

**The Pass of Death.**  
It was a narrow pass,  
Watered with human tears,  
For Death had kept the outer gate  
Almost six thousand years;  
And the ceaseless tread of a world's feet  
Was ever in my ears—  
Throbbing, jostling, hurrying by,  
As if they were only born to die.

A stately king drew near,  
The narrow pass to tread—  
Around him hung a gorgeous robe,  
And a crown was on his head;  
But Death, with a look of withering scorn,  
Arrested him, and said,  
"In a hundred years must the king draw near,  
For the crown and purple are useless here."

Next came a man of wealth,  
And his eye was proud and bold,  
And he bore in his hand a lengthy scroll,  
Telling of sums untold;  
But Death, who careth not for rank,  
Cared as little for gold—

"Here that scroll I cannot allow,

For the gold of the richest is powerless now."

Another followed fast,

And a book was in his hand,

Filled with the dithers of burning thought

That are known in many a land;

But the child of genius quailed to hear

Death's pitiless demand—

"Here that book cannot enter with thee,

For the bright flash of genius is nothing to me."

Next came a maiden fair,

With that eye so deeply bright,

That sits within you strange, sweet care,

Should you meet on a summer night;

But Death, ere the gentle maid passed through,

Snatched away its light—

"Beauty is power in the world," he said,

"But what can it do in the Pass of Death?"

A youth of sickly mien

Followed in thoughtful mood,

Whose heart was filled with love to God

And the early brotherhood;

Death felt he could not quench the heart

That lived for others' good,—

"I own," cried he, "the power of love;

I must let it pass to the realms above!"

#### Ascent of Mount Ararat.

Major Robert Stuart, of the British Army, in a communication to the London Times gives an interesting account of the ascent of Mount Ararat, made by himself, and four other Englishmen. The party started on the 11th of July. We give the following extract, which concludes the account of the ascent:

Wrapping ourselves in our rugs, we passed the night as well as could be expected, and at peep of dawn we resumed the ascent. It certainly was toilsome and slow, but was, nevertheless, satisfactory.

From an elevation of about 14,000 feet above the sea, we saw the sun rise in unclouded majesty, lighting up simultaneously to our view vast tracts of the Russian, Persian, Turkish empires; that was a glorious sight never to be forgotten.

About 1,200 feet from the summit we came upon an oak cross that had been fixed there in the rock by Professor Abich in the year 1845—it was in perfect preservation, and the inscription in Russian characters still legible.

This was the most difficult part of the ascent, the obstructions were frequent, and the climbing at times perilous—but caution and preservance enabled us to overcome everything and at 9 A. M., we had the satisfaction of standing on the highest point of the mountain. Here I struck to the left in the snow a kama, or short double-edged sword, which we found at the foot of Abich's cross. Here also, as loyal Britons, we drank the health of our beloved Queen, in brandy. Her Majesty will perhaps deign to accept this expression of allegiance on considering that here is probably the first name that has been pronounced on that solemn height since it was quitted by the great patriarch of the human race; for no record of tradition exists of the ascent having ever been made before, although repeatedly tried by men of different countries, both European and Asiatic. Professor Abich made several attempts but failed in all, as is proved by the position of the cross, by the testimony of the natives, and even by the testimony of his own countrymen.

We descended on the tracks of the others, and got back to the tents about 4 P. M.

The whole surface of Mount Ararat bears evidence of having been subjected to violent volcanic action, being seamed and scored with deep ravines. The rocky ridges that protrude from the snow are either basalt or lava; and near the surface we found some bits of pumice, on a spot which still emits a strong sulphurous smell.

The summit itself is nearly level, of a triangular shape, the base being about 200 yards in length, the perpendicular about 300. The highest point is at the apex of the triangles, which points nearly due west; separate from it by a hollow is another point of nearly equal altitude, and the base of the triangle is an elevated ridge, forming a third eminence. These three points stand out in distinct relief on a clear day.

The snow on the top is almost dry as powder, and in walking over it we did not sink more than half way to our knees. The impression left on my mind is that the snowbank is an extinct crater filled with snow. We experienced no difficulty of respiration, except being sooner blown by exertion than we should have been at a lower level. This cold was intense—and though perfect calm prevailed at the time at the foot of the cone, as we afterwards learnt, a keen wind was blowing from the west, which raised a blinding mist of fine snow that prevented

us from taking any distant views. As may be supposed, our success has created no small sensation throughout the country; the fame of it preceded us wherever we went. It was announced as a sort of wonder to the caravans travelling eastward; and the Kaimakam of Bayazid has made it an object of a special report to Constantinople.

From the sacred character of the mountain, and the traditions associated with it throughout the East identical as they are with scriptural records, I am inclined to think that a degree of importance will attach to this performance, in popular estimation, beyond what is due to a mere exhibition of nerve or muscle, and this no doubt, will tell in favor of our national prestige.

On the 15th we ascended Lesser Ararat, but this being an ordinary affair, does not call for a detailed account. I would only observe that perhaps from no other spot in the world can a finer or more extensive view be obtained. This view we had the good fortune to enjoy to perfection, with a cloudless sky and clear atmosphere.

To save our readers the trouble of referring to a gazetteer, I may state that the summit of the greater Ararat is 17,923 feet above the level of the sea, and 14,300 above the plain; from base of cone to summit may be above 6,000 feet.

Lesser Ararat is 13,000 feet above sea level.

**Requiem.**  
BY JULIA RUSSELL M'MASTER.

Lowlv, shining head,  
Where we lay thee down  
With the lowly dead,  
Droop thy golden crown!

Mechly, marble palms,  
Fold across the breast,  
Sealpured in white calms  
Of unboken rest!

Softly, starry eyes,  
Veil your darkened spheres,  
Nevermore to rise!  
In summermire or tears!

Calmly, enegeant lips,  
Yield your dewy rose  
To the wan eclipses!

Of this pale repose!

Silbber, aural shells!

No more dying Eve  
Through your spiral edds,

Wearein gates of heaven!

Silly, slender feet,  
Rest from ray thyme,  
With the ringing sweet  
Of her silver chime!

Holy smile of God,  
Spread thy glory mild  
Underneath the sod  
Of this little child!

**The WALNUT.**—The walnut was originally in England called the Gobnut, having been introduced from France. Herbalists used to consider the walnut efficacious in diseases of the head, (i.e. a fancied resemblance) to the outer green skin representing the pericardium, the shell within, the skull, and the kernel the brain. Toward the close of the sixteenth century, walnuts were found to be more effective than cannon balls in the city of Amiens, which was besieged by the Spaniards, then in arms to oppose the accession of Henri Quatre to the throne of France. A small number of Spanish soldiers, disguised as French peasants, with a cart laden with sacks full of walnuts, used admittance to sell them. On the gate being opened for them, one of the sacks which was previously left unladen, fell (as designed) from the cart; the French guard, hearing them in picking up the scattered walnuts, were attacked by the disguised soldiers; then a party of Spaniards, who were at hand in ambush, rushed forward, surprised and took the town.

**FACT-FINDING HUSBANDS.—**We are in the daily receipt of letters (ays an exchange) from disengaged and dependent wives, who state that their husbands continually scold and fight with them, no matter how hard they try to please; and the writers ask what they can do to satisfy the unreasonable man, and gain a little peace and comfort! To all these unfortunate wives, we can only say—You will have to look for peace in the grave. A man who habitually scolds his wife, and who gives a constant headache to her, is beyond the reach of reformatory human influence. A scolding wife is bad enough, but a faint-fearing husband is altogether disgusting and disgraceful; he is an ignoble tyrant—a miscreant—a pest, and ought to be extinguished like a bed-bug or a cockroach—*Hæc hæc.*

**W. F. HIGHFIELD, WATCH-MAKER.**

Yours desirous of getting good work done will do well to give me a call, as my whole time is devoted to the repairing of Chronometers, Lever, Dials, and Horizontal watches.

An assortment of Jewelry on hand.

Jewelry made to order, and repaired.

Please to send the times. I am thankful for past favors, and hope to give satisfaction in future.

17—Loc. at the old stand, opposite the Telegraph Office, OREGON CITY. Tel. 2.

**Morris Thomas,**  
BARBER AND HAIR DRESSER,  
Main st., nearly opposite Holmes & Co's.

TERMS OF SHAVING, &c.  
Shaving twice a week, no shampoo, hair

trrimmed on e. per month, \$2.00

" once a week, one shampoo, hair

trrimmed, \$1.25

Hair cut and dressed, \$0.50

Shaving, and hair-dressed, \$0.25

Shampooing, \$0.50

Oregon City, April 3, 1856-51

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**Moffat's Life Balsm and Pills, Bernard's**

Dyspepsia Syrup, Wistar's Balsm of Wild Cherry, at the

OREGON CITY DRUG STORE.

**M'S DRUGS.**—Sarsaparilla, at the

OREGON CITY DRUG STORE.

**M'S DRUGS.**—Sarsaparilla, in my quantity, at the

OREGON CITY DRUG STORE.

**M'S DRUGS.**—Sarsaparilla, at the

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