THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

HENRY DENLINGER, Pub'r and Prop'r.

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By application to Postmasters and Mail Carriers, you can learn that the OREGON SENTINEL has by far a larger circulation in the counties of Jackson, Josephine and Douglas, Oregon, and Del Norte, California, than any other paper. This fact should commend the SENTINEL to you as a superior medium for advertising.

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Jacksonville, Oregon.

[illegible] 42

ORANGE JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

WILL attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court. Oct. 26:tf

JAMES S. FYLE ..... RUFUS MALLORY

FYLE & MALLORY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Roseburg, Douglas County, Oregon.

WILL attend to any business confided to them, in the several Courts of the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. October 25:tf

WAR SCRIP, WAR SCRIP.

B. F. DOWELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal.

He has an agent at Washington, and expects to visit that city and the Atlantic this Summer and Fall, and any business will receive prompt attention. nov25:tf

C. P. SPRAGUE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

KERBYVILLE, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, ORE.

Will punctually attend to business entrusted to his care. April 13 1861—1yr

W. G. T'VAULT,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL attend to business in the several Courts in the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. Office on California St., opposite "Sentinel" Office.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

May 25th, '61. 19:tf

SAMUEL E. MAY,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

OFFICE IN "SENTINEL" BUILDING,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

PETER BRITT,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of the Art, with all the latest improvements. If

PICTURES

do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at Funk's Cigar Store, or at the Gallery on the Hill, and see his Pictures. 11tf

BARR'S

Barber Shop,

Rear of "New State Saloon," on Third St.

SHAVING, Hair-cutting, Shampooing Curling and Hair Dyeing.

Also, a genuine article of Fish's Hair Restorative, and Crystobora's *Excelsior Hair Dye* for sale. Jacksonville, Jan. 25...1y

L. H. DEWEY

HAS opened a shop opposite Anderson & Gleason's, on California street, in Dr. L. Grier's drug store, for repairing

WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, ETC.

All work warranted to give satisfaction. Jacksonville, Dec. 22d, 1860. 49:1y

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions neatly executed at the SENTINEL OFFICE.

Poetry by General Lander.

[The following stanzas were written by the lamented General Lander, on hearing that the Confederate troops had said, "that fewer of the Massachusetts officers would have been killed, if they had not been too proud to surrender."]

"OURS."

Aye, deem us proud, for we are more
Than proud of all our mighty dead;
Proud of the bleak and rock-bound shore,
A crowned oppressor cannot tread.

Proud of each rock, and wood and glen,
Of every river, lake and plain;
Proud of the calm and earnest men,
Who claim the right and will to reign.

Proud of the men who gave us birth,
Who battled with the stormy wave,
To sweep the red man from the earth,
And build their homes upon his grave.

Proud of the holy summer morn,
They traced in blood upon its sod;
The rights of freemen yet unborn,
Proud of their language and their God.

Proud, that beneath our proudest dome,
And round the cottage cradled hearth,
There is a welcome and a home
For every stricken race on earth.

Proud, that you slowly sinking sun,
Saw drowning lips grow white in prayer,
O'er such brief acts of duty done,
As honor gathers from despair.

Pride, 'tis our watchword, "Clear the boats!"
"Helm's, Putnam, Bartlett, Pierson—Revere!"
And while this crazy wherry floats,
"Let's save our wounded," cries Revere.

Old State—some souls are rudely sped—
This record, for thy Twentieth corps,
Imprisoned, wounded, dying, dead,
It only asks, "Has Sparta more?"

How I First Met My Wife.

There was always a mystery hanging about a certain way which Morgan had, and in which he was always joined honestly by his wife—my own cousin—May Stevens that had been—a way that troubled my curiosity much, until the one eventful evening that I was satisfied by hearing the romantic story.

It was simply this; that every time a word was spoken that led to the period when Charley Morgan first met my Cousin May, they would laugh very heartily, but would always refuse to tell it what they laughed. It was evidently very provoking, and I had little hesitation in telling them so—not once, but many times—at which they laughed more heartily than ever, and always ended by kissing each other and looking very affectionate.

I determined to have a solution in the morning, no matter from what, that it worried me. I am but a woman, and have pleaded to the possession of a curiosity, and I see no reason why it should not be indulged. With this resolution I set forth one evening, when we three, Morgan, May, and myself, were drawn up before the fire and fairly settled for a talk.

"Mr. Morgan"—I usually called him Charley, but I was desirous of showing that I was really in earnest—"Mr. Morgan, why do you always laugh and look at May when the subject of your first meeting with her is spoken of?"

This, I was sure, was a simple question; and yet, instead of answering it in a simple way, they went back both of them, on the old plan, and laughed as though the words I had just spoken were the very best joke in the world. I could do nothing, of course, but look grave and solemn, which in a few minutes brought them both to looking the same way, and then May spoke to me seriously, and said:

"Cousin Jane, you take our laughing much more seriously than I thought you would. It is only a little memory between Charley and I that brings the laugh; to us it is a droll remembrance, but perhaps in telling it there would be nothing to amuse any one."

This explanation brought back my good humor in an instant, and, with a smile, I said:

"Now, May, this is really unkind of you; for so long have you excited my curiosity, that even were the story not worth telling, you should tell it."

"Well, Cousin Jane shall have the story, May; I will tell it myself to her."

At this declaration I was greatly surprised to see Cousin May flush up to a bright red, and break out rather vehemently with:

"Now, Charley, that is really too bad. You shall not do it, sir. If Cousin Jane is to have the story, I will tell her myself—and then, after a pause, she said—"when we are alone."

"You shall do no such a thing, Madame May," was Charley's laughing response; "you shall do no such a thing. This time I shall have my way, and Cousin Jane shall not have her curiosity excited any more without being satisfied."

I saw there was to be a discussion on that point, but I knew that in some way Charley was to come off victor; so I, merely saying I at I won'd be back in a few minutes, stepped out of the room and walked about the garden till I felt sure that the point was settled, when I went back and found Charley and May looking as happy as birds and laughing the old laugh as usual. As I entered, Charley drew up the rocking chair, and after seeing me safely deposited in its depths, said:

"Now, Cousin Jane, I am going to tell you the story about how I first met my wife:

"It was just five years this summer that I was granted exemption for a month from my desk, and went down with my chum, Horace Hyatt, to his home in old Monmouth, the garden of that mine-bound State New Jersey. I should never have forgotten that visit, even though I had not met with an adventure that had its influence on the whole future of my life. I should remember it for the real, true hospitality, the solid, old-time comfort of the farm, and the quiet way in which, within a couple of days after my arrival, I was put in possession of it, and to feel that it all belonged to me to do just what I pleased with. There were plenty of fish and we fished; a plenty of woodcock, and we shot. All this shall be spoken with a proviso. I say we—by which, let it be understood, I do not mean Horace's twin sisters, Carrie and Nettie, as having participated in all these sports. They rode to be sure, and charmingly they did it; they fished, and I am obliged to confess were luckier than their guests. But they did not shoot, though I should not exult over their lack of accomplishment—they were charming enough without. I am sure that, with one exception, which I shall not mention here, Carrie and Nettie Hyatt were the most charming girls that I had ever seen; and I was just hesitating as to which of them I should fall desperately in love with, when my calculations were all disturbed by an accident, for I suppose I must call it so, though seeming like a special Providence. What this was, I shall tell you in the best way I know how.

"For some days after my arrival at the farm, my curiosity had been much excited by the occasional panegyrics lavished by the young ladies upon a once schoolmate of their own, May Stevens by name, who was, according to their highly colored account, the most perfect thing in the shape of woman then living. I tried to persuade myself that nothing in that line could surpass Nettie and Carrie; but still the reputation of this May Stevens haunted me, and came like a shadow across my newborn passion. I dreamed, at least, an imaginary May Stevens, and, do what I would, the figure was with me. At last I worked myself into an agony of curiosity, and treated with some great purpose which should bring before me the object of my thoughts and of the two sisters' continual conversation. To what this would have resulted it is impossible for me to say, had I not heard one morning, as I entered the breakfast room, the startling words from Nettie:

"Horace is coming at last. Oh, I'm so glad!"

"Whether it was that the tone of my thoughts was upon that point at the moment, I cannot say, but I knew directly the whole matter. I saw Carrie with an open letter in her hand, and, complying to Nettie's words, I knew that hitherto only hearsay of May Stevens was to become a reality. I had neither to ask questions. All the information was proffered. May Stevens—the incomparable May—was to spend a month at Hyatt's, and they were to expect her at any moment though, as the letter read, she might not be down for a week to come. A week!—it was an age, a century; and I was in a flutter of excitement. My long standing passion of nearly two weeks' duration, for Carrie and Nettie, was forgotten in an instant, and my whole mind was absorbed in making the best figure possible before this new queen. With this idea I began to look into my wardrobe. I had come down with sufficient clothes to answer all ordinary purposes, including, of course, Carrie and Nettie; but the new goddess was certainly worthy of a new sig on my part, and certainly should have it. This resolution was made within fifteen minutes after the announcement of her intended coming, and before two hours had gone by I was whizzing on my way to town to carry out that resolve. My choicest morsel of wardrobe should be offered at the shrine of May Stevens.

"I had absented myself on the plea of a sudden memory of a business neglected, and faithfully promised Carrie and Nettie that the next day should see me down at Hyatt's, to stay the one month that May Stevens, the wonderful, was to pass with them.

"The racking of brain that day to create a grand ensemble of costume—something beyond criticism, that should at the first glance strike the beholder with silent admiration—was indeed terrible. The labor of writing 'Paradise Lost' was nothing to it. It was early in the day when I arrived at my city rooms, and for six hours I dressed and undressed, compared and rejected and selected; and at the end of that time I had laid out those portions of my wearable goods in which I had decided to make my first appearance before May Stevens. It wanted still several hours to sunset. Having got safely through the great object of my visit, I thought it would not be a bad idea for me to take the last train and return the same night to Hyatt's instead of remaining over till morning. No sooner said than done. I packed my handkerchiefs and away I went. Whizzing and puffing over an uninteresting road is provocative of sleep. So I found it when the shades of evening fell; for to the best of my recollections, I was in the very midst of a dreamy revery, when May Stevens, attired in book muslin and pale blue, appeared on a purple cloud, and admirably inquired who my tailor was? Just as I was about to inform her, there came a crash, and for a moment I was not certain whether it was the cloud that broke, or myself torn some portion of my apparel that was overstrained. It required but a moment to awaken me to the fact that both presumptions were wrong. It was our train—2.26—that had run off the track, smashing things generally, and spilling the contents of several baggage cars along the road, to say nothing of frightening half a hundred passengers into a state of lunacy. This was a pretty state of things, and to make matters worse, I was eight miles from my destination; though as it afterwards appeared, not a mile from the next village, I heard it canvassed, a tavern, supper, and beds could be had.

"I was disposed to make myself agreeable, and accordingly rendered all the assistance in my power to unprotected females, for which I got my reward on arriving at the haven of refuge—the promised tavern—by being informed that such a thing as a bed for the night was an impossible idea, and with some twenty more of the male gender, I must be content with chairs, while the beds were appropriated to the gentler sex. Slightly disgusted, I swallowed my supper and looked out upon the night, it was a beautiful moonlight, and verging to ten o'clock. By Jove I would walk over to Hyatt's. No sooner said than done. Giving my carpet bag into the hands of the landlord, with the most emphatic charges for its safety and punctual delivery at Hyatt's next morning, at my expense, I set forth. Eight miles is a trifle, and just as my watch marked the quarter after midnight, I went up the lane that led to the house. They were early risers at the farm—early to bed and early up. I walked around the house trying each entrance, but each and every one was fastened. It was of no consequence—my bedroom window looked out upon the roof of the piazza; I would not disturb the house by knocking; a bit of climbing would do the business, and should the window be fastened I would tap and awaken Horace, who was my roommate and bedfellow. The thing was executed as soon as thought of, and hand on the window which yielded, and I stood in my own room. By the moonlight that streamed in, I saw that the bed was occupied, and by the heavy breathing I knew that Horace was in a heavy sleep. I would not, therefore, disturb him but save the story of my mishap for the following day. With this resolution I slipped quietly into bed, and in three minutes was oblivious. What ought I to have dreamed that night? But I will not anticipate. I lay facing the windows as the sun peeped up above the distant hill and scattered the gray mists of the morning. My bedfellow was breathing heavily but it was broad daylight, and there was no sleep for me, so I determined Horace should wake up and hear the story of the railroad breakdown. I turned quietly and gave the sleeper a sudden shake. As rapidly as my own motion my bedfellow, who had laid with his back towards me, sprang to a sitting position. There are such surprises as are without terror, which actually deprives us of one speech until the brain has time to act and reason. Such surprises do not generate screams and faints. They are expressed by open mouth and silent wonder. This was the case with myself and bedfellow, as we sat up and stared. Right by my side, with her face within two feet of my own, sat a young woman not more than seventeen, with great dark hazel eyes, and such great masses of brown curls, tucked away under the neatest little night cap ever worn. She had gathered the bed clothes with a spasmodic jerk up about her throat, and with the most rigid, astonished look, as though doubting whether she was sleeping or waking, gazed steadily in my eyes. Memory serves a man but little in such cases, but if my memory serves me right, it was I who first spoke. I blurted out with:

"How came you here?"

The figure stared still in speechless astonishment, but in a moment, as though awakened from its somnambulism, spoke:

"Are you Charles Morgan?"

"Yes!"

"Well, then, Mr. Morgan," said the figure, by this time calm, and with quite as much dignity as though in the drawing-room, "I am May Stevens, and was put in this room after an unexpected arrival. Horace had gone over to a neighbor's a few miles off before I got here and was not to return till to-day. That is how I was put in this room."

So here I was sitting vis a vis to this May Stevens, that mythical lady, for the first meeting with whom I had intended to get up such a superlative toilet. A nice style of introduction and a nice style of toilet! And he—she by this time was as cool as the dainty frost of December, and sat looking me right in the eyes as I made some rambling explanation of my being in that extraordinary position, wonderfully mixed up with irrelevant matter, and stammered and stuttered through it in a way that should have disgusted any sensible person. She seemed to be seriously pondering during the recital, and at its end looking at me as if asking the most simple question in the world, said:

"What's to be done?"

"Let me jump out of the window as I came in," said I, in a sickly tone of voice, for the thought came to me that to achieve this end, I must make some desperate display of myself in a style of costume which I deprecate. She relieved me instantly with:

"No that will not do, there are people moving about and you will be seen."

It was now my turn to stammer out:

"What's to be done?"

For I saw that the little hazel eyed girl was superior to me in presence of mind and energy of action. She did not wait long to answer my question.

"You must lie still here while I get up. When I have left the room you can rise, dress and go away at the first opportunity," was her response, delivered in a quiet business-like manner.

And so I did. Under May Stevens' command I found my journeying lead under the bed clothes, and kept it well covered till I heard the retreating footsteps on the stairs, which was but a few moments, though it seemed an age; then with a desperate bound I sprang from the bed, turned the key on the departed one. It was the quickest dressing I ever made, and I will venture to say that no man ever sneaked out of his own apartments more stealthily than I.

That morning we met. May Stevens and I, at the breakfast table—I in the character of the newly arrived that morning—and were formally introduced, during the ceremony of which we astonished every one present, and planted a thorn of wonder in the sides of Nettie and Carrie, by bursting simultaneously into a hearty laugh, which we never fail to repeat when the memory of our first meeting comes up.

And now Cousin Jane, you have the whole story of how I first met my wife.

Canada and the United States.

It has always been considered, in fact it has become a sentiment in the mind of the American people, that the first act in a war between this country and Great Britain would be the invasion and annexation of Canada to the United States. The inhabitants of the lower and eastern province are principally of French descent, who inherit well-known antipathy to England, and who are only reconciled in some measure to allegiance by having accorded to them every privilege they enjoyed under the monarchs of France. Of late years, however, immigrants who carried with them into their new homes much of the ignorance and intolerance for which they were remarkable in Liverpool, Birmingham and London, have systematically sought to infringe upon the rights of the French Canadians; and being inimical to their religion, have endeavored to neutralize their political power and reduce them to the position of an inferior. While simple and virtuous in their habits and averse to engaging in heated political struggles, the French Canadians inherit much of the pride and independence of their European progenitors and are quick to take alarm at any attempt to abridge their guaranteed rights. The system of which we speak has gone for years, and the home government following its old policy of "divide and conquer," has between secretly encouraged and openly condemned the aggressions on the *habitans*, who only desire to be left unmolested. In this way the attachment never strong on their part towards England, is now weak, and needs only opportunity to be changed into hostility.

In Canada, East as well as West, there is a large Irish population, who are unalterably opposed to English rule everywhere. They know, having experienced its quality, what is its real character. Their sympathies are with the United States, and they wait for the occasion to give them practical illustration. Recently a meeting was held at Montreal to express Irish feeling towards England pending the "Trent" affair. It was attempted to make it appear that it leant against America; but the strongest indignation was manifested when the design was developed. Nothing could exceed the enthusiasm which the Irish expressed themselves in favor of this country.

It is a general opinion that Canada is of little value to Great Britain; but this is a mistake. It may be true that the holding of the provinces is a charge on the Imperial Exchequer; but England is greatly dependent upon Canada for corn, lumber, and many other staple articles which more than reimburse her for the outlay. It moreover affords a basis of operations against the United States when war is in progress. The loss of Canada would be a stunning blow to her, and she would long contend for its retention. But the provinces are by no means faithful to the Crown, and the fact has long been known on our side of the St. Lawrence. An invasion of the colonies with the view of making them States of the Federal Union would be received with satisfaction by one-half the population—it would be an easy and bloodless affair to bring the other half to terms. Their interests favor incorporation with us, by which all their rights would be fully secured. The English garrison would soon be disposed of by an American army. Such an event seems likely to occur should war take place.—*S. F. Herald and Mirror.*

CONCEALMENT OF A HARD SHELL SCHMEX.—"My brethren and sisters! of a man is full of religion you can't hurt him! There was the three Arabian children; they put 'em in a fiery furnace, hotter, seven times hotter than it could be hot, and it didn't singe a hair on one of their heads! And there was Jonah the Evangelist; they put him—and where do you think, brethren and sisters they put him? Why, they put him into a cadronic of leviathan, and biled him all night, and it didn't faze his shell! And there was Daniel, they put him into a lion's den—and what my fellow travelers and respected auditors, what do you think he was put into a lion's den for? Why, for praying three times a day. Don't be alarmed, brothers and sisters; I don't think any of you will ever get into a lion's den!"

IS noticing the improvement of the age, an exchange says two centuries ago not one in a hundred wore stockings. Fifty years ago not a boy in a thousand was allowed to run at large at night. Fifty years ago not a girl in a thousand made waiting maid of her mother. Wonderful improvements in this wonderful age.

ONLY 43 of the 40,000 animals in existence are domesticated.

The Salmon River Mines.

We extract the following from the Portland correspondence of the *S. F. Alta:*

The facts, as I believe them, are almost incredible, yet their perfect harmony on the main points at issue, is an argument which cannot be easily overcome. The miners, themselves, many of them, are here now, and out of twenty or more with whom I have conversed, not one is short of funds. They are all in possession of the "indications," two of them to the amount of $20,000 each, the others in sums ranging from $12,000 down to $500. This is so, of my own personal knowledge. These parties will remain till the weather moderates, when they start back for their claims. They have little to say concerning either their explorations, or what the prospect is for newcomers, but never the less no particular faculty of understanding is required to arrive at a correct inference. None of them are over communicative, and none volunteer a word on the subject. Still, what little has been said, is enough to satisfy the most incredulous. Then, you know, "feeling is the naked truth," and I have handled the precious dust again and again. Our friend Tracy, of Wells, Fargo & Co., has likewise some practical knowledge, at least I should judge so from the number and value of the special deposits he receives at the express office. Buckskin bags of every size, filled with the dust, are crammed into the safe, and even "laid around loose," and now Tracy says he has been compelled to order another and larger strong box for similar accommodation. Next in evidence is the statement of a man named Weiser, who, with some three or four friends, opened a claim on one of the Salmon's tributaries in October last. In two days the party took out twenty-seven pounds of gold. Since Weiser returned to Portland, which he did a few weeks ago for supplies, he has received letters from his partners, where they speak of only averaging six hundred dollars per day! This "indifferent" success, however, is ascribed to the extreme rigor of the weather, the men being unable to get to work before ten o'clock in the morning, and quitting at four in the afternoon. In addition to their other difficulties, they were obliged to make large fires every day, to keep their claims thawed, as well as to protect themselves from the intense cold. The snow, too, was deep and considerable labor was required to prevent it from blocking up their diggings.

Another witness is Judge White, who wrote recently to his son-in-law, Capt. J. C. Ainsworth, President of the Oregon Steam Navigation Company. The letter, which was shown me by Mr. Bradford, has not yet been seen by the gentleman to whom it was addressed, and certainly it was never intended for the public eye. Mr. B., indeed, made a delicate objection to mention of its contents, on the ground that any one engaged with steamboats being concerned would destroy its credibility. But, as I remarked in the beginning, I am after the truth, and when I find it, no matter where or when, I propose to use it for the benefit of all who want the article. Mr. White says he refused to give $500 for a claim in the Nez Perces region, which he knew would yield, at the lowest, $25 per day to the hand, because he was positive of doing better at the Salmon. Said he, speaking of some relatives, "tell all to come," there is a sure thing here, and plenty of it. Anybody can get from one to two ounces a day, though few are content with that, and few will fail to strike in larger. They who talk of ounces are thought to be in poor luck.

I might go on in this way and fill an entire page of the *Alta*, still confining myself to an impeachable authority; but I fear already you have set me down as misled. Mark you, however, I have nothing to gain in any shape or form by misrepresentation. In deceiving you I should deceive myself, and the latter I am most decidedly anxious to avoid.

THE AGGREGATE YIELD.

I have taken some pains to ascertain, as near as possible the aggregate yield of gold from the Salmon River and Nez Perces mines since the first discovery. The amount, I am confident, will reach two and one-half millions of dollars. Mr. Leland, of the Oregon Times, who has visited every section of the mining region, and whose facilities for obtaining information in regard thereto are unlimited, makes it three millions, though many think even that a low estimate. Of this, Wells, Fargo & Co. have shipped $595,583 78, and various mercantile houses of Portland, $564,906 94. Mr. Agnew, assayer, has received $25,567, and upon a fair calculation, there must be fully half a million held by individuals, either residents of this city, or who are here wealthy bound. Added to this are large amounts at different places along the river—say altogether $250,000; as much more waiting carriage from Florence and the various mining camps, besides numerous "piles" taken out by Californians who have returned by way of Yreka. The total, therefore, cannot be far from correct. And all this acquired by the labor, as Mr. Leland affirms, of less than two thousand miners, whose average time at work did not exceed three months, and whose operations were surrounded by dangers and difficulties of every description. They were hundreds of miles away from the habitation of white men, in an almost unexplored country, destitute of proper mining implements, and at first without anything like a sufficiency of food. In the Nez Perces they worked most of the Summer, but at Salmon nothing was done until late in the fall.

ONE glorious thought of beauty may circle Earth, sound Hell, and grasp Heaven.

Circular to Registers and Receivers and Surveyors General.

GENERAL LAND OFFICE, Jan 6, 1862.

Gentlemen:—This office has received a communication, dated the 31 instant, from the Hon. C. B. Smith, Secretary of the Interior, by which we are advised that he is in possession of information, in which he places entire confidence, "that many persons in Oregon, and probably others in Washington Territory, are claiming and obtaining the benefits of the acts of Congress donating lands to actual settlers, who openly express sentiments hostile to the Government whose bounty they claim, and allege no fealty to and sympathy with the existing rebellion."

The following extracts from the Secretary's communication of the 31 instant, above mentioned, present his views and instructions in the matter, for the government of this and the local Land Offices:

"The resources of the Government, necessary to sustain its credit in the future, and restored so far as available in the present to suppress this rebellion, ought not to be squandered upon those aiding and abetting the treason, which is the great object of the Government to destroy and eradicate.

"The acts of Congress granting donations of land, restrict thereof nations to citizens and persons who have solemnly declared their intention to become citizens, before the judicial tribunals.

"The spirit of those acts, therefore, confines the grants of lands to persons loyal to the United States, and to such only.

"Your office, and the local offices of the Land Department, should refuse to execute and deliver certificates and evidences of claim to disloyal persons, whether they have aided and assisted the existing rebellion, or are plotting to render it most succes in the future.

"The act of Congress of 3d March, 1857, (section 5,) in addition to an act more effectually to provide for the punishment of certain crimes against the United States, recognizes the right of the Commissioner of the General Land Office to issue orders, regulations, and instructions respecting the public lands; and the authority of the District Land Office to administer all oaths required by such orders, regulations and instructions. The act of Congress of 6th August, 1861 requiring an oath of allegiance, and to support the Constitution of the United States, to be administered to all persons in the civil service of the United States, has prescribed a form of oath, which, under orders of the Executive, has also been administered to persons and persons having claims against the United States; more much, in my opinion, it is proper to cause to be administered to all persons claiming certificates of donations of land.

"These remarks, it will be observed, apply with equal force to all persons claiming preemption rights, which are special grants of preference and favor conferred by the Government, and by it restricted to loyal persons."

In accordance with these views, and pursuant to instructions:—

1st. "All persons claiming preemptions or donations of lands" are required "to take the oath of allegiance above designated, (form herewith) before obtaining certificates from the local land offices."

2d. Where certificates have already been issued, and the patents in these classes of cases remain under the control of this office, or the control of the offices "the patents will not be delivered until the required oath is taken by the party or parties to whom they are issued, or who have direct interest in them."

3d. "A like oath of allegiance will also be required of all persons taking contracts in the surveying service in any portion of the public domain."

In any and all matters falling within the range of your duties, upon which the aforesaid instructions may have a bearing, you are hereby enjoined faithfully to observe the said instructions.

You will please acknowledge the receipt of this circular and will promptly report any case or cases to it that may come to your notice, in which its interpretation may be required to give full effect to the Secretary's instructions.

A supply of the forms of oath will be furnished you by this office.

Very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,
J. M. EDMUNDS, Com'r.

FORM OF OATH REQUIRED BY ACT OF AUG. 5, 61.

I—— —— do solemnly —— that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution and Government of the United States against all enemies, whether domestic or foreign; and that I will bear true faith, allegiance and loyalty to the same, any ordinance, resolution, or law of any State Convention or Legislature to the contrary notwithstanding; and, further, that I take this obligation freely, without any mental reservation or evasion whatsoever; and, further, that I will well and faithfully perform all the duties which may be required of me by law. So help me God.

——— } $8.
——— }

Sworn and subscribed to before me, this—— day of ——, 186—.

An exchange paper very aptly and truthfully says: Before you go shopping, read the advertisements of a newspaper. The man who advertises liberally is a liberal dealer; he has more goods than old fogies who hide their light under a bushel, and is therefore enabled to sell cheaper.

"PRAY, madam, what makes you so sedate?" "Oh, I have taken a Sedative."