

# THE SEATTLE GAZETTE.

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SEATTLE, KING COUNTY, W. T., MARCH 29, 1864.

NO. 15.

## THE SEATTLE GAZETTE.

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SEATTLE, W. T.

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### SLEIGH RIDING, Etc. &c.

Sweet Susie Brown! my pretty one!

I'm sure you must remember—  
If not for love, at least for fun—  
The sleigh-ride in December;  
When all the belles and all the beaux,  
In spite of frosts would go forth,  
And squeeze, beneath the buffaloes,  
Each other's hands, &c.

How brightly streamed the Northern lights

Above the snowy ridges!  
How pleasant were the winter nights,  
Observed from country bridges!  
Where "toll" is sought with such address,  
'Mid laughter fun and flattery;  
And lovers feel amid the press,  
Each other's hearts, etc.

'Tis very singular and queer,

Of all the mad devices,  
Love's flame should burn so bright and clear,  
On fuel formed of ices;  
And yet we know its flame indeed,  
Most brilliantly will glow forth,  
When fanned behind a flying steed,  
Hid under furs, &c.

I'm sure you mind the village inn,  
The supper and the revel;  
How in the general dine and din,  
Love shot his arrows level,  
And don't forget how Harry Kidd  
Embraced you in the battery;  
You kissed his lips—you know you did—  
And he kissed yours, etc.

And when the forfeits all were paid,  
How one old maid resisted,  
Until the younger ladies said  
A prude they all detested;  
"Desist!" she cried—the ancient Ann—  
Her modesty to show forth,  
"I'll never yield to any man,  
My virgin lips," &c.

The wintry winds the homeward way,  
Blew chilly in our faces;  
But underneath our furs we lay,  
All snugly in our places;  
One girl upon the forward seat—  
The pretty Nelly Setterlee—  
Declared 'Jack Frost' had pinched her cheek,  
And Billy Frost, etc.

And then the parting at the door,  
Its tender, mutual blisses;  
Sweet lips from their redundant store  
Gave to the poor in kisses!  
The parting word—the long embrace—  
Cupid's most dangerous witchery,  
Brought fire to many a boyish face,  
And raised sweet hopes, etc.

Dear Susie Brown, save you and I,  
Of all that load of merriment,  
No other pair is left to try  
Love's latest best experiment;  
And when the coming shows are spread,  
Our mutual hopes shall glow forth,  
May Hymen, bless our nuptial bed,  
Increase our joys, &c.

**SAW ENOUGH HOG.**—They've got down in Cortland county, New York, an old farmer, noted for his greediness and his keen lookout for a spot wherein to turn an honest penny, or (he isn't very particular) the reverse. A while ago he succeeded in raising a very large hog. It was soon noised abroad, and the people in that vicinity began to call on the old man to see the "monstrosity." A gentleman from our "town" was stopping awhile in the village, and hearing of the "porcine," and so much said about it, desired to see the sight, and having obtained directions as to the "locale," started for the spot. Arrived there, he met the old gentleman, and enquired about the "animale." "Wal, yes," the old fellow said "he'd got sich a critter; 'mi'ty big 'un; but he guessed he'd have to charge him about a shillin' for lookin' at him." The stranger looked at the old man for a minute or so, pulled out the desired coin, handed it to him, and started to go off. "Hold on," says the other; "don't you want to see the hog?" "No," said the stranger; "I have seen as big a hog as I want to see!" and off he went.

The prosperous man who yields himself up to temptation bids farewell to welfare.

### ACTING A WAX FIGURE.

Mr. Powers, the sculptor, has written a letter, which appears in the papers, addressed to a gentleman of Cincinnati, setting an old story on its own legs, which it seems was getting to be quite broad.

Some years ago, it appears, Henderson, the actor, was desirous to personate a character or two in the Western Museum, for which powers was making wax figures. As a half concession to the request, the artist exhibited the actor in his studio as an unfinished representation of "Henderson, the actor, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe." The sequel is best told by Powers himself.

"On entering the figure was seen standing in the corner of the room, with the head leaning against an old coat, folded in such a manner as to afford a background, and thus prevent unsteadiness, which might lead to detection. A white wig, made of horse-hair decorated the head. The face was daubed with ochre, vermilion and lamp-black; the features were much distorted, so much so that, had my reputation as an artist depended upon their resemblance to the original, I might have feared for the result about to take place. The visitor, however, seemed disposed to flatter me, and grateful for the permission to see an unfinished work, assured me that I had been very successful in the likeness. He thought, indeed, that I had improved upon the original. I begged him to suggest any improvement that might occur to him; "Perhaps you might modify that peculiar cock of the eye a little, and if I were you, I would give him a better leg, instead of those spindle-shanks of his." This last remark occasioned a decided change in the expression of the wax figure, for Henderson thought a good deal of his legs. This change, however, was not observed by the visitor, who still regarded the legs; but I had great difficulty in controlling my countenance, so ludicrous was the scene. The wax face had now recovered its former expression, when our visitor took up the lamp, and against my dissuasive remark that the effect was best at a distance—that the thing was not yet finished, and consequently would not bear inspection—he walked directly up to the figure, and stood within a foot of it, face to face. It was evident that no trick was even suspected, as he held the lamp now above, now to one side, and then below, &c. &c., the better to examine the work. The actor's eyes had now been so long opened without winking, that moisture was beginning to collect in the corners, observing which, our critic exclaimed: "Marvellous! Marvellous! How in the world did you contrive to make these tears? Did you use gum arabic or copal varnish? At this the friend at my side could refrain no longer, but laughed outright. I was compelled to laugh also, but the actor still maintained the rudeness of his countenance. The critic appeared confused for a moment, staring at us enquiringly, but he soon became aware that a trick had been played upon him, and turning suddenly upon the wax figure, he seized it by the nose, and the tweak he gave it would have proved fatal to the symmetry of a waxen proboscis. As it was, however, it did no damage to that organ, but it brought some additional moisture to Henderson's eyes, and an expression from his mouth of "D—n it, don't. You forget my nose is made of wax!" Others were introduced after this to see the wax figure, but I shall not attempt to describe any more of these interviews.

Some of the Connecticut boys at Gloucester Point, Va., have measured a contraband's foot, with the following result: Length, fifteen and a half inches; breadth, eight and a half inches.

Because a man who goes into the grocery business is a grocer, it doesn't follow that a man who goes into the horse business is a hawser.

**A MIRACULOUS ESCAPE.**—Budleigh Salterton was some years ago the scene of a most thrilling incident. Six infant children one Wednesday morning got into a boat on the beach, and a mischievous boy shoved it off. The boat drifted away to sea before the children was missed. Terrible was the agony of the mothers when they knew it. The preventive men went in all directions; every boat was on the lookout until far into the night. Daylight returned, and still there was no tidings of the helpless children; the day wore away and still nothing was heard of them—they were lost either in the expanse of the wide ocean, or buried within its insatiable depths. A Plymouth trawler fishing the following morning early, saw something floating at a distance; he bore down to it, and discovered it to be a boat, and in the bottom the six children huddled in like a nest of birds fast asleep, God having mercifully given them that blessed solace after a day of terror and despair. The trawler took them aboard, feasted them with bread and cheese, and gladdened their despairing little hearts with a promise to take them home. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon the trawler was seen in the offing with the boat astern. All eyes were turned toward them, the best spy-glass in the town was rubbed again and again, and at last they fairly made out it was the identical boat—none to be seen in the sloop. Intense was the agony of suspense, and all alike shared it with the parents. At last the trawler came in, and the word went round, "They're all safe," and many stout-hearted men burst into tears, women shrieked with joy, and became almost frantic with their unsurpassable happiness. It was indeed a memorable day—and a prayer, eloquent for its high sincerity, was offered up to Almighty God, who in His infinite mercy, had spared these innocent children from the perils and terrors of the sea during that fearful night. Five of these children were under five years of age, the sixth being but nine years old.—*British Workman.*

**A FRIGHTENED DARKEY.**—The diver who goes down to clean the bottoms of the Monitors at Port Royal, being a man of herculean proportions, when clad in his submarine armor becomes monstrous in size and appearance. A correspondent of the *Baltimore American* says:

A more singular sight than to see him roll or tumble into the water, and disappear from sight, or popping up, blowing, as the air escapes from his helmet, like a young whale, can scarcely be imagined. Waters has his own ideas of a joke, and when he has a curious audience will wave his scraper about as he "bobs around" on the water with the air of a veritable river god. One of his best jokes—the better for being a veritable fact—occurred last summer.—While he was employed scraping the hull of one of the monitors, a negro from one of the up-river plantations came alongside with a boat load of water-melons. While busy selling his melons the diver came up, and rested himself on the side of the boat. The negro stared at the extraordinary appearance thus suddenly coming out of the water with alarmed wonder; but when the diver seized one of the best melons in the boat and disappeared under the water, the gurgling of the air from the helmet mixing with the muffled laughter, the fright of the negro reached a climax. Hastily seizing his oars, without waiting to be paid for his melons, he put off at his best speed, and has not been seen in the vicinity of Station Creek since. He cannot be tempted beyond the bounds of the plantation, and believes that the Yankees have brought river devils to aid them in making war.

The number of political journals in Paris and the Departments at present is three hundred and eighteen; of unpolitical, six thousand seven hundred.

**MATRIMONIAL.**—In a certain part of the State of New Jersey can be found people who live at some distance from large towns or villages, and who seldom see strangers. When one happens to come along, the people ask him all sorts of questions about himself, and where he came from, etc. On one occasion an agent traveling with books stopped at a house of rather mean appearance, and asked for a glass of water. The woman of the place cordially invited him to walk in and take a *cheer*, which he did, and then conversation ensued: "Recken yer a stranger in these ere parts, ain't ye? I never seed you afore," said the woman. "I have just arrived," was the response. "Do tell! Whar du ye belong to when you're to him, if I might be so bold?" The agent began to see what kind of a character he had to deal with, and resolved to give her all information in his power without waiting to be questioned, so he said: "My name is Tibon—I shall soon be twenty six years of age—was born and still live in the city of New York—am unmarried, and consequently have no children—by occupation am a book-agent—am worth about fifteen hundred dollars clear in the world, and I—" The woman interrupted him: "Did yer say you'd got nary wife?" and she glanced over her shoulder to where her daughter Betsy Ann was sitting. "I did, why do you ask?" "Bekees yer ain't making any collations on getting nary one, then, be ye?" "Not at present," answered the agent. "Yer would'nt hev any on the gals around these diggins, would ye?" asked the mother. "Why not?" "Cause they're tanned up so black. But if you tuck one of 'em to the city, (winking at Betsy Ann) 'she'd come out white before Spring." The agent promised to think of it and left as soon as possible.

A funny affair took place in Brooklyn the other day, the *dramatis personae* being a lady in Bloomer costume and a little lumpy of Satan belonging to the ancient and honorable fraternity of boot-blacks. The strong minded one was parading Fulton street on a fine afternoon, attracting immense attention from the horde of promenaders, and seeming quite self-satisfied as to the stunning effect upon spectators, of her neater-gender-ateness, when a jolly member of the boot-blackening brigade rushed in front of her at a most critical juncture, placed his tools of trade directly in her path, squatted in professional style close to her dear little hoofs, and began to bellow, at the top of his lungs, "Boots blacked, sir?"—shall I shine 'em up, sir?" Of course the lady was huffy at short notice; she assisted the noisy loafer to a horizontal position with her insulted and indignant little foot, stuck her pet pug away up into the air, and strode homeward at the double-quick, disgusted at the degeneracy of the present age in its refusal to acknowledge the synonymous and interchangeable character of the sexes.—Bloomerism is below par now a-days and far from paying investment on our crowded thoroughfares.

**HARDEE'S ARMY.**—A correspondent of the *New York World*, writing from Chattanooga on the 16th of December, said that Hardee's men, who despise him as they did Bragg, were daily deserting, particularly the men whom the rebels impressed in Eastern Tennessee. Wherever our army securely holds territory on which resides the family of one of the men, we are sure of a recruit at the earliest possible moment in the person of that man. "Deserters" say that when our army moves further South, and extends protection to other Union families whose heads have been impressed into the rebel ranks, we may expect large accessions of men who will fight Hardee's army like tigers. They dare not desert so long as their families are within the rebel lines.—The correspondent adds that, were it May, and not December, the finishing stroke could be speedily given the rebellion.—Hardee's army is demoralized.

# THE SEATTLE GAZETTE.

SEATTLE, W. T., MARCH 29, 1864.

## TO OUR PATRONS.

The readers of the SEATTLE GAZETTE will perceive with considerable dissatisfaction, perhaps, that our little sheet is rapidly filling up with advertisements. While this is a sure indication of a prosperous community, and the greatest source of profit to the paper, it is, to our country subscribers, who want more news and reading matter, a privation which can only be remedied by an enlargement of the sheet. We regret on our own account as much as that of our reading patrons, an inability to keep pace with the times, and to enlarge the paper immediately; but if each of our present patrons will act upon the proposition made in another column, subscribe for an additional six months, and constitute himself a special agent to obtain one new subscriber for the same time, we promise that not many weeks shall elapse before we will present them with a paper double its present size. They can easily double our subscription list in a month, and if they will do so, the size of the paper shall be doubled without any increase of price.

**THE MUD FLAT.**—It is a shame and a sin that any portion of God's creation should be made in any way dependent upon that "sleepy hollow" known as the Mud Flat, at the head of Puget Sound, for any of the blessings of civilized life. If we should ever get an overland mail or a telegraph through this country, we hope it will be conditioned to steer clear of that "dead eddy," where everything stops and stagnates, or floats around until it becomes stale and rotten.—A steamer came into this port on Sunday afternoon, reporting herself from the Mud Flat, but as she brought no intelligence of any sort from that enterprising locality, and seemed thoroughly overshadowed with a spirit of know-nothingism as to whether the mails still arrived there or brought any war news, it was doubted whether she came from there or some other Wilderness.—Steamers do occasionally go up to the upper Wilderness, but for what purpose, unless through mere habit, the wisest of people are unable to conjecture. They even hasten to get back there when away, as if anxious to stretch themselves out on the mud flat and bask in the sun for three days at a time. A delay of more than twenty minutes at any other place, even for profit or pleasure, seems to injure their constitutions or their bottoms. Seductive place, that Mud Flat! Can it be that clams are cheaper there than elsewhere, or is the atmosphere of the region more conducive to sleep and repose? *Quen Sabe.*

**NEW MAIL ROUTE.**—We have heard that a contract for a tri-weekly Overland mail to Seattle has been awarded to Mr. Laman of Olympia. We trust the report is true, and that the contractor will at once enter upon the service. The people upon the lower Sound are heartily sick of depending upon Keach's "star" swindle, and the sleepy inhabitants of the Mud Flat. With this line in operation Seattle will be the head quarters of news for Puget Sound as well as the head of Navigation.

**GREAT RUSH.**—It is estimated that the number of persons who will visit the Idaho mines this season will reach 40,000. The California steamships are making a good thing out of the rush—every steamer bringing from five to fifteen hundred passengers.

## GENERAL GANTT ON CONSERVATISM.

General Gantt, of Arkansas, once a General in the rebel army, has of late abandoned the rebellion and become one of the ablest and most zealous supporters of the Union. Having done good service for the Union cause among his friends in Arkansas, by telling them everywhere that a longer resistance to the Government was hopeless, and advising them to return to their allegiance, he is now in the North pitching into luke-warm patriots and the conservatives. In a speech delivered by him before a large Union meeting at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, on the 25th of January, General Gantt said:

"I hear men in the north denouncing the Secessionists with apparent bitterness, and they say, exterminate them but save the negro. They might as well say of a man bitten by a mad dog, Kill the man, but for God's sake save the dog! (Laughter.) We in Arkansas are going to kill the dog and try and save the man. Kentuckians say there are two parties, destructives and conservatives. He believed the destructives were the secessionists and their unwilling aiders; but these latter called themselves conservatives, forsooth! We in Arkansas are going to vote for whoever you nominate as an unconditional Union candidate for President. (Cheers.) I say to those conservatives that the only way you can stay this desolation and bloodshed is to say to the South, yield to the Government, then we will withdraw our armies. But no! the conservatives have not the time, nor the men, they say. They see their true and gallant neighbors shedding their blood in defense of our rights, while you stay at home to watch the Constitution. If you can't fight, if you can't join either side, for Heaven's sake keep quiet and say nothing; for when the rebellion is conquered and the soldiers come home, they can see for themselves whether the Constitution is desecrated or not, and punish the desecrators. (Cheers.) By your present conduct in murmuring and muttering, you preach peace propositions and encourage the insurrectionists. I am a stranger. I expect nothing from you. I want nothing from the Government; but I tell you truly that the rebellion is looking anxiously upon the course of the so-called conservatives, and would like to spur them on, for they expect it will bring delay and final victory to them. I want my suffering people relieved, but I want the old Government to embrace the whole territory, as of old. (Cheers.) My friends in the South have denounced me because I am telling the truth about them; but I tell you I never met more consummate Secessionists than those conservatives of the North."

**THE NEXT PRESIDENT.**—Speaking of candidates for the next Presidency the Yreka Journal makes the following remarks, with which every true Union man of all past political persuasions must coincide:

"All the country wants is a good, true Union man nominated on the Union ticket—one as good as Lincoln, or better, if a better can be found. The nomination of a good candidate is a matter of the greatest importance, because there is no doubt whoever is nominated on the Union ticket will be sure of election. No selfish partizanship should enter the Union ranks, but all unite for the general welfare, and choose the best man, no matter what he may have been so long as he is unconditionally for the Union and the suppression of the rebellion."

**ARRIVED.**—The ship *Iconium*, Marston, Master, nine days from San Francisco, arrived at this port last Wednesday, with merchandise for Yesler, Denny & Co., and others. She is loading with lumber at Yesler's wharf.

The "Union" ladies of Richmond secretly assist Union prisoners there to escape, and make gray clothes for them out of "secesh" blankets.

**AMPROTYPES.**—If you want a picture of yourself call on Mr. Freeman over Yesler's store, where he will remain a few days

## A GOOD VIEW OF THE SITUATION.

The Boston Courier prints the following private letter from Edward Everett. It strikes us as a true view of the situation:

You ask how the national skies look to me. The ship of State is now running before a fair breeze, a gentle swell heaving her forward. While thus going the rebellious Confederacy is sinking, sinking, sinking.—The type of the Confederate finances is the man carrying his basket full of Confederate notes to market and bringing back his beef in his port-monaie. The type of the Confederate army is the ragged trooper who rode the lean horse up the avenue to the Old Capitol Prison yesterday, swearing to everything but the Constitution of the United States, or the starved guard over our prisoners at Richmond, so disgusted with the good things which the d—d Yankees are enjoying for a Christmas dinner, that they won't let them go home to dine on New Year's day. The type of the navy, the man who captured the Chesapeake and killed the engineer, or the worse pirate near Java Head, who skulks from gunboats and takes Union merchantmen while his family lives under Federal protection at Baltimore. Do you read Toombs on Finance? Jeff. Davis on politics? Malory on naval exploits? If not, do look them up, that you may see what is the best that can be said of the sinking Confederate ship! abandoned by our worst enemies in foreign parts.

"Curious that the loyal masses have no heart to fight, and yet that the map of conquered territory shows such a steady increase. They fight probably with hands and feet, if they have no heart, for certain they have within the year conquered the valley of the Mississippi, the secesh of Tennessee, Mississippi, Arkansas, Texas, and are in a fair way to finish the unfortunates who would only come to an end in time by their own weight if we simply stood still, which we do not intend to do. I have been expecting to hear that the illustrious Jeff & Co., had taken their passage to the other side of the Atlantic. They should be careful not to leave it too long, lest they have no resource but the Japanese one. These are briefly my candid views. The beginning of the end of the rebellion is plain; cannot you see it too?"

The "star" contractor, we perceive, was last week safely delivered of another huge specimen of doggerel. The *Herald* of the Wilderness was accoucheur in the case, and both patient and bantling were doing well at last accounts. When the contractor is done breeding and his wee anatomy is all worked up into mongrel rhyme, if his progeny is not beneath criticism, Ollapod may stir up the litter with a long pole.

**OCEAN MAIL.**—We learn upon good authority that a tri-monthly mail between San Francisco and Port Angeles is among the fixed facts of the day, and that the propeller *Geo. S. Wright* has been purchased by the Government to deliver the mails on Puget Sound. Good!

**WRECKED.**—The Captain of the *Marie* informs us that the steam tug *J. W. Moore* was wrecked in Deception Pass on Wednesday last. We did not learn the particulars nor could we hear whether any lives were lost.

The bark *Wm. H. Gauley*, with merchandise for ports on the Sound, arrived at Port Madison last week. The steamer *Resolute*, on Friday, brought over a portion of her cargo for this place.

General Gantt, of Arkansas, put the case very plainly before the people of Little Rock, when he said in a recent speech: "We went out of the Union to protect the negro. We come back to protect the white man."

**BOTH DISSATISFIED.**—The late battle in Florida seems to have given general dissatisfaction. The rebels are disappointed, and the Federals are displeased, as is evinced by removing the commanders of both armies. The Government has sent Gen. James to take command, and the rebels General Tallaferró. Such is the luck of war.

## OBITUARY.

**DIED.**—On the 24th of March 1864, of Diphtheria, ALFRED G. TERRY, aged 39 years, 11 months and 6 days.

Mr. Terry was native of Oneida county, New York; came to this place in 1856, engaged in business with his brother C. C. Terry, in which he continued until his death. He was a quiet, generous-hearted, honest man, a respectable citizen, and esteemed by all who knew him, and especially by those best acquainted with his excellent disposition and kind heart. His remains were followed to their last resting place by a large number of citizens and friends, who, in common with a father and three brothers, have to mourn his loss.

## FOR CASH---NEW GOODS---FOR CASH!

YESLER, DENNY & CO.

Have just received a new and well selected stock of MERCHANDISE suited to this market, which they offer for sale cheap

## FOR CASH, AND CASH ONLY!

Thankful for past patronage, they hope for a continuance of the same upon the CASH SYSTEM, which they find necessary to adopt to sustain their business. Those who have money to pay for goods will remember where they obtained them when they had none. After this date the credit system is closed with YESLER, DENNY & CO. Seattle, March 25th, 1864. no154f

## EUREKA BAKERY! TERRY & GREEN.

**HAVE OPENED A BAKERY** in Seattle, where they intend always to keep a full and complete stock of everything in their line of business, and will at all times be prepared to fill orders at current prices. They will always keep a full supply of FLOUR of various brands; also a full stock of

## CONFECTIONERY, CAKES, PIES, & BREAD.

Parties abroad wishing anything in their line, are requested to call at the Eureka Bakery before purchasing elsewhere, for they guarantee to sell as

## CHEAP AS THE CHEAPEST.

By keeping a full stock and selling cheap, they hope to merit and receive a share of the public patronage.

## A CRACKER MACHINE,

Is expected to arrive soon, when the manufacture of every description of

Hard-bread, Pilot-bread, Navy-bread, Boston, Soda, Water, Butter, and Sugar Crackers,

Will be extensively carried on and orders for the same promptly filled. TERRY & GREEN. no154f Commercial street, Seattle.

## Seattle Drug Store.

**JUST RECEIVED** per bark W. H. GAULY, a most complete stock of PAINTS and OILS, comprised in part of the following:

White Lead,	Raw and Boiled Oil,
Damar Varnish,	Coach Black,
Copal do	Paris Green,
Japan do	Chrome Green,
Black Paint	Gold Size,
Fire Proof Paint	Verdigris,
Yellow Ochre,	Raw Umber,
Sienna,	Burnt do
Burnt Sienna in water,	Chinese Blue,
Blue and Black Smalts,	Gold Bronze,
Red Lead,	Chinese Vermillion,
Venetian Red,	Dry Zinc,
Yellow, Crimson and White Gold Leaf,	
Turpentine,	Putty,
C. H. Pencils.	Paint Brushes,
Sable do	Varnish do
	Sash Tools, &c., &c.

We are prepared to fill orders for dealers, and others at the lowest market price for cash no154f KELLOGG & BRO.

## To Housekeepers.

**PURE CREAM OF TARTER** for Family use for sale by KELLOGG & BRO. no154f

## NOTICE.

**ALL PERSONS INDEBTED TO R. KING** will please call and settle their accounts immediately as he has disposed of his stock to Mr. Green of the Eureka Bakery, and closed business. Mr. King can hereafter be found at the Bakery, where he will be glad to see all his old customers and as many more as may be desirous of seeing him. [no154m]

## NOTICE.

**THE CITIZENS OF SEATTLE**, and vicinity are earnestly requested to meet at the County Auditor's office, in said town, on Saturday evening next, at 6 o'clock, to take measures for the permanent location of a town cemetery or burying ground, as the present site used for a burying ground cannot be had. A full attendance is solicited.



