear in my mind's eye, I saw—I did not think but saw this vision—the picture of my far-off home, the rolling plains of grass, the herds and flocks, a galloping horseman—there was my home. My wife stood in the portico, shading her eyes with her hand; the children were clustering about her; there was news of daddy coming—perhaps daddy himself. It was bitter to die thus.

My limbs relaxed; my senses almost deserted me; a merciful oblivion, the intoxication of despair, stole over me; voices, I thought, were calling—perhaps a delusion of failing sense—I was slipping, slipping, and I fell—

"How do you feel now, sir?" I heard a voice say close in my ear. Was it possible—was I still alive? Yes; my brain was yet conscious. But the frame? Shattered, no doubt, a mere human wreck, to which life would be a mockery. I only dared to use my eyes. Any other muscular exertion might bring on torments to which I was then insensible; and yet I had no feeling of pain; perhaps some merciful paralysis had cut me off from torture.

An old man was bending over me, the same who had admitted me, he had a wine glass in his hand with some liquor in it; a candle burned by his side, forming a little chamber of light about us.

"Am I knocked all to pieces?" I whispered.

"I don't think so, sir; I don't think you're hurt a bit. Bless you! you didn't fall more than three feet."

I stretched out my arms—they were whole; my legs—they were sound and unharmed. What a happiness to be alive, after seeing death inevitable!

"How is this?" I cried, sitting up, and looking about me. "I thought I was carried up into the dome."

"And so you were. You'd have been a dead man by this, but just in the nick of time I came back. I don't suppose I should have noticed you, for the light was pretty nearly done; but I caught sight of you against the gilding, and then you gave a sort of moan, and says I: 'There's death here, if I can't think of something in a minute. And then I recollected that I'd heard the workmen chaps whistle three times, and I piped away, and then the rope stopped, and began to come down. I shouted to you to hold on and keep your heart up; but I don't think you heard me, for when your face came in sight it was white like death, and your eyes closed—but you still holding on—till, as I say, you came within three feet of the floor, and then you gave a quiver and fell, and I caught you in my arms, for you were in a dead faint. But what were you about to let them draw you up like that?"

Then I told him my gymnastic feats.

"Oh, then, I suppose you shook the rope. That's the signal to pull up, and up they pulled, and they never knew what sort of a load they were hauling up. The men are working double shifts now, and in a hurry to get finished."

When I left St. Paul's I felt weak and nervous, as if I had just passed through a long illness. I couldn't start next morning I was so upset, and I have written this account of what happened to me as a sort of outlet for my feelings, for I don't think I shall talk much about St. Paul's when I get home.—*Belgravia.*

A Bostonian, who was asked if he proposed to turn in that large estate he had in Vermont among his assets, in the way of settlement, replied, in surprise: "Oh, no! that is out of the question. If I turned that in I should not be insolvent." If he had been a New Yorker he would have deeded the place to his wife. That is the kind of good deeds New Yorkers believe in and practice most in these days.

If a person is inclined to be reticent and uncommunicative in society, it is generally best to let him alone, such an individual is like a bottle of champagne—hard to get uncorked, and harder still to cork up—and though the contents may be bright and sparkling, too much of them will cause you to wish you had not started the flow.

Indians in British Columbia are signing the temperance pledge. White men would do it under the same pressure.

ACT IN RELATION TO TIMBER LANDS.

A bill for the sale of timber-lands in the States of California and Oregon and Washington Territory.

Be it enacted by the Senate and House of Representatives of the United States of America in Congress assembled, That surveyed public lands of the United States within the States of California and Oregon and Washington Territory, not included within military, Indian, or other reservations of the United States, valuable for timber but unfit for cultivation, may be sold to citizens of the United States, or persons who have declared their intentions to become such, in quantities not exceeding six hundred and forty acres to any one person or association of persons, at the minimum price of two dollars and fifty cents per acre; and lands valuable chiefly for stone may be sold on the same terms as timber-lands: *Provided,* That nothing herein contained shall defeat or impair any bona-fide claim under any law of the United States, or authorize the sale of any mining claim, or the improvements of any bona-fide settler, or lands containing gold, silver, cinnabar, copper, or coal, in quantities sufficient to render mining remunerative; or lands selected by the said States under any law of the United States donating lands for internal improvements, education, or other purposes: *And provided further,* That none of the rights conferred by the act approved July twenty-sixth, eighteen hundred and sixty-six, entitled "An act granting the right of way to ditch and canal owners over the public lands, and for other purposes," shall be abrogated by this act, and the same are hereby extended to all public lands affected by this act; and all patents granted shall be subject to any vested and accrued water-rights, or rights to ditches and reservoirs used in connection with such water-rights, as may have been acquired under or recognized by said act, and such rights shall be expressly reserved in any patent issued under this act.

Sec. 2. That any person desiring to avail himself of the provisions of this act shall file with the register of the proper district a written statement in duplicate, one of which is to be transmitted to the General Land-Office, designating by legal subdivisions the particular tract of land he desires to purchase, setting forth that the same is unfit for cultivation, and valuable chiefly for its timber or stone; that it is uninhabited; contains no mining or other improvements, except for ditch or canal purposes, save such as were made by or belong to the applicant, nor, as deponent verily believes, any valuable deposit of gold, silver, cinnabar, copper, or coal; that deponent has made no other application under this act; that he does not apply to purchase the same on speculation, but in good faith to appropriate it to his own exclusive use and benefit; and that he has not directly or indirectly, made any agreement or contract, in any way or manner, with any person or persons whatsoever, by which the title which he might acquire from the Government of the United States should inure, in whole or in part, to the benefit of any person except himself; which statement must be verified by the oath of the applicant, before the register or the receiver of the land-office, within the district where the land is situated; and if any person taking such oath shall swear falsely in the premises, he shall be subject to all the pains and penalties of perjury, and shall forfeit the money which he may have paid for said land, and all right and title to the same; and any grant or conveyance which he may have made, except in the hands of bona-fide purchasers, shall be null and void.

Sec. 3. That upon the filing of said statement, as provided in the second section of this act, the register of the land-office shall post a notice of such application, embracing a description of the land by legal subdivisions, in his office, for a period of sixty days, and shall furnish the applicant a copy of the same, for publication in a newspaper published nearest the location of the premises, for a like period of time; and after the expiration of said sixty days, if no adverse claim shall have been filed, the persons desiring to purchase shall furnish to the register of the land-office satisfactory evidence, first; that said notice of the application prepared by the register as aforesaid was duly published in a newspaper as herein required, secondly; that the land is of the character contemplated in this act, unoccupied and without improvements, other than those excepted, either mining or agricultural, and that it apparently contains no valuable deposits of gold, silver, cinnabar, copper or coal; and upon payment to the proper officer of the purchase-money of said land, together with the fees of the register and the receiver, the applicant may be permitted to enter said tract, and, on the transmission to the General Land-Office of the papers and testimony in the case, a patent shall issue thereon: *Provided,* That any person having a valid claim to any portion of the land may object, in writing, to the issuance of a patent to lands so held by him, stating the nature of his claim thereto; and evidence shall be taken and the merits of

said objection shall be determined by the officers of the land-office, subject to appeal, as in other land-cases. Effect shall be given to the foregoing provisions of this act by regulations to be prescribed by the Commissioner of the General Land-Office.

Sec. 4. That after the passage of this act it shall be unlawful to cut, or cause or procure to be cut, or wantonly destroy, any timber growing on any lands of the United States, or remove, or cause to be removed, any timber from said public lands, with intent to export or dispose of the same; and no owner, master, or consignee of any vessel, or owner, director, or agent of any railroad, shall knowingly transport the same, or any lumber manufactured therefrom; and any person violating the provisions of this section shall be guilty of a misdemeanor, and on conviction shall be fined for every such offense a sum not less than one hundred nor more than one thousand dollars: *Provided,* That nothing herein contained shall prevent any miner or agriculturist from clearing his land in the ordinary working of his mining claim, or preparing his farm for tillage, or from taking the timber necessary to support his improvements, or the taking of timber for the use of the United States; and the penalties herein provided shall not take effect until one year after their passage of this act.

A NOVEL LOTTERY.

From the Green Bay (Wis.) Advocate. We referred briefly last week to a novel lottery which took place at Hollandtown, in this county, by which eleven widows and as many widowers were mated for matrimonial alliance. The facts as we learn from the report of "the committee"—which report comes to us signed by "M. Vandenberg, Secretary"—are as follows:

It seems that there were residing in the town eleven widows and twelve widowers. We presume it was a member of the benevolent society who first proposed that the eleven widows should become helpmeets to eleven of the widowers. At least reports says that, "thinking it economical to have them married, and not knowing how to pair them, a committee was selected to hold counsel as to the best mode of coupling. It took this committee one hour to decide as to the method, pending which decision we may believe there was a fluttering among the hearts of the widows. It was decided to dispose of them by lot, and "consequently," says the report, "the name of all the widows were placed in a box, and likewise the names of the widowers."

The drawing took place at 5 p. m. Monday, Dec. 8th, at which time it was decided that Mr. R. Menton should be married to Mrs. De Bruin, Mr. M. Menton to Mrs. Vink, Mr. Bode to Mrs. Vandenberg, Mr. Furstenberg to Mrs. Kersten, Mr. J. W. Wassenberg to Mrs. Wilde, Mr. N. Verkullen to Mrs. Perboom, Mr. Weyenberg to Mrs. Heesakker, Mr. John Kobussen to Mrs. Tillman, Mr. L. Tenrusen to Mrs. Van Doren, Mr. R. Herremans, to Mrs. Rolf, Mr. Socre to Mrs. Van Bloemer. The twelfth man is D. H. Pentemermann, and although he is the happiest man in seven counties over the narrow escape which he had; yet the committee are casting about for some means to supply him with a partner—advertising that if there are any widows in the neighboring towns who would like to take Mr. Pentermann, "applications can be made to Peter Kersten, President."

It is better to yield a little than to quarrel a great deal. The habit of standing up as people call it, for their rights one of the most disagreeable and undignified in the world. Life is too short for the perpetual bickering which attends such a disposition, and unless a very momentous affair indeed; which other people's claims and interests are involved, it is a question if it is not wiser, happier and more prudent to yield somewhat of our precious rights than to squabble to maintain them. True wisdom is first pure, then peaceable and gentle.—*Exchange.*

How pleasant it is in this wicked old world, says the *Peoria Review*, to meet a man in the busy walks of life whose face is an open book; bearing the imprint of honesty, whose nobility of soul speaks in his very glances, whose whole demeanor inspires you with a yearning platonic affection for him that only needs cultivation to inspire the possessor to know more of him, and borrow money of him, as it were. Ah, yes.

Dr. Fordyce Barker writes to the *Times* that the imperfect surface drainage of New York, the want of cleanliness and the distracting noise of the streets are shortening the lives of citizens, and are not only maintaining, but not increasing, the death-rate; but surely inviting pestilence to the city. He thinks the wooden pavements won't do at all, and is for trying asphalt.

The indigo plant is indigenous in Florida.