

# The Vancouver Register.

VOL. 4. VANCOUVER, WASHINGTON TERRITORY, SATURDAY NOVEMBER 14, 1868. NO. 5.

**THE VANCOUVER REGISTER,**  
VANCOUVER, W. T.  
ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY.  
ENOCH G. ADAMS,  
Editor and Proprietor.

**TERMS:**  
Per annum, in advance, \$3.00  
Terms of Advertising:  
For each subsequent insertion, 1.00  
Quarterly advertisements inserted at liberal rates by special contract.  
Legal advertisements at the established rates.

**STRUVE & COOK,**  
ATTORNEYS  
—AND—  
Counsellors-at-Law.

H. G. STRUVE, J. G. COOK,  
Prosecuting Attorney, M. J. K. Public,  
District, W. T.

(Office, Up-Stairs, in)  
**SOHNS & SCHUELE'S BRICK,**  
VANCOUVER, W. T.

**J. F. CAPLES,**  
ATTORNEY AND  
Counsellor-at-Law,  
COR. FRONT AND ALDER STREETS,  
(Opposite Carter's New Block.)  
Portland, Oregon.

**JOS. BUCHEL'S**  
PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY!  
Old Buchel and Cardwell's Gallery,  
No. 80 First Street,  
BETWEEN WASHINGTON and ALDER.  
Portland, Oct. 5, 1868.—2-1-17.

**I. L. TOBEY,**  
Physician, Surgeon  
And Acoucheur.  
(Two doors North of J. F. Smith's store.)  
VANCOUVER, W. T.  
March 14th, 1868.—2-1-17.

**JOSEPH M. FLETCHER.**  
(REGISTER OF THE LAND OFFICE.)  
Notary Public & Conveyancer  
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BONDS, AND LEGAL PA-  
PERS of all kinds, carefully prepared.  
Vancouver, Sept. 1, 1865.—1-1-17.

**J. C. CHAPMAN,**  
Attorney & Counsellor  
At-Law,  
86 Front Street,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.  
Oct. 24, 1868.—no-17.

**J. B. KELLOGG.**  
**KELLOGG HOUSE,**  
196 Madison Street,  
Between Front and First Streets,  
Portland, Oregon.  
Oct. 24, 1868.—no-17.

**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, Glazed & Carpet Bags.**  
Call and examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere and I will guarantee to please.  
Outside auction sales attended to at reasonable terms.  
J. ISAACS & CO.  
Vancouver, Oct. 5, 1867.

**BRITTON & GRAY,**  
Attorneys at Law,  
No. 376 Seventh St., P. O. Box 1034,  
WASHINGTON CITY, D. C.  
SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO LAND BUSINESS,  
before the General Land Office and Interior Department, and generally to business before the Executive Departments 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 offer valuable services before the U. S. Supreme Court, Interior Department, and General Land Office.  
We refer generally to all U. S. Land Officers.

**HENDER'S PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.**  
THE ONLY PLACE IN PORTLAND WHERE YOU are sure of getting No. 1 Pictures at an equal price as at Henderson's gallery, corner of First and Morrison streets, where he has well prepared to do all kinds of work as well as in Oregon, and will guarantee as good satisfaction for all his work as can be had in the State.  
Pictures of every kind can be had at short notice. Old pictures can be copied, enlarged and retouched in India Ink, or Oil Colors, at LOWER PRICES THAN ANY OTHER PLACE.  
Oct. 5, 3-1-17.

**Margaret Frink.**  
A TALE OF 1830.  
Place, Newington, New Hampshire, on the Piscataqua River.  
BY E. G. ADAMS, A. M.

Over the river's blue bosom,  
Away in a field alone,  
Lies a specter in the moonlight,  
Shedding a marble stone.

Who's that that steeple there sleeping  
In death's long and dreamless rest?  
Who is there clasped forever  
In the Earth's relentless breast?  
A maiden, a beautiful maiden,  
With cheeks of a ruy glow,  
Like the hue of the moonlight falling  
Upon waves of the drifted snow.

And over her delicate shoulders  
Flowed the waves of her yellow hair  
Like the golden shadows of sunset,  
Afloat on the buoyant air.

Her eyes were of blue the deepest,  
Where never a shadow could stay,  
If came they, like white clouds of summer,  
In smiles they went floating away.

But in unguarded hour the Tempter  
To her innocent heart stole in,  
And, with words that spotless tablet  
A word of dark sorrow and sin.

Then leaped she the tremendous beauty  
Of the sunset dropping gold  
Through the leaves of the dim old forest  
—A beauty she loved of old—

And leaped she the gust of fountain  
In the wildwood making glee,  
And the music of pine trees sounding  
Like the surges of the sea.

The erst-loved beauty of Nature  
O'ershadowed her bosom with pain,  
As the soil of the Earth is darkened  
By the silver-dropping rain.

She leaped the arch of the rainbow  
That hung o'er the river's breast,  
For the low of forgiveness spanned not  
Her soul in its deep unrest.

She leaped the blessed sunlight  
That came from the heavens above,  
Like a beautiful angel descending  
On a mission of mercy and love.

She leaped the silver star-light,  
She leaped the morning prime,  
For to her the sky seemed blushing  
For her unforgiven crime.

The shadows of far-off mountains,  
That bordered the distant West,  
Seemed crossing the breadth of the landscape,  
To fall on her sorrowful breast.

And when round the hills and valleys  
The mist of the evening was furled,  
She wished that in shroud of such beauty  
She could steal to the grave from the world.

The lapses of silvery music  
That swept from the river's strand,  
Sounded like departed voices,  
Luring on to the spirit-land.

The wind from the breast of the mountains,  
Sweeping down through the forest dim,  
Inspired by her, in the old time,  
Like the voices of cherubim.

Now over her spirit like wallowing  
Of the phage-stricken multitude comes,  
Or the mournful yet martial music  
That accompanies muffled drums.

Her spirit it seems like a prisoner  
Who looks through his iron bars,  
And watches the dawn-dropping  
From the silver surge of the stars.

Reality seemeth unreal  
Through her spirit's bewildering gleam,  
And she walks o'er the Earth's green bosom  
Like out of sleep in a dream.

She leaped her princely chamber  
In her father's mansion rich,  
Where the statues of ancient sculptors  
Are gleaming from every niche.

Whom over the high-arched windows  
Fell curtains with fringe of gold,  
While from walls that are broad and lofty  
Glean pictures of painters old.

So she rose from her couch at midnight  
With a foot that betrayed no sound,  
While the rest of that lordly household  
Were in slumber's enchanted bound.

And with robe like the spotted snow-drift  
And her tresses all unrolled  
Over the ivory of her shoulders,  
In their length of wavy gold.

Down over the old dim stair-case  
With its balusters, carved and rare,  
She went like a moon-beam, gliding  
Out into the cold night air.

With small clouds the sky was mottled;  
And the moon, half hid and half-seen,  
On the turf cast a pale glimmer  
With a woe like shadow between.

Over the dewy grass with her naked  
And delicate feet she went,  
As fair as the first star that enters  
The twilight's yellow tent.

It was a palatial mansion in the South where our story commences. It was surrounded by spacious verandahs. Every tree peculiar to the Southern climate encircled it with its wealth of foliage. Nature and art were alike liberal. It would exhaust the vocabulary to picture in language the luxuriance of leaf and flower. Titanic in the scale of Nature were Nature's productions. The mansion within in massiveness of structure corresponded with the appendages without. The walls were high, and fine columns supported the graceful roof. The furniture was of the most cumbersome pattern. There was nothing counterfeit about it. It appeared whoever had built and furnished the house considered that he had done it for all coming time. The huge beds were like the vast thrones of an Eastern monarch. Even the candlesticks seemed more fit for the ark of the Hebrews than for everyday life. For whom was all this display? A lordly master, a mistress and an only boy were all the whites, but there were any number of dusky slaves that floated in and out like shadows on a garden wall when the branches of adjacent trees flicker in the wind. The master is very proud and very haughty, but the mother is very sweet and very pretty, and the boy has the determination he inherits from the father toned down by the genial, kind-hearted disposition he inherits from the mother. She was all Southern in blood, and yet all kindness to whomsoever she met, bond or free. Whatever errors society had in its formation, no sorrows followed from her actions. She was the purest type of a Southern woman. No gloss, no affectation, pure, guileless, simple, and yet firm as adamant. When many a Southern dame dilated in the most exultant terms over the success of the Southern confederacy, she shook her head dubiously. She loved the Stars and Stripes. Her grandfather had been a gallant officer in the Revolutionary War, and she disliked the undoing of what he helped to accomplish. It had been her father's pride, and her pride, her ancestor's heroic deeds. His modest sword and soldier trappings hung in sight amid the splendid furniture of her palatial home. Her husband was proud as Caesar, and simply curled his lip when she doubted the final separation of the Union. If his looks could have been as firm as the Alleghanies—if his looks could have killed Yankees the earth would have been strewn with dead three feet deep. The Rebellion was to be supported by hard knocks, and defeated by the same. When she heard of the fall of Sumter she kept her room, while the house was overflowing with wine and hilarity. No one made any remarks, though all knew her Union sentiments.—Her husband was a bitter Secessionist, but she was too rich and powerful to be assailed or even questioned. She always would have her way in spite of her usual mildness. She was a pet. If it was her pet idea to be Union, let her be so. She had taught many of her slaves to read, not to be suffered in common women, but it was the rich Mrs. Ravensworth had done this, and even the greatest sticklers for Southern Institutions stood abashed in her presence; she was so lovable, so altogether beautiful, she must do as she pleased.

Her son was like the mother. He had read all about the formation of the Government, how much of blood and tears it cost, and when any one said aught against it it seemed worse than sacrilege, it appeared blasphemy. Reginald Ravensworth is our hero's name. He was but sixteen when the Rebellion broke out, and so went not forth with the pioneers to war against his country's flag. There were, however, many boys, that, aping the ways of men, did. They would talk in the "hifalutin" style of the Southern Confederacy, of their heart's blood, of the cowardice of the Yankees, &c., &c. But Reginald was not one of these. His mother acted as a regulator. She was not so confident that the Union would be upturned, and two Governments reared upon the ruins of one.

But there was a black eyed beauty, Mollie Edwards, was sure the South would triumph. Didn't her father say so? Didn't Mr. Ravensworth senior say so? Didn't they know? Of course they did. Didn't everybody in the community look up to them, and rely on their judgment? The "Bonnie Blue Flag," how she threw her whole soul into the song when she sung it. Her father's elegant mansion was full of her admirers; but she liked Reg-

inald Ravensworth better than them all; only it stung her to the quick to think he was not more enthusiastic about the Rebellion. There were any number of youngsters strapping on pistols and bowie-knives, breathing blood and butchery, and there was he calm as a lamb in a thunderstorm. Wasn't it provoking?—And she would give an extra jerk to the piano in her indignation. Reginald loved her, too; he did not enter into her political ideas, but still he admired her spirit. He considered she had got an idea in her head, and was bound to keep it there with all a woman's persistency, but time would correct the error, and when she found out her mistake, she would signify it by keeping almighty still, as women generally do.

Mr. Ravensworth and Mr. Edwards soon went into the Secession Army, both of them as Colonels, and the son Reginald was left at home to look after the mother. Their letters to their families were full of the most glowing accounts of the easy victories they would win over the hated "Yanks." They both chanced to be in reserve at the 1st Bull Run, or Manassas, as the Southerners call it, and saw the complete rout of the Northern Army, and their letters expressed they could march to Boston, Mass., but in reality they staid where they were, filling the rest with the glows of a heated imagination. Mollie Edwards was delighted. She dreamed every night regularly of a victory to Southern Chivalry, but Mrs. Ravensworth dreamed as regularly of her grandfather's sword hanging in vengeance over the Southern Confederacy. Thus things passed on until the slaves on the plantation became uneasy, and began to decamp with "right smart" of "Masses's fixins," at last the whole "business" of them left with exception of two or three household slaves who had become personally attached to the gentle Mrs. Ravensworth. Col. Ravensworth swore and swore when he heard of it, cursed the Yankees, cursed France and England for not interfering, and drew his Colonel's pay in depreciated scrip, which grew plentier and more worthless every day. He needed it now to send to his wife; but little good did it do her. Their plantation was ravaged by the soldiers of both armies. The Union Army called her "Secesh" when they took her pigs and hens, and the Secesh Army called her "Union" when they did the same, so between the two parties the larder was growing leaner and leaner every day.

Reginald did the best he could, becoming thoughtful beyond his years.—He labored like a slave. He took little rest, indulged in no pleasure, striving to keep things from falling to ruin. Col. Edwards' slaves left, one and all, and Miss Mollie was forced to cook her own bacon, and cook her own cakes.—What a downfall to her pride! Things were growing worse and worse every day with the Southern Confederacy, and as they grew worse with that, the affairs of the Ravensworth family declined. At last Jeff Davis lacked men—the many hard battles had wonderfully thinned them out, and a sweeping conscription was the result. He alike robbed the cradle and the grave to find victims for his ambition. The Ravensworth family was not exempt, and Reginald was not over politely invited to shoulder his musket, and fight for the shadow Republic. Mollie Edwards did not taunt him now for being a conscript. She had grown humble under adverse circumstances, though she would smile through her tears, and tried to keep all the time a brave heart. Mrs. Ravensworth shed bitter tears, not because she thought it any harder for her son to fight and die than for other mothers' sons to do the same. The trouble with her she had no faith and heart in the cause. No mother could be found more willing than Mrs. Ravensworth to yield her son up on the altar of her country, if she had thought the quarrel right. Her unwillingness lay not in lack of patriotism and self denial, but because she thought the whole affair wrong and treasonable. But she bowed with a christian's submission to what she could not prevent. She was a devout follower of Jesus, and as earthly hopes vanished, looked to Heaven for consolation. Her only dependence now was a middle aged and faithful black man, who could never be induced to desert her. He had been her father's slave. She took him as a part of her marriage portion.

When Mr. Ravensworth heard of the conscription of his son a pang stung his heart, but, like a gambler that has risked everything on cards, he had risked everything on the success of the Rebellion, and was not the person to complain when this last drop was added to the already full bucket.—Reginald, in the different battles in which he was engaged, behaved with great coolness and bravery, but his heart was not in the fight. In his dreams, as he laid his head on his hard knapsack, he saw his grandfather's sword hanging in vengeance above him, suspended by only a single thread. He longed for a deliverance from the Southern Army, even by death, taking very little pains to avoid any peril. He said very little, had scarcely any acquaintances, but incurred no reproach. He wrote in

the most cheerful manner to his mother, keeping from her knowledge the frequent hunger and exposure with which he suffered. Her lead seemed to him heavy enough without his increasing its weight. Thus time passed on till in the fortune of war nearly the whole of the Brigade in which he happened to be was captured on the Happaanook. They fought bravely as long as there was any hope of escape, but they were completely flanked, and surrendered gracefully. They were bro't to Camp Lookout, Md. The weather was bitterly cold when they were incarcerated in the bleak pen on the Chesapeake Bay. Reginald felt very sad indeed. He was scantily clothed and nearly barefooted. He suffered unaccountably, but bore it all with the most heroic fortitude. This was late in the fall of 1863.—President Lincoln well knowing there were many Union men forced into the Rebel Army, determined to open a door for their escape, and accordingly plans were set on foot early in the year of 1864 to honorably test their patriotism and love of the Union. Reginald was a pioneer in the good cause. The mustering officer through some blunder registered his name "Ainsworth," instead of Ravensworth, so in the U. S. V. Inf. he always bore the former name. After he had taken the oath and was regularly enlisted he went to his little house manufactured out of hard-bread boxes, and lay down on his old worn-out Confederate blanket, and fell asleep. He dreamed of his mother.—Her face looked exceedingly pleasant. She smiled on him like an angel. He rose refreshed.

Let us return to the Ravensworth family. Reginald's uncle had died. His father had lost a leg, and the Rebellion had collapsed. He had never heard aught of his son. He expected he was dead. His brother had willed the nephew everything he possessed, but the lost heir did not make his appearance and of course the father could claim all the possessions of his son. But he himself was disfranchised. He had been an open rebel, and the Union was now triumphant. Nothing but beggary stared him in the face. Reginald's mother heard he was a Union soldier in the Union army by the merest chance. She sent to Point Lookout, and found a Reginald Ainsworth had enlisted, but that was not the name. Her heart sank in her bosom like lead.

But her boy was alive. Away in the wilds of Dakota he dared in many a skirmish the savage foe. Once wounded by an arrow he was fortunate enough to escape death. The months rolled round, and for his gallant conduct upon the recommendation of his commanding officer he was appointed a Lieutenant. Late in the autumn of 1865, the Regiment was mustered out, and Reginald started for his Southern home. His heart was very sad as he marked the devastation of the elime Nature had favored so much. He came at last to the old plantation, and he saw a large crowd assembled as for a sale. The estate had been confiscated, according to act of Congress, and there were many men, mostly Northern, ready to purchase it, for it was one of the finest in the whole South, and going for a song.

The auctioneer stopped as he saw the gallant form of an officer in the Union uniform manly beauty. Reginald was a perfect type of manly beauty. Straight, lithe, active, vigorous, he struck every beholder with admiration. Mr. Ravensworth had grown old, and looked like a field run to weeds. Mrs. Ravensworth was neatly and tastefully, though rather poorly dressed. Her beautiful hair had more a silver thread in it, but those glorious eyes shone lovely as ever. "Mother, O mother!" exclaimed Reginald, and clasped her in his arms. She recognized her son. It all flashed on her at once that her darling boy had gallantly served in defence of the Stars and Stripes. She fainted away, but ere long recovered, and sobbed more than an hour in the height of her joy. The sale of the plantation was stopped, as Reginald displayed his honorable discharge from the United States service, and the next day a beautiful flag his mother had secretly wrought in the secret days of Secession waved from the cupola of the Ravensworth mansion. The sabre of Reginald was hung up with the sword of his grandfather. His mother was the proudest lady in the South. The next week he married Mollie Edwards, and the way she played on the piano, the "Star Spangled Banner" would raise the patriotic key, who composed it, from the Southern grave.

Spain Under Queen Isabella.  
The reign of Isabella II belongs among the most unfortunate ones which Spain has witnessed. She is the oldest daughter of the King Ferdinand VII, and could ascend the throne only because her father had changed the ancient law of succession prevailing in Spain, and according to which the brother of Ferdinand, Don Carlos, should have succeeded. Don Carlos naturally raised the standard of revolt, and for five years (1834-39) valiantly, but unsuccessfully, fought for his rights. The disturbance had hardly ended when Espartero, the Regent, and Queen Dowager Christina began the contest for the supreme power during the minority of the Queen. Espartero was successful from 1840 to 1843, but was compelled to flee before O'Donnell and Narvaez, and was not restored until 1847. Frequent changes of the ministry, occasional revolts, and the banishment of Queen Christina were marked events in the history of the following years. A number of political parties were disputing among each other the ascendancy. The Carlists, even after the end of the war, remained a numerous party, especially in the Basque provinces, and had the sympathy of a large portion of the clergy. The Moderados or Conservative party were for a strong royal power and but few rights of the Cortes. The Liberal Union advocated a more liberal law of suffrage. The Progressistas favored the introduction of radical reform. The democrats openly professed republican ideas. The new Catholic school counselled a complete submission to the Church. Hardly a year has passed in which not the one or the other

party caused some disturbance. In 1854 the Progressistas had a majority in the Legislative Chamber, and introduced a number of salutary reforms; but their power was soon broken, and the chief contest has since been between Marshal O'Donnell as the leader of the Liberal Union. The leaders of both these great parties are now dead. Since 1866 the Moderados have been in power, at first under Marshal Narvaez, and after his death (1868) under Gonzalez Bravo. The administration of the Moderados has always been noted for despotism and violence. They have repeatedly changed the constitution, without observing the way provided for in the constitution itself. The democrats and Progressistas have, therefore, for several years taken no part in the elections. They have several times attempted to reconquer their rights by a revolution, generally under the leadership of General Prim. Thus far the Government has succeeded in suppressing every one of these movements before it had time to spread, but the present one seems to have a good prospect of success.

**The Queen's Departure.**  
(Special Sept. 21 Correspondence of the Paris Evening Post.)  
At midnight the Queen and her husband arrived in a carriage, followed by their children and several ladies of honor. The Queen is in tears, and walks up and down under the priestly, the soldiers present arms to her, and the spectators, who by this time have become very numerous, uncover, but preserve a dead silence. "Let us go," says the Queen, and she entered the royal carriage. The attendants take their places, and just at the moment the *chef de train* is about to give the signal to start, two dispatches are brought. The Queen immediately alights from her carriage, and says to her ex-Minister, who begs her not to enter Madrid as yet: "If I could wear breeches I would return to my capital." She then hides her face in her hands, and with tears in her eyes regains the waiting room. The royal carriage having left, the Governor of St. Sebastian hands the Queen into his own carriage, and returns to town on foot.

On the following morning it was raining in torrents, and a frightful storm obliged the correspondent to seek a shelter at the guard room of the Queen's guard of honor. "At 4 o'clock two closed landaus, drawn by six mules, were drawn up before the Royal residence. The Prince of the Asturias and his Governor take their places in the first vehicle. The young infant is dressed in white. The wind breaks his umbrella at the moment he descends the steps of the house. Following him come governesses holding in their arms the three Infantas, who entered the second carriage. The trumpet sounds, and the soldiers salute the Royal children. An officer remarks to me "They are going for a short drive," but I observe traveling-bags and packages in the hands of the members of their suite. I presume, therefore, that the Infantas are leaving St. Sebastian. At 6 o'clock a third landau, preceded by an out rider and several men on horseback, drawn up before the house. The soldiers present arms, and permit us to stand at the very door opposite to which the carriage stands. Queen Isabella appears at the top of the wag flight of steps which she descends with dignity. Her husband and various gentlemen of the Court follow her. The Queen's eyes are red, but a smile on her lips; her complexion is very flushed, her dress a little neglected. She is enveloped in a gray mantle and wears gloves; on her head is a little straw toque, with a red feather. While the mules advance slowly, the Queen stops on the pavement beside me and speaks to the pretty Spanish women who have approached her. Two Frenchmen, some Americans, and five or six Spaniards are with us. We uncover respectfully, and one of the Frenchmen cries out loudly, "Hommage a la Reine." Queen Isabella turns and says very distinctly in a calm voice, "I thank the French for their courtesy." "Whereupon the other Frenchmen cried, "Vive Isabella." The Queen saluted him with her hand and mounted into the landau, when two Spanish ladies engaged in conversation with her. The Queen's husband is very pale; he was out of uniform and scarcely returned our salute. The suite entered two hired carriages, and while the Spanish standard is hauled down and the troops present arms, the carriages proceed in the direction of the railway, or the French frontier, I am not certain which.

VANCOUVER REGISTER.—The last number of this paper comes to us with the valedictory of Messrs. Washburn & McDonald and the salutatory of Mr. Enoch G. Adams; the last named gentleman taking the place of the former in the management and editorial control of its columns. The change is a good one, and cannot fail to be productive of results highly favorable to Vancouver and its vicinity. Mr. Adams some time since made the acquaintance of many of our readers on the Sound who will remember him as a popular temperance lecturer to whose efforts many of the Good Templar Lodges hereabouts owe their origin. He wields a vigorous and spicy pen, and promises to be an able advocate of the interests of Washington Territory generally and of Vancouver in particular.—Pacific Tribune.

A correspondent offered to send an editor something to "fill up with." The editor said it was all right, and suggested a quarter of beef and a barrel of flour.

Spain Under Queen Isabella.  
The reign of Isabella II belongs among the most unfortunate ones which Spain has witnessed. She is the oldest daughter of the King Ferdinand VII, and could ascend the throne only because her father had changed the ancient law of succession prevailing in Spain, and according to which the brother of Ferdinand, Don Carlos, should have succeeded. Don Carlos naturally raised the standard of revolt, and for five years (1834-39) valiantly, but unsuccessfully, fought for his rights. The disturbance had hardly ended when Espartero, the Regent, and Queen Dowager Christina began the contest for the supreme power during the minority of the Queen. Espartero was successful from 1840 to 1843, but was compelled to flee before O'Donnell and Narvaez, and was not restored until 1847. Frequent changes of the ministry, occasional revolts, and the banishment of Queen Christina were marked events in the history of the following years. A number of political parties were disputing among each other the ascendancy. The Carlists, even after the end of the war, remained a numerous party, especially in the Basque provinces, and had the sympathy of a large portion of the clergy. The Moderados or Conservative party were for a strong royal power and but few rights of the Cortes. The Liberal Union advocated a more liberal law of suffrage. The Progressistas favored the introduction of radical reform. The democrats openly professed republican ideas. The new Catholic school counselled a complete submission to the Church. Hardly a year has passed in which not the one or the other

party caused some disturbance. In 1854 the Progressistas had a majority in the Legislative Chamber, and introduced a number of salutary reforms; but their power was soon broken, and the chief contest has since been between Marshal O'Donnell as the leader of the Liberal Union. The leaders of both these great parties are now dead. Since 1866 the Moderados have been in power, at first under Marshal Narvaez, and after his death (1868) under Gonzalez Bravo. The administration of the Moderados has always been noted for despotism and violence. They have repeatedly changed the constitution, without observing the way provided for in the constitution itself. The democrats and Progressistas have, therefore, for several years taken no part in the elections. They have several times attempted to reconquer their rights by a revolution, generally under the leadership of General Prim. Thus far the Government has succeeded in suppressing every one of these movements before it had time to spread, but the present one seems to have a good prospect of success.

**The Queen's Departure.**  
(Special Sept. 21 Correspondence of the Paris Evening Post.)  
At midnight the Queen and her husband arrived in a carriage, followed by their children and several ladies of honor. The Queen is in tears, and walks up and down under the priestly, the soldiers present arms to her, and the spectators, who by this time have become very numerous, uncover, but preserve a dead silence. "Let us go," says the Queen, and she entered the royal carriage. The attendants take their places, and just at the moment the *chef de train* is about to give the signal to start, two dispatches are brought. The Queen immediately alights from her carriage, and says to her ex-Minister, who begs her not to enter Madrid as yet: "If I could wear breeches I would return to my capital." She then hides her face in her hands, and with tears in her eyes regains the waiting room. The royal carriage having left, the Governor of St. Sebastian hands the Queen into his own carriage, and returns to town on foot.

On the following morning it was raining in torrents, and a frightful storm obliged the correspondent to seek a shelter at the guard room of the Queen's guard of honor. "At 4 o'clock two closed landaus, drawn by six mules, were drawn up before the Royal residence. The Prince of the Asturias and his Governor take their places in the first vehicle. The young infant is dressed in white. The wind breaks his umbrella at the moment he descends the steps of the house. Following him come governesses holding in their arms the three Infantas, who entered the second carriage. The trumpet sounds, and the soldiers salute the Royal children. An officer remarks to me "They are going for a short drive," but I observe traveling-bags and packages in the hands of the members of their suite. I presume, therefore, that the Infantas are leaving St. Sebastian. At 6 o'clock a third landau, preceded by an out rider and several men on horseback, drawn up before the house. The soldiers present arms, and permit us to stand at the very door opposite to which the carriage stands. Queen Isabella appears at the top of the wag flight of steps which she descends with dignity. Her husband and various gentlemen of the Court follow her. The Queen's eyes are red, but a smile on her lips; her complexion is very flushed, her dress a little neglected. She is enveloped in a gray mantle and wears gloves; on her head is a little straw toque, with a red feather. While the mules advance slowly, the Queen stops on the pavement beside me and speaks to the pretty Spanish women who have approached her. Two Frenchmen, some Americans, and five or six Spaniards are with us. We uncover respectfully, and one of the Frenchmen cries out loudly, "Hommage a la Reine." Queen Isabella turns and says very distinctly in a calm voice, "I thank the French for their courtesy." "Whereupon the other Frenchmen cried, "Vive Isabella." The Queen saluted him with her hand and mounted into the landau, when two Spanish ladies engaged in conversation with her. The Queen's husband is very pale; he was out of uniform and scarcely returned our salute. The suite entered two hired carriages, and while the Spanish standard is hauled down and the troops present arms, the carriages proceed in the direction of the railway, or the French frontier, I am not certain which.

VANCOUVER REGISTER.—The last number of this paper comes to us with the valedictory of Messrs. Washburn & McDonald and the salutatory of Mr. Enoch G. Adams; the last named gentleman taking the place of the former in the management and editorial control of its columns. The change is a good one, and cannot fail to be productive of results highly favorable to Vancouver and its vicinity. Mr. Adams some time since made the acquaintance of many of our readers on the Sound who will remember him as a popular temperance lecturer to whose efforts many of the Good Templar Lodges hereabouts owe their origin. He wields a vigorous and spicy pen, and promises to be an able advocate of the interests of Washington Territory generally and of Vancouver in particular.—Pacific Tribune.

A correspondent offered to send an editor something to "fill up with." The editor said it was all right, and suggested a quarter of beef and a barrel of flour.

VANCOUVER REGISTER.—The last number of this paper comes to us with the valedictory of Messrs. Washburn & McDonald and the salutatory of Mr. Enoch G. Adams; the last named gentleman taking the place of the former in the management and editorial control of its columns. The change is a good one, and cannot fail to be productive of results highly favorable to Vancouver and its vicinity. Mr. Adams some time since made the acquaintance of many of our readers on the Sound who will remember him as a popular temperance lecturer to whose efforts many of the Good Templar Lodges hereabouts owe their origin. He wields a vigorous and spicy pen, and promises to be an able advocate of the interests of Washington Territory generally and of Vancouver in particular.—Pacific Tribune.

A correspondent offered to send an editor something to "fill up with." The editor said it was all right, and suggested a quarter of beef and a barrel of flour.

AGENTS FOR THE REGISTER:

A. P. FISHER, San Francisco. H. H. MUNSON, St. Helena. H. H. MUNSON, Olympia.

San Francisco Legal Tender rates 75.

THE RESULTS THAT FOLLOW GRANT'S ELECTION.

First the Rebels made an appeal to arms. In that they were defeated. They succumbed to the superior power of the Union arms.

Washington Territory need not fear the light of investigation. Her day of prosperity is at hand. The great political tidal wave that has just swept the country is premonitory to the rising tide of commercial and industrial greatness soon to overtake her.

COMMUNICATION.

St. Helens, Nov. 10th, 1868.

Editor Register.—Your numerous friends here, at your home, send greeting to you and all other loyal men who impelled their lives that the Republic might live, in the hour of its extreme need.

The citizens of this County met last night and jubilated by firing anvils much, shouting glory to Gen. Grant and peace on American soil! Our firing reverberating against the Columbia mountains on the Washington Territory side of the river admonishes the Copperheads there that they have work to do at their next election.

Washington Territory need not fear the light of investigation. Her day of prosperity is at hand. The great political tidal wave that has just swept the country is premonitory to the rising tide of commercial and industrial greatness soon to overtake her.

"'Tis Be or Not to Be"

Are we "to be or not to be" that is the question, and one which is soon to be decided, without the power of appeal on our part in case the momentous issue now at stake should be decided against us.

Let the Railroad cross the Columbia at the mouth of the Washington and Vancouver will benefit by the knowledge as a first class sheep pasture—nothing more.

Railroad Reconstruction.—We learn that a party of Railroad surveyors—we suppose they belong to the East Side Company—have just completed a reconnaissance of the country lying between Portland and Vancouver.

The returns of Oregon from East of the mountains call to mind the supplementary returns of Wisconsin when Barstow was elected Governor, and a certain Editor in Portland State Printer.

The Central Pacific Railroad is now completed 400 miles east of Sacramento, and within 250 miles of the northern end of Salt Lake. The track is being pushed at the rate of 25 or 30 miles per day.

Minutes of the Annual Meeting of the Clarke County Agricultural and Mechanical Society.

And now on this the 23d day of Oct. A. D. 1868, and pursuant to notice and adjournment, the members of the "Clarke County Agricultural and Mechanical Society," met at the Pavilion, in Vancouver, W. T., at 7 o'clock p. m.

The minutes of the last meeting of the Society held on the 25th July 1868, having been read were duly approved.

On motion seconded and passed, the Secretary read aloud the list of the members of the Society, who answered to their names, and time was granted to allow persons desirous of joining the Society, to enter their names.

Several persons having joined the Society, the Chairman announced that the order of business called for the election of the Board of Managers for the ensuing year to commence on the 1st of January 1869, and end on the 31st of December 1869.

The Chair appointed as Tellers, J. M. Fletcher, and I. T. Mautsly.

The following persons were then duly elected by ballot according to the articles of Incorporation of the Society, to wit: President, Lewis Van Vleet; 1st Vice President, S. D. Maxon; 2d Vice President, John Timmons; Secretary, Julius Sulzle; Treasurer, James Davidson.

Why is a baby like wheat? Because it is first cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

From the Organ of the 10th and 11th Regt. Oregon a Loyal Mourner for the Lost Cause.

Oregon has gone Democratic by an insignificant majority, and great is the rejoicing in the den of the Grand Cyclops of the Ku Klux. Priests rebels have once more come to the relief of the Copperhead cause.

On every part of the State where there is a settled and permanent population the Republican gains have been uniform and large.

The election of officers for the ensuing year being over, M. R. Hathaway, introduced the following article to be added to the articles of Incorporation, to wit: There shall be elected annually a Corresponding Secretary, who shall be a member of the Board of Managers, and whose duties shall be to attend to the Correspondence of the Society and on Fair days to assist the Recording Secretary in the performance of his duties.

On motion of M. R. Hathaway, it was Resolved, That the Society requests the Board of Managers to purchase the Harney place, or some other suitable place for the use of the Association, so soon as they are sufficiently in funds.

Resolved, That we are determined to be represented in Congress by no other than a reliable Republican administration man, and will therefore, at our next election, elect an able honest Union Republican as Delegate from this Territory.

Resolved, That we are determined to be represented in Congress by no other than a reliable Republican administration man, and will therefore, at our next election, elect an able honest Union Republican as Delegate from this Territory.

EASTERN NEWS.

Chicago, Nov. 7.—Gen. Grant met with a general gratulation yesterday, while passing through Indiana and Ohio on his journey to Washington.

The feeling in the money market is more cheerful under McCulloch's decision that he has the power to reissue notes once redeemed but not cancelled.

Hoffman, Governor elect of New York, says that if Gen. Grant adopts a constitutional policy he would earn and receive the support of the Democratic party.

Late returns from Pennsylvania make Grant's majority 40,000. Lincoln's majority in the State in 1864, was 20,075.

Tip of the Fannie Troup on Nov. 7th, to join in the Grant Celebration.—There had been a general desire on the part of many persons in Vancouver to attend the Grant celebration in Portland on the night of the 7th inst.

A Serious Accident.—At about 10 o'clock on Wednesday morning Mr. Peter Runey, a bricklayer at work upon Mr. J. P. Walker's new factory, met with a distressing accident.

The driving of cattle and sheep to the Sound, for a market, is getting to be an item of no little importance. Every week bands are being brought over by butchers and stockmen.



