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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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Will attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court.

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Will attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court.

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Will personally attend to business entrusted to his care.

April 13, 1861.—131

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Will attend to business in the several Courts in the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court.

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JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

May 25th, '61.

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Also, a genuine article of Fish's Hair Dressing, and Cristoforo's Excellent Hair Dressing.

Jacksonville, Jan. 25, '62.

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All business pertaining to Land or Land Laws promptly attended to.

Jacksonville, May 11th, 1861. 3121

Old Aunt Hannah.

BY DR. W. H. HOLCOMB.

Let's wait a little longer, Tom!

Before we westward go;

Let's wait, for old Aunt Hannah's sake,

"Twould break her heart, I know.

Look at her in the corner there,

Her head is white as snow,

The last leaf of the good old tree—

We cannot leave her so!

In this old mansion she was born,

Her joys and griefs were here;

How well she nursed and loved us all!

Through many a changing year;

See how she's smiling at the fire

And whispering something low!

She's thinking of our Christmas time,

O, long, and long ago!

Beside you crumpling garden wall,

Our gaiter father lies,

Our good old mother at his side—

Aunt Hannah closed their eyes;

She was the playmate of them both,

Some fifty years ago—

To leave these dear old graves behind,

"Twould break her heart, I know.

When the old soldier paroled out,

His treasure great and small,

Aunt Hannah he would give to none,

He gave her to us all.

We had life good sword on his breast,

For he had charged us so—

Whilst old Aunt Hannah knelt in tears:

Ah, Tom! we cannot go!

Her falling hands will soon be out!

The kindly angel come,

And lead the good old faithful soul

To our great Master's home.

And when we've mowed her simple grave,

And dropped a tear or so,

We'll turn the ashes of the past,

And westward gaily go.

The Salmon River Mines.

[From the San Francisco Bulletin, Feb. 26th, we take the following communication. It is evidently written by a clear-headed miner who has seen the Northern "elephant" all over.]

DALLAS, OREGON, February 12, 1862.

"The times have been that when the brains were out, the man would die."

The date of those particular times is not given, and I verily believe, that the quotation is but a flight of some inexperienced poet's fancy; or he might have meant, that when a person born with brains had them knocked out by the breaking of the skull—the supposed receipt—then the man died. This, I will admit, is sometimes the case, but not always.

The looking abroad causes the death (not the loss of the brains), for the writer of this has seen persons die from the bursting of the cranium, that positively had no brains—their heads were simply empty. Your correspondent is led to these remarks by personal reflections, which have finally convinced him that the quotation used above is applicable to but a small portion of our fellow men. That it is applicable to those who, like myself, invested in Gold Lake, Gold Butte, Kern river, Fraser river, Rock Creek, Oro Fino, and lastly (for the present) Salmon river, and to those who intend to take stock in the next discovery—which, like the preceding, will be got up for the benefit of steamship and steambath owners, hotel-keepers, and speculators generally.

To the poor unfortunate, like myself, this letter is intended. The writer is fully aware that anything he could say would neither stop nor start a single small earwig who has made up his mind to invest his small earnings with the people above-mentioned; but what he will say might possibly be of some little advantage to him in his long pilgrimage to the Nez Percés mines, if found in that particular direction.

I left California in 1858 for Fraser river, where I remained until the Summer of 1860, when I emigrated to Rock Creek. I spent the Winter at Colville, on the Columbia, and in the Spring of last year went into Oro Fino, and in the Summer took up my line of march to the South Fork of Clearwater, whence I went into Salmon river in September, and stayed for California on the 10th December, by way of Lewiston and the Dalles, and was brought up with a short turn at the latter place on the 2d January of this year, the day after the freeze-up of the river, and where I have remained up to the present writing, and whence I shall return to Salmon in the course of a few weeks, or as soon as the steamers commence running to Lewiston.

It is unnecessary for me to say anything in regard to Fraser river, as that country is too well known to need remark from me.

Rock Creek is played out, and the less said about that the better.

At Colville, or rather in that locality, up the Columbia, I am of opinion there will be, at no distant day, fair mines struck, as the river gives every indication; but it lacks the right kind of population for prospectors.

Oro Fino is about 200 miles southeast of Colville, on the headwaters of Clearwater, (a tributary of Snake river), and in a spur of the Bitter Root mountains. There are very good mines here for 600 working men, who could probably average \$10 per day during the working season—about five months, from June to October, inclusive. There is a good wagon road from Lewiston (head of navigation, Junction of Snake and Clearwater), and about 80 miles distant, which enables traders to furnish supplies at fair rates. Flour sold at \$16 per 100 pounds last Summer; beef \$15; sugar and coffee, \$30; and other articles in proportion. There were about 22,000 persons here last season, not one-half of whom ever stuck a

pick into the ground. There will be much more gold taken out in this vicinity next year than there was the last.

The south fork of Clearwater is about 90 miles southeast from Oro Fino, and the diggings there were discovered early in the Summer. The mines are located on small creeks and on the main branch. They are about equal to Oro Fino, both in richness and extent, the gold a better quality. Elton is the name of the miners' town. Distance from Lewiston about 90 miles, a portion of the road very bad. Provisions last Fall fifty per cent, higher than at Oro Fino.

The Salmon River diggings are located nearly south of the South Fork, and in a swamp on the summit of a mountain, the waters of which run into Salmon River, another tributary of Snake River, and makes its entrance some 40 miles above (south of) the mouth of Clearwater. These mines were discovered in July, by a party that lost themselves in the mountains. One of the party took up a pan of earth from near the roots of a fallen tree, and washed out several dollars from it. Prospecting immediately commenced by the party, and they found a small extent of ground very rich, and after taking up claims and agreeing to keep the whole matter a secret, a portion of them started out to Lewiston, Elton and Oro Fino for supplies. As usual, some lullies street one or more of the party told some "particular friend," and the news got out, and the rush commenced. I arrived, as I said before, in September, and got a fair claim in what is known as "Baboon Gulch." It is true, there are some very rich claims in this vicinity, but I am of the opinion their extent is very limited, and am convinced that there are already as many miners here as will be able to find ground to work. This whole country is very "spotted" in gold, and taken altogether, is a very poor country for a large number of miners. A few men might do well enough, but a rush cannot help but bring with it great suffering. And although I know—as I said before—that it will have no effect, I cannot help but advise Californians to stay at home; but if they must come, a few words from me by way of advice as to the route, and the time to start, will do you good.

I will suppose all your readers to come by water, which is really the only practical way. Steamers should come up the Columbia as far as the Cascades, and deposit their passengers and freight. From the Cascades to the Dalles passage is at present \$4; freight about \$12 per ton measurement. From the Dalles, take stage to the Des Chutes, \$3—distance 15 miles; thence steamer to Lewiston, fare about \$20. Thence there is a way—passenger trains to the various "diggins," fare \$15 to \$30.

The 1st of May is early enough to buy California. There can be no work done especially in Salmon river, before the 1st of June.

The present winter has been an unusually uneventful one. Snow commenced falling in the mines the 1st of October, and was about six feet deep when I left Florence City (Salmon river mines) on 10th December. Snow fell at this place (Dalles) to the depth of two feet, and has lain since Christmas. The river closed on the first day of January, and remained closed until yesterday.

We have already heard of several deaths from freezing, and I have no doubt that at least one hundred men have perished from the cold in the upper country this winter. The suffering in Salmon river must be immense, as not more than one-half the miners are properly supplied with comfortable clothing or bedding.

The boats on the upper river will not commence running before the latter part of April, or 1st of May, and the trip by land cannot be made without great expense and fatigue. The distance by land from the Dalles is nearly 400 miles, and early in the Spring, when the streams are nearly all swimming, the trip is attended with considerable danger. Stages will probably run in the Spring as far as Walla Walla, but after the adventurer arrives, he has 100 miles further to go, on foot or horseback, to Lewiston. Common Indian horses fit for the trip will be worth at least \$80 here or at Walla Walla in the Spring, and when once at the foot of the mountains on Salmon they will be worthless, useless, and consequently valueless. The trip by water can be made from San Francisco to the mines in from 12 to 14 days. Say from San Francisco to Cascades, 4 days; Dalles, 1 day; Lewiston, 4 days; to any of the diggings I have mentioned, not to exceed 4 days. The round trip can be made at an expense not to exceed \$80 or \$90, all told.

To my *opinia* follow-miners I respectfully submit the above "true and unvarnished tale."

RABBIT CREEK.

A GOOD WAY TO MAKE "HARD TIMES."—If you to pay all little bills, although you have the money in your pocket; push men to pay you who have't the money, although you can get along without it; if a man don't meet his obligations just at the time they become due, report that he is about to "burst;" cut down the wages of your hands before it is necessary; keep back all grain from market until the price gets up to "starvation rates;" use money in speculations that you should pay your creditors with; forget that unnecessary "retrenchments" increase "hard times" instead of bettering them; carry a long face and talk long and mournfully of evils to come;—these and other acts like these, and "hard times" will surely come, however little cause there may be for them.

Laughter.

True wit, appropriately employed, is wonderfully effective as a means of keeping a human mind vigorous and clear. Laughter is the triumph of wit. The human face has one class of wrinkles on which it is a pleasure to look; and they are produced by the cordial expression of mirth. If you would know whether a person's disposition is gentle or morose, look at the corners of his mouth. See whether happy curves and furrows are or are not there. Honest laughter will give a charm to the homeliest physiognomy.

Among all the things in which both the useful and agreeable are combined, what is more interesting than a laugh that is a laugh? Do you like those persons who eat their own words? Do you like those persons whose "ha! ha!" is only an expression of bitter scorn? Somebody has said that "a laugh like a thing of beauty, is a joy forever." It is certainly a joy in the moment of its expression.

True laughter is noble. It is something of which no creature under the sun, except men, women and children, are capable. Brute animals cannot laugh. You could not draw a laugh out of a dog or a horse if you should tickle him all day long. Some people adopt Allogathy, some Hydropathy, and some Homoeopathy; but begging pardon of none of the physicians, I have adopted *causality*. Laughter, after all, is the general panacea. Only laugh sufficiently and you cannot easily be made sick. Better is laughter than calomel, or arsenicum, or the waters of Saratoga, or intoxicating drinks. Laughter, as a medicine, gives a person no pain, except in his sides, and that is wholesome pain. Furthermore, he who proceeds on my system, can make his own medicine and prescribe for himself. It is a maxim that a person should not laugh at his own jest; but Charles Lamb proves that this is a popular fallacy, and gives it as his opinion that he who does not enjoy his own jokes, is "like a gentleman who commends the flavor of his venison on the absurd strength of his never touching it himself."

Welcome, then, true, fresh, cordial laughter! Welcome you whose mouths are enclosed in pleasant parentheses! Welcome you who can laugh yourselves and make other people laugh! Our chosen friends—may they all belong to this class! Our partner in business, I want to have one, may he be what Sir Walter Scott calls "an honest laughter." If he should prove not to be such, we would surely propose a dissolution of the partnership before it should become a year old. The procler to whom we pay our Sunday respects, may he know the effectiveness of well timed wit and the sweet health which laughter gives! The Fourth of July Orator before whom we are to sit next year, may he not weary our ears with a long and tedious harangue, which shall be a proof to us that he never learned the value of mirthfulness!

And, dear reader, are you not willing to wish for yourself the same blessings which have been mentioned? Yes, I am sure that you are, for you know the pleasure of wit and laughter. You know what they are in health—how they lighten it. You know what they are in sickness—how they revive it. You know what they are in weariness—how they drive it away, and diffuse a sweet exhilaration in its place. You know what they are when drowsiness has begun to steal over the spirit—how they dispel it and quicken the powers which it has stupified. You know the pleasure of wit and laughter. May you never degenerate there. May you ever enjoy them.—*A Man, or the higher Pleasure of the Ladies.*

Didn't Hurt the Boots.

Rather racy is the following incident of life on the cars, as related by a clever letter-writer:

Near at hand was a gentleman of a nervous temperament and excitable disposition, who was guilty of the egregious folly of endeavoring to transport a new and glossy silk tie, more commonly called a "plug" hat, and which, through fear its shining surface might be ruffled, he had carried in his hand for a considerable number of miles. The hat was carefully wrapped in paper and deposited in what was thought to be a safe place, where none would be apt to touch or molest it. The gentleman retired. Morning came, and his hat was no where discernible. After searching long and anxiously, it was at last discovered in the rear of the car with a broken standing on it, gazing intently out of the window at the beautiful scenery as the glorious rays of the morning sun shined down from behind the eastern horizon. The gentleman was angry—not to say mad. With a frantic rush at the offending employee, which nearly upset that individual's equilibrium, he seized the once shining but now dilapidated hat, and holding it aloft, exclaimed:

"How dare you, sir, how dare you stand with your boots on my hat?"

The employee glanced first at the gentleman whose property he had injured, next at the hat, which looked like a tin kettle after having passed through a *casualty*, and lastly at the boots which had done the deed, when he slowly drew out:

"Give yourself no uneasiness, sir, the boots are old ones and I don't think it has hurt them any."

"Crushed again," groaned the injured one, as he settled down in his seat with a look of agony which would have made the fortune of any play actor who could have successfully imitated it.

Education is at home a friend, abroad an introduction, in solitude a solace.

A Word to Young Wives.

It is not my intention to lay down a set of rules or examples to be followed by those who have entered the matrimonial state, but to give a little advice and a few words of encouragement to those whose new position in life has placed them upon a strange shore, where, very naturally, trials and perplexities will present themselves on every hand.

Be not discouraged, my dear young friends, though dark and disagreeable clouds may at times dim the horizon of your morning of life, perchance the noon may make glad your hearts by the dispersion of all stormy aspects and the evening be radiant with the smiles of a cloudless sky, and all the glory and splendor of a bright summer's day may spread its mantle around you, ere your evening of life comes on.

That young man who has just commenced life, and placed himself in the position of guardian and protector, has the greatest claims upon your better feelings, for without your sympathy and aid, he can do nothing; without your kind words and encouraging smiles he toils in vain; without your careful economy and watchfulness he loses his confidence; and though he toils early and late, yet his labors are, in a very great measure, fruitless.

What, without the industry and economy of the wife, can that young man or clerk accomplish, whose income, or salary is but trifling when compared with the wants and necessities attending the *debit* of house-keeping? And, on the other hand, what can he not accomplish when the companion of his joys and sorrows enters with a will—mind and heart into all his plans, and with industrious hands, encouraging words, and approving smiles, stimulates him to success, by proving herself literally "a helpmeet," in other points than the bottom of the dish and ditto the *phrase*. Mountains then become as mole-hills, and, with the blessings of God, your path to fortune is sure and certain.

It is by far too often the case with young ladies of the present day, that upon uniting their destinies with a companion, they then consider their exertions to obtain a livelihood at an end, and that the rest of their journey down the river of life is one of comparative ease, merely to fold their hands and enjoy the luxuries, never minding the redoubtable pains and endeavors of him who is compelled ever to be on the sharpest lookout that his craft be not wrecked on the variable course upon which he is bound. Never, for a moment, then, young wife, strike from the duty imposed upon you, and leave the battle of life entirely to your companion. The many little expenditures which the economizing wife can prevent, the many little comforts which the industrious wife can secure to her home, all tend to make one great whole; and is it not then very plain how essentially you can assist in making home happy, comfortable and prosperous?

But in the midst of success, when fortune seems to be favoring you, and you are smoothly sliding along, do not be elated at the present before you go as to forget your duty—to Him from whom all blessings flow," but daily acknowledge Him, and let your lives be examples that shall be as "a city which is set on a hill," and so live that when you shall meet in Heaven, you may together hear that welcome voice, "well done good and faithful servant," etc.—*Zion's Herald.*

The Rebel Senators of Kentucky.

The Legislature of Kentucky did a good work in electing Garrett Davis to take the place of the arch traitor Breckinridge, who, feigning to embrace his mother State with affection, tried to plant the dagger of rebellion in her bosom. No longer need we blush at his artful sophistry—his treason which wore the mask of patriotism, and

His smooth dissimulation skilled to grace A devil's purpose with an angel's face.

For he, who practiced all these insidious arts, has at last been hurled, by the indignant representatives of the people who had loved him well and given him the same early and abundant honors once bestowed on Aaron Burr, down that "Tarpaulin rock" of infamy which a brother Senator promised him during his last days in the national council. So perish all who trample upon the solemn duties of patriotism and sacrifice their talents, influence, official position and sacred oaths upon the altar of unbridled ambition! A patriot and statesman succeeds the traitor. No man in Kentucky doubts the ability or integrity of Garrett Davis. He has been tried in ordeals of fire, and at each trial has come forth without a blemish upon his courage, his wisdom, his honesty or his fidelity to his country, and his name will be all the brighter for being brought into comparison with that of his predecessor.

Yet we regret to say that the work of purification is but half done. The Legislature at its last session invited Senator Powell to quit his seat, but he obstinately refused to take the hint. He will neither resign nor exchange his "seat" for a "mole-st." His palms itch for Lincoln gold, and he clutches his seat with a death grip, while a mingled storm of jeers and hisses, and curses come up continually from his constituency. His heart is in the rebel Confederacy, but his salary and mileage are in the coffers of the United States. Unhappy man whose mind is so painfully distracted between secession and his per diem, which thunders and reverberates from every hilltop in the State which he persists in betraying and dishonoring.—*Louisville Journal.*

Bottom of the Ocean.

Mr. Green, the famous diver, tells singular stories of his adventures when making search in the deep waters of the Ocean. He gives some sketches of what he saw on the Silver Banks, near Hayti.

The banks of coral on which my divers were made are about forty miles in length, and from ten to twenty miles in breadth.

On this bank of coral is presented to the diver one of the most beautiful and sublime scenes the eye ever beheld. The water varies from ten to one hundred feet in depth, and is so clear that the diver can see from two to three hundred feet, when submerged with little obstruction to the sight.

The bottom of the ocean, in many places on these banks is as smooth as a marble floor, and in others it is studded with coral columns from ten to one hundred feet in height, and from one to eighty feet in diameter. The tops of the more lofty support pyramidal pendants, each forming a myriad more, giving reality to the imaginary abode of some water nymph. In others, the pendants form arch after arch, and as the diver stands on the bottom of the ocean, and gazes through those into the deep winding avenues, he feels that they fill him with as sacred an awe as if he were in some old cathedral, which had been long buried beneath "old ocean's wave." Here and there the coral extends even to the surface of the water, as if those lofty columns were towers belonging to those stately temples now in ruins. There were countless varieties of diminutive trees, shrubs and plants, in every crevice of the corals where the water had deposited the least earth. They were all of a faint hue, owing to the pale light they received, although of every shade, and entirely different from plants I am familiar with, that vegetate upon dry land. One in particular attracted my attention. It resembled a sea-fan of immense size, of variegated colors, and of the most brilliant hue.

The fish which inhabit these silver banks, I found as different in kind as the scenery was varied. They were of all forms, colors and sizes—from the symmetrical goby to the globe-like sunfish; from those of the dullest hue, to the changeable dolphin, from the spots of the leopard to the hues of the sun-beam, from the harmless minnow to the voracious shark. Some had heads like squirrels, others like eels, and legs; one of small size resembled a bull terrier. Some darted through the water like meteors, while others could scarcely be seen to move.

To enumerate and explain all the various kinds of fish I beheld while diving on these banks, would were I enough of a naturalist so to do, require more space than my limits will allow, for I am convinced that most of the kind's which inhabit the tropical seas can be found there. The sun-fish, saw-fish, star-fish, white shark, ground shark, blue or shovel nose shark, were often seen. There were also fish that resembled plants, and remain as fixed in their position as a shrub. The only power they possessed was to open and shut when in danger. Some of them resembled the rose in full bloom, and were of all hues. There were ribbon fish, from four inches to three feet in length. Their eyes are very large and protrude like those of the frog. Another fish was spotted like the leopard from three to ten feet long. They build their houses like the beaver, in which they spawn, and the male or female watches the ova till it hatches. I saw many specimens of the green turtle, some five feet long, which would weigh I should think, from four to five hundred pounds.

Influence of the War on Invention.

The war which we have been engaged in during the last eight months, has done as much to stimulate the inventive genius of our country as if we had, during this time, remained at peace. It appears to have worked a kind of re-volution in manufactures, and in many branches of business, and our people, with wonderful elasticity, have adapted themselves to their altered circumstances. While many of our Eastern manufacturers, which were employed in providing the fashionable luxuries, have been compelled to run on short time or cease altogether, many others, which could be turned to account in making army fabrics, are doing a flourishing business. In the department of fire-arms and implements of war an unusual activity has been displayed, and during the year no less than one hundred and seventy patents for army and navy implements have been granted, embracing a great variety of cannon, rifles, shell