

The Oregon Sentinel.

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY APRIL 2, 1864.

VOL. IX.—NO. 11.

O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge
No. 10, to hold its regular meeting on Friday of the first week in each month, and on Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 7 o'clock. Brothers in good standing are invited.
Geo. B. DORRIS, N. O.
Treas. R. S. Searcy.
Secy.—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Dentinger and others.

Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.
HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evening on or preceding the full moon, in Jackson, Oregon.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
REAR, Secy.

REGON CHAPTER NO. 4, — OF — ROYAL ARCH MASONS, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Hold its regular communications on the 2nd Saturday Eve. of Every Month. All adjoining Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.
SACON, Secy. dec27-47

JACOBS, & RUSSELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office opposite the Court House. Business committed to their care will promptly attended to. July 29, '62.

B. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Practice in all the Courts of the Third District, the Supreme Court of Oregon and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly paid. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Special attention given to collection. June 10, 1863. 40

GEORGE B. DORRIS, NOTARY PUBLIC FOR JACKSON COUNTY.
Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq.

J. S. HOWARD, ARCHITECT AND CIVIL ENGINEER.
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office near the South end of Oregon January 2, 1864

PETER BRITT, Photographic Artist,
engaged to take pictures in every style of art, with all the late improvements. Pictures do not give satisfaction, no money will be made. Call at his new Gallery on the hill, examine his pictures, and see his likeness.

G. W. GREER, SICIEN AND SURGEON,
Jacksonville, Oregon.
Between Express Saloon and Ryan, Motz and Co.'s Store.

SACHS BROS'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN FINE MERCHANDISE,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

BRANCH STORE, — AT — MENIX, OREGON.

DUGAN & WALL, DRESSING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Building, Cor. Front & F streets, CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

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

The Traveling Public.
Ferry on North Umpqua River is closed for two years from this date, 1864.
F. R. HILL, Secy. Feb. 26, 1864, 1eb27ws

Miles O'Reilly to the Naygurs.
Some tell us 'tis a burning shame
To make the naygurs fight,
An' that the trade of beln' kill
Belongs but to the white;
But as for me, upon my soul,
So liberal are we here,
I'll let Sambo be murdered in place of myself
On every day in the year,
On every day in the year, boys,
And every hour in the day,
The right to be killt I'll divide wid him,
And divil a word I'll say.

In battle's wild commotion
I shouldn't at all object
If Sambo's body should stop a ball
That was coming for me direct;
And the prod of a Southern baguet,
So liberal are we here,
I'll resign and let Sambo take
On every day in the year,
On every day in the year, boys,
An' wid none of your nasty pride,
All my right in a Southern baguet prod
Wid Sambo I'll divide.

The men who object to Sambo
Should take his place and fight,
And its better to have a naygur's hue
Than a liver that's black and white;
Though Sambo's black as the ace of spades,
His finger a trigger can pull,
And his eye runs straight on the barrel
sight,
From under his thatch of wool,
So bear me all, boys, darlings,
Don't think I'm tippin' you cliff—
The right to be killt I'll divide wid
him,
And give him the larger half.

Incident in a Chaplain's Experience.
BY REV. JOSEPH H. TWICHELL,
Chaplain Second Regiment Excelsior Brigade.

It was Wednesday morning after the battle of Chancellorsville that I was left at a house near United States Ford, on the north bank of the Rappahannock, in charge of some forty wounded men—half of them Confederates. The army, drenched with cold rain, had been marching by since midnight, and was now all passed on its way to the old camps around Falmouth. The ambulances, dragging heavily through the mud under their moaning freight, joined the column at intervals. Train after train receiving its complement had gone, till not another one remained, and here there were two-score of poor fellows for whom there was no room. The last surgeon departing with the last train, promised to hurry back the same day, if possible, a sufficient conveyance for this remnant.

All the wounds had just been dressed; so as soon as I became head of the establishment I repaired to our single mess-kettle, and summoning the sole attendant, a handy youth from New Hampshire, entered upon the concoction of the general dinner, not without tribulation, for our commissariat was slim, and I, being no Soyer, felt a little apprehensive, so to speak, of poisoning the whole party.

While deep in this business, some one called out from the adjoining room where the patients lay. I sent my Lieutenant to see what was the matter. He returned hastily, saying, "That boy wants you, sir." I knew who he meant—a very handsome lad among the wounded who had caught my eye during the night; I had also noticed that he was one of those who were left, and we had been talking about him. I stepped at once towards his 'shake down' in the corner, and lightly inquired, "What is it, sonny?"—for I anticipated only one of the many impossible or unpracticable plans of easement that a feverish wound suggests, and which are best disposed of by trying, or pretending to try, the imagined invention. (I once tied a soldier's feet together on that principle.) No answer following my question, I drew nearer, leaped over and looked at him. What I saw gave me a start. He was in the article of death. Could it be? The wound in his side was considered slight; an hour before he had begged to be put in an ambulance; indeed,

the man who lay next to him said he got up and walked to the door without help, in his eagerness to go. But now there was that in his young face which told too plainly he would never walk again in this world. He met my look. Terror showed in his eyes—his soul was suddenly required, poor boy—and there came implorings for help contended with a gathering veil, the presage of darkness.

Profoundly moved, I knelt down and pleaded in the ear of One who was present to help him. He gave earnest heed. Then I prayed, and afterwards asked him if he could trust his Redeemer, and he answered "Yes." The end was now coming apace. Internal hemorrhage had quenched his pulse, and the light of his eyes waned fast. He began to choke. "Let me sit up!" he gasped. I raised him, but that minute broke the golden bowl. He suffocated, grew purple in the face, struggled, shivered, then a rush of blood from the mouth, and his comely head dropped upon his breast—his body sank a dead weight in my arms. There was a heavier weight at my heart, as I laid him softly down. "Poor little fellow!" feelingly ejaculated a big Confederate sergeant, who lay near, breaking the silence, for all the room had been hushed while the soul was passing.

In field hospitals, for many good reasons, we do not wait long after death for the burial. Preparation is quickly made. A blanket, a spade, and a scrap of board for the Hic Jacet, are the simple requirements. There are no friends to be called. In this case, as we expected to leave the place before dark, there was cause for more haste than usual.

I found a clean piece of pine from the side of a cracker-box whereon to write the name and date. "Who was this boy?" I asked, taking out a pencil. None replied. "What! did no one of you know him?" I repeated. No, all of his acquaintances had gone on with the ambulances. No wonder that he wanted to go, too, boy that he was! And I knelt down beside the body again to search it, not doubting that something about his person would reveal his name. There was his knife, comb, thread and needle-case, purse and other pocket-furniture—a soldier's own. I scrutinized each article through and through, and his clothing as well; but strange, I could not find it. I even examined his stockings—might be they were from home and marked. Finally, I pulled his cap out from under the rubbish that had served for a pillow, but the usual badge of corps and division was not upon it. That completed the mystery. There he lay, a dead soldier. Nothing more was known. The secret mocked me. I rebelled against it, and felt like demanding that it be uncovered. A hard, bitter sense of loss—both his and mine—came over me. How sweet and dear the interest of identity then appeared! Death reigning in the still corpse exulted in triumph greater than ordinary. Nature, education, yea, the poor rites of the dead cried out against the concealment. "Who were you, boy, anyhow?" I murmured, half unconsciously, yet so much in earnest that a superstitious thrill ran through me, lest the dumb lips should move. A few minutes before they would have told. I renewed the search with the feeling that I must succeed, but gave it up, at last, in despair.

Then, I do not know exactly why—I suppose it was reaction, or the law of equilibrium and compensation asserting itself—my bosom filled with the tenderest emotion towards the lifeless clay. I pitied the lad before, but now strong yearning love, as of a brother and the growth of years, sprang up in an instant. It was well nigh uncontrollable. I could have wept aloud. In truth, he was passing lovely to look upon. I do not think he was more than seventeen years old. His face was fair as a girl's, and his features were clothed with that high, unearthly calm—in it the absence of human passion?—which always settles upon the dead countenance, and

leads to it a peculiar nobleness. He had brown hair, not curly, but clustering—just such hair as a mother's fingers would be often pushing back from the forehead. The blue of his eyes shone through the film, and—I remarked it as strange—tears stood in them. The rigor mortis yet stayed its horrible chill, and the round limbs of early youth were still warm and yielding. The small wound in his smooth, white side had not bled outwardly, but in its treacherous depths death cruelly ambushed and throttled him unawares. I had a faint recollection of hearing some one say that he was shot by accident, and not in battle, but I was not sure. The very idea added a pang. Must it be that this beautiful body shall go to nameless dust! Around his waist, next to the skin, was one of those flannel bands worn by many soldiers for health's sake. This one was neatly stitched, as if a woman had made it, and with other things I noted, it led me to think he had been gently reared. Probably his name was given in baptism. God help them who carried him up the church aisle before the font!

I cannot tell all my musings of the time. It was a place of sorrow, but also a sanctuary. I could have knelt there for hours, indulging my grief and reverie, but the living called me from the dead. I took the dear little fellow up in my arms, and bearing him out of doors, laid him on a stretcher.

There was a garden to the house. Once it had been a pleasant spot, but now the shrubs were trampled down by the multitude, and artillery wheels had made havoc with the walks and plots. The attendant and I sought out the most undisturbed corner of it, dug a grave, and buried him with prayers. While filling in the earth—may it be light above him!—I recurred to the death scene. What his soul's previous experience was there had been no time to discover. That one word, "yes," in answer to my question, was the only evidence I had, yet there was hope in it and comfort. Oh! if his name was in the Book of Life, it could be spared from his grave. God grant that it was.

"It's mighty rough to cover up a poor fellow that way and not have his folks know anything about it," said the attendant as we turned to go. I added within myself, "But I know where it is, and I will remember thee, boy!" And so I have. The love that grew strong in an hour that morning still abides. It has cost me many a headache since.

An Alpine Romance.

The London Globe condenses from the Courier des Alpes a remarkable story connected with a discovery just made in an Alpine glacier. Nineteen years ago, Sept. 14, 1844, a young man, then recently married, set out from the village of Passy, on a pilgrimage to the convent of St. Bernard, pursuing his journey along by by-paths across the mountains. He never reached his destination, and from that time no human eye has seen him alive. All search for the missing man was in vain, and for many a lonely night a young widow wept in her little cottage in Passy, gradually soled by the cries of a baby who had never seen his father. After that the veil of time covered all.

It so happened that, about a fortnight ago, a shepherd of the village of Samosux went in search of a lost goat. Suddenly, in jumping across a deep glacier, an extraordinary sight arrested his eyes. The rays of the sinking sun illumined a gulf of ice, looking like a vast crystal cavern, in the midst of which was the figure of a man lying flat on his back, with apparently open eyes, and hands folded across his breast. Horror-struck, the peasant nearly lost his footing; but recovering himself, looked once more. He had not been mistaken; there was the figure at the bottom, to all appearance fast asleep, stretched out at its ease. Sooner than he thought, he arrived at the Chalet de la Gelaise, where

he made known his discovery. It was too late to revisit the cave; but at break of dawn the next morning a party of mountaineers set out for the spot. The crystal sarcophagus was soon found, and the bolder of the company was let down to the icy depths, from which he brought in his arms the body of a young man, frozen, and hard as stone, yet looking fresh and life-like.

Two elderly peasants at once recognized the features as those of the pilgrim of Passy, mysteriously lost nineteen years ago. Embalmed in ice, decay had not yet touched his flesh, and he had lain undisturbed in his crystal coffin while a generation of men had passed away over his head. The discoverers came to the conclusion to carry their burden at once to Passy. There was no choice of conveyance, the only one being the crochets or hook, fastened to the shoulders, on which all loads are transported in the Alps. To the hook accordingly the frozen body was fastened in a sitting posture, with upright hand and feet hanging to the ground. Thus the pilgrim, dead nineteen years, was carried to his former home, through snow fields and glaciers, across fields and meadows, extending over near a score of miles. Fastened still to the crochets, the body of the young man was left at the cottage of the young widow of Passy—now young no more, but an elderly, gray-haired woman. The son, who had never before seen his father, made a wooden coffin, and to honor his memory, kept the body in state for twenty-four hours. Then, at the ringing of the bells, and accompanied by all the inhabitants of the village, the pilgrim was carried to his last resting-place, never more to be disturbed by mortal hands.

A HARD CASE.—There is now in this city a gentleman by the name of Nathaniel Ferguson, whose fortune has been one of peculiar hardship. He was one of the early settlers of Texas; was in many of the early Indian battles of that country, and at the battle of San Jacinto he was so badly wounded that he has been compelled to go upon crutches from that time up to the outbreak of the present rebellion. Such had been his prudence and industry, that notwithstanding his lameness, he had acquired a comfortable independence; but when the rebels obtained power in Texas, after they had taken all the forts, arms and munitions of war, sent there for the defense of that country, they gave him twenty days in which to support the Southern Confederacy or to leave the country under the penalty of being hanged if found in the Confederacy after that time. He chose to leave the country, and all his property, to the amount of about ten thousand dollars, was confiscated by the rebels. He was one of the first to abandon Texas on account of his Union principles, and like thousands of others who left the South because of their love for the old flag, he is here amongst us in wholly destitute circumstances, and one of the worst cripples it is possible to find.—Virginia Union.

ENCOURAGEMENT TO LOVERS.—In his discourse lately delivered in New York city, at the Broadway Church, on the "Sanctities of the Threshold," Rev. Dr. Chapin took occasion to condemn in vigorous language the prevalent notion and silly talk about the unhappiness of married life. He argued that unhappiness in that condition was the exception and not the rule, and that the vast majority of young men and young women would be happier as well as better by entering into married life. He also declaimed against the present fashionable and extravagant style of living, and against the idea that young married couples must begin life in the same style maintained at home by their parents. The sermon was listened to by a very large congregation, though the above features of it were by no means its most eloquent thoughts.

A friend that you may buy with presents will be brought from you.