

The Vancouver Register.

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Editor and Publisher.

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Vancouver, Sept. 1, 1867.—11-14.

D. W. WILLIAMS,
—DEALER IN—
GRAIN AND FEED OF ALL KINDS
—ALSO—
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
a prepared with
Ample Fire-Proof Storage,
And will do a GENERAL
COMMISSION BUSINESS.
No Charges for Storage on Goods sold on Commission.
All Proceeds of Sales promptly remitted.
No. 216 Front Street, (at door south of Postoffice.)
Portland, Oregon.
Sept. 4, 1867.—11-14.

KINGSLEY & REES,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Saddles, Harness,
AND DEALERS IN
SADDLERY HARDWARE,
Saddle Trees, Block and Bent Stirrups, etc.
SHOP—No. 38 Front St., bet. Washington & Alder,
15
PORTLAND, OREGON.

BUNNELL BROS.,
Portland, Ogden, & Lewiston, I. T.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
STOVES, TIN PLATE
SHEET IRON,
Wire, Pumps,
Lead Pipe, &c.,
And Manufacturers of
TIN, COPPER,
Sheet Iron Ware, &c., &c.
Jobbing Work Done to Order.
BUNNELL, C. BUNNELL,
D. D. UNION ST., Cor. Yamhill. 22
Lewiston, I. T.

UNION SALOON,
6th Street, Vancouver, W. T. near the
Military Reserve.
THE UNDERSIGNED announces to the public, that
this well known place of resort still lives and is under
his management. He keeps a splendid stock of
LIQUORS, WINES AND CIGARS
and all other things necessary to constitute a
Tip-top Saloon.
Give him a call and satisfy yourselves of the truth of the
statement.
M. DAMPHOFFER.
147.
Sept. 22, 1866.

DAVID WALL, DRUGGIST, is determined to keep
home trade at home, if selling none but the best articles
in his line at the lowest prices, will accomplish it.

BROTHERS AND SONS of all sizes and all kinds constantly
kept on hand and sold at the lowest prices
JAMES TURNBULL & CO.
1247

KROHNE'S first rate quality always kept on hand
at low rates by
DAVID WALL,
137-147.

Wool! Wool!!
THE HIGHEST CASH PRICE PAID FOR WOOL AND
MIDWINTER AND CO. FISHERY OF THE BEST QUALITY
ON HAND AT
JAMES TURNBULL & CO.

Fish.
MACKEREL AND CODFISH of the best quality
ON HAND AT
JAMES TURNBULL & CO.

ONE BY ONE.
One by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall;
Some are coming, some are going,
Do not strive to grasp them all.
One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each;
Let no future dream elude thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts of heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below;
Take them readily when given,
Ready too to let them go.
One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band;
One will fade as others greet thee,
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow,
See how small each moment's pain;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
Every day begin again.
Every hour that flees so slowly,
How its task to do or bear;
Lament the crown, and glory,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond;
For, thy daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.
Hours are golden links, God's tokens,
Reaching heaven; but one by one
Take them, lest the chain be broken
And thy pilgrimage be done.

A Broken Household.
Of all dreary heart-aches; of all desolate
heart-sicks; of all earth's most dejected,
wretched woes, comes there anything to com-
pare to the returning inmates of a broken
household, the knowing that one has just
been borne away who will never while their
house lasts, cross its threshold again! A be-
loved husband or wife, father, mother or
child! O God! Even while the inanimate
form was with them, they could not compre-
hend their loss. They might still look upon
the casket, and fancy that sleep alone had
laid her gentle hand upon it, and that, with
the awaking of the day, their idol might
open its eyes upon them. Alas! that day!
When the coffin enshrouded with its gloomy
shadow, its form—when the pall-bearers had
borne it over its threshold; when the sombre
horse was taking it from its home; and when
the cold earth had dropped upon its grave.—
then, oh! then they realize their loss! Ney-
ermore to hear the voice of their loved one
on earth! nevermore to clasp the hand that
was sent to return the pressure with such
warmth! nevermore to look into eyes that
were so dear to them. Perhaps it was the
head of that household that has just been
laid in its last resting place. The father of
a family; the husband of that frail, aged
woman who looked up to him as her only
stay and support; who had hoped to have
leaned upon his stronger arm while passing
over the rough path that was leading down
the hall of her life. Oh! what an agonized
heart. Oh! what a desolate home, is here!
She looks at its vacant chair, but where is he
who was wont to sit in it through the long
pleasant evenings, with the Bible on his knee,
and the loving words of cheer upon his lips!
She looks at the slippers that lay by its side
but where is he that once wore them? Tos-
sling them off and on in glee, as he dandled
the children—his children—the little boy,
the youngest, the pride, the namesake of his
father; the one he had formed such bright
hopes for in the future of how he would use
all a father's gentlest control to make a great
and good man of his only son, these were his
anticipations and it was the sight of him—
his little boy—that had caused the greatest
struggle between the dying man and his
stern and unrelenting master, Death; and it
is the sight of him that has caused the hot
tear to gush from the dry and aching eyes of
his mother. She longed to be laid at rest by
the side of her dead—but she must live for
the sake of her living! Ah! weep poor, break-
ing heart! These tears will wash away the
harsh doubts that are raising against the jus-
tices of that all-wise Being who so suddenly
saw fit to place this heavy cross upon the
bending shoulders. Weep, those tears will
be quenched in prayer. It is only in the
darkest hour of a true Christian's life that
God sends the nearest friend to fly to, and
the wild-sounding, pitiful petition that rises to
his throne is never unheeded. And an angel
will come down, with dew drops of peace
shining all over his wings, and the petition-
er will rise feeling beneath the soothing calm
a holy resignation to His divine will, and will
be enabled to say, "Thy will, O Lord, not
mine, be done."

Growing Old.
We are growing old! How the memories
by volumes crowd into the mind, as we pause
to think of it! How like Summer clouds our
youthful days rush over the archway of our
mental vision, and how far back seems the
years we have just parted with. In early
youth we waited impatiently for the birthday
festival, the mock whipping, which must in-
clude a stroke for every year of the little life,
and the celebration of a day that noted us
nearer to maturer age. Youth once past, and
how gravely we welcome the birthday's;
wondering every year where the past year
has fled to so quickly, and very often we are
quite skeptical as to whether "we are just as
old as this," "if there is not a mistake of a
year or two somewhere?" and we are sure to
think the figures greater than they ought to
be. Sadly indeed, we muse, when we think
how fast we are growing old; how far off
seems the morning of life when we started
on our first trial trip in baby shoes. We
wonder what we have been doing so many
years, and we try to find some records of our
deeds and labor along the route! How little
we find! How limited the places of joy and
good accomplishment! How many marks of the
struggles and scenes we would now obliterate.
Days of happier and younger years
pass before us like the glimmer of a life we
dreamed of where the days and hours seemed
like an ideal sketch, so peaceful and joyful
was its limited existence.

We are growing old; we note by the little
lines that begin to impress the face, once
so round and ruddy; by the tired and weary
feeling that accompanies every exertion. We
recognize it in the growing cares we have,
the older and maturer hopes and aims, the
different ideas of life and people; we see we
are growing old by the lessened eagerness for
excitement and mirth that declines to the
smallest ripples as we go farther from the
shore of our youth; by the "first gray hair"
that comes so bodily among the sacred locks
without invitation or welcome; pale, solitary
stranger, has your coming ever brought a
smile of welcome for you? even a happy
greeting from the eyes that first noted your
intrusion?

Life looks less attractive and the world
seems smaller as we accumulate the years of
our age and pass from the stage to make room
for younger and brighter actors, who will
take up the role with a vigor and energy we
lost long years ago.

Our souls leap over the years,
And measure them not by days;
We count by the hopes, the tears and fears
That flicker in life's highways.

We cannot think of the bounding heart,
By its beautiful bounding beats,
By the joys that dart with a sudden start,
And deluge our hearts like streams.

We are growing old near the new,
strange life that even to old age seems far off,
but is after all so near we feel it nipping our
strength, see it silver the hair and dim the
eye, as we go down life's hillside with trem-
bling steps to learn at last the great secret
which unfolds our coming existence.

Growing old! little forms once so infantile
now reach to mature height, forms once
straight, now bent and ill shapen; latter
dates on new monuments, new scenes, new
faces, new histories, all echo the fact in one
prolonged strain of mournful melody.

After all, Heaven is nearer; the new life
draws close to the wondering mind; the
childhood of the new being will soon dawn
and we shall commence to learn its mysteries.

Mr. Hood.—The Rev. H. K. Hines has
given to the Royal Geographical Society of
London an account of his ascent, in company
with these residents of Vancouver, to the
summit of Mount Hood. They found that
at forty feet below the summit water boiled
with the thermometer at 180°. He estimates
the height of Mt. Hood at seventeen thousand
and six hundred and forty feet, which is
higher than any summit in North America or
Europe. The view from the top of Mt. Hood
was magnificent. The whole line of the Cas-
cade range, extending from South to North
not less than 400 miles, is at once under the
eye. In this distance could be seen seven
snowy peaks. Eastward the Blue Moun-
tains were in view, and lying between are
the broad plains watered by the Dechutes,
John Day's and Umatilla Rivers. On the
West, the pine crests of the Coast Range,
out clear against the sky, with the Willam-
ette Valley sloping in quiet beauty at their
feet. The broad silver belt of the Columbia
winds through the evergreen valley toward
the ocean. Within these limits is every vari-
ety of mountain and valley, lake and prairie,
bold beetling precipices, and graceful
rounded summits, blending and melting away
into each other. Mr. Hines confirms the ac-
count given some months since in our columns
of the vast precipice on one side of Mt. Hood.
He found the very top of the mountain was
so sharp that it was impossible to stand erect
upon it. Its northern face is an escarpment
several thousand feet high. He could only
lie down on its Southern slope, and holding
brandy to the rocks look down the awful depth.

Beware and never let your tongue cut your
throat.
(N. Y. Tribune, June 25.)

The March of Mormonism.
We are inclined to the opinion that the
great majority of the people of the United
States are laboring under a gross delusion in
regard to the power and progress of Mormon-
ism. To intelligent men who are not thor-
oughly posted in regard to the facts and sta-
tistics of the matter, the doctrines and prac-
tices of the sect seem so abhorrent, or so
absurd, that they cannot realize that there
can be any danger of its spreading much be-
yond its present limits, or of its attaining
much greater power than it now wields.—
Such persons have no idea of its aggressive
and proselyting spirit, of the powerful in-
ducements it holds out to the poor and the
ignorant, or of the number of the converts
which it is steadily making in Europe, and
annually transporting to the New Zion in the
Desert. The fact is, that the growth of Mor-
monism during the past twenty years, is a
phenomenon that has rarely had a parallel in
the history of new religions. From insignif-
icant beginnings it has developed into a
great power, that does not shrink from the
idea of bidding defiance in certain contingencies
to the government of the United States
itself. It has able and zealous missionaries
industriously at work in England, Wales,
Scotland and in several of the northern coun-
tries of continental Europe. And in all these
countries their labors are attended with amaz-
ing success. In London alone, they have no
less than eleven "branches" or "chapels,"
where regular meetings are held, the faith
expounded, and every inducement artfully
presented to persuade their hearers to adopt
the new religion, and set out for the city of
the prophet. One great advantage for mak-
ing proselytes that Mormonism enjoys over
other religions is, that the promises it holds
forth to the believer are to be realized in the
present life. It offers comfort, prosperity
and plenty on earth, instead of pointing to
felicity beyond the grave. Its missionaries
discourse eloquently of the material enjoy-
ments which are ready for the saints, not on
"the other side of Jordan," but amid the fer-
tile prairies of the West. To the poor and
almost starving operatives and laborers of
Europe they picture delightful visions of a
land where every man may be the owner of a
homestead, may till his own fields, reap his
own harvest, and sit in the shadow of his
vine and fig tree. With these alluring rep-
resentations they mingle enough of the relig-
ious element to satisfy the cravings of the
spiritual nature. They have their prayers
and hymns, and doctrinal exhortations, near
enough in appearance to those to which the
more pious of the poorer classes of foreigners
have become accustomed, to avoid shocking their
devotional feelings. It is even said that one
might attend Mormon worship as it is prac-
ticed in London and scarcely suspect, except
for some specific allusion to the City of the
Saints in Utah, that he was not in a Metho-
dist meeting. There is a certain comfortable
materialism—a promise of the good things of
this life, a concession to the animal wants of
man, in the popular mode of presenting the
Mormon faith, that is well calculated to make
it attractive to those classes who have been
defrauded by the conditions of modern society
of their fair share of earthly enjoyment.—
No wonder then that Brigham's missionaries
are so successful among the wretched, starv-
ing population of the Old World. No wonder
that proselytes arrive by ship loads, and
that the increase of his followers is almost
unprecedented since the time of Mohammed.
No wonder that men and women transferred
from penury and want and grinding toil,
dogged by the gaunt face of famine, to a
sphere of plenty and physical comfort such
as they had never dared to hope for in their
wildest dreams, should become enthusiasts
and fanatics in their new faith. Such are
some of the causes and elements of that
strange power that has enabled Brigham
Young to erect in Utah an *perpetuum imperio*
—a State—the future of which no mortal
wisdom can foresee.—*Dramatic Chronicle.*

Life in Naples.
Everything in the city is a makeshift and
looks as if it had been constructed or inven-
ted centuries ago, only to serve some press-
ing necessity, and then allowed to remain as
it was, without anybody's taking any further
trouble at any subsequent time "to fash them-
selves with it." In this vast city of 400,000
souls, there are only two, or at most three,
even decent hotels, and those are kept by fore-
igners. In all Naples there is not one clean-
ly or comfortable restaurant where one can
procure a dinner that he can eat without
shuddering. There is not a neat or well-built
omnibus, though there are plenty of them of
a certain class; nor is there a respectable one-
horse cab. There are three or four penny
papers, costing one cent apiece, each one
smaller than the New York Sun. They have
no others, and all their information comes
from that source. The editorials in these
are excessively puerile, and evidently written
by men of the most limited capacity. There
are some things that are well done in Naples
and they are all such as require little capac-
ity. Gloves of sheep-skin, very cleverly
made, and such as any gentleman would be
willing to wear, are sold for thirty cents a
pair. Coral ornaments of great beauty, but
of a certain monotony in their designs, are
carved in abundance. The coral comes from
the bay, and therefore can be got with little
trouble. The Neapolitan cooks excel in
preparing ice and sherbets of every flavor
and hue. They are most delicious to the
palate and very cheap. Photographs are
also admirably done, and not at all dear.
An omnibus drive to any part of the city costs
only three cents, and one can have a one-
horse cab to drive where he pleases within
the limits of the city for twelve cents. The
horses are small, spry, and generally in ex-
cellent condition. They get over the ground
with great celerity, and pick up their living
in odd moments when they are not misused.
They eat anything, from an overdone tripe to
an underdone potato, and grow fat upon it.
From their endurance and digestive powers,
one would infer that they were donkeys with
a horse's skin. In spite of, or I might more
properly say in consequence of, the cheapness
of the fares, the vehicles, and especially the
omnibuses, are sad specimens of human
hand work, and rattle one's bones over the
stones as if he were a pauper that nobody
owns. The cabs or caleches, as they really
are called—are narrow, and so formed as to
squeeze into and out of the most narrow
places. They are very tall, and will hold
two people at a pinch, or rather at several
pinches, and somehow one cannot help feel-
ing like "Timotheus placed on high" when
looking at the pedestrians around him. There
are no sidewalks in the city, and the brick
pace at which the driver progresses among
the crowd on foot and on wheels, requires
no little dexterity to avoid colliding with
somebody; and yet I never saw anybody
knocked down or seriously endangered. The
Jehu cracks his whip furiously and repeated-
ly, and cries "yah" in a very sharp, shrill
tone, at the same time giving his shoulders
an expostulatory shrug and his arms a thrust
into the air, from the same motive. As the
cabs are very numerous, and seldom at rest
whether full or empty, the din during the
busy hours of the day is terrible, and the
gymnastics caused by one of them passing
down the Strada di Toledo are most exciting
and amusing to look at.—*Letter to Boston
Post.*

Life in Naples.
A Good Joke.—Many years ago when
church organs first came in use, a worthy
old clergyman was pastor of a church
where they had just purchased an organ.
Not far from the church was a town pas-
ture, where a great many cattle grazed,
and among them a large bull. One hot Sabbath,
Mr. Bull came up near the church grazing,
and just as the Rev. Mr. B——— was in
the midst of his sermon—"boo-woo-woo" went
the bull.

The parson paused, looked up at the sing-
ing seat, and, with a grave face said:
"I would thank the musicians not to tune
their instruments during service; it annoys
me very much."
The people started and the minister went
on.
"Boo-woo-woo," went the bull again, as
he drew a little nearer the church.
The parson paused again and addressed the
choir.
I really wish the singers would not tune
their instruments while I am preaching."
The congregation tittered, for they new
what the cause of the disturbance was.
The old parson went on again and he had
just about started good, when "boo-woo-woo"
came from Mr. Bull.
The minister paused once more and exclaimed:
"I have requested the musician in the gal-
lery not to tune their instruments during the
sermon. I now particularly request Mr.—
that he will not tune his double bass organ
while I am preaching."
This was too much. L—got up, too much
agitated at the idea of speaking out in church
and stammered:
"It is— isn't me, Parson; it is that d—n
town bull."

Golden Thought.—We know not the
author of the following; but it is one of the
most beautiful productions we have ever read:
"Nature will be reported. All things are
engaged in writing their own history. The
plant and pebbles go attended by their own
shadow. The rock leaves its scratches on the
mountain side, the river its channel in the
soil, the animal leaves its bones in the strat-
um, the fern and the leaf the modest epit-
aph in the coal. The falling drop makes its
sepulchre in the sand or stone; not a foot-
step in the snow or along the ground but
prints in characters more or less lasting a
map of its march; every act of man inscribes
itself on the memories of its fellows and his
own face. The air is full of sound, the sky
of tokens; the ground is all memoranda and
tokens, and every object is converted over
with hints which speak to the intelligent."

It is always right to make the best of a
bad position, but not to put ourselves in a
bad position in order to make the best of it.

As great a liar as Brownlow is, he doesn't
tell his looks.

Megilo.
The eagle conquering symbol of ancient
Rome, is still displayed upon the banners of
many States. King of birds, the poets make
him bear the thunderbolts of Jove. Bar-
pides says:
"The birds in general, are the messengers
of the gods, but the eagle is king, and the
interpreter of the great deity, Jupiter."
The Egyptians consecrated the eagle to
Ammon. In the Scandinavian mythology,
the eagle resting on the highest bough of
the mystic ash—the tree of life—and be-
tween his eyes a hawk, was the symbol of
Providence—life, power and watchfulness.

The selection of Constantinople, the ancient
Byzantium, as the seat of the Eastern Em-
pire, is said to have been directed by an eagle.
Constantine had fixed upon the site of
ancient Tyre, and the engineers were laying
out the city, when an eagle came, seized the
measuring line, flew off with it, dropped it in
Byzantium.

A young maiden of Sectors, reared up a
young eagle, which became so much attached
to her, that, when she died and was laid upon
the funeral pile, he flew to her, alighted
on her body, and perished in the flames.

An eagle saved the life of a famous woman.
Helen, the beauty of Greece, was about to
be sacrificed, in her girlhood, to induce
the gods to turn aside a pestilence. She
stood before the altar, crowned with sacrifi-
cial flowers and the priest was about to con-
summate the sacrifice, when an eagle swooped
down, seized the knife, and laid it upon the
head of a heifer, which was sacrificed in her
stead.

The Romans used the eagle on the banners
of their legions. The French, under the
Empire, adopted them from the Romans.—
The double eagle of Austria is the union of
the eagles of the Eastern and Western Em-
pires, and the Emperors of Austria consider
themselves the head of the Holy Roman Em-
pire. Russia has her black eagle, Poland
had her white eagle. England chose a beast
instead of a bird for her emblem; but America,
her daughter, went back to the imperial eagle.

SPICE.—There was a knot of sea captains
in a store at Ipswich, the keeper of which
had just bought a barrel of black pepper.
Old Captain—, of Salem, came in, and seeing
the pepper, took up a handful of it.
"What do you buy such stuff as that for?"
said he to the storekeeper; "its half pea."
"Pea!" replied the storekeeper; "there
isn't a pea in it."
Taking up a handful as he spoke, he ap-
pealed to the company. They all looked at
it, and plunged their hands into the barrel
and bit a kernel or so, and then gave it an
their universal opinion, that there wasn't a
pea in it.
"I tell you there is," said the old captain
again scooping up a handful; "and I'll bet
a dollar on it."
The old Boston argument all over the world
They took him up.
Well, said he, "apeel that," pointing to
the word "p-e-p-p-e-r," painted on the side
of the barrel. "If it isn't half pea, then I'm
no judge, that's all."
The bet was paid.

MODESTY.—Among the virtues which
ought to secure a kind regard, we universally
assign modesty a high rank. A simple and
modest man lives unknown, until a moment
which he could not have foreseen, reveals his
estimable qualities and his generous actions.
I compare him to the concealed flower, spring-
ing from a humble stem, which escapes the
view and is discovered only by its perfume.
Pride quickly fixes the eye, and who is al-
ways his own eulogist dispenses every other
person from the obligation to praise him.
A truly modest man, emerging from his tran-
sient obscurity, will obtain those delightful
praises which the heart awards without effort.
His superiority, far from being importunate
will become attractive. Modesty gives to
talents and virtues the same charm which
chastity adds to beauty.

THE SWEETS OF ADVERSITY.—Among the
many pains of adversity, there are some neg-
ative joys. You can wear out your old clothes
You are exonerated from making calls, and
have but few callers. Boredom ceases to bore you,
and the tax gatherers hurry past your door.
Itinerant hands never disturb your repose,
and extort praise for molesting you. You
avoid the nuisance of serving on juries. You
are not persecuted to stand as god-father.—
Imposers do not attempt to bleed you. You
are not pressed to partake of free drinks of
poison. Flatterers do not shoot their rubbish
in your ear. You are spared many a debt,
many a deception and many a headache. You
have leisure to read and reflect on the life
lessons of your favorite Authors. And if
you have a true friend in the world, you will
soon know it, unless your friend is out off
from you in this wide world.

At a fashionable church in New York the
contribution plates are carried around by
young ladies, to the benefit of the treasury.

