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THE VANCOUVER REGISTER.

VANCOUVER, W. T.

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SOMEbody's DARLING.

Though perhaps all our readers have seen the following touching lines, and many may have cut them out and laid them aside, yet we cannot resist the temptation to give them a permanent place by inserting them here. The poem is certainly one of the most beautiful waifs that we have yet found floating on our sea of strife. Who is its owner?

Into a ward of the whitewashed halls,
Where the dead and dying lie,
Wounded by bayonets, shells, and balls,
Somebody's darling was borne one day—
Somebody's darling so young and so brave,
Wearing yet on his pale, sweet face,
Soon to be hid by the dust of the grave,
The lingering smile of his boyhood's face.

Matted and damp on the curls of gold,
Kissing the face of that fair young boy,
Pale are the lips of that delicate mold—
Somebody's darling is dying now.
Back from his beautiful hair colored brow,
Emath all the wandering waves of gold,
Cross his hands on his bosom now,
Somebody's darling is still and cold.

Kiss him once for somebody's sake,
Murmur a prayer soft and low,
One bright curl from its fair tresses take,
They were somebody's pride, you know,
Somebody's hand had rested there,
Was it a mother's soft and white,
And have the lips of a sister fair,
Been baptized in their waves of light?

God knows best: he was somebody's love,
Somebody's heart embraced him there,
Somebody's wish he had to give,
Night and morn on the wings of prayer,
Somebody wept when he stretched away,
Looking—hand on brow, and hand on hand,
Somebody's kiss on his forehead lay,
Somebody's darling to his parting hand.

Somebody's smiling and watching for him—
Yearning to hold him again to her heart;
And those who were with him there,
And the smiling, childlike lips apart,
To carry away the fair young dead,
Fearing to drop in his grave a tear,
Carve on the wooden slab at his head,
Somebody's darling slumbers here.

The Help of Hindrances.

All our lives long we are looking forward to some possession just beyond us, thinking if we only had that our satisfaction would be complete. Yet no sooner is it obtained by dint of much effort and skill in planning than the desire is over, and some new object of pursuit takes its place. Have we not all said to ourselves over and over, if I only had that possession I would ask for nothing else! But if we were at once put in possession of everything we wished, it would give us very little pleasure. If the lover of art was to receive his choice collection of pictures by ear loads they would be vastly depreciated in value. If the most beautiful shells were deposited by the bushel in your cabinet, they would soon be turned over with as little care as pebbles. As one has said, "We need suspense, uncertainty, and difficulty to give a zest to success; certainty and abundance depreciate the value." There is a strange perversity in the human mind which seems to require the force of opposition to wake up all its energies. No doubt many of the great inventions and discoveries which have blessed our race have found their main spring in the very obstacles that rose in the way of the tried aspirant. Instead of looking upon such hindrances as great evils that kept back the work, we may rather regard them as so many spurs to urge on the workman to put forth more strength in his labor.

So if you have a chosen plan, a wise course marked out, which you feel is the right path for you to walk, enter it boldly and tread the ground firmly, no matter how many lions may seem to be in the way. Only come up to them courageously, and you will find them all chained. If you desire an education that shall fit you for a higher place than a hewer of wood and a drawer of water, the way will open up before you if you will only improve the opportunities now at your hand. You cannot overleap at a bound all the obstacles and find yourself on the coveted platform, but you must step by patiently surmount each one as it rises before you. If there is anything in a young man this exertion will bring it out. If he gives way to opposition and sits down to idly whine over his ill fortune, he may as well go back to his hewing. He has not the element of success.

"Doctor, I want you to prescribe for me."
The doctor feels her pulse. "There is nothing the matter, madam; you only need rest."
"Now, doctor, just look at my tongue! just look at my tongue; just look at it!"
"I think that is red and hot." "Exit madam in a state of great excitement."

Correspondence of the Colfax-Bross Party on Oregon.

LETTERS OF A. D. RICHARDSON TO THE NEW YORK TRIBUNE.

OLYMPIA, W. T., July 26, 1865.

With Governor Gibbs, General Hamilton, Judges Deady and Strong, and other Portlanders, we made an excursion to the Columbia; starting upon the fine steamer *New World*. She used to run upon the North River, but through debt and ill-luck fell into the clutches of the New York Sheriff. The Captain having secretly provisioned her for a long voyage, reduced that functionary into a little rickety boat, carried him beyond her jurisdiction and then offered him the option of going ashore or a free passage to California. The outwitted Sheriff landed—the *New World* came around the Horn and staid, to the hopeless bereavement of her creditors.

The Columbia—formerly called the Oregon—has an average width of three-quarters of a mile. Clear, blue, glassy, dotted with little islands of the greenest foliage, it is the Hudson of the Pacific slope, the most beautiful of all our great rivers. Cape Horn, a solitary island of basaltic rock, at some points reaching 700 feet in height, is almost a reproduction of the Peloponnesus. Over other vast upright rocks, little white rills come tumbling down, changing completely into spray before reaching the bottom. Where the steep bank of grass and pine is one-third of a mile high, Horse Tail Fall, defined by delicate mist, hangs like an exquisite strand of snowy hair, broken only once in a descent of 300 feet, "a strip of silver a fringe of green." Castle Rock, a solitary basaltic dome, surrounded by water and quite isolated from the shore, rises grand and gloomy for 800 feet.

Here we reach the Lower Cascades or rapids, impassable for boats, and take the railroad for five miles. Our train passes a little log block house, where in 1856, Indians besieged a party of white men for two days. They were finally routed in a dashing charge, by a small, modest, light-haired young Lieutenant of the United States army, whose name was Bill Sheridan. At the onset of the rebellion he confidentially assumed a friend's determination to win a Captain's commission or die in the attempt! He still owns a farm near the Willamette river. Always a favorite here, now that he is recognized as one of the world's great Generals, the Oregonians regard him with warmest enthusiasm. In fifteen minutes we leave the railway for the new steamer *Oregon*, built above the Cascades, and elegantly furnished. Length, 175 feet; cost, \$80,000. Steaming up the current for five hours, we reach Dalles, the third town in Oregon; population, 2,500. Here are the second impassable rapids, and another railway. On the wharf boat we meet the messenger of Wells, Fargo & Co.'s Express, coming down from Idaho Territory with \$50,000 in gold dust. This company alone has transported \$2,000,000 from Idaho to San Francisco, during the present month.

Over this second railway—heavy work, with a telegraph line accompanying it—we are whirled along the river bank for half an hour. Here for ten miles are the Dalles (troughs), worthy of the preeminence given them by Irving, Lewis and Clark, and all early writers, as the most curious feature of this entire region. The river, above and below so broad and glassy, is here of fathomless depth and compressed into one-tenth its usual width. At one point the channel is only one hundred and sixty feet wide. Even this narrow trough is broken by scores of dark brown rocks. Boiling, swelling and hissing, the torrent rushes madly through its course, tortuous and eddying, lashing the smooth rocks in many positions—river of eddies and troughs, whirlpools and shooting rockets of water—beating out its own life against prison walls.

On the shore are immense drifts of sand, white and moveable as New England snow-banks, and much more serious obstructions to the locomotive. In windy weather laborers are constantly shoveling them away. On the flat rocks are the bark lodges of Wasco Indians; naked children with stomachs distended like bladders, rolling and running in the sand; feeble, repulsive women, who seem hardly members of the human race, bearing bundles of faggots upon their heads; and men at the water's edge spearing salmon. The fish are abundant, of excellent flavor, often weighing twenty-five pounds each.

At Celilo the railway ends beside the largest warehouse in the United States—built for containing the immense Idaho freights. It is 1,135 feet in length, with the upper end 40 feet lower than the lower end—if the Irish expression is intelligible—to accommodate boats at different stages of water. We embarked on the *Oregon*, another new steamer, built here (120 feet; cost \$32,000) went up the river to Wright's Harbor; and then returned to Portland. For nearly one hundred miles we were in sight of Mount Hood—towering up grandly, with dark lead and snowy scalps—forty miles from the river at the nearest point. Just above Dalles Bierstadt obtained his view.

Above Celilo the banks are bare hills of soft, smooth, velvet grass, unrelieved by leaf or shrub within the whole range of vision. Below, the river is bounded by deep, somber forests of deciduous trees at the water's edge, and gloomy pines, firs and cedars—with no branches on the side next to the prevailing winds—on the hills and cliffs. Here is classic ground. These are

"The continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon and hears no sound
Save his own dashings."

But Bryant sung of a past era. Now a tide of migration and commerce pours through these remote solitudes; and the tourist is surprised to find the same comforts and luxuries of travel which he would enjoy between Boston and New York. These are the distances of our trip:

Portland to Lower Cascades	60 miles
Dalles to Upper Cascades	5 miles
Dalles to Celilo	45 miles
Celilo to Wright's Harbor	25 miles
Total	135 miles

The Oregon Steam Navigation Company, an enterprising joint stock organization, has done much to develop the country by establishing this line; building an admirable wharf at Portland; the enormous warehouse at Celilo, nineteen miles of railway and twenty steamboats. Their boats run nearly three hundred miles above Wright's Harbor, to a point where rapids again obstruct the river. And they are opening roads with the view of

building more boats above these highest rapids. Next year, steamers coming up the Missouri from St. Louis and those going up the Columbia from Portland will approach within six hundred miles of each other.

On Monday morning we left Portland by the *John H. Couch*, steamed down the blue Willamette for twelve miles, down the clear Columbia for thirty-eight, up the muddy Cowlitz for two, and landed at Monticello, in Washington Territory. Thence to this point, ninety miles, an open stage wagon brought us over the worst roads and among the grandest woods in the world. This is the finest primeval—thick with slender fir, pine, hemlock, spruce, cedar and arbor vitae; the trunks grow in moss of orange green; the branches tufted with long, awing, hair-like strands of brown Spanish moss; the ground white, yellow and purple with luxuriant flowers. We passed one or two rough villages; farms house five or ten miles apart, in little grassy openings—lands of prairie in the vast, sonorous, "best soil of forest; thousands of fir not more than eighteen inches in diameter at the base, yet rising like masts 250 feet in height. Judge Hewitt, of this territory, cut one upon his own farm which measured 325 feet in length. Last evening we came through the picturesque little manufacturing hamlet of Tumwater (falling water), and half an hour later our wagon ride of two days ended at Olympia.

Washington Territory, with a population of 20,000, has no daily newspaper. Olympia, the seat of government, at the most southern elbow of Puget Sound, contains 600 people in water, and perhaps half as many as at other times. It is a village *au generis*, struggling hard against primal nature and aboriginal man. Thus far the advantage is rather with the forest and the red man; but civilization is treading sharply on the heels of barbarism and jostling it rudely aside.

"I pulled the square's light birch canoe,
The steamer rocks and raves;
And my little boat for sale
Above old Indian graves."
"I hear the tread of pioneers
Of millions yet to come—
And they will have where some
Shall roll a homestead."

The aerial street begins on the level shore of the smooth, shining Sound; climbs a low, muddy hill and plunges out of sight in the deep pine woods. The Capitol is a lonely, white frame building, like a warehouse; but we found the national flag floating from it and from nearly all the little cottages which constitute the better dwellings. Acting Governor Elwood Evans, with other leading citizens, received Colfax; and the rude throng of old field-pieces, did barely counteract the dread thunders of immortal *Lore*, to give him welcome. Olympia boasts two hotels. Quarters were assigned us at the Pacific, kept by Mrs. Rebecca Howard, a peculiarly intelligent negro woman, who is the female Hawk of the Territory and keeps its St. Nicholas. Her husband manages the kitchen; but she superintends the establishment, conducts its finances, and puts money in the II-wars purse.

After the evening I strolled through the streets among aborigines and whites. Standing beside the great piles of lumber on the water wharf, I saw four Indian women embark in a light canoe, weighing it down to the logs' edge, and paddle away, gliding noiselessly over the unbroken wave which reflected the violet and gold of the twilight sky. At last their weird forms and stolid faces were hidden in the deep shadow of the opposite shore. What can life mean to them? What are their joys and sorrows, their fears, hopes and ambitions?

In the dark nearly the entire population—men, women, children and Indians—were dressed by Colfax and Bross from a mule wagon which did duty as a rostrum. They cheered every patriotic sentiment with great warmth, and many shed tears at the allusion to our dead President. It was a strange gathering in the strange, forest village among logs, stumps and plank sidewalks—created upon stilts to avoid mud and deluge. But it was very stirring at this *Ultima Thule*—on this farthest frontier, 4,300 miles from home and a find fellow-countrymen and women prising our preserved Union, cherishing our mariner memories and loving the dear old flag.

A. D. R.

Confusion of Tongues.

A Frenchman, unless absolutely forced to do it, will seldom try to speak a foreign language. He is much too fond of his own, too thoroughly convinced of its triumphant superiority to every other language under the sun, to willingly lend his lips to any barbarian utterance. A German, on the contrary, loves to speak foreign tongues, especially English, even if he knows but half a dozen words of it.

I remember once having to consult a good little German Doctor, who was extremely proud of his knowledge of our language. Now, his German I understood perfectly, but his English was a great mystery. My daughter had a bad cough, and I requested him to prescribe for her. "De Fraulein," he said, after some consideration, "must drink de milk of geese; de milk of geese will be very good for the fraulein." "Well, doctor," I said, trying to keep my countenance, "I dare say it would be very good, but I'm afraid it would be very difficult to procure." "No, no, no; not difficult at all. You do say to de geese to come, and de peep dey do bring de geese to your door, and dey do milk dem, and it cost ver little money, and it is excellent for de chest." "What the man meant I could not imagine. The more he continued to extol the virtues of the "milk of geese," the more mystified did I become. At length his meaning flashed upon me. In German *geiss* is a goat, and *geiss* milk is goat's milk; so the worthy Doctor imagined that of the latter words, "milk of geese" was a most classic rendering.

In German, the verb *bekommen* means to get or to receive. One day a lady asked an English speaking German what would be the best method of ascending one of the seven mountains. "O," he replied, "it is very easy. You do go in de train from Bonn, and you do cross de Rhine at Konigswinter, and den you do all become Donkeys!" An advertisement of these said animals, for the benefit of British tourists, was couched in the following terms: "Pious donkeys can be hired here." In the German, the word *fromm*, when applied to a person, means pious; when to an animal, tame, gentle. Hence arose the ludicrous blunder.—*Chamber's Journal*.

Influences of Home.

Everything is an influence. God designed it so. He formed the human spirit tenderly susceptible, and as ready to take impressions as is the earth to drink the teeming clouds. How vivid in the memory of manhood are the sights and sounds which greeted the eye and saluted the ear of childhood. The cottage in the wilderness, over whose sooty doorway the woodbine twined its affectionate tendrils, before which the mother's and 'sisters' hands spread the carpet of green sward, brought from the distant roadside, where we rolled and gambled in glee and glory when our life was young, are the felt memories which linger in our hearts like the untainted fragrance of the old forest where stood our childhood home. Not memories only, but influences, which left their traces as they passed over the heart in days long ago.

Thus in the heart of age grow the forests, and bloom the flowers, and run the rivulets that grew and bloomed and ran around the jubilant steps of joyous childhood. The faces which smiled in happiness when we circled the rustic hearth, may long ago have been changed to marble inexpressiveness, but their smiles beam down through the soul with never dimming radiance. Though death bore them away as his spoils, we claimed and kept our inheritance. And that inheritance is immortal. The thoughts and conceptions of manhood may perish, its visions may all be dissolved, and leave a long mysterious blank on memory's endless scroll; but roll back that scroll and characters as fresh and new as though to-day inscribed, crowd its whole surface. The glazing eye of age kindles with youthful fire, and the old man is a boy again as he reads its record.

Home make men what they are. A good home is not the cradle of bad men. One good in all the essentials of home, may be expected to send forth men good in all the essentials of manhood. It may not be a palace, with marble front and column, and high and arched roof, and many and large parlors, with ottomans and sofas, for it is no more a home for these; but it may be a circle, in palace or in cottage, where the spirit of goodness presides, the god of the heart. Home furnished the mold into which were cast our plastic spirits, and forth from which we came what we are. We wear the die our fathers and mothers, our brothers and sisters, our homes and our playmates gave us.

Impressions, especially such as flow from the permanent associations of home, reproduce themselves in the heart forever. The images of beauty which have been gathered along the pathway of a life call up the memories which cluster around each, and cause us, for a time, to live over the past, to joy in all its remembered blessings, and half forget that they are history. The mother who stood in the doorway of the cottage, and watched with tender and tearful eye the boy of her heart, as he stepped out from the tender guardianship of her care, to breast and battle with the rude storms of independent life; the sister, whose presence was an angel power along the steps of youth, guiding to all that was virtuous, restraining from all that was vicious; the father whose early toll and evening care had provided for the wants of the child; the brother, companion of both day and night; seem to stand and live before and around us as they did when their presence made for us a home—now, alas! but the home of memory. The trees around it are yet waving in the gentle west wind. The beech and chestnut are yet shedding their fruit on the hillside. The home is yet living in the heart.

All may change. The woodman may spare no single tree. The voice of the dove may cease. Fields may spread where lay the forests solitudes. A mansion with columns and colonades may stand where stood the cottage. The loud jar of the piano may take the place of singing birds and whispering zephyrs. Gilding and adorning may displace the woodbine and morning glory, but, till the pilgrimages of earth close, the sweetest memories of the past will enshrine in their sacred sanctuary the altars where the young heart paid its first conscious devotions.

So homes make men. What tales that wandering vagrant tells of home. He preaches the gospel of his father wherever he goes. Whatever may have been the verbal teachings of the home, the mightier power of the *spirit* of home, has molded the being to its future destiny. The memory of one act of my mother, in a time of great suffering and want, where a sufficiency of food could not be procured for the whole family, who refused to eat, herself, and gave her children all, has preached self denial to my heart oftener and mightier than all precepts and all preachers. Thus, the examples of the fireside hold imperious rule over the heart.

To be vicious when the attractions of outward beauty and the adornments of inward harmony are blended, is an improbable consummation. The purity of a rose rebukes the viciousness of sin. The gentle sigh of the zephyr through the leaf-chap of the pine, reproves the wild discordances of passion. The falling leaf, serene and yellow, imprints even on the heart of childhood, lessons of divine god. Every thing of beauty proves a joy forever. And if parents would plant in the minds of their children memories that will

be green in age, that will make the man pay pilgrimages to the shrine of his childhood's devotions, and revere the names of those who once moved around that altar, let them make their dwelling place, in outward and inward beauty—none.

The Democratic Party Splitting on Negro Suffrage.

We have read somewhere of a sect of religious philosophers who zealously maintained that the sixth seal was already opened; that the heavens were in a process of gradual dissolution; that aerolites and meteoric stones—vulgarly so called—were really the wrecks of the disintegrating sky—stars of heaven falling upon the earth—even as a fig-tree casteth her untimely figs when she is shaken by a mighty wind.

In like manner the Copperhead second adventists have been sitting in the cool and shroud of the resurrection morning, waiting and watching for years for the "breaking up" of the Republican party; and when a Fremont bolt luridly athwart the sky, or a Wendell Phillips brandished his flaming sword in the heavens, or the Southern cross blazed amidst the fiery portents of the firmament, the Copperhead seers gathered their ascension robes about them and declared that the Republican sky was actually falling, and that the Republican party was in a state of actual disintegration. Once or twice annually for the last five years the impending dissolution of the Republican, or as they prefer to call it, the Radical party has been solemnly announced by all the Copperhead journals in chorus; but somehow, just as they thought they were going to get rid of it, it has burst into life again, each time fresher and stronger than before. Dying seems, on the whole, good for it. Cut down like the grass by the keen blade of Democratic rhetoric—like the grass it flourishes best in its own decomposition; the decay of one season only enriches and strengthens the growth of the next; and every copperhead blast but scatters wider the seeds of a new harvest of Republican victories.

The annual disintegration of the Republican party means simply the annual addition thereto of several thousand converted Copperheads—a process of disintegration that has been going on rapidly with every year of the war—and now that the result of the war has vindicated the soundness of Republican principles and policy, and subjugated the rebels and Copperheads together, both the conquered armies are coming in repentant droves, suing for pardon and begging for admission to the Republican household. The *World*, hearing these contrite Copperheads knocking at the door of the Republican party, fancies from the noise they make, that the Republican house is coming down on the heads of the inmates; but upon closer investigation the *World* will perceive that the row does not arise from any effort of the Republicans to get out of their party, but from the desperate efforts of the Cops to get into it. Why even the *New York Daily News* is among the throng of applicants for Presidential citizenship and admission into the Republican ranks. The *News* is one of those journals which has always governed its political action by the dictum of Taney, "that negroes have no rights which white men are bound to respect." Now the *News* suddenly turns its back on this fundamental principle of "the great and glorious Democratic party," and declares that the freed negro has rights which white men are bound to respect, and among others a natural right, though it declares that only the State has the power to regulate its exercise.

We could mention other quondam copperhead papers which have renounced the fundamental undemocracy, the caste principle, of the Democratic party, and come out for extending suffrage in some form or other to negroes. All which strikes us as looking exceedingly like a disintegration of the Copperhead party; though to predicate disintegration of a minutely pulverized party is to carry the doctrine of the infinite divisibility of matter to the verge of a metaphysical abstraction.—*St. Paul Press*.

Cost of the War to the South.

Colburn, the intelligent correspondent of the *World*, who since the war, has made a tour through the Southern States east of the Mississippi, makes the following estimate of the cost of secession to the South:

The real and appreciable losses of the South may be summed up in three departments:

1. The cost of the army and war material.
2. The destruction of property by both armies.
3. The loss incident to the disturbance.

The recapitulation may be set down in millions, as follows:

1. Registered debt, bonds and purchases	2,500
2. State and individual losses, expenditures, etc.	2,500
3. Cotton destroyed—say two million bales, at \$500	1,000
Buildings, fences, roads, ships, coal, plate, merchandise and provisions—say	1,000
2. Slave emancipation—say four millions, at \$200	800
Loss of three crops of produce—say	1,000
Total	9,300

Nine thousand and three hundred millions (\$9,300,000,000) is the bill which the South must pay for the folly of their rebellion. This amount, added to the \$3,000,000,000 which the war cost the North, and we have a grand total of \$12,300,000,000 expended in behalf of Democratic policy. Add to this the destruction of nearly one million of lives, and the result is sufficiently appalling to make every democratic politician shake in his boots. It will not pay for the next century for a man to call himself a Democrat!

There are six sorts of people at whose hands you need not expect much kindness. The sordid and narrow-minded think of nobody but themselves; the lazy will not take the trouble to serve you; the busy have not time to think of you; the over-grown rich man is above minding any one who needs his assistance; the poor and unhappy have neither spirit nor ability; the good natured fool, however willing, is not capable of serving you.—*Burgh*.

A VILLAGE doctor went to visit a patient in a neighboring hamlet, and took with him his gun that he might wing any game he encountered in crossing the fields. A peasant meeting him on the way asked whether he was going? "To see a patient," was the answer. "What, then," said the peasant, "do you really fear to miss him in the ordinary way that you take your gun with you?"

SHADE ESSENTIAL TO THE EFFECT OF LIGHT.—How unwillingly we accept the sorrows and trials of life; and how generally we suppose that our welfare lies always in the direction of happiness and prosperity! And yet what imperfect, half-developed creatures would we be if all our life was unmingled sunshine! Trials are as necessary to a true human life, as a shade is to the effect of the light.

It is recorded of Queen Elizabeth that, ignorant of the laws of painting, she commanded her portrait to be taken without a shadow upon the canvas. With an ignorance of moral painting equally profound, and infinitely more serious, how often would we have obliterated from our history those somber penicillings of life's picture—the dark background and blessed shadows—which the Divine artist knew to be essential to fidelity, harmony, and perfection of the whole? We would have life without its moral discipline. We would efface from the portrait all the shadings of sorrow and sickness, suffering, poverty, bereavement; leaving nothing but the bright and sunny hues of unmingled and unclouded happiness.

But when we gaze upon the earrings, the paintings, and frescoes of our whole life, each epoch, event, and incident—the lights and shadows beautifully and exquisitely blended—we shall then see the infinite rectitude of our Heavenly Father in all his present dealings with us, both of sorrow and joy. With what vividness shall we then see the necessity, as much for the cold, dark penicillings, as for the warm rosy tints of the picture; and both for the lights and the shadows, the joys and sorrows of life, we shall love and adore His great and glorious name!—*Wislaw*.

THE LOVE OF HOME.—The following noble sentiments were uttered by Daniel Webster. They are indeed pearls of the rarest value. We place them here in order that mothers may see them and read them to their children:

It is only shallow-minded pretenders who make either distinguished origin a matter of personal merit, or obscure origin a matter of personal reproach. A true man is not ashamed of his early condition. It did happen to me to be born in a log cabin, raised among the snow-drifts of New Hampshire, at a period so early that when the smoke first rose from its rude chimney and curled over the frozen hills, there was no similar evidence of a white man's habitation between it and the rivers of Canada. It remains still exist. I make it an annual visit. I carry my children to it, to teach them the hardships endured by the generation before me. I love to dwell on the tender recollections, the kindred ties, the affections and the narration of incidents which mingle with all I know of this primitive family abode. I weep to think that none of those who inhabited it are now among the living; and if ever I fall in affectionate veneration for him who raised it, and defended it against savage violence and destruction, cherished all domestic comforts beneath its roof, and through the fire and blood of seven years' revolutionary war, sunk from no toil, no sacrifice to serve his country, and raise his children to a condition better than his own, may my name and the name of my posterity be blotted from the memory of mankind!

MR. SEWARD DURING HIS ILLNESS.—George Yocke, who attended Mr. Seward, gives the following account, which is translated from the *Illinois State Zeitung*:

On the morning after the assassination he said to his nurse that his sensations immediately after the assault had by no means been of an unpleasant nature. He has experienced no extraordinary pains; but while the blood has been gushing from his arteries he supposed that his end was nigh; and at the same time he thought what a pleasant thing it was to die thus without pain. The attending physicians had prohibited speaking before the attempted assassination, but to express his thoughts in writing was also impracticable, as his right arm was broken. But as soon as the condition of his fractured bones would allow, the medical gentlemen had to bandage and fasten the upper third of the arm (where the fracture existed), so as to enable him to use the lower part and hand for writing. In this manner he conversed with the President during the last days of that lamented functionary's life. The President would sit at his bedside and express himself on the exciting questions of the day, when Seward would write his views on a slate. In the same manner he conducted his interviews, before and after the assassination, with Mr. Hunter, the Assistant Secretary of State, and thus actually conducted the affairs of the Department of State, the papers, dispatches, documents, etc., of which had to be carried to his bedside, even during the critical periods of his illness.

ONE OF THE WESTERN QUARTER NOTES. Mister Edgerton: Jen bangs, we are sorry to state, has desisted. He departed this life last Monday. Jen was generally considered a good fellow. He died at the age of 33 years old. He went forth without any struggle; and such is life. To da we are as paper grass, mighty smart, tomorrow we are cut down like a cucumber of the ground. Jen kept a nice store, which his wife now waits on. His wife was numerous to behold. Menny is the things we have to: at his grocery, and we are happy to talk to the admiral world that be never ceased, especially in the wate of makrel, which was nice and smell sweet, and his servin' wife is the same. We never knew him to put sand in sugar, tho' he had a big sand bar in front of his house; nor water in his Likers, tho' the Ohio River runs past his door. Pees to his remains! He leaves a wife, 8 children, a cow, 4 horses, a grocery store, and other quadrupeds, to mourn his loss; but in the splendid language of the poet, his loss is three eternal gains.

The Vancouver Register

VANCOUVER, W. T.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 7, 1868.

OUR TERRITORY.

That the progress of Washington Territory is seriously retarded for want of better communication with the Columbia river, does not admit of the slightest doubt.

We clip the above from a leader in the Daily Oregonian of Sept. 27. There are many things in the article to which we take no exception.

We do not propose to set ourselves up as judges. It is not for us to declare that our people have been "weighed in the balances and found wanting."

Vancouver has superior natural advantages. But persons of superior natural advantages, by their abuse of those advantages, or their failure to improve them, have lived and died in obscurity.

There is at this time a strong combination of circumstances operating against our prosperity which needs to be overcome at the earliest possible moment.

Now we do not make these statements as applying in their full scope to the country on Puget Sound, yet we believe that country has before it a destiny as bright as the brightest.

THE VANCOUVER REGISTER.—The first number of this paper was issued in the City of Vancouver on Saturday Sept. 16, 1865, under the able editorial auspices of Messrs. S. W. Brown and Harvey K. Hines.

PERSONAL.—We inadvertently omitted, in our last week's issue, to acknowledge a call from Dr. Benson, editor of the P. C. Advocate, who had spent the preceding Sabbath in Vancouver, preaching twice in the M. E. Church.

VANCOUVER.

Whether Vancouver is to be a great city or not, is a question the solution of which is concealed from human vision by the obscurity of the unknown future.

But effort is the only sure and honorable road to success. The individual who lies around, waiting for something to turn up, is unworthy of prosperity and is almost certain of failure.

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We had hoped up to the receipt of the last mails before going to press, to receive a letter from Mr. Hines, and thus be able to furnish our readers with interesting incidents from the State Fair of Oregon, which is now in progress at Salem, but were disappointed.

EASTERN NEWS.

New York, Sept. 25.—The Southern Advocate of the 18th, says the following extracts, which has just been published, is from the late President Lincoln's letter to Gen. Wadsworth, who fell in the battle of the Wilderness:

You desire to know in the event of our complete success in the field, the same being followed by a loyal and cheerful submission on the part of the South, if universal amnesty should not be accompanied by universal suffrage? Now, since you know my private views as to what terms should be granted to the South in the contingency mentioned, I will here add that if our success should be realized, and followed by such desired results, I cannot see if universal amnesty is granted, how under the circumstances of the case we can avoid exacting in return universal suffrage, or at least suffrage on a base of intelligence and military service.

We have no desire to say a word against the O. S. N. Company, but according to our convictions of duty as public journalists, we shall condemn frankly what we conceive to be wrong and cheerfully commend what we regard to be right.

The following statements relative to the area of unimproved land in five of the Southern States serve to show what an immense number of people can yet be accommodated with homes in the limits of the United States.

A few figures will show the reader at a glance that, to say nothing of the confiscation of their property and the voluntary exile of thousands of wealthy Southerners, there need be no lack of farms "for the million" in "the land of the apple and the vine."

THE LAND OF THE APPLE AND THE VINE.—Imperial Land. Unimproved Land. Virginia, 11,000,000 acres. 1,000,000 acres. North Carolina, 6,000,000 acres. 1,000,000 acres. Georgia, 4,000,000 acres. 1,000,000 acres. Alabama, 3,000,000 acres. 1,000,000 acres. Texas, 2,000,000 acres. 1,000,000 acres.

THE NEW YORK.—The New York, which arrived here from Aspinwall this morning, made the trip in six days, 11 hours and 20 minutes; the quickest passage on record.

THE SOUTHERN CONVENTION.—The Southern Convention met today and nominated Gen. D. N. Couch, of Boston, for Governor.

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FROM MEXICO.

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PUBLIC MEETING.

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