THE OREGON SENTINEL.

$4 IN ADVANCE. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1862. VOL. VII—NO. 23.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

HENRY DENLINGER, Pub'r and Prop'r.

Office over Clugage & Drum's Stables.

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, Four Dollars; Six months, Two Dollars and Fifty cents; three months, One Dollar and Fifty cents. Unless renewed, papers will be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they have been paid.

ADVERTISING—One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

ADVERTISERS.

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.

List of Agents for the Oregon Sentinel, who are authorized to transact any business concerning this paper, in the name of the publisher:

L. P. Fisher	San Francisco.
Wadsworth & Raynes	Yreka
J. M. McCall	Ashland.
J. C. Davenport	Gasburg
W. W. Fowler	Applegate
R. S. Dunlap	Williamsburg
John P. Priedle	Kerbyville
A. B. Meliwain	Waldo
W. V. Rinehart	Kerbyville
R. J. Forbes	Waldo
Wm. M. Evans	Althouse
Joel Thorn	Canyonville
Rufus Mallory	Roseburg
Isaac R. Moores	Salem
F. M. Ellsworth	Eugene City.
F. Chatman	Oregon City.
R. W. Wakefield	Albany.
Benjamin Cook	Corvallis
J. H. Smith	Crescent City

L. P. FISHER'S

Advertising Agency

No. 629 Washington Street,

Nearly opposite Maguire's Opera House,

SAN FRANCISCO.

Advertisements and subscriptions solicited for the OREGON SENTINEL, and for the principal papers on the Pacific coast. Advertisements forwarded to papers published in any portion of the Atlantic States.

BUSINESS CARDS.

G. W. GREER,

Physician and Surgeon,

OFFICE, CITY DRUG STORE.

Jacksonville, Oregon.

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. 26:41

JAMES M. PYLE. ..... RUFUS MALLORY.

PYLE & MALLORY,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Roseburg, Douglas County, Ogn.,

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 26:41

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. my25:19

C. P. SPRAGUE,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

KERBYVILLE, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OGN.,

Will punctually attend to business entrusted to his care. April 13, 1861.—13tf

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

P. H. LYNCH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Foreign and Domestic

LIQUORS,

WINES, SYRUPS & CORDIALS,

— AT THE —

EXPRESS SALOON,

Corner of California and Third Streets.

Next door to Beekman's Express.

All orders promptly filled. 35tf

SAMUEL E. MAY,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

OFFICE IN "SENTINEL" BUILDING,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

INSURANCE AGENCY,

JACKSONVILLE,

RISKS taken upon Mills, Hotels, Stores, Dwellings, etc., on the most favorable terms, in Hartford, Phœnix, Girard, Goodhue, and other well known and responsible companies.

P. U. SESSIONS, Agent.

REDUCTION OF PRICES

— IN —

Stoves & Tinware.

G. B. DORRIS

Has now opened a

Stove and Tinware Shop

On Third Street, near the Post Office,

Jacksonville, Oregon,

Where he will keep on hand the best patterns

— OF —

COOKING STOVES,

PARLOR STOVES,

SALOON STOVES,

And every kind of

Tin, Iron and Copperware,

Besides a great variety of Culinary articles too numerous to mention

Persons wishing anything in my line are respectfully invited to call and examine the quality and prices of my wares.

Every kind of JOB WORK done to order.

My own Ware Repaired Without Charge

GEORGE B. DORRIS.

Jacksonville, Nov. 9, 1861. 43

HARNESS

— AND —

SADDLERY

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Jackson and adjoining counties that he has on hand and will manufacture to order

All Kinds of Saddlery & Harness

SUCH AS

Heavy Draught Harness (long and short tug)
Concord Harness, Buggy Harness
(double and single)
Spanish Saddles, trees and rigging complete:
Ladies' Saddles, Jockey Saddles,
Saddle bags, Bridles,
Surcingles, Halters,
Spurs,
Currycombs
Whips, Whiplashes,

And all other articles usually found in a first-class stock of

SADDLERY.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Store in "Sentinel" Building, California street.

HENRY JUDGE.

Jacksonville, Dec. 21, 1861. 49tf

I. D. HAINES & BRO.

Are now Closing Out their entire stock of Goods, Groceries & Liquors, at the Very Lowest Rates,

FOR CASH!

Give us a call, at the Post Office Building, corner of California and Oregon streets.

April 19, 1862. 1tq

Wanted in Exchange!

— AT THE —

HARNESS

— AND —

BOOT & SHOE MANUFACTORY

At Phœnix,

OATS, WHEAT & BACON

— FOR —

Harness, Bridles and Saddles,

Of all kinds, and all kinds of Saddle rigging.

Boots and Shoes made and repaired to order in a neat and workmanlike manner. Inquire of

E. E. CHAPIN.

Phœnix, Feb. 14. 5q

CANYON HOUSE!

Changed Hands.

THE undersigned beg leave to inform the traveling public that they have taken charge of the

CANYON HOUSE,

Canyonville, Douglas County, Oregon,

Where they will be personally present to attend to the wants of travelers and boarders—where a "square" meal can be furnished, and particular attention paid to the comfort of guests at all times. The patronage of the public is respectfully solicited.

BOWMAN & BOYLE.

Canyonville, March 10, 1862. 4q

Oregon War Scrip.

I HAVE made arrangements with a responsible Banking House to attend to the collection of War Scrip in Washington City. Having occupied the position of Chief Clerk in one of the Departments during the war, scrip-holders will find me prepared to give all necessary information relative to their claims.

I will also give my attention to posting and arranging books and accounts.

Office in the *Sentinel* building.

SAMUEL E. MAY.

Jacksonville, June 29, 1861. 24tf

JOB PRINTING of all descriptions neatly executed at the SENTINEL OFFICE

Written for the Sentinel.

Voices of the Vale.

BY WM. HENRIE ARATILLI.

Hark! there's voices in the vale!
Hear the north-wind shriek and wail!
What a melancholy tale
Doth it bring,
Of the north-land's sorrowing?
Sighing through the tinny dale
To the valley wooing Spring.

Valley o'er whose bosom plays
Golden fringed sarcelas;
Tapestried with purple haze—
Beryl gem,
Leaping in Earth's diadem,
Nymphs and naiads sing thy praise,
Idyl—breathing. *Semper idem!*

Robed in emerald dazzling bright,
Hem'd with folds of spotless white,
Rustling from the hoary hight,
Where the clear
Snow waves mount and disappear,
Like a spray or flash of light
Fading from a distant mere.

Music in thy bosom swells,
Echoes through thy sylvan dells;
Round thy wary margin dwells
Melody;
As from groves of Arcady,
Mountain reeds and mystic bells
Send down zephyr notes to thee.

Babbling, laughing, leaping rills,
From the bosom of the hills,
Purling in harmonic trills,
Lapse along,
All thy woodland haunts among;
And their tinkling music fills
Wood and air with Equid song.

Carolled sweetly—branch and spray
Vocal as in Summer gay—
Bird-notes cheer the livelong day;
Soft and low
Do those silvery peans flow,
In a love-taught roundelay
Of the blessed long ago.

By the winding river, where
Sauntering herds are lowing, there
Is the grateful voice of prayer;
On the breeze
Come sweet-sounding psalmodies;
Richly laden is the air
With those sacred litanies.

Where those yellow waters creep
Through dim forest aisles, and steep
Murmuring shores where grasses weep,
Make my grave,
In the hearing of the wave;
Let my long and dreamless sleep
Be where tranquil waters lave.

Kit Butler, from Boonville.

Some ten years ago, when travelers in Oregon suffered very severely from attacks of Indians, I was one of a party passing through that wild and unkown State, on my way to California. After a month's ride from the Willamette Valley, we diverged westward from the great emigrant trail, and found ourselve camped one evening on the trail to Crescent City, at its intersection by Deer creek, an offshoot of Illinois river. Our party consisted, besides myself, of two lethargic Germans, a feeble-minded young artist lately from London, and a stark, taciturn hunter from Missouri. During our long journey I had tried to be companionable with each of my fellow-travelers in turn, and at last had fallen back on Kit Butler, the Missourian, with whom I had gradually established terms of a smoking, not a speaking intimacy. On the evening of our encampment on Deer creek, supper having been eaten and the horses picketed before setting the guard, each of us betook himself to his own private relaxation. This was for the Germans, sleep; for the artist, self-examination by the help of a small glass on a comb handle; for Kit and me, the resolving of ourselves into a vigorous smoking committee. When we had been smoking for some little time, Kit suddenly addressed me:

"Mate," he said, "this hoss don't kinder fancy this har camp, he don't."

To my eyes, a better camping ground could not have been selected. It was pitched on a flat prairie, where "wood, water and grass" were each at hand, while at the same time, there was no cover for lurking Indians nearer than the creek—a long rifle shot distant. But Kit, I observed, had his eye on a thin spiral column of smoke, miles and miles away.

"An Indian camp fire!" I exclaimed.

"And Rogue River too near," Kit growled I understood him. We were camped not far from the Rogue River, and it was likely enough the fire had been lit by an outlying party of the Rogue tribe, who had earned their sobriquet from being notoriously the most rascally Indians in all Oregon. The night, however, passed without an alarm. In the morning, the German's cattle, already half foundered, were found to be so badly galled by careless saddling, that it was agreed we should halt for four-and-twenty hours, to give the poor brutes a chance of recruiting.

Kit, who never descended to argument, made a wry face at this plan, and catching up his rifle, prepared, as was his custom, for a hunt. I went with him, and after some hours, we got within range of a herd, and shot for supper a small elk, or wapiti deer. On nearing camp again, we saw that our party had been joined by a young Indian lad. Equipped in a suit of dressed deerskin, with a good deal of Indian finery about him, he stood in an easy attitude by the camp fire, while our artist sketched him, and the Germans were looking on lazily. This admission of the Indian into camp was against all prairie laws, as it has been found that such visitors are invariably spies, and "trouble" is pretty sure to come of their visits. Kit, therefore, throwing down his venison, burst angrily into the group:

"I found him in the creek; I only wanted to draw him," explained the startled artist, dropping his sketching block and brush.

"Draw him!" Kit shouted, "I'll draw a bead on the young spy's carcass if he don't make tracks in less than no time. Mate," said the ireful hunter to me, as the frightened redskin darted across the plain, "jest fix your shooting-irons right, for we'll have 'trouble' afore long. This coon knows nought of Injuns, *he* don't."

Impatient to get away from our present camp I was not sorry when the day drew to a close, and we began to prepare supper. While I chopped some wood for the fire, Kit cut up the carcass of the elk we had shot in the morning, and kneaded the flour for bread in the "prospecting" tin. When I had made up the fire, there was no water for the coffee. As usual, our companions had been loafing about, aiding little or nothing in the indispensable camp duties. Somewhat annoyed, I bade one of the loafers take our tin sancepan down to the creek to fill it. Of course, there was a discussion of the lazy as to who should be at the trouble of performing this slight service. In the end, one of the Germans took the sauce pan up, and, with an ungracious expletive, departed on his errand. My fire blazed away brightly. Kit's cake, propped up before it with a stone, was baking in the usual primitive fashion, and the venison steaks, cut up into little chunks, threaded on a peeled wand, were twirling over the embers. Still the German had not returned with the water. As, in spite of our hails, he did not emerge from the hollow of the creek, which had a steep bank considerably higher than a man, his fellow countryman was dispatched to see what he was doing. When he in his turn had disappeared down the bank, I noticed that Kit, who sat on the ground twirling the spit, let it fall into the fire, and seemed to listen anxiously to a sound that reached only an ear quick as his. But shortly an awful shout arose. It was a heart-rending appeal for help, and I should certainly have responded to it by rushing down to the creek, but that the powerful grasp of Kit, who had now risen from the ground, withheld me. Again, and this time fearfully prolonged, the cry of a man in his extremity arose, and we saw the second German struggling desperately from the creek. Even from the distance at which we stood, we could perceive that during the few moments of his absence, he had passed through a terrible ordeal, for his clothes, where not torn completely away, hung in strips about his person, and exposed the naked flesh, crimson with many slashes, telling that the cruel and silent knife had been at work on him. For a moment, this ghastly figure extended its arms toward us, and uttered another cry, but fainter than before. It was his last effort. Apparently seized from behind by an unseen hand, the unfortunate man tottered for a moment, then threw up his arms, sank back, and disappeared down the creek. Kit was the first of the witnesses of this shocking tragedy to break silence.

"Injuns," he cried; but his explanation was superfluous, for as he uttered it a crowd of redskins jumped forth from the creek, and charged down upon us with pealing whoops.

"Look to the cattle, or we'll all be rubbed out, by thunder," shouted Kit, as we caught up our rifles. His warning was just in time. No white man's horse can brook the Indian whoop, and all these of ours that had hitherto been grazing quietly about, with the lariats dragging, galloped wildly over the prairie in full stampede, and were irrevocably lost. Only three horses remained to us. They had luckily, a short time before, been hitched up to a tree near at hand. Before these terrified brutes could break away we had sprung to their heads and effectually secured them by doubling their lassos. At first, panic-struck by the appalling sight I had just witnessed, and the critical position in which we were placed, I entertained the idea of flinging myself on the back of one of the horses and flying for my life, but the hunter restrained me. "Do as I do, mate," he said, with an admirable coolness that completely reassured me, and in obedience to his example, I took cover behind the horses and leveled my rifle across their backs, point blank at the approaching rout of redskins. These, who were armed chiefly with bows and arrows, observing our demonstration, and knowing that we were not to be taken by surprise or without a certain loss to themselves—conditions utterly opposed to all Indian ideas of warfare—gradually faltered in their pace until they came to a standstill, and then broke and fled back to the cover of the creek in great confusion.

There being now breathing time, I remembered the artist. Strange to say he was nowhere to be seen, but Kit, who seemed to divine the reason of my puzzled looks, pointed up the tree beneath which we stood. I looked aloft, and dimly amid the foliage of the cedar I descried a dangling pair of bluchers that seemed familiar to me. They were the artist's. "Come down!" I shouted; "the Indians are gone." But my request met with no response, unless an irritable movement of the dangling boots was meant for a negative. Again I hailed them, when, as if to put an end to all further argument, they ascended higher among the branches, and were lost to sight. "Guess the scared critter's beat up the cedar," said Kit, adding suddenly, as he glanced over the prairie, "Hurrah! Now, mate, saddle up right smart." And while I rapidly equiped the horses, to my astonishment, he busied himself in casting upon the fire all the property lying about the camp, with the sole exception of our own rifles and revolvers. "If yon varmint get us, they'll only git men plunder," he said, grimly contemplating his work of destruction.

"The Indians in the creek, you mean?" I asked.

The hunter shook his head and pointed southwards.

Following the direction of his arm, I made out through the fast fading twilight a band of horsemen galloping right down upon us. They were a band of Indians. As, doubtless, they were acting in concert with those on foot in the creek, it was plain that our position was no longer tenable. I perceived that Kit was of this opinion, for he was now hastily examining our three remaining horses. They were young American cattle that I had bought on the Columbia, as a speculation for the California market. Two of them were light, weedy-looking fillies; but the third, a powerfully made chestnut stallion, with white feet, was by far the best of the lot.

"You will take the chesnut; he is the only horse at all up to your weight," I said to Kit, who was a seventeen-stoner, at least.

"Thankee, mate," he replied, "'tis kind o' ye—yes, 'tis, to give up the best hoss; but I wish 'twar my ole spotted mustang. Don't kinder consate them white feet, and that eye aint clar grit, it aint."

A few minutes was now wasted in endeavoring to persuade the artist to descend the tree and take the third horse; but, either on account of intense fear, or a conviction of the security of his "cache," he still made no sign. As the horsemen were now fast closing in upon us, and the footmen in the Creek began to show themselves, as if with a design of cutting off our retreat, we were compelled unwillingly to leave this impracticable votary of "high art" to his fate. So, mounting our horses, and driving the third one before us, we put on the back trail.

"Hold hard, friend!" said my comrade, as the fresh young filly I rode stretched out in a slashing gallop. "If 'twur only twenty mile of good perary from this to Vanney Ferry that we've got to make to save our skins, we'd throw out yon varmints right smart; but reck'lect this parary gives out in six miles more, and we've as many mile over bad mountain range afore we git down the open agin; that'll give these fine breeders goss!"

With horses well in hand we had ridden some little distance, when a loud whoop in our rear proclaimed that the Indians had reached our camp, but whether the demonstration proceeded from disappointment at the destruction of their anticipated prize, or rejoicing at the capture of our companion, the failing light did not permit us to judge. Soon we heard them again in pursuit. Darkness now set rapidly in, but riding as usual in Indian file, our horses accustomed for several weeks to follow the trail, picked it out with the greatest ease. As we came to the end of the prairie, I was delighted to see a full moon rising over the mountains, so that we should now have light to guide us in our flight—a great chance in our favor. Kit had relapsed into his accustomed taciturnity, and beyond paying great attentions to the sounds in the rear, by which he seemed to regulate our pace, he betrayed no interest in anything. Knowing that all depended on our horses holding out, as we clattered up the first long mountain slope, I ranged along side of him and examined their conditions. My own filly, though pretty heavily weighted, was as yet perfectly fresh, her stride was easy and elastic, and I felt she was warming well to her work. But an unpleasant sensation came over me as I noticed that Kit's chesnut was already bathed in a profuse sweat.

Now that we were fairly in the mountains, our real troubles began. Three days since we had crossed this range, and having shortly before made the passage of the great Cañon Creek, a terrific pass, the trail had not appeared more dangerous than usual. But then we had leisure and daylight to guide us; now, the white metallic light of the moon, which brought out in startling distinctness each crag and rocky point it fell upon, left many dangerous bits of our path in deep obscurity, yet we were compelled to pass over them in full career, for our pursuers began to push us to their utmost. At intervals, above the clatter of our horses' iron-shod hoofs, the mountains behind us echoed with their whoops, and were replied to from the heights around by the peculiar cry of the white owl, proceeding, as we were aware, from red sentinels, who were able to observe each turn of the chase, and thus urged their comrades still to follow. Urged by their riders to the top of their speed, the hardy, unshod little mustangs of our enemies scrambled after as over the dangerous trail with a cat-like facility of hold not possessed by our own cattle. To add to our embarrassment, our third horse began to show a desire to stray from the trail, and forced us often to loose ground by swerving to lead him back again. In fact, it was all we could do to hold our own, and, desperate as our desperate need required it, we pushed on. The steep mountain side, the other day painfully ascended, was now dashed furiously down; the edge of the precipice usually traversed so gingerly was spurred fiercely over, unheeding the appeals of our terrified horses, who quivered and snorted in very fear. Without drawing bridle, we spattered through the mountain torrent that ran down the deep gulches, and took flying the smaller streams. When the last weary mountain crest was topped, and we descended again to the wooded plain beneath, I should have felt comparatively safe, had it not been for the deplorable condition of our horses. As Kit had foreseen, the mountain range had fearfully tried them. Though my mare, with the instinct of good blood, still answered when I called to her, I felt was getting fast used up; but the chestnut was in a still worse plight; his drooping crest and laboring stride told the extremity of his distress. We had just arrived at the ford of Slate creek, a small arm of Rogue river, when Kit's chestnut suddenly staggered, and then plunged headlong to the ground. "Four white legs and a white nose, cut his throat and throw him to the crows!" exclaimed his rider, bitterly repeating the old saw as he vainly endeavoring to raise him. Meanwhile, I had ridden forward and caught the loose horse. Kit mounted him in silence, and together we entered the ford, but just before we reached the opposite bank, he dismounted, and standing knee-deep in the water, put his rein into my hand.

"Mate," he said, "we're bound to part company, if we don't want to go under; take both animals and make tracks for Van Noy; this coon'll look out for hisself, somehow. Good bye t'ye. And he set off wading down the creek.

I brought my horses to his side in a moment.

"No, no, Kit," I said, deeply touched by his generous proposition; "fight or fly, whichever it is, we'll keep together."

"Don't rile me, young feller," he replied, in a voice that he vainly endeavored to render harsh, and abandoned for a tone of earnest entreaty; "I tell 'ee we must part now—It cant be fixed noways different. That thur light animal would burst up under my weight long afore we made Rogue River, and youra aint got two miles run in him; he aint. Now, look k'yar, if yew want to save our skins, take both them animals, it'll throw the Indians off my trail, and ride for Van Noy. Rouse up the boys thar, an tell 'em Kit Butler from Boonville's cached in the timber by Slate chrick, and the red-skins are out. Guess they will be round with their shooting-irons, and bring me in right away. Hurrah now, boy!"

A moment's reflection convinced me that Kit's plan was the only one that could possibly save us, but it was with a bitterness of heart, such as I never felt before, that I shook his loyal hand—I could not speak—in token that I bade him farewell. If I acted wrongly in abandoning him, God knows that my own reflections as I put out on my lonely trail, were almost punishment enough.

But, in reality, Kit's chances of escape were not far from being as good as my own. The plain, especially by the creek was well wooded, so that our separation took place entirely without the knowledge of the Indians, who, though they certainly would find the foundered chestnut, would naturally conclude that its rider was away on the fresh horse. Neither would they gain any information from the hunter's tracks, for, of course, he had taken the precaution to wade some distance down the creek before he cached in the timber, and water leaves no trail. But I could not reason on all this then. I could only remember that I had left the last and best of all comrades behind me, and that if evil came to him I should be held accountable. Deeply plunged in such maddening reflections, I had not ridden far, when the report of a rifle in my rear almost caused my heart to stand still.

The Indians, then, had discovered Kit's cache. I pulled up my horses and turned round with the desperate determination of rejoining them at all hazard, when all at once I remembered, in impotent despair, that, with the exception of my bowie knife, I was unarmed. On parting, Kit had taken possession of my rifle and revolver, remarking that while they might be of use to him, I would ride lighter without them. All a pretext. I saw it now, when too late. The noble minded fellow had guessed that if I heard him engaged with the Indians I shou'd return, and had thus taken measures to prevent me. Utterly distraught on making this discovery, I remembered little more of my ride to Van Noy Ferry. Though I rode like a madman, I must yet have acted with the soundest discretion. My horse was afterwards found dead about two miles up Applegate creek, by which the trail ran on leaving Slate creek. At that point I must have mounted the second horse and swam the creek, instead of following it down to Rogue river. Then I crossed the country in a northeasterly direction, and thus, by cutting off an angle, considerably shortened the distance. But of all this, I only distinctly remember pricking along my failing horse with my bowie knife, as the light of the ferry came into view, till he also gave in and fell, throwing me over his head, and inflicting on me no trifling injuries; and that wet, bruised and bleeding, but still, with the one fixed, irrevocable idea pervading my weakened senses, that Kit was in deadly peril for my sake, and that he must be saved, I burst into the midst of the ferrymen as they sat round their fire in their log hut.

"Kit Butler, from Boonsville!" shouted one of the rough backwoodsmen, the captain of the ferry, in reply to my wild appeal for help. "By thunder! he's just my first cousin; how kim you to quit, mister, when he war in sich a tarnation fix, eh?"

"Talking won't get him out of it, man," I replied, impatiently; "either come along with me at once to help him, or give me a rifle and fresh horses, and let me do what I can myself."

"We'll go, don't you fear, mister," he said, more graciously; "you darned redskins aint goin' to wipe out the smartest mountain boy in all Oregon, and no 'muss' round! Hy'ar, yew—Pete! Dave! Zack! lay hold of your shootin'-irons, boys, and git the animals out of the corral."

"Ay, ay, Cap!" was the ready response; and with astonishing quickness we were all armed and mounted on sturdy mustangs, riding hard to the rescue.

As we splashed through Applegate creek ford, we heard a shot to the front, followed shortly by another.

"Hurrah, boys!" shouted our leader; "thar goes old Kit! He aint wiped out jest yit, nohow. Guess it 'll take a caution o' redskins to whip him. He'll make 'em see snakes—and black ones at that."

In a few moments more we debouched on to the north bank of Slate Creek, but not an Indian was visible. The noise of our approach had effectually scared them; they had not dared to stand the brunt of a charge of half a dozen white men. As we stepped up to the creek, dear old Kit stepped out of his cover, his hands and face black with powder, and his forehead bleeding, but only from the splinter of a bad cap. "You're walkin, boy," he said, as we shook hands; "'twar getting hot, though I peppered one or two of the varmints. They got on my trail right smart when yew quit; but they aint got me this time, I reckon." Prudence forbade our small party from attempting the mountain passes that night to learn the fate of our comrades, but early the next day we reached Deer Creek.

As we had anticipated, we found the two Germans dead in the Creek, where the fatal ambush had been laid for them. Of the artist we could find no traces, but on our return to the ferry, we found him there. Though unhurt, his plight was ludicrously doleful. The Indians had discovered him in the cedar, and it would have fared ill with him but that the sketch of the young Indian was found on his person, drawn so accurately that all his captors recognized it. Believing from this circumstance that he was a great 'medicine' man, whom it would be dangerous to injure, they stripped and released him.—*All the Year Round.*

The Pacific Coast Defenses.

On this subject, the *National Intelligencer* has the following just and timely remarks:

The critical state of our foreign affairs during the recent Mason and Slidell embroglio and the unprotected condition of our Pacific Coast, have naturally attracted the attention not only of the inhabitants of that border, but of the country generally.

England has possession of British Columbia on our north, with as fine harbors as there are in the world on the great waters of Puget Sound. France has "quasi" possession of the Sandwich Islands, which will be made absolute whenever her interests require it, showing clearly, we think, the necessity of Government at once providing this unprotected coast with an efficient mode of defence; and that mode, it strikes us, is found in one or two iron war vessels and the new iron forts just brought to the notice of our military authorities, and which, it appears to us, are destined to be adopted to a great extent, if not wholly, hereafter, as land defenses for our harbors and coasts. The great distance that iron has to be shipped, the length of time that must necessarily elapse before an iron-clad steamer can be built and commissioned, and the urgency of the object, call on the Government for prompt action. That a vessel, or a number of them, as the line of coast and the importance and value of the place to be protected may demand, must be built in some of the Pacific ports, must be apparent to every reflecting mind, as the danger to such vessels of total loss on a voyage round Cape Horn is imminent, added to which the great length of time necessarily consumed in performing it, renders it inexpedient to construct them in any of the Atlantic ports.

A recent conversation with gentlemen from California has impressed us with the importance of this matter, and occasioned these remarks. It is to be hoped, therefore, that the Government will give early consideration to a subject of such moment. One or both of the two great naval Powers of Europe may very soon have their material on the way to the Pacific with which to construct such an iron-clad vessel; and it has been clearly demonstrated that one such vessel, properly constructed, could destroy any fleet of wooden ships we may have there, and lay in ashes or occupy all the cities on that and the inland waters thereabouts.

We observe that it has been acknowledged in the English House of Lords that our blockade is entirely efficient, pronouncing it the most extensive and effective that has ever been established by any nation.

One year since we had, in effect, no navy; at this day, through the energy of the Executive—that is, the Navy Department—we have what is fast coming to be acknowledged, at home and abroad, one of the most powerful and efficient navies in the world.

SPRUCE UP.—If you get a moment to spare, spruce up—put that gate on its hinges, put a little paint on the picket fence you built last year, trim up about your dooryard, make it cozy and inviting—don't say you can't find time for these things. The fact is you have no right to go slovenly—your wife and children will be happier, your farm will sell for more money in the market, and will be worth more to you at home, if you devote an odd hour now and then, and spruce up.