

The Oregon Sentinel.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 79.

I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge
NO. 10 holds its regular meetings on Friday of the first week in each month, and on Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 8 o'clock p. m. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
W. M. RAY, N. G.
SILAS J. DAY, R. Sec'y.
Trustees.—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Denlinger and Geo. B. Dorris.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.
HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
H. Bloom, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4, OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will hold its regular communications on the First Saturday Eve. of Every Month.

All sojourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
G. W. GREER, H. P.
L. Sachs, Sec'y. dec8:47

O. JACOBS. E. F. RUSSELL.
JACOBS, & RUSSELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Office opposite the Court House.
All business committed to their care will be promptly attended to. July 29, '62.

D. W. DOUTHITT. JAMES D. FAY.
DOUTHITT & FAY, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State. March 4, '63.

R. B. MORFORD, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in the several Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court. October 20, '62.

B. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON, (Successor to Reed & Gaston) ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Special attention given to collection cases. June 10, 1863. 40

[By appointment.]
GEORGE B. DORRIS, NOTARY PUBLIC FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq.

J. ROW, DEALER IN CIGARS, TOBACCO, FRESH FRUITS, STATIONERY, CONFEC-TIONERY, FIREWORKS, ETC., Next door to Bradbury & Wade.

I have just opened a new store and stocked it with a choice variety of the above mentioned articles, and offer them for sale at the lowest living prices. The best of cigars and chewing tobacco will be kept constantly on hand. Those desiring any article in my line will save money by giving me a call.
J. ROW.
Jacksonville, July 1, '63.

DUGAN & WALL, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,

Stock Building, Cor. Front & P streets.
CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

Will attend to the Receiving and Forwarding of all Goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch. Consignments solicited. Merchandise received on storage.
Crescent City, April 11, 1863. 15
N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight and charges are paid. D. & W.

G. W. GREER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
Office at his Residence on Oregon St. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Where all those knowing themselves indebted to him, on note or book account, will please call and settle up, or their account will be placed for collection in the hands of my attorney.
My old patrons will still find me, as ever, ready to attend to my professional duties.
May 6, 1863. may6:47

Mildred's Sacrifice.

The vases of heliotrope in Miss Delford's dainty little parlor were distilling their sweetest fragrance in the delicious evening breeze, that tossed the muslin curtains to and fro, through the wide-opened windows, and the cherry boughs overshadowing the piazza eaves were hung with sparkling jewel sprays of crimson fruit. July was purpling all the horizon with amethyst light—July brooded over the hills with tender warmth; and Clara Delford, in her dark, rich beauty, seemed like a typical blossom of the richest month in all the year.

Did Capt. Vernor notice the changing color in her olive cheek—the blaze that glowed beneath her jetty eyelashes, in strange seductive brilliance? Did he observe how aristocratically she had posed herself on the tiny foot-stool, close beside Mildred Moore's shadowy white draperies, and pure, colorless features? Clara Delford understood contrast and harmony—Captain Vernor did not; he only knew that the two girls were like rose and lily fervid sunshine, and pale with starlight.

"If I could only do something for those poor, suffering soldiers," she said, breaking the momentary silence, as if in continuation of the previous conversation. Would it not be possible for me to devote at least a portion of my small means to their comfort and happiness?"

Captain Vernor indulged in a quiet smile; for the heiress to speak of her "small means" seemed, even to him, like a bit of ostentation.

"Certainly," he said, "and I can assure you the money could not be spent in a better purpose."

"Will you object to acting as my treasurer?" smiled Clara, with pretty, appealing softness in her eyes.

"Not at all; there are, in my own regiment, many cases of hardships—even destitution—which it would give me great pleasure to relieve. Thank you"—as she opened the tiniest of silken purses, and placed a bank-note in his hand with blushing confusion—"I know from experience how much good twenty dollars can do."

All this time Mildred Moore had sat silent in the shadow of the cherry boughs; now she rose, and quietly withdrew. Captain Vernor's eyes followed her slight, willowy figure, with involuntary attraction.

"You mustn't misinterpret poor, dear Mildred's silence," lisped Clara, as the door closed; "of course she is interested in your hospital reminiscences; but I don't think she cares very much about the poor soldiers—Milly's nature is very sympathetic, and—"

"And also," added the straightforward soldier, quickly, "her means are very limited indeed. She gives music lessons, or something, don't she?"

He had risen, and stood there, tall and handsome, in the golden July moonlight—Clara's beau ideal of a man.

"Good-night, Miss Clara. I must stop at Harwood Grange for five minutes, to tell about their two boys who fell at Fredericksburg; and I've two or three little errands to attend to in town. We soldiers, you know, are scarcely at our own disposal." He held the little jeweled hand in his a moment, perhaps unconscious how closely he pressed it, and then vanished through the crimson-sprinkled branches of the cherry trees. As he went along, whistling softly to himself, he thought of Clara in her strange transcendent beauty of her melting, liquid eyes, and her mouth, like cupid's bow, carved in scarlet coral.

"It was generous in her to give that money," he thought. "But I can't understand—hang it! it's no business of mine, I suppose; but why couldn't Miss Mildred have expressed her sympathy in words, at least. It annoys me a little; and yet, I don't, for the life of me, see why it should."

"You sent that set of onyx to my mother?" he asked, an hour or so later, as he entered the somewhat stylish little jewelry store in the main street of the town. "Yes?"

Then it is all right, and I may as well settle the bill."

He tossed a fifty dollar Treasury note on the counter as he spoke.

"I hardly like to part with that money," he laughed. "The fact is, I've kept it about me so long that it seems almost like a lucky penny. However there it goes—hand over your receipt."

He dashed the bit of paper into his pocket-book with the quickness that characterized all his motions, and walked out again whistling the low refrain that made a sort of company for his solitude.

It was nearly midnight—the air dewy and sultry, and stars blazing in the violet concave of heaven—yet, Capt. Vernor still sat in his balcony, idly looking out upon the summer night, with the faint fragrance of his cigar wreathed about him. Was he thinking of Clara Delford, or—

"Half-past eleven—high time I was asleep," soliloquized the Captain, at length, giving his cigar a toss into the quiet street below, and entering a room where a shaded lamp cast a circle of subdued light on heaps of disordered papers.

"Hallo—what's this?" he said, half aloud, and taking up a tiny note that lay lightly on the top. "This is a new arrival in my chaos of documents, or I'm mistaken."

The direction, "Captain Vernor," was in a strange handwriting—nor did the contents afford any clue, nothing appeared further than a fifty-dollar note wrapped in a bit of paper no which was penciled these words: "For the soldiers."

"Clara Delford again," was Vernor's first exclamation. "What a splendid creature that is!"

The next glance, however, showed new grounds for conjecture and perplexity—he held the note in the full glare of the lamp turning it eagerly from side to side.

"I thought I couldn't be mistaken," he muttered, "it is the very note I paid at Atkinson's to-night—here are my initials, 'E. V.' in the corner. Now, how on earth—"

He paused, apparently in deep thought.

"Very provoking that I can't find out to-night," he murmured; "but I'll go to Atkinson's the first thing in the morning."

The early dew was yet weighing down the half-blown roses in the simple garden, when Captain Vernor entered the jewelry store where he purchased the set of onyx for his mother.

"What can I do for you this morning, Captain?" inquired the brisk little jeweler, as he came forward, rubbing his smooth, white hands.

"A great deal, Mr. Atkinson; you can tell me to whom you paid out this treasury note, last night."

He laid the mysterious "greenback" on the counter; Atkinson took it up and scrutinized it closely, then referred to his books.

"Certainly I can," he said; "I purchased a very beautiful pearl ring of a lady yesterday evening, and paid for it with that very identical bill."

A pearl ring!—the simple words seemed to throw him off the cent again. The jeweler unlocked his show case, and took out a small violet velvet case, lined with white silk, in which glimmered a pearl of surpassing beauty, set in a plain gold circlet.

"There it is," he said. "Ten years ago I sent to New York for that very ring, ordered by Dr. Moore as a birth day gift for his little daughter, then just twelve years old."

"Dr. Moore!" repeated Vernor.

"Yes. Times are sadly changed now, yet I did not suppose that Miss Mildred would ever have been induced to part with that favorite jewel—the only relic, I may venture to say, she has ever retained of her wealthier days."

Captain Vernor looked down at the ring through a strange, unwonted mist. How different was this silent sacrifice of sweet memories and old associations to Clara Delford's ostentatious gift from her

overflowing coffers! "Silver and gold have I none; but such as I have I give thee." The words came to him like a revelation of Mildred Moore's nature.

Only nine o'clock, but not too early for Mildred Moore to be watering her sweet peas and geraniums in the cottage garden. Nay, so busy was she with a tiny pink blossom which had broken from its fastening, that she never heard approaching footsteps until Captain Vernor's shadow fell across the flower border. Then she started up, with large, dilated eyes, like those of a frightened fawn, and carmine burning in her usually colorless cheeks.

"Captain Vernor!"

"Do not be startled, Miss Mildred," he said, with gentle, reassuring accents. "I have only called to thank you for your kind donation to the sick soldiers."

She clasped her hands over her flushed face.

"I beg your pardon; I did not think—I never intended—"

"Nay," he interrupted, earnestly. "I have learned the history of the ring. Your sacrifice is appreciated, and—"

He stopped, for she had burst into convulsive sobs and tears. It was entirely a new phase of her being. Capt. Vernor stood completely confounded. Had he known her all these months, and yet remained ignorant of the passionate depth and emotion of her character? She was there before him, no longer the fair, passionless statue, but a lovely woman, made lovelier still by tears! The citadel of his heart—undermined long ago, unconscious to himself—surrendered at this last attack. And who could blame him.

"Don't Mildred!" he said caressingly.

"My dearest girl, if you knew how it grieved me to see you weep—"

"Pardon me," she faltered; "I am ashamed of being so foolish—but it was all that I had to give."

"Mildred," he whispered, opening the violet velvet casket, "I have brought back the ring; will you accept it again?"

She looked at him with startled eyes and glowing cheeks, as if some deep meaning lay hidden in these words.

"Let me place it on your finger, love. Wear it as an engagement ring." He went on: "Oh, Mildred! I never knew till now how dear you were to me! Will you trust your future to me? Will you be my cherished, treasured wife?"

What Mildred's answer was is not all to the purpose—only Mrs. Grundy thinks it strange that Miss Moore should wear a pearl engagement ring when diamonds are all the fashion!

RIDING ASTRIDE.—Miss Harriet N. Austin, M. D., of Danesville, New York, is decidedly in favor of ladies riding on horseback astride. In the *Laws of Life* for December, 1862, she says:

The position which women assume in riding is so unsafe, ungraceful, unhealthy and unnatural, as almost entirely to counteract the good effects that might otherwise be experienced. So great are the disadvantages attaching to the style in which women have hitherto ridden, that the question has really come to be whether they shall ride as a man does, or not ride at all. If parents understood the value to women of good health, they would educate their daughters to ride with their sons, and in the same manner. Then, in a few years, forty women would be seen riding where one is now seen, and humanity would greatly gain thereby.

It is amusing to hear a hardened politician, whose political conscience is so tough that you can make no impression whatever upon it with the shrapnel of honor that can be found, sigh with pious horror over the want of principle in those who oppose his political creed.

Peace means disunion, and the man who offers or calls for peace on any terms, is in favor of recognizing the independence of the Southern confederacy, and needs watching.

How TOM FLINN WAS ACQUITTED.—An Arkansas advocate is defending his client, who is charged with stealing a hank of yarn:

"Gentlemen of the jury, do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, of Muddy creek and Mississippi, would be guilty o' stealin' a hank o' cotton yarn? Gentlemen of the jury, I reckon not—I s'pose not. By no means, gentlemen—not at all. He are not guilty. Tom Flinn! Good heavings, gentlemen—you all know Tom Flinn, and—on honor, now, gentlemen—do you think he'd do it? No, gentlemen, I s'pose not—I reckon not. Thomas Flinn! Why great snakes and alligators! Tom's a whole team on Muddy creek and a hoss to let. And do you think he'd sneak off with a miserable hank o' cotton yarn? Well, gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. When the wolves was a howling, gentlemen, on the mountains o' Arkansas, and Napoleon were a fighting the battles of Europe—do you think my client, Thomas Flinn, gentlemen, could be guilty a hookin'—yes, hookin' gentlemen. I reckon not—I s'pose not. Tom Flinn! Gentlemen, I reckon I know my client, Thomas Flinn! He's got the fastest nag and the purest sister, gentlemen, in all Muddy creek and Mississippi! That, gentlemen, are a fact. Yes, gentlemen, that are a fact. You can bet on that, gentlemen. Yes, gentlemen, you kin bet your bones on that! Now, 'pon honor, gentlemen, do you think he are guilty? Gentlemen, I reckon not—I s'pose not. Why, gentlemen of the jury, my client, Thomas Flinn, are no more guilty o' stealin' that are hank o' cotton yarn than a toad are got a tail!—yes, a tail, gentlemen!"

Verdict for the defendant.

A GIGANTIC BIRD.—Naturalists are delighted to read that according to a late New Zealand paper a Moa has been seen there. It is a walking, not a flying bird, supposed, from the numerous skeletons which have been found of it to grow from eight to nine feet high. It has hitherto been believed to be extinct, though it was known within the memory of men living on the island it had been killed and eaten by the natives. It was always hoped that in the unexplored parts of the island some lost specimen of the nearly extinct race might yet be found alive; and now it seems that a gold miner, sitting by his camp fire, saw one, peering at him, from the edge of a near hill. He took it at first to be a man, but presently he saw it gravely start off. The track, or footprint of this great bird showed "three claws, and about behind, the mark of a pad, and behind that again the mark of a spur." A reward of \$2,500 has been offered for the bird alive or dead; and if the miner told the truth, we may yet see a living Moa—a member of a tribe once sufficient numerous in New Zealand to be a source of dread to the natives.

A PLEASANT THOUGHT.—It is a reflection most exquisitely set forth by John Forster in one of his inimitable essays, that the faithful scholar, who has toiled, however conspicuously, for the elevation of his brother man, shall not be forbidden to see the ripened fruit of his labors, but shall forever watch them unfolding into mightier and sweeter harvests from out of the peaceful chambers of eternity. The voiceless and invisible ideas, which it is our mission to plant in the docile mind of the times, are the forces which move the world.

Among those who were drafted, was John Morrissey of pugilistic fame. Upon learning of it, he, being at Saratoga, wrote to his banker to furnish a substitute for him, who must be 5 feet 11 inches high, weigh 183 pounds and be a courageous man in every sense of the word. To such a one he would pay \$5,000.

Mr. Beecher says there are many people who think that Sunday is a sponge upon which to wipe out their sins.