

# The Vancouver Register.

VOL. 3. VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY. SATURDAY AUGUST 29, 1868. NO. 48.

**THE VANCOUVER REGISTER,**  
VANCOUVER, W. T.  
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.  
B. M. WASHBURN & S. P. McDONALD,  
Editors and Publishers.

**STRUVE & COOK,**  
ATTORNEYS  
—AND—  
Counselors-at-Law.  
S. J. STRUVE, S. P. MCDONALD,  
Attorneys at Law, Notary Public,  
District of Columbia, W. T.

**Aleck C. Smith,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
VANCOUVER, W. T.  
**J. F. CAPLES,**  
ATTORNEY AND  
Counselor-at-Law,  
COR. FRONT AND ALDER STREETS,  
(Opposite Carter's New Block.)  
Portland, Oregon.

**JOS. BUCHTEL'S**  
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!  
Old Buchtel and Cardwell's Gallery,  
No. 89 First Street,  
Portland, Oct. 6, 1867.—34-17.

**I. L. TOBBY,**  
Physician, Surgeon  
And Acoucheur.  
(Two doors North of J. F. Smith's Ave.)  
VANCOUVER, W. T.  
March 14th, 1868.—34-17.

**JOSEPH M. FLETCHER,**  
Notary Public & Conveyancer  
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, EVIDENCE, AND LEGAL PA-  
PERE OF ALL KINDS, CAREFULLY PREPARED.  
VANCOUVER, Sept. 1, 1867.—11-17.

**HYGIENIC MEDICATION!**  
W. H. GODDARD, Hygienic Physician, may be  
consulted at his residence near the Cemetery above the  
Orphanage. The Doctor entirely discards what is termed  
"The Cold Water Cure," believing that many  
have been killed with cold water.  
Particular attention paid to Chronic cases (Diseases  
of the Vital or Blood-making Organs, Nervous System,  
Sexual Organs, Excretory Organs, etc. Fevers, Croup,  
Diphtheria, Dysentery, Scarcities, etc., treated with the  
best results. Also Erysipelas, Measles, Pneumonia, and  
other diseases of the skin and Pulmonary Organs.  
Surgical Treatment safe, pleasant to the patient, and never  
injurious to the weakest constitution.  
Advice to Clergymen free, and to the poor without  
charge.  
VANCOUVER, May 6, 1868.—32-16.

**CHEAP JOHN!**  
Would respectfully announce to the public at large that  
he offers to the trade at lower rates than ever offered in  
this market, his large and well selected stock of  
CLOTHING,  
BOOTS,  
SHOES,  
HATS & CAPS,  
**Yankee Notions,**  
—AND—  
Ladies Wear.  
—ALSO—  
Trunks, Valises, Goggles & CRIP-  
PET BAGS.  
Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere  
and I will guarantee to please.  
Outside section sales attended at reasonable terms.  
J. LEACH & CO.  
VANCOUVER, Oct. 5, 1867.

**BRITTON & GRAY,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
No. 276 Seventh St., P. O. Box 1036,  
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.

**SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO LAND BUSINESS.**  
My office is located in the Executive Department,  
and generally in business before the Executive De-  
partment and Congress.  
Having had years of experience in the General Land  
Office, and a long and successful practice in land claims  
and controversies, we are enabled to do all kinds of work as  
any Surveyor or Engineer, and will guarantee as good satisfac-  
tion for all money as can be had in the State.  
Particular attention given to the U. S. Supreme Court, Interior Department,  
and General Land Office.  
We refer generally to all U. S. Land Offices.  
Oct. 5, 1867.

**HEWITT'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.**  
THEY OPEN THEIR PORTLAND WHERE YOU  
can find of all kinds of Pictures at all times in  
Hewitt's Gallery, corner of First and Harrison streets,  
where he is well prepared to do all kinds of work as  
any Surveyor or Engineer, and will guarantee as good satisfac-  
tion for all money as can be had in the State.  
Particular attention given to the U. S. Supreme Court, Interior Department,  
and General Land Office.  
We refer generally to all U. S. Land Offices.  
Oct. 5, 1867.

**The Last Tear I Shed.**  
The last tear I shed was the warm one that fell,  
As I kissed thee dear mother, and held thee farewell;  
When I saw the deep anguish impressed in thy face,  
And felt, for the last time, a sister's embrace,  
And heard thy choked sobs, and impetuous wail,  
God bless thee forever, God bless thee my child!

I thought of my boyhood, thy kindness to me,  
Thou youngest and dearest, I sat on thy knee;  
Of thy love to me ever so fondly expressed,  
As I grew up to manhood, unconscious how blest;  
Of thy smiles when right, and thy chiding when wrong,  
While I strayed with passions wayward and strong.

I thought of thy trials, unshared or shared,  
As death had calmed or uncalmed thy head,  
And how, when by sickness all helpless I lay,  
Thou didst nurse me and soothe me by night and day;  
How much I had been both thy sorrow and joy,  
And thy feelings overflowed, and I wept like a boy.

Thy years of endurance have vanished, and now  
Thy pain is my heart, there is care on my brow;  
The gleams of hope and of fancy are gone,  
And I know I travel life's pathway alone,  
Alone, alone, though some kind one may be,  
There are none here to love me, to love me like thee.

My mother, dear mother, old hearts they deem  
They should be, but oh! I am not what I seem;  
Could I only and tender, all change I bear,  
Could I look in my bosom, the feeling in there!  
And now, and now, as memory recalls  
Thy blessing at parting, again the tear falls.

**An English Insane Asylum.**  
The London Telegraph describes as follows  
some of the scenes in the Bethlem Hospital  
for the insane in England:  
In Bethlem Hospital every effort is used  
to make the life of the inmates cheerful. As  
you walk down the corridors you hear the  
cooing of pigeons and the quick, jibbing  
notes of singing birds, sitting to and fro in  
large and well-tended aviaries. Presently  
you come to an aquarium; and to a stand  
of flowers, while there are statuettes and en-  
gravings on the walls. Everywhere, light  
everywhere, elbow room and breathing space.  
Hence, as you are led on from stage to stage  
you gradually get into a state of mind in  
which it is not in the least surprising to you  
that you find yourself with some very gentle-  
manly lunatics playing billiards; nor do you  
feel at all surprised by and by to hear a pi-  
ano in a neighboring room, and recognize a  
bit of Beethoven.

It is a madhouse. Every man is allowed to  
smoke after the dinner; and it is with a  
strange feeling of semi-bewilderment that  
you stroll into the reading room and see a  
gentleman quietly enjoying his tobacco over  
a number of the Illustrated News. "Mad!"  
Certainly has been mad for years; but not  
for all that miserable—not for all that cut off  
from the fellowship of his race! It is hardly  
the sufferers from acute mania, perhaps, that  
afflict one the most.

Here and there, over a fine and proud face,  
you see a shadow pass like a thunder cloud  
as the man's hour of torment comes upon  
him; but in that there is still some courage  
and manhood left. Yonder, stricken by the  
worst kind of melancholia, a poor creature,  
his hair all gray or grizzled, rooks himself  
incessantly to and fro upon his seat, shrieks  
at a touch as from fire, and gives no an-  
swer to a kindly salutation but a moan. If  
this be his state at midday, what is it when  
the night closes in?

Pass on; and now, how old, think you, is  
the rosy gentleman half asleep in a chain by  
the chimney corner? The rosy gentleman  
looks up with a surprising amount of bribe-  
ness, as he hears the question, and answers,  
"Ninety, sir." He is not dreaming, nor ro-  
mancing. He came to this Hospital—think  
of it—in January, 1827, already 48 years  
old; and there is still a color on his cheek.  
Less cheerful, but robust in his language to  
a degree which is almost terrific, is an old  
sailor in the neighborhood. Our men swore  
terribly in Flanders, but this grand old vet-  
eran would outswear thirty troopers. Never  
was there an old gentleman so utterly unfit  
for publication.

In the female wards, situated in the east-  
ern part of the hospital, we meet with many  
more cases of chronic and persistent delusion  
than amongst the men. The very first lady,  
for instance, whom we accost soon describes  
herself as "Queen of Heaven and Earth,"  
and speaks of her Most Gracious Majesty  
Queen Victoria in a slighting tone and de-  
lusion. A poor unhappy gentleman has  
been here for years; as she grows old and  
sharp and wrinkled; her white hair  
hangs in great tangled heaps about her; and  
there is an awful look, like that of hunger,  
in her eyes as she presses toward the door  
of her little room, and would fain pass on  
and bustle by you. Involuntarily, a man shrinks  
from the touch for just a second; and it is  
not your first impulses, but a return of your  
reason, and your reverence for woman, which  
makes you accept and press the hand that she  
offers you. Ah, it is a thin, worn hand!  
Honestly, one is glad enough to mount to the  
upper galleries, where the more hopeful, at  
any rate the quieter, "cases" are to be met  
with.

Decorous as a private drawing-room are  
many of these apartments, where some of  
the patients sit reading, others working, others  
again presiding at the piano. A poor  
old man, who is in the strict conventional sense  
a young lady—eagerly accosts us as we pass.  
As one might guess, it is the old story of a

love that came to nothing. The face is bright  
still, and pretty, though the fine eyes are  
troubled, and there is a painful little catch  
in the voice. Sensibly and quietly, with a  
subdued eagerness that is wonderfully touch-  
ing, she pleads for her release; she is quite  
well; she would be quite safe; she can  
take care of herself perfectly. A crucial  
question is then asked; and she cries, "Ah!  
but shall I tell you the truth, or not the  
truth? When I tell you the truth, you keep  
me here." "And the truth," God help us,  
is that she is engaged to a young gentleman,  
"and that the greater part of Europe belongs  
to him." The soft but earnest voice—a lady's,  
in every tone—trembles down to tears, but  
the eyes, though suffused, look proud, and  
have a touch of anger in them, as she says,  
"You keep me here because I tell the truth."  
No quieter voice could you hear; and you  
must be strangely constituted if you can turn  
away from such an interview without pain  
and sickness at the heart.

**HARD TO BEAT.**—Away up in Virginia City  
says the Dramatic Chronicle they have a cer-  
tain Southern Union man of the ultra school  
who swears by General Grant and thinks Col-  
fax is "the next best man" in all creation.  
This irrepressible Colonel was, according to  
the Enterprise, recently called upon to make  
a speech at a Grant ratification meeting over  
the mountains. Having concluded a regular  
thunder and lightning speech, the Colonel  
was about to take his seat when an imported  
democrat of the Illinoisian persuasion, who  
was "hanging into the verge" of the meeting  
said out:  
"It's easy talkin', Korool Corral, but I  
jabber! We show you something next Fall!"  
The old Colonel at once faced about and with  
uplifted hands, his hair bristling, and his  
eyes flashing fire, cried out: "Build a woman  
fence round a Winter supply of Summer  
weather; skin the clouds from the sky with  
a teaspoon; catch a thunder bolt in a bladder;  
break a hurricane to harness; ground  
slip an earthquake; take hell in an ice  
house; lass an avalanche; pin a dipper on  
the crater of an active volcano; hive all the  
stars in a mill hog; bang the ocean on a  
grapvine to dry; put the sky in a sack like  
potatoes; and paste, 'To let' on the sun and moon;  
but never sir—never for a moment, sir, de-  
lude yourself with the idea, that any ticket  
of your party can beat Grant and Colfax!"

**THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—The words of  
the English language are a compound of sev-  
eral foreign languages. The English lan-  
guage may be looked upon as a compilation,  
both in words and expressions, of various di-  
alects. Their origin is from the Saxon lan-  
guage. Our laws were derived from the Nor-  
man, our military terms from the French, our  
scientific names from the Greeks, and our  
stock of nouns from the Latin, through the  
medium of the French. Almost all the verbs  
in the English language are taken from the  
German, and nearly every other noun or ad-  
jective is taken from other dialects. The  
English language is composed of 15,734  
words—of which 6,738 are from the Latin,  
5,312 from the French, 1,665 from the Saxon,  
1,660 from the Greek, 691 from the Dutch,  
211 from the Italian, 106 from the German,  
(not including verbs), 90 from the Welsh, 75  
from the Danish, 55 from the Spanish, 50  
from the Icelandic, 31 from the Swedish,  
31 from the Gothic, 16 from the Hebrew, 15  
from the Teutonic, and the remainder from  
the Arabic, Syriac, Turkish, Portuguese, Irish,  
Scotch, and other languages.

Two theological professors were crossing a  
lake together in the West Highlands in com-  
pany with a number of passengers, when a  
storm came on with terrible force. One of  
the passengers was heard to utter, "The two  
ministers should begin to pray or we'll be  
drowned." "Na, na," said the boatman,  
"the little one can pray if he like, but the  
big one maun tak' an oar."

**THE BREAST AS A PINCUSION.**—M. Ricord,  
during a recent discussion on the penetration  
of foreign bodies, related the following anec-  
dotes: The celebrated actress, Madeline Bro-  
han, suffered from a tumor of the breast,  
which puzzled her various doctors as to its  
nature. The diagnosis wavered between an  
adenoid tumor and one of a scirrhus nature;  
but before consenting to an operation, she  
consulted Ricord. He examined the breast  
with the most scrupulous care, and presently  
felt certain that a needle, lodged in the sub-  
stance of the organ, was the source of the  
mischiefs; for, during his examination, he  
felt the end of his finger pricked by the for-  
eign body. To force the needle to project  
outwardly, and then to extract it, was the  
work of an instant. Great was the amaze-  
ment of the patient, who had no idea how the  
"accident" had happened; and the clever op-  
erator, on learning, cautioned her in future not  
to place her needles on such a pin cushion.  
The tumor rapidly disappeared.

The post Longfellow is the recipient of  
distinguished attentions in Europe. It is  
pleasant to read that no one has done more  
to make his visit an oration than Dickens, him-  
self fresh from the honors of America!

## Fall of Man.

The saying ascribed to Vogt, an infidel  
naturalist of Germany, that he "would rather  
be the descendant of a perfect ape than of  
a degenerate man," is very character-  
istic of the haughty spirit of our time.  
Scarcely any fact in scripture history is  
more offensive, and meets a more presumptuous  
denial than that of the fall of man. So  
pleasing is the thought of a law of progress  
ruling our race, continuous, never stand-  
ing that many seem willing to find the starting  
point of their progression in an oyster or a  
sapole, and are not at all ashamed to count  
monkeys and baboons among their not dis-  
tant progenitors. The glory of the future,  
they say, will make amends for the lowliness  
of the past. To have had an ignoble origin  
is no matter of reproach, but our pride is  
touched when we think of Adam fallen, de-  
graded, descending not ascending in the scale  
of being, punished for disobedience, driven  
out of paradise.

But our pride does not merely revolt at the  
thought of the fall of man; it arrays itself  
against the idea of God as our creator and  
Ruler. It struggles to get wholly rid of the  
relation of Creator and creature, of Ruler and  
subject. In past ages men rejoiced in this  
relation, and made continual avowal of it in  
their worship. But to the so-called scientific  
spirit of our day it has become offensive,  
almost intolerable, for it implies inferiority,  
subjection. If there be a personal God, Maker  
and Lord of all, then man must take a  
position of dependence, must humble himself  
and be obedient. The contest with modern  
unbelief is not simply respecting the inspira-  
tion of the Scriptures, the accuracy of its  
statements, or the validity of its creeds, but  
whether there is a God. Is there a being  
higher than man to whom he is responsi-  
ble?

This is the question which our age raises.  
Men like Vogt cry no, for they know and  
will know nothing higher, more divine than  
man. He can never attain his true standing  
and dignity, and freedom, so long as he ad-  
mits the existence of any being superior to  
himself, any will to which his own must sub-  
mit.

## How to Sleep in Church.

Assuming that it is a duty, let us consider  
the manner of performing it. Like all other  
Christian practices, there ought to be uniform-  
ity in the manner.

1st.—It is an improper manner of perform-  
ing this duty to nod, and for the plain reason  
that the worshiper attracts to much attention.  
We are everywhere taught to avoid ostenta-  
tious display in our worship. The Pharisees  
were condemned for praying at corners, of the  
street, that they might be seen of men. On  
the same principle, the nodding worshiper,  
is condemned, for he is making too public  
a display of his devotions.

2nd.—Nor is it proper to snore in the per-  
formance of this duty—partly for the forego-  
ing reason; but mainly because it is a direct  
infraction of the golden rule. Suppose, for  
instance, that your next door neighbor, is  
asleep; by your snoring he will be disturbed,  
probably awakened. This is not doing  
unto others as you would they should do to  
you.

3rd.—It is wrong to injure one's health  
while offering worship; and all physicians  
admit that to sleep with the head thrown  
back and the mouth wide open is liable to  
produce sore throat and hoarseness. Besides  
flies sometimes get into the mouth on such  
occasions and by their injurious explorations  
tickle the delicate membranes and cause  
horrible stertorations and coughing, which  
is very injurious to health.

4th.—To sleep with head resting on the  
arms of the worshiper, and the face buried  
up in the cuffs of the coat, is the most im-  
proper way of offering a sleep, worship. First,  
because it is also injurious to the health, and  
mainly, because it is a direct violation of the  
Scriptures, which command us to let our  
light so shine that man may profit by our  
example. In this case it is impossible to  
know whether the Christian worshiper is  
asleep or awake. It is a positive case of in-  
temperance; neither the one thing nor the other.  
—Advance.

**TOO MUCH READING.**—I never knew but  
one or two fast readers, and readers of many  
books, whose knowledge was good for any-  
thing. Miss Martineau says of herself, that  
she is the slowest of readers, sometimes a page  
in an hour, but then, what she reads she  
makes her own. Sir Erskine Perry said that  
in conversation with Comte, who was one  
of the most profound thinkers in Europe  
Comte told him that he read an incredibly  
small number of books these last twenty  
years—I forgot how many—and so rarely ever  
a review. But then, what Comte reads, lies  
there fruitfully, and comes out a living tree  
with leaves and fruit. Multifarious reading  
weakens the mind more than doing nothing,  
for it becomes a necessity at last, like smoking  
and is an excuse to the dormant, while thought  
is poured in, and runs through a clear stream  
over unproductive gravel, on which not even  
a moss grows. I do not give myself as a  
spoilsman, for my nervous energies are shat-  
tered by stump oratory, its excitements and  
reactions. But I know what reading is, for I  
could read, and I did. I read hard, or  
not at all—never turning aside to more in-  
viting books, and Plato, Aristotle, Butler, Theoc-  
dides, Sterne, and Jonathan Edwards have  
passed like iron atoms of blood into my  
mental constitution.—F. W. Robertson.

## A REMARKABLE SURGICAL OPERATION.

The Hudson (N. Y.) Star, of July 18th,  
says:  
A few months ago a man named Adam  
Raught, living in the town of Livingston,  
in this county met with a terrible accident,  
the particulars of which have before been  
published, but in order to refresh the minds  
of our readers as to the connection between  
the case and its final develop-  
ment, it is necessary for us to state in brief  
the outline of the sad accident. On Monday  
April 27th, Raught, while at work pressing  
saw, was hit in the face by the "leader" of  
the press, caused by the breaking of a sweep.  
The leader hit him with terrible force just  
below the eyes, entirely crushing the nasal  
bone, and knocking loose the floor of the  
eyes and separating the two cheek bones.  
The upper jaw was also broken loose, so that  
the whole of the bones of the face below the  
eyes, with the soft part attached, fell down  
from the head, presenting a horrible ghastly  
spectacle. The hopes of recovery for the  
injured man at the time were slim indeed,  
but he being the possessor of a strong constitu-  
tion, Dr. William H. Fisher, of this city,  
who was called to attend him, was inclined  
to the belief that the life of his patient might  
be saved. The great trouble was how to  
keep the flesh in its position, as the whole  
face, so to speak, dropped down. An idea  
entered the doctor's mind which was quickly  
seized and put into practical use, as follows:  
He secured the services of Dr. Sheldon, den-  
tist of this city, and gave him instructions  
to take an impression of the injured man's up-  
per jaw and make a temporary set of teeth  
for his use, with ends projecting each side,  
in which holes were to be made, the whole  
resembling a horse shoe with ends turned up.  
This was done in an artistic manner by Dr.  
Sheldon, and the teeth placed in Raught's  
mouth. Dr. Fisher then made a leather  
cap, which fitted close to the forehead of his  
patient, around the edge of which were small  
pegs. Wires were then attached to the ends  
of the teeth plate in the corners of the in-  
jured man's mouth (which projected outward)  
and fastened to the pegs, and in this way  
the flesh was held in its position. Dr. Fisher

his patient and gave the "wound" a little more  
tension, and in three weeks time the flesh  
had healed, the bones united, and the patient  
allowed to eat moderately. The breaking of  
all the nasal bones, and their total and final  
disappearance, left a cavity in the upper por-  
tion of the nose, which still remains, but it  
is the intention of Dr. Fisher, next fall, to  
perform a plastic operation on his patient to  
remedy this defect; in other words, to trans-  
plant a sufficient quantity of flesh from the  
forehead, to fill the cavity, and he has no  
doubt of the success of the operation.

**THE EMPRESS EUGENIE.**—A recent letter  
from Paris thus deftly sketches this lady,  
about whom so much has been written: "Un-  
like the French women—who are short and  
dumpy, especially in middle life—the Em-  
press is queenly in form, tall, slim and stail-  
ly. Unlike the French woman, whose com-  
plexions are dark, sallow, and even dingy  
the Empress' face is as white as alabaster.  
Her eye is clear but piercing, her eye is cap-  
tivating, her brow graceful. Arrayed in her  
regal robes, she is magnificent. Everything  
about her is in keeping. Her taste is unequal-  
led. Everything is in proportion, and one  
part is suited to the other. She knows what  
will agree with her complexion to the exact  
shade of ribbon. You can suggest no alteration  
in her dress. On state occasions when she  
greets the public eye she wears anything regal  
and stately that becomes her station. On  
ordinary occasions her dress is very plain-  
very simple, yet very taking. Her hair seems  
to be central point of her dress. If it is  
brown or blue, green or crimson, her gloves,  
scarf, ornaments, and apparel correspond.  
Joy spirits are abundant, her disposition  
fervent, and she seems disposed to enjoy her  
position. On her last visit to England she  
was the guest of the Queen. A review was  
held in St. James' Park in her honor, which  
she beheld from the balcony of Buckingham  
Palace, in company with Victoria and Na-  
poleon. She was joyous as a school girl.  
She clapped her hands and shouted in her  
French style like a little girl at the grand  
display. Her buoyancy and gleefulness of  
manner, not to say frivolity, shocked the  
dignified and sober Queen of England; and  
more than once Victoria laid her hand on the  
shoulder of her fair visitor, and reminded  
here that while such outbursts of feeling  
were perfectly natural, they were not regal!"

**A SUBTERRANEAN WONDER.**—At La Crosse  
they have been boring an artesian well. At  
the depth of two hundred and eighty feet the  
workmen at the well became sensible of a re-  
markable change going on with the bore; the  
drill had been working through a substratum  
of dark porous rock for five hours, and had  
been making rapid progress, when suddenly  
machinery stopped, the rods became violent-  
ly agitated, and a deafening explosion en-  
sued, following by a stream of boiling water  
gushing with mighty force through the tube  
from the depth below. The startled work-  
men were blinded with clouds of steam.

**Spiritualism.**  
The Massachusetts Spiritualist Association,  
at its session in this city during Anniversary  
week, passed the following: "Whereas, 'no  
man's natural demands, are God's only com-  
mands; therefore, resolved, that as Spiritual-  
ists, we reject all external authority as a rule  
of life in our various relations with our fellow  
beings, and acknowledge allegiance to our  
internal emotions, or to the God that speaks  
through the individual soul, as our only in-  
fallible rule of faith and practice." This has  
the merit of being explicit.  
And it might require study to crowd more  
blasphemy, infidelity and general profanity  
into the same number of lines. If these per-  
sons knew what they were saying, it might be  
a public gain for them to furnish their fellow  
creatures with a list of their precious names,  
in order that the community may be on its  
guard against them. If it should happen to  
be revealed to one of them by "the God that  
speaks to the individual soul"—and, from the  
above specimen of that kind of revelation,  
promptings of such a sort, an occasion  
might not be improbable—that it is his duty,  
and privilege to pick his neighbor's pocket, or  
cut his neighbor's throat, that would become  
at once to him an "infallible rule of practice,"  
obedience to which would be lifted both into  
an obligation and a virtue; while no "natu-  
ral authority" could have any right to inter-  
fere with the thief's or murderer's "allegiance  
to his internal emotions."  
Let those fellows set out their brave talk,  
and see how long it would be before a Vigil-  
ance Committee would be making a short shift  
with them, as was made with some of their  
less philosophic, but possibly more practical  
brother confederates in San Francisco, and at  
Denver City, under the reign of Judge Lynch.  
Meanwhile, how exactly has Paul described  
them: "Professing themselves to be wise,  
they became fools, and changed the glory of  
the incorruptible God in an image made like  
to corruptible man, and served the creature  
more than the Creator who is blessed forever."  
—Congregationalist.

Mrs. Withal, a schoolmistress of Exeter,  
England, was lately charged before the city  
of her pupils. The pupil, a boy, had a fine  
curly head when he went to the defendant's  
school in the morning; in the evening when  
he returned home, his curls had been cut off.  
His mother went to the school, and defendant  
explained that she had cut off his hair from  
kindness, as she thought the child looked bet-  
ter without the curls than with them. The  
mother was of a different opinion; it was a  
great "piece of impudence," she said. The  
defense was that the boy's head was dirty,  
and therefore the defendant was justified in  
what she did. The judge told Mrs. Withal  
that in cutting the child's hair she had done  
an illegal act; but she there did not appear  
to be any malicious purpose, she would be  
only sixpence and costs.

## Spiritualism.

The Massachusetts Spiritualist Association,  
at its session in this city during Anniversary  
week, passed the following: "Whereas, 'no  
man's natural demands, are God's only com-  
mands; therefore, resolved, that as Spiritual-  
ists, we reject all external authority as a rule  
of life in our various relations with our fellow  
beings, and acknowledge allegiance to our  
internal emotions, or to the God that speaks  
through the individual soul, as our only in-  
fallible rule of faith and practice." This has  
the merit of being explicit.  
And it might require study to crowd more  
blasphemy, infidelity and general profanity  
into the same number of lines. If these per-  
sons knew what they were saying, it might be  
a public gain for them to furnish their fellow  
creatures with a list of their precious names,  
in order that the community may be on its  
guard against them. If it should happen to  
be revealed to one of them by "the God that  
speaks to the individual soul"—and, from the  
above specimen of that kind of revelation,  
promptings of such a sort, an occasion  
might not be improbable—that it is his duty,  
and privilege to pick his neighbor's pocket, or  
cut his neighbor's throat, that would become  
at once to him an "infallible rule of practice,"  
obedience to which would be lifted both into  
an obligation and a virtue; while no "natu-  
ral authority" could have any right to inter-  
fere with the thief's or murderer's "allegiance  
to his internal emotions."  
Let those fellows set out their brave talk,  
and see how long it would be before a Vigil-  
ance Committee would be making a short shift  
with them, as was made with some of their  
less philosophic, but possibly more practical  
brother confederates in San Francisco, and at  
Denver City, under the reign of Judge Lynch.  
Meanwhile, how exactly has Paul described  
them: "Professing themselves to be wise,  
they became fools, and changed the glory of  
the incorruptible God in an image made like  
to corruptible man, and served the creature  
more than the Creator who is blessed forever."  
—Congregationalist.

Mrs. Withal, a schoolmistress of Exeter,  
England, was lately charged before the city  
of her pupils. The pupil, a boy, had a fine  
curly head when he went to the defendant's  
school in the morning; in the evening when  
he returned home, his curls had been cut off.  
His mother went to the school, and defendant  
explained that she had cut off his hair from  
kindness, as she thought the child looked bet-  
ter without the curls than with them. The  
mother was of a different opinion; it was a  
great "piece of impudence," she said. The  
defense was that the boy's head was dirty,  
and therefore the defendant was justified in  
what she did. The judge told Mrs. Withal  
that in cutting the child's hair she had done  
an illegal act; but she there did not appear  
to be any malicious purpose, she would be  
only sixpence and costs.

Mrs. C. M. Patterson while on a visit to  
Mr. Dick Taylor's, a short distance from  
Carlisle, Ill., sat down under a shade tree  
in the door yard. Placing her hand on the  
ground, she was bitten three times in the  
middle finger by a small rattlesnake. She  
at first thought it to be a locust sting, and  
when the truth was known fainting with ter-  
ror, Whiskey was administered freely until  
intoxication was produced, near a quart being  
required for that purpose, and she is now out  
of danger, although still suffering from the  
poison. The remedy and the sufferer com-  
plained.

A miniature locomotive with its tender,  
twenty-five inches long, made entirely of  
pure gold and silver, has been exhibited in Woon-  
socket, Rhode Island. The base is stands on  
contains a music-box, which, on being wound up,  
carries the moving parts of the engine to a  
musical accompaniment. It is a beautiful  
specimen of workmanship, contains \$2,800  
worth of the precious metal, and was made  
for presentation to George W. Perry, master  
mechanic of the Philadelphia, Wilmington  
and Baltimore Railroad.

Mr. Samuel McKenney, of 800, Maine, who  
is ninety-six years of age, has this year hood  
three acres of corn. Last year he hood one  
thousand hills of corn in one day, and a few  
hills over, so that it would bear inspection,  
as he said. Mr. McKenney is respected and  
loved by all.

"Good morning, uncle. How do you do?  
I am well you see. I'll bet ten dollars you  
don't know what I come to see you for."  
Money of course you never come for anything  
but that." "You're just ten dollars, my dear  
uncle. I came to ask—you how is aunt?"

An article in a London magazine dilates  
on the palatable quality of steaks, from Rome and  
tigers. It is not certain about Rome, but it  
is that those who "fight the tiger" rarely get  
their steaks.

It is said to be a fact that the term "carpet  
bagger" has ruined the trade of valise and  
carpet dealers in New Orleans.  
Resolve to live a virtuous and life.





