

The Vancouver Register.

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THE VANCOUVER REGISTER, VANCOUVER, W. T.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY,
By H. G. STRUVE
Editor and Publisher.

TERMS:
Per annum, in advance, \$3 00
Terms of Advertising:
Transient advertisements, one square (ten lines or less) first insertion, \$2 00
For each subsequent insertion, 1 00
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**H. G. STRUVE,
Attorney-at-Law
AND NOTARY PUBLIC.**
PROSECUTING ATTORNEY, 24 Judicial District, W. T. Will practice in all the courts of Washington Territory. Special and prompt attention given to the collection of debts, and to business in the U. S. Land Office.
OFFICE ON MAIN STREET,
VANCOUVER, W. T.

**I. L. TOBEY, M. D.
Physician, Surgeon,
—AND—
Accoucher**
OFFERS HIS PROFESSIONAL SERVICES to the People of Vancouver and vicinity.
Office on Main Street.
Vancouver, W. T., Jan. 18.

**JAY D. POTTER,
Attorney & Counselor at Law,
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OFFICE ON MAIN STREET, (next door to the Postoffice).
Vancouver, Aug. 30, 1866.—11-11-11.

**JOSEPH M. FLETCHER,
(Sole Agent of the U. S. Office).
Notary Public & Conveyancer**
DEEDS, MORTGAGES, BOND, AND LEGAL PAPERS of all kinds, carefully prepared.
Vancouver, Sept. 1, 1866.—11-11-11.

Storage, Forwarding & Commission.

**D. W. WILLIAMS,
DEALER IN
GRAIN AND FEED OF ALL KINDS**
—ALSO—
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.

**Ample Fire-Proof Storage,
And will do a GENERAL
COMMISSION BUSINESS.**
No Charges for Storage on Goods sold on Commission.
30 Front Street, (last door south of Postoffice).
Portland, Oregon.
Sept. 6, 1865.—11-11-11.

**KINGSLEY & REES,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Saddles, Harness,
AND DEALERS IN
SADDLERY HARDWARE,
Saddle Trees, Block and Bent Stirrups, etc.**
SHOP—No. 58 Front St., bet. Washington & Alder,
14
PORTLAND, OREGON.

**BUNNELL BROS.,
Portland, Ogden, & Lewiston, I. T.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in**

**STOVES, TIN PLATE,
SHEET IRON,
Wire, Pumps,
Lead Pipe, &c., &c.,
And Manufacturers of
TIN, COPPER,
Sheet Iron Ware, &c., &c.**

Jobbing Work Done to Order.
D. D. BUNNELL, G. C. BUNNELL,
Front 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 piece of recent still life 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.
14-11.
Sept. 22, 1866.

DAVID WALL, DRUGGIST, is determined to keep his house at home, if selling some but the best articles in his line at the lowest price, will accomplish it.

**BOOTS AND SHOES of all sizes and all kinds constantly kept on hand and sold at the lowest price.
JAMES TURNBULL & CO.
12-11.**

**CALL AND EXAMINE the 17643 articles too numerous to mention, which are kept on hand always by
Vancouver Drug Store, 4th Street near Mal.
12-11.**

**LUMBER.
HEXTER'S MILL, CLARKS CO. W. T.,
March 30, 1871.**
Neither Holders:
You will satisfy the People that the Row Mill is finished and on firm ground by the M.
Wanted immediately a man with a Logging team at good wages. Permanent employment may be given.
J. HEXTER.

NEARER HOME.

One sweetly solemn thought
Comes to me 'er and 'er,
I'm nearer home to-day
Than 'er or I was before.

Nearer my Father's home,
Where many mansions lie,
Nearer the great white throne,
Nearer the joyful life.

Nearer the bonds of life,
Where we lay our burdens down,
Nearer leaving the cross,
Nearer taking the crown.

Not by lying dark between,
Looming up through the night,
Is that dim unknown stream,
That leads at last to light.

Closer and closer my feet,
Draw to the dark abyss,
Closer death to my lips,
Presses the dreadful kiss.

Father, perfect my trust,
Strengthen my faltering faith,
That I may not far to stand,
On the rocky shores of death.

WON AND LOST.

The dusky gold of unnumbered stars was sparkling through the darkness of a beautiful Venetian night; the antique clock had just struck nine, and Major Wentworth, unattached, late of the—st Foot, dreamily smoking his cigar on the balcony, mechanically counted the strokes without realizing the outward creeping of time.

"I think she loves me," he mused, watching the far-off lights that seemed to float upon the crystal distance of the Adriatic sea. "Surely I cannot be mistaken."

The Major was dark and handsome, with features possessing regularity and beauty, and brown misty eyes, where the lightest gleam of dreamy quiescence—a man in the full prime of life. And as he sat there watching the stars and sky, there was a soft rustle on the balcony beside him, and an arch, triumphant little laugh.

"So I have found you at last, Major Wentworth!" was the exclamation that met his ear. "Were you looking for me Mrs. Vail?" said the Major.

Lilian Vail was a woman, every inch of her, and in her woman nature she felt the strong, subdued tenderness of the heart that spoke out through her words.

"Looking for you—no," said Lilian, with a charming simulation of total indifference; "but I wondered where you had gone."

Major Wentworth tossed his cigar over the rail of the balcony with a strange flutter at his heart; he felt, somehow, that the hour of his destiny was nigh.

"Why do you do that?" she questioned. "I shall not stay more than a minute."

"Stay, Lilian," he pleaded. "I must speak to you."

Lilian came out a step or two farther on the balcony, and took the seat that Major Wentworth moved forward.

"And now what is this wonderful secret?" she laughed, looking up to the face of the man who stood close to her leaning against the rail of the balcony with folded arms—an erect, graceful figure.

"It is no secret, Lilian," he said composedly; "only that I love you; you must have known it long ago."

"Heavens! and I could almost have died to save you this!" she cried, shrinking backward. "No, Gervase—not another word. I must not listen."

He looked at her with a wonder that almost amounted to terror. Was this the way woman received a declaration of love?

"I have a right to expect an answer, Lilian," said the Major. "I have a right to know, from your own lips, whether or no you will marry me."

"I cannot marry you, Gervase," she replied. "You cannot marry me!" he replied solemnly. "Lilian, Lilian, have you never loved me?"

"Oh, Gervase, do not ask me. Do not compel me to disclose my own weakness," she sobbed.

"My darling!" he said, taking both her hands in his, and looking into her eyes with a searching gaze.

"I do love you, Gervase," said she; "I have loved you."

"Yet you will not marry me, Lilian?" he asked.

"I tell you it is impossible," she replied. "Oh, if I had gone away weeks ago—if I had only married Gervase!"

He checked her hysterical sobs with gentle gravity.

"I am to understand then, that there is some deep mystery here," he said. "What is it, Lilian? Why can you not marry me?"

"I am married already, Gervase!" she replied.

"I know—I know," he said, with a puzzled look; "but you are a widow?"

"I am not a widow, Gervase," she replied. "My husband is still living."

"Lilian!" he said, relinquishing his hold of her hand.

"It is not my fault, Gervase," she sobbed. "To me has long been dead; but he is still living, as the world calls it." And then she told him all of her griefs.

"My poor Lilian!" he murmured. "And I would have cherished you so tenderly!"

"Do you blame me now, Gervase?" she whispered.

"No, Lilian, we must bear our burdens as best we may," he replied, sadly. "Mine will always be grievous for the knowledge that you have loved me. And now, dearest, we part forever."

"But you will love me still?" she said, with wild, startling eyes.

"Forever, Lilian!" he replied.

When the guests met next morning at the breakfast-table one accustomed face was missing. Major Wentworth had returned to England.

"Gone!" echoed a gray young girl—"how we all shall miss him; shall we not, Mrs. Vail?"

"Fate is a strange problem!" thought Major Wentworth. "Death—an honorable death—would have been a boon to me; yet how many times have I stood unharmed, and seen fall around me those who had every tie to make life sweet to them! My poor little Lilian; I wonder if she is half as heart-sick as I am."

It is often harder to live patiently than to die heroically. And so Maj. Gervase Wentworth found it, while with every day and week the love for Lilian Vail grew stronger and deeper in his heart. Once he had received a few lines from her—a note that he never always next his heart; but he dared not risk an answer. Brave soldier, courageous man though he was, he dared not, lest the love that was so hard to subdue should spring up, rebellious and conquering within him, to urge him to do and dare everything for her sake.

It was a dark, snowy night in December when Gervase Wentworth entered an express train for New York, from whence he intended starting for England. The carriages were full; he gazed doubtfully around. One seat alone was empty; and as he stood there, the occupant of the half towards the window took his railway rug off the vacant cushion.

"This seat is not engaged, sir."

Gervase courteously bowed his thanks, and as he sat down, glanced at his new companion. It was not a face that he liked. He was no believer in physiognomy, and yet he was sorry even to travel the few miles that lay before him side by side with that smooth-faced villain, whose silky blonde moustache shaded coarse, sinister lips, and whose blue eyes had such a wandering, cruel look.

"Not a pleasant night," said the stranger, good humoredly; but Gervase merely inclined his head. Every impulse of his chivalrous nature was up in arms against the smooth voice and insinuating glance.

The journey, however, was destined to be brief; for when Gervase Wentworth had ridden a few miles, the next there was a tremendous crashing through the train—a crash—and they were in the midst of a heap of dead and dying, while splintered wood and shivered glass lay scattered around.

Gervase was stunned for an instant by the force with which he was thrown against the side of the ruined carriage, but it was only for an instant. Then he struggled to his feet unharmed, save by a bruise or two; and looked round on the scene of desolation.

"Another hairbreadth escape!" he thought. "Am I protected by some marvellous spell while others are struck down around me?"

"For heaven's sake take away these boards off me! they are crushing the life out of me!" groaned a piteous voice at his feet—the voice of a man who had sat beside him scarcely more than a minute before.

His face was ashy pale and streaked with blood, and was scarcely recognizable.

"Are you much hurt?" asked Wentworth kneeling down and supporting the crushed semblance of humanity on his knee, as he felt in his breast pocket for the flask of brandy he usually carried.

The stranger uttered a singular jarring sound, half a groan and half a laugh.

"So much hurt that the play is about over—certainly going to fall, eh? No, there's no use," he added, as Gervase wiped the crimson clods away with his own handkerchief.

"I tell you I'm done for! Give me a little of that brandy—there, thank you. So I am really dying."

"You cannot live half an hour longer," said Gervase, struck with the deadly change that was passing over the handsome, wicked features.

"Where's the odds?" demanded the stranger with the same reckless laugh. "Stay though—you wouldn't object to taking a little trouble for a dying man?"

"I will do anything I can for you," said Gervase.

"Thanks," said the man. "I always thought it would end in some such sudden way; and my wife—she was a nice enough girl; and yet I should have liked to have asked her pardon for one or two things, before I 'stuffed off this mortal coil,' as old Will says. Will you find her out and give her a letter for me? I've carried it in my waistcoat pocket for months—somehow I thought I should need it all of a sudden at last."

"I will try," said Gervase, whose whole soul seemed to recoil from the unwelcome task.

"I can't find it," muttered the stranger, feeling weak, uncertain fingers about his breast. "Oh, here it is. Give her the letter; the address is there; and tell her that when I was dying I was sorry to think I had treated her so. May be she'll be happier when I am dead—it'll be the first time Philip Vail ever did make her happy, poor thing!"

"Philip Vail!" repeated the Major.

But the glazing eyes, looking helplessly towards Gervase Wentworth, returned no recognizing glance—the ears were closing fast to all earthly sound, and the stranger never knew with that shuddering repulsion Wentworth laid his head down among the splintered wood and shattered seats.

One lamp yet hung flaring and smoking from its support, casting lurid brilliance over the scene, and in the midst of that awful confusion Gervase Wentworth read the address of the letter—Lilian Vail, Venice, Italy.

Read it—and knew that the cloud that had hung over his existence was finally lifted up—that Lilian was free at last. Not in vain had he been preserved by almost miraculous interposition for so many years. Philip Vail had died with his head on Gervase Wentworth's arm, and Lilian was free.

The sun shone brightly on the sea; the towers and cupolas of Venice gleamed like molten gold, as once more Gervase Wentworth found himself ascending the broad stone steps of the well known hotel where he had dreamed his brightest dream and waked his bitterest waking. No more dreams—it should be reality now.

"La Signora Vail" he asked.

The hostess turned pale and shrunk away as she repeated in a mechanical voice, Major Wentworth's eager words.

"Yes, is she in?" he questioned.

The hostess turned to a fair English matron, who recognizing Gervase's voice, came forward with outstretched hand.

"Major Wentworth!" she said. "Is it

possible that you are back amongst us once more?"

"Once more, Mrs. Treberne," he replied. "And Lilian?"

The sweet English face blanched.

"Major Wentworth, you surely have heard?"

"Heard what?" he asked. I have heard nothing."

"Lilian Vail died last week," she replied. Gervase Wentworth staggered backward and sank upon a seat, with his hand to his head, repeating incoherently to himself, "Died last week! died last week!"

While he was hurrying to her side with the best tidings of her release, a swift messenger had come and borne her away. It seemed like a sick, dreadful dream, and yet he knew it was the truth—the awful truth.

"Died!" he repeated, turning almost fiercely to poor Mrs. Treberne. "Why did you let her die? She should never have died had I been here."

The room seemed to swim around him. Some one cried out that the gentleman was fainting, and Gervase remembered no more.

Weeks afterwards, when the April violets were all in bloom, Gervase, just recovered from a long and weary fever, drove out to lay a wreath of flowers on Lilian's tomb, in the Protestant cemetery near Venice.

"Home!" he said, in reply to a question addressed him by Mrs. Treberne—"I shall never go home. I shall always remain in Venice. Lilian died here, and here she is buried. Venice will be my home hereafter."

Every day there is a fresh cross of flowers upon the grave where poor Lilian sleeps, all unconscious of the eup of happiness that had been so near her lips.

The Printer and his Types.

The following beautiful extract is from the pen of Benjamin F. Taylor, the printer-post:

Perhaps there is no department of enterprise whose details are less understood by intelligent people than the "art preservative" the achievement of types. Every day of their lives they are accustomed to read the newspaper and find fault with its statements, its arrangements, its looks; to plume themselves upon the discovery of some roughish and aerobic type that gets into a frolic and stands upon its head; or of some waste letter or two in it—but of the process by which the newspaper is made, of the myriads of motions and the thousands of pieces necessary to its composition, they know little and think less. They imagine they discourse a wonder, indeed, when they speak of the fair white carpet, woven for thought to walk on, of the rage that flattered on the back of the beggar yesterday.

But there is something more wonderful still. When we look at the hundred and fifty-two little boxes, somewhat shaded by the touch of ink fingers, that compose the printer's "case," noiseless, except the clicking of the types, as one by one they take their places in the growing line—we think how many fancies in fragments there are in the boxes, how many atoms of poetry and eloquence the printer can make here and there, if he only feels a little about to work by, how many foams in chaos. Now he picks up the scattered elements all he holds in his hands a stanza of "Gray's Elegy," or a monody on Grimes, "All buttoned up before." Now he sets "Puppy Missing," and now "Paradise Lost," he announces the languishing line, in one sentence—transforms the word and depletes the days that are few and evil in the next.

A poor jock ticks its way slowly into the printer's hand, like a clock just running down, and a strain of eloquence marches in line letter by letter. We fancy we can tell the difference by hearing by the ear, but perhaps not. The types that told a wedding perhaps the same letters. They are the elements to make a world of—the types are a world with something in it as beautiful as Spring, as rich as Summer, and as grand as Autumn flowers that frost cannot wither. Fruit that shall ripen for all time. The newspaper has become the log-book of the age. It tells at what rate the world is running; we cannot find our "reckoning" without it. True the green grocer may bundle up a pound of candies in our last expressed thoughts, but it is only coming to base uses, something that is done times innumerable.

We console ourselves by thinking that one can make of that newspaper what he cannot make of living oak—a bridge for time, that can fling over the dead years into the far past. The finger shall not end his song, nor the soul be eloquent no more. The realm of the press is enchanted ground. Sometimes the editor has the happiness of knowing that he has defended the right, exposed the wrong, protected the weak; that he has cheered somebody's solitary hour, made somebody happier, kindled a smile upon a sad face, or a hope in a heavy heart. He may meet with that sentiment many years after; it may have lost all charms of its paternity, but he feels affection for it. He welcomes it as a long absent child. He reads it as for the first time, and wonders if indeed he wrote it, for he has changed since then. Perhaps he could not give utterance to the sentiment now—perhaps he would not if he could. It seems like the voice of his former self calling to his parents, and there is something mournful in his tone.

He begins to think—to remember why he wrote it, who were his readers then, and how much he has changed. So he muses, until he wonders if that thought of his will continue to float after he is dead; and whether he is looking upon something that will survive him. And then comes the sweet consciousness that there is nothing in the sentence that he could wish unwritten—that is a better part of him—a shred from the garment of immortality he shall leave behind him when he joins the "innumerable caravan," and takes his place in the silent halls of death.

Under the head of "Capricious Justice," the *London Examiner* has the following:—

"We see in Essex a boy of eight years has been sentenced to fourteen days' imprisonment with hard labor, and afterward four years in a reformatory, for stealing a piece of wood for his mother's fire. If the archbishop had put the wood on a railway in order to upset a train, he would have escaped with an admonition."

Israel Putnam, and the Bird's Nest.

On one occasion, he and his companions came across a fine nest, which lodged on a frail branch of a high tree. There was no way of reaching the nest except by climbing (which was very difficult) and venturing out on the branch, which nine chances to one, would break under the weight of the robber. No one would venture. Putnam regarded the nest and limb in silence for some moments, and at length said:

"I'll wager there is not a boy for ten miles around that can get that nest."

"I'll try it," said he, deliberately taking off his jacket, and rolling his pantaloons up to his knees.

His companions tried to dissuade him, but to no purpose, go he would.

"I'll fancy that one of the king's strong-holds," said Putnam, "and may I be blessed if I don't take it."

The tree was ascended—the limb gained. Putnam placed his foot upon it, and it cracked. He ventured a foot further; the limb bent low, and a warning murmur rose from the boys below. He put his knee to the branch and reached a short bow—the nest. The limb broke partly—a shout below—and Putnam persevered. His fingers touched the wished-for prize and just as he cried "I've got it," the limb broke clear off, and he fell—but not to the ground. His pantaloons caught in one of the lower limbs, and his head hung downward.

"Put, are you hurt?" asked one of the boys.

"Not hurt," answered the undaunted hero; "but sorely puzzled how to get down."

"We can't cut away the limb, because we have no knife."

"I can't stay here till you get one."

"We'll strike a light and burn the tree down."

"Ay, and smother me in the smoke. That won't do."

There was a boy named Randall in the group, who was noted for being a crack marksman, and who afterwards fought bravely at Putnam's side. Him Putnam addressed.

"Jim Randall, there's a ball in your rifle?"

"Yes."

"Do you see that very little limb holds me here?"

"I do."

"Fire at it."

"What, out you down?"

"Of course."

"Shoot I might strike your head."

"Shoot better blow out my brains than see me die here, which I shall in fifteen minutes. Shoot."

"But you will fall."

"Jim Randall! Will you fire?"

The sharp crack of the rifle rang through the forest—the splinters flew—and Putnam fell upon the ground. He was severely bruised but laughed the matter off, and nothing more, was thought of it. Drawing the nest from his pocket, he said:

"Here is the nest: I said I would have it, and I was determined no one should see me fail."

The winner of the ten thousand dollar greenback prize in New York is John F. McLaughlin, about sixty years of age. He has been in the United States Government employ as a saddler for about forty years, and had to give up work in consequence of a severe attack of paralysis. Having saved sufficient from his earnings to keep him in a humble manner, he has since been residing in Twenty-first street. When the bills of the U. S. and School drawing were first thrust into the hands of every pedestrian going along the streets, John was not forgotten, and he brot home to his better half, who counseled him to invest a dollar. He refused to do so for several days from religious scruples, but finally consented in order to please his wife, who told him that she had been warned in a dream of approaching good fortune. She further added that in the vision she saw all her friends in Ireland, and thought she was visiting them in a carriage and team. Having so suddenly accumulated so much wealth, it is more than probable that the happy couple will go to end their days in that dear old Isle from which they were compelled to emigrate in early youth.

EXTRAORDINARY.—The five leading journals of Paris contain long and circumstantial accounts of a distinguished engineer whose head was turned perfectly white by a most frightful dream. The engineer had visited a rough and unfrequented mineral region for the purpose of exploring and reporting to a company of capitalists upon the richness of a certain mine. The night of his arrival, and before he descended into the mine, he lodged at a small inn, and after devouring a pound or two of pork, went to bed. He dreamed that he had visited the mine and was being hauled up, when he discovered that the rope was almost severed, and there was only a single strand to support his weight, and that of the bucket in which he was being hauled up. Suddenly when he had ascended two hundred feet, the rope gave way, he dreamed, and he uttered a fearful shriek, which aroused the inmates of the house, and when they burst in the door of the dreamer's room, they found a white-headed man in place of the black haired young gentleman who had retired a few hours before. The story is well authenticated, and his is the first instance on record of a man's hair having been turned white from the effects of a dream.

MAKING RULES FOR OTHERS.—It is not selfishness in themselves, but selfishness in others that men hate. Every man wants his wife, his children, and his neighbors to love him supremely. Everybody thinks that everybody else should do what he does.

He is the only one who has the right to indulge in ill temper. Every man draws the reins tight in regard to other people, but allows himself the widest latitude.

The change going on in Southern population is illustrated by the fact that on January 28th, as the brig Derby was about to sail from New Orleans for Rio Janeiro, with disaffected Southerners as emigrants to Brazil, the bark Sonora, from Bremen, was coming up the river with a company of German immigrants.

MISCELLANEOUS.

STAGE EFFECT.—Some knowledge of stage effect is highly useful to orators. Sheridan is no doubt in large degree indebted to his intimate acquaintance with stage effect, which he seemed to have inherited from his father, who was an actor and play-wright, for his wonderful success as an orator. No more striking instance of this can be found than occurs in the trial of the notorious Warren Hastings. Never had there been so much talent assembled under one roof; never was there more anxiety for the result of an issue. Sheridan was to make the concluding speech for the prosecution. When he rose a stillness fell upon the court, and the spectators who had broken, settled over that vast assemblage. When he concluded his picture of the rapine and murder that had marked the tracks of this boasted civiliser, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house. His wife, no doubt by pre arrangement, fainted and was carried from the hall. When he had finished, says Macaulay, he fell into the arms of Burke, in an apparent swoon, who embraced him with the tenderness of a father.

"I sleep in an editor's bed last night—
And other things that I don't like to say."
I know one editor in the world
Who really does take his own
As an editor in his brother's stead,
I could not suppress a sigh,
When I thought of my humble place of rest—
And how our editors die.

A GIFT FROM GENERAL SHERIDAN.—A few days ago General Sheridan sent to Miss Rebecca Wright, of Winchester, Virginia, a gold chain, set with pearls and charms, one of the latter being an exquisitely wrought miniature sword ornamented with diamonds. Accompanying the gift was a letter from General Sheridan, acknowledging Miss Wright's services, which led to the General's success at the battle of Winchester, on September 16th, 1862. Miss Wright was a zealous advocate of the Union cause, and willing to aid it at any sacrifice. When, in the course of the battle, General Sheridan was in great doubt how to act, he sent a scout to the lady, who writing upon a piece of paper the needed information, and enclosing it in tin foil the scout carried it in his mouth, and successfully eluding search by the enemy's pickets, the information which enabled him to achieve the victory.—(Philadelphia Ledger.)

A servant girl, on leaving her place was accosted by her master as he was leaving. "Missus is so quick tempered that I can't live with her," said the girl. "Well!" said the gentleman, "you know it is no sooner begun than it is over." "Yes, sir," said the girl, "and no sooner over than it is begun again."

OVER MORTER.—A West End music seller was lately overpowered by a fastidious young lady who wanted to purchase Mr. Hood's song of the—a gentleman's under garments!

The extent to which the fine white earth, terra alba, is employed in adulterating pulverized sugar, confectionery, flour, prepared cocoa, spices, milk, etc., is incalculable. Diabesity gives the law to many a trade and manufactures in these days, and couples those who would be honest (so they imagine) to "do or die."

A chaffy clerk in the delicate white cracker, a tasteless in bread, a white scum in the soup from a spoonful of snowy sugar, with many other uncomprehended indications, betray the presence of the ever present adulterator. Two thirds their weight of terra alba has been obtained from Louisiana. The comparatively new ingredient is imported from Ireland, and that largely, costing only one dollar and a quarter per cwt.

A gentleman was promulgating a fashionable street with a bright boy at his side, who the little fellow cried out, "Oh, pe, there goes an editor!" "Hush, hush!" said the other, "don't make sport of the poor man;

L. P. FISHER, San Francisco.
J. H. HARRIS, Seattle.
J. S. PORTER, Olympia.
Rev. C. G. BELKNAP, Seattle.
JAMES JONES, Walla Walla.
REBEKAH CAPLAN, St. Helens.

THE CONGRESSIONAL CONTEST.

When we undertook the publication of the REGISTER, it was with the distinct understanding that the paper should not be the party organ of either of the political parties in this Territory...

For that reason we propose during the coming campaign to let the Union men and Democrats fight their own battles, in so far as the strife for local offices is concerned...

As a salute was being fired at Seattle yesterday, as the New World was leaving, a man by the name of Robert Hayward was badly injured by the premature discharge of a cannon...

A few days since, in the vicinity of Brownville, a party of children and older persons were riding in a cart which was one of the wheels falling on the head of a little boy named Simmons, killing him instantly...

Oregon is represented on Senate Committees, namely: Williams is a member of the Committee on Finance, Committee on Public Lands, Joint Committee on Retrenchment, and is Chairman of the Committee on Private Land Claims...

The State Journal says: The Springfield Milling Company have suspended running a few days for the purpose of making some important changes in their machinery, repair dams, etc...

A dispatch from Senator Corbett, dated New York, April 19th, was received in this city yesterday, announcing that he would sail from New York on the following day (Saturday) for Oregon...

A correspondent of the Sentinel, writing from Ganyonville, says: "We have an extensive gold, silver and copper excitement here at this time..."

The Unionist of Monday says: On last Wednesday a surgical operation was performed in this city which has not probably a parallel on record on the Pacific coast...

How to Economize.—The county Commissioners meet on the second Monday in May and it behooves them to relieve the people as much as possible of the burden of indebtedness now hanging over them...

The county commissioners may, in their discretion, levy a county tax of not exceeding eight mills on every dollar's worth of real and personal property for county purposes...

OUR NEW SECRETARY.—The telegraph informs us that Mr. E. L. Smith has been appointed and confirmed as Secretary of this Territory vice E. Evans, rejected by the Senate...

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VANCOUVER DRUG STORE.

DAVID WALL, APOTHECARY

Keeps constantly on hand a Choice Selection of Drugs, Medicines, Acids, Chemicals, Patent Medicines, Eye Stuffs, Alcohol, Turpentine, Perfumery, Toilet Articles

FANCY GOODS. Pure Wines and Liquors for Medical Use.

HOSTETTER'S BITTERS, BAKER'S BITTERS, DRANK'S BITTERS, HOOPER'S BITTERS, BABBITT'S POTASH, CANARY SEED, CARRIAGE SOAP, CASTLE SOAP, BRANDED SOAP, INDIGO, ROMESTIC DYE, CREAM TARTAR, BLUE STONE, NITRE, ROBIN, GLUE, COMMON & WHITE, SULPHUR, GLAUBER SALT, BATH BRICKS, CONCENTRATED LYE, Congress Water and Fragrant Scented, And all articles usually kept in Drug stores, Physicians prescriptions carefully prepared at all hours, Vancouver, Sept. 22, 1866.

MICHAEL WINTLER, DEALER IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, Cor. Main and Fifth Streets, Keeps constantly on hand and for sale a full assortment of GROCERIES, CROCKERIES, GLASSWARE, HARDWARE AND NAILS, DRY GOODS, READY MADE CLOTHING, BLANKETS, And all kinds of Salem Woolen Goods, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions. Will buy all kinds of Farmers Produce at the highest rates. Cash Paid for Wool and Hides. M. WINTLER, Vancouver, Sept. 22, 1866.

L. C. HENRICHSEN, (Successor to Jacob Cohen), PRACTICAL WATCHMAKER & JEWELER, 105 Front St., Portland, Oregon, RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE PUBLIC THAT he has just returned from San Francisco with a splendid stock of CLOCKS! WATCHES & JEWELRY! In the store recently occupied by Jacob Cohen, (whom he succeeds in business,) and where he will keep constantly on hand every article connected with the above business.

Watches and Jewelry Repaired and Warranted. Particular attention paid to DIAMOND SETTING, ENGRAVING and ENAMELING, Portland, Jan. 26, 1867.

J. D. HEALY, Main Street, Vancouver, W. T., DEALER IN STOVES, TIN PLATE, SHEET IRON, Wire, Pumps, Lead Pipe, &c., And Manufacturer of TIN, COPPER, Sheet Iron Ware, &c., &c., Jobbing Work Done to Order. He has on hand a large and new assortment of Tin Ware, and other articles in his line, suitable for gift or lot, which he will sell at low rates, for cash. Jan. 12, 1867. J. D. HEALY, 11-4.

ST. CHARLES SALOON, RESTAURANT, (Lately known as the Mount Hood), Having been newly fitted up, is now ready to accommodate the citizens of Vancouver, and the public generally. Boarding by the week, - - \$3 00 per day, - - \$1 00 Single Meals, - - \$1 50 The Bar always well stocked with the best of imported LIQUORS AND CIGARS. J. B. BROUILLETTE & W. H. BOOGS, PROPRIETORS, Vancouver, March 24, 1867. 24-17.

Wm. H. Goddard, Hygienic Physician, and authorized agent and Lecturer for the "National Health Reform Association," has printed and is circulating the following forms of Discourses: Diphtheria, Brain Fever, Fever and Ague, Cough, Croup, Headache, Constipation of the bowels, Rheumatism, Pleurisy, Sore Eyes, Flatula, Colic, Piles, Stricture, Spontaneous or Seminal Weakness; and what is more remarkable, he has not up to this time lost a single patient. Office at the UNION HOTEL, where persons coming from a distance for consultation, or treatment, may obtain good board and comfortable lodging. REFERENCES:—Messrs. J. L. Rankin & S. R. Whipple, N. S. Hathaway and L. Holmes Esq. Vancouver, April 4, 1867. 25-4.

ALL SORTS OF PARAGRAPHS.

Sombody thinks that if nature had designed man for a drunkard, she would have constructed him like a barn; so that the more he drank the more firmly he'd stand.

Gathrine, the empress of Rags, was once a camp grisette.

Queen Victoria has an income of upwards of two million a year, yet confines her expenses within five hundred thousand. There's a widow worth having.

THE UPPER COUNTRY.—A gentleman who arrived in town on Wednesday evening says the roads over the Blue mountains and in Idaho are in a terrible condition. A party of Snake Indians killed eight men belonging to George Hunt, at the Junction House on the Payette river, on the 11th instant. A party of four men started from Farewell Bend to go through by the Central Ferry to Boise City, but were driven back by fifteen Indians. On arriving at Umatilla he heard it rumored that a number of Chinamen had been killed by the Indians, on Snake river, in the neighborhood of Lewiston.—Mountainier.

GOLD CREEK.—Several parties have recently come in from this camp. They report about three feet of snow in camp when they left about ten days since. The miners there seem confident of success this season. Some deep diggings have been discovered in the hills, which give much promise to the camp. They report the prospects obtained in these hills to be from six to four cents to the pan. If these hills prospects are extensive, they will warrant considerable outlay to bring water upon these hills. Quite a number contemplate a visit to these mines at an early period. Some will go out to see, whose mining interests are in the other camps East of us. They will have time to make the trip before they can well operate upon their own claims in the other camps. The distance to Gold Creek is about forty five miles from this place.—Lewiston Journal.

Mr. Kavanagh, the armless and legless M. P., from Ireland, excited great curiosity on his first appearance in the House on the 6th February. The honorable member entered the House from the direction of the Speaker's private apartments, seated in a library chair, the mechanism of which is so contrived that he can wheel himself with ease to any point he wishes to reach. The large copy of the Testament used in administering the oath to members was managed—one cannot use the word handled—by Mr. Kavanagh without the least difficulty, and he wrote his name with as much quickness and apparent ease as any of his fellow members of Parliament. The process was as follows: The clerk handed to Mr. Kavanagh a pen with a handle of the length to which he is accustomed. The honorable member clasps the handle between what represents his arms, and, steadying it by putting the end in his mouth, guided the pen over the parchment with singular fluency and steadiness.

A German has brought to Paris an inexhaustible powder which is certainly going to make a revolution in this department of war material. This powder, invented by Mr. Neumeyer, of Leipzig, does not explode in the open air when inflamed; it burns up slowly, like so much tinder; but it explodes with more explosive power than any other powder, in a closed cavity; it is cheaper than any ordinary powder, and may be manufactured anywhere, even on board ship.

The new hotel at Saratoga, "Congress Hall," it is said will be one of the largest in the country. The main building will be 398 feet long by 48 feet wide, and four stories stories high. There will be two wings, one being 300 feet long and five stories high, while the other is 210 feet long and four stories high. It is nearly three-eighths of a mile round the walls of the building.

The property in Italy belonging heretofore to the Roman Catholic Church is estimated to be worth not far from 60,000,000 pounds sterling. The Government of Victor Emmanuel proposes to confiscate about two-thirds of this property for the promotion of education and the like public uses.

An exchange says that in a nobleman's park about ten miles from Hyde Park corner, London, the following notice is stuck up:—"Ten Shillings Reward.—Any person found trespassing on these lands, or damaging these fences, on conviction will receive the above reward."

Prof. Willis, of the N. Y. Medical College for Women, says there are 300 female medical practitioners in the country, some of whom are in receipt of from \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year.

A NEW COMMANDER.—General Rousseau, of Kentucky has been ordered to relieve General Steele in command of the Department of the Columbia. He has been ordered to Fort Vancouver, from which it would appear that the War Office at Washington has designated Fort Vancouver as the Department Headquarters. General Rousseau's appointment is said to be very distasteful to regular army officers, as he is said to be without much military experience, and as the claims of many deserving veteran officers of the regular army have been entirely ignored by making this appointment.

HORSES.—General Elliot and Lieut. Hall have been engaged during the last week in inspecting a large number of horses offered for sale to the Government and intended for use in the cavalry service. Our old friend Robert J. Ladd, Esq., and numerous horse dealers from Oregon are here on that business. The inspection of the horses and the trial of their speed has drawn out quite a crowd of spectators.

CEDAR LUMBER.—The finest lot of cedar lumber we have seen, was brought into town last week by Mr. Louis Lieser, who has just completed his new mill on Salmon Creek. It is well and evenly sawed and entirely clear of knots and other blemishes. Messrs. Sobns & Sobuele have been appointed agents for this lumber. We are informed, that Mr. Lieser will be able to supply all the demand in this market and more too. We are glad that this branch of industry has been fairly opened and another leak-hole stopped, through which many home dollars slipped out of circulation in this neighborhood.

BALL.—Extensive arrangements are being made by General Allen, No. 3, for their May Day Ball. This is the first time, that the Company has appealed to the liberality of our citizens and we do earnestly hope, that they will give their cordial co-operation to make the ball a success. The Company needs some funds in order to purchase the necessary uniform and other paraphernalia.

THE GOVERNORSHIP.—On the 19th instant the President nominated General Le Ferre, of Ohio, as Governor of this Territory but the appointment was rejected. The next day a Mr. M. F. Moore was nominated for the same position and was duly confirmed by the Senate. So the telegraph informs us.

We call attention to the United States Internal Revenue notice in another column, and recommend that tax payers take heed and avoid penalties for failure to comply with the law.

NOTICE OF SPECIAL MEETING.

To the members of the Common Council of the city of Vancouver:

You are hereby requested to meet at the usual place and hour of holding your regular meeting, on Monday, the 29th instant, for the purpose of receiving applications for admission into the Fire Department; for the appointment of Judges of Election, and considering the proposed amendment to the Ordinance for organizing the Fire Department.

A. G. TRIPP, Mayor of the City of Vancouver. Mayor's Office, Vancouver, W. T., April 23, 1867.

"EVERY MAN HIS OWN CLERK."—This is the title of a little book laid upon our table by Messrs. Turnbull & Leiby, who are agents in this city. It contains full and reliable forms for all sorts of legal, commercial and business instruments, together with reckoning methods of wages, ascertaining the value of gold, currency and gold dust in tabular form. The book is published in New York but has been prepared with special reference to the wants of the Pacific Coast. We can safely recommend it to the farmers of this country, to whom it is a valuable guide in business transactions, when they have no opportunity to consult an attorney. It is sold for fifty cents at Turnbull & Leiby's store.

APPOINTED.—Our old townsman, Rev. J. O. Raynor, has received an appointment as Chaplain in the regular army under the receipt of Congress. His appointment is for life. He will for the present remain at Fort Steilacoom. We congratulate him upon his good fortune.

RUMOR.—It is rumored here in certain military circles, that two companies of troops will shortly be transported from this Department to our newly acquired possessions in Russian America.

ANOTHER CHANGE OF HEADQUARTERS.—General Christopher Shwinesburg desires us to state that he has changed his headquarters from Fort Vancouver to Portland. He too is actuated by a desire to practice economy in making this change. Vancouver still lives.

PROBATE COURT.—Judge Douthitt held the regular term of the Court this week, but little business of importance was transacted.—The final accounts in the estates of John Aird and Joseph Wright, deceased, were filed and will be shortly settled.

REWARD.—Mr. John McMullen offers a reward of \$150 for the recovery of the greenbacks and gold watch which was recently stolen from him. See advertisement.

New Ads.—We invite the reader's attention to over a column of new advertisements, which appear in our issue this week.

NOTICE.—There will be a meeting of those interested in the High School, on this (Saturday) evening, at the M. E. Church, for the purpose of effecting a permanent organization.

In consequence of the impossibility to complete their new house in time, No. 3's have secured Metropolitan Hall for the occasion of their May-day ball.

PROF. ATTY.—J. W. Stevens, Esq., of Walla Walla, has been nominated as Prosecuting Attorney for the 1st Judicial District of this Territory by the Union Convention.

MARRIED.

At the residence of Mr. Jonathan Grant, April 18th, Mr. Wm. Field and Miss Margaret A. Mackintosh, all of Clarke county W. T.

United States Internal Revenue Notice.

THE ANNUAL RETURNS OF INCOME FOR 1866, and License of special tax commencing May 1, 1866 is now due, and it is the duty of all persons liable to any of the tax under the Internal Revenue law to make their returns regular and prompt to avoid the penalties for failure to make such returns.

REMINGTON'S ARMOY, ILLION, New York.

Agency for Pacific Coast, 310 Washington St., San Francisco. ON HAND FOR SALE, At Greatly Reduced Prices, LARGE STOCK ARMS, REVOLVERS, Army, Navy and Belt, Single and Double Action, RIFLES, Breech Loading, Revolving and U. S. Muskets, GUN GAMES, REPAIRERS, Single Barrel Vest Pocket Pistols (New Models.) All the Different Patterns and Styles of Finish.

UPWARDS OF TWO HUNDRED

thousand furnished the United States Government since 1861. Army Revolver, 44-100 in. Caliber. Navy Revolver, 36-100 in. Caliber. Belt Revolver, (Self-Cocking), Navy Caliber. Belt Revolver, Navy Size Caliber. New Pocket Revolver, (with loading lever). Pocket Revolver, (Self-Cocking). Repeating Pistol (Millot pt.), No. 22 Cartridge. Vest Pocket Pistol, No. 27, 30 and 32 Cartridge. Gun Case, using No. 32 Cartridge. Single Barrel Shot Gun. Revolving Rifle, 36 and 45 1-2 in. Caliber. Breech Loading Rifle, No. 36 Cartridge. Breech Loading Carbine, No. 46 Cartridge. U. S. Rifle (Blind Barrel), with Saker Bayonet. U. S. Rifle Muzzle, Springfield pattern. Our Breech Loading Arms have just been approved and adopted for military service in Europe. REMINGTON & SONS, ILLION, N. Y. ALBERT E. CRANE, Agent, San Francisco, April 24, 1867.

