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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, MAY 20, 1865.

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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

B. F. DOWELL, Proprietor.

Subscription.—For One year, in advance, Four Dollars; if paid within the first six months of the year, five dollars; if not paid until the expiration of the year, six dollars. Advertisements.—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.

I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge No. 10.

Regular meetings on every Saturday evening except the first Saturday of each month, and on Friday before the first Saturday in each month, at the Masonic Hall. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend. ORANGE JACOBS, N. G. Newman Fisher, R. Sec'y. Trustees.—J. M. Sutton, Wm. Ray and S. J. Day.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.

HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. JOHN E. ROSS, W. M. C. W. SAVAGE, Sec'y.

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.

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 Service promptly collected. Oct. 18.

J. H. STINSON,

ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, AT LAW, Albany, Lin county, Oregon. Oct 22/61

J. S. HOWARD,

SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. Residence near the South end of Oregon street. January 2, 1864. Office at his residence on Oregon street

DR. L. S. THOMPSON,

OFFICE CITY DRUG STORE, RESIDENCE Opposite the County Jail. Jacksonville, Ogn. Dec 24/61

W. G. T'VAULT,

Attorney and Counsellor AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. Office at residence on California Street. All business entrusted to his care promptly attended to. Jan 14/61

PETER BRITT,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST 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 his new Gallery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and sit for your likenesses.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK.

Dr. Overbeck would announce to the citizens of Jackson county and vicinity, that he has returned to Jacksonville and resumed the practice of medicine. He will always be found at his old stand, the Overbeck Hospital, unless absent from professional business. He would respectfully solicit a renewal of former patronage.

OSBORN & SESSIONS,

PURCHASING AND COMMISSION AGENTS, 619 Merchant St., San Francisco, Cal. Having had extensive experience in both Wholesale and retail trade, we feel confident that to COUNTRY MERCHANTS desiring a resident agent, or to an occasional purchaser, we can offer superior inducements.

Geo W. Osborn,

Formerly with CAMPBELL, PIERSON & Co., Wholesale dealers in fine clothing, San Francisco.

E. C. Sessions,

Formerly with C. R. GOODWIN & Co., Wholesale Grocers, San Francisco; also, BAUNBY & Wade, Jacksonville, Oregon.

REFER BY PERMISSION TO

A. WOOD, boot and shoe dealer, San Francisco. L. H. BENNETT & CO., Hardware Dealers, San Francisco. C. W. BELL, Ameyor, San Francisco. CHAS. & FERRIS, Wool Dealers, San Francisco. March 25, 1865.

FIRE! FIRE!!

The only Insurance Company that can legally do business in Oregon is the Pacific. They have complied with the laws of Oregon, by depositing \$50,000 in the State. Cash capital \$750,000.

SAGHS & BROS Agents,

Jacksonville, February 20th, 1865. Tel 25/61

LITTLE JO.

BY ETHEL LYNN.

What will the birds do, mother, this spring—The little brown birds that come to the door?

Will they tap on the window, or hop on the step. Asking why little Jo wanders out nevermore?

What will the kitten do, mother, alone? Will she stop in her frolics a day?

Or lie on the rug by the side of my bed As she did when I once went away?

And Tiger,—oh, mother, love Tiger for me. For I know he will mourn for me true;

So keep him when idle and useless he grows, Sleeping all the long summer day through.

And show him my coat so he will not forget Little master who then will be dead;

And speak to him softly and often of "Jo," And strook slowly his shaggy black head.

And what will old Thomas, the gardener, say. When they ask for white blossoms for me?

Will he gather the rose he has tended so long. The first fairest bloom on the tree?

I have seen the tears come in his honest old eyes— Though he told me the wind brought them there—

As he looked at my cheek growing thinner each day. While his hand trembled over my hair.

And dear Uncle Jack, in the far away camp. Will look sad over the letter you'll write;

Only say, dearest mother, "Jo's gone to the front. Marching nearer and nearer the light."

And you, mother, darling— You will miss me awhile, But in heaven no larger I'll grow;

So any kind angel will know when you ask At the gate for your own little Jo.

COREY OLANUS ON DOMESTIC AFFAIRS.

It is a good thing for men to pay attention to their families.

Provided they have one. Married men generally have. So have I. It is the natural consequence of getting married.

Families, like everything else are more expensive than they used to be. Shoes and clothes cost a sight now-a-days, and children have mostly good appetites.

Boys will be boys. They can't help it. They were born so. It is their destiny to tear their trousers, and wear out two pairs of boots per month; keeping their blessed mamma constantly employed like a besieged garrison, repairing breeches; and their unfortunate papa paying out currency under a strong conviction that there is nothing like "leather"—to wear out.

I tried copper-toed boots on my heel. The copper wore well, and I have an idea that copper boots would be a good idea, but I couldn't find a metallic shoemaker to carry it out.

Mrs. O.L. also become attached to copper, and thought it would be an improvement and save sewing, if boys' pantaloons were like ships and teakettles, copper-bottomed. The suggestion was A No. 1., but we haven't tried it yet.

Copper so run in my head at the time that O'Pake called me a Copperhead.

This was the origin of the term.

Mrs. O.L. is a managing woman. She makes trousers for our son, Alexander Themistocles, out of mine when I have done with them. He can wear out three to my one, ordinarily, and I have to wear out my clothes faster now to keep him supplied.

I once suggested that it might be with in the resources of art and industry to make him a new pair out of new material.

Mrs. O.L. said positively it couldn't be done. It would ruin us, she concluded by saying it was cheaper to cut up a pair I paid twelve dollars for.

I subsequently found on enquiry that the cloth for the purpose would cost about two dollars.

I ventured to tell Mrs. O.L. of it, expecting a triumph of foresight over female lack of judgment.

She gave me a look of scorn as she asked me if I had enquired the price of trimmings.

Trimmings, I suppose means buttons and things.

In addition to clothes the scion of our house runs up other expenses.

But what is the expense compared to the joy a father feels, when after a day of laborious exercise at the office wrestling with a steel pen, he returns to his domestic retreat, and is met at the gate by a smiling cherubim, who in tones that go to the fond parent's heart, and makes him forget his troubles, and meets him with—

"Hallo, pa, give me a penny!"

Your hand instinctively goes down to the seat of your affections, your pocket, and draws forth the coveted coin, which is promptly invested in molasses candy.

OWNING A FARM.

Somehow it appears that almost every man that has been city-bred feels at times a strong desire to settle down among the trees and green fields, from vague and undefined belief that the country is the place where human life attains the highest development. He cherishes a hope, though perhaps a faint one, that he may yet possess a country home, where he may tranquilly pass his latter years, far away from city tumults and trials. This hope is founded on the instinctive desire there is in human nature to possess some portion of the earth's surface. I know that one looks with indescribable interest at an acre of ground which is his own. I am sure there is something remarkable about my trees. I have a stake of property in every sunset over my own hills, and there is perpetual pleasure in sight of that glowing landscape at my own door. I have found ten acres enough; and I know well what pleasures, interests and compensations are to be found in the little affairs of that limited tract. The windows of the snug library, into which I retire in Winter, looked out across the garden on the blank gable of my barn. When I came here it was rough and unsightly, but now that homely garb is a blank no longer. Every inch is clustered over with climbing roses, honeysuckles and variegated ivy, in whose tangled mass of vine and foliage the song-birds build in Summer, while to the same annual granary the snow birds come in flocks to gather seeds in Winter. Though I could not aspire to being a gentleman farmer, seeing that I came to make my fortune, not to spend one, yet I have sought to make farming a sort of social science, in which not only the head and hands could be employed, but the sympathies of the heart enlarged and elevated. In short to establish a home for the family.

I desire no association with the man or boy who would wantonly kill the birds that sing so cheerfully around our dwellings and on our farms; he is fitted to treason and murder. Who among us does not, with the freshness of early morning, call up the memory of the gurgle of his infancy and childhood; the robins nest in the old cherry tree, and the nest of young chirping birds in the currant bush; the flowers planted by his mother, and nurtured by his sister? In all our wanderings the memory of childhood's birds and flowers is associated with that of mother, sister and our early home. As you would have your children intelligent, virtuous and happy, and their memory in after life, or early home a pleasant or repulsive one, so make your farms or children's homes as your business of life, then adorn that business throughout. If you would inspire your own children and your neighbors with the nobleness of your business, then draw about you such an array of beauty as no one but the cultivator of the soil can collect. Let every foot of your soil show the touch of refinement. While you are arranging your fields for convenient and successful cropping, let it be done with order and neatness. While building the fence, let it be beautiful as well as substantial. While arranging your vegetable gardens and orchards, do not overlook geometrical regularity. Do not, on any account, omit the planting of flowers and various kinds of fruit trees.—*Ten Acres Enough.*

Rev. Dr. Adams, of Philadelphia, in his recent Thanksgiving discourse, speaking of an early morning call upon Mr. Lincoln, made the following statement:

"Morning came and I hastened my toilet, and found myself, at a quarter to five, in the waiting room of the President. I asked the usher if I could see Mr. Lincoln. He said I could not. 'But I have an engagement to meet him this morning.' 'At what hour?' 'At five o'clock.' 'Well, sir, he will see you at five.' I then walked to and fro for a few minutes, and hearing a voice as if in grave conversation, I asked the servant:—'Who is talking in the other room?' It is the President, sir. 'Is anybody with him?' 'No, sir, he is reading the Bible.' 'Is that his habit so early in the morning?' 'Yes, sir, he spends every morning from four o'clock to five, in reading the Scripture and praying.'"

The editor of the *Eglantine* says: The girls in Connecticut, who are remarkable for industry, drink a pot of yeast before going to bed, to make them rise early in the morning.

"Why does father call mother honey?" asked a boy of his older brother. "Can't tell unless its because she has a comb in her head."

A gentleman seeing a number of cows in a field, observed "he didn't wonder the grass didn't get high as it was cowed down."

Why are Grant, Sherman and Sheridan the most extensive tanners of the age? Because they have tanned the whole Southern Confederacy.

ARMY BUMMERS!

A correspondent of the *N. Y. Tribune*, with Sherman in his march through the Carolinas, describes as follows an enterprising class of foragers known in the army as "bummers," "smoke-house rangers," and "do boys:"

A bummer is an individual who, by favor of a wagon-master becomes possessed of a broken down mule, or else start, if needs be, on foot in either case, of course armed with his musket. He makes his way into the enemy's country, finds horses in numbers by help of the negroes, hitches a team to a wagon, loads on it all the stores and supplies he can find in the nearest house, mounts his negroes on the rest of the horses, and returns with his spoils. He never objects to gold watches or silver plate "if he can find them in a swamp a mile from any house." These men were stragglers, not in rear but in front of the army, and they went before it like a cloud, being of ten twenty or thirty miles in advance of the head of the column. They would fight anything. Three "bummers" together would attack a company of rebel cavalry, and in favorable circumstances would disperse them and capture their booty. With the exception of Columbia alone, every town in South Carolina through which the army passed were first entered by the "bummers." At Chesterfield they were two days and a half ahead of the army, the whole corps having congregated at this point. They rigged up two logs of cannon, sent a flag ahead into the town, which was occupied by a detachment of Butler's division of cavalry, demanded its surrender, frightened off the rebel cavalry and entered the town in grand procession of broken down mules, ragged "bummers," and the "Quaker guns." The coat-tails of the rebels disappeared at one end of the town as the "do-boys" entered at the other.

When the army was marching toward Medway, as above described, a smoke-house ranger was seen rushing towards the front, with an old bit of carpet on his mule for a blanket, and a couple of ropes with nooses for stirrups, in which his feet rested. This hero came rushing up to Gen. Howard, and shouted out: "General, the bummers have taken the railroad, and are in line of battle, fighting to hold it, and if you'll only hurry up, I think they'll hold it." The General did hurry up, and found the railroad, as the smoke ranger had said, in possession of about seven bummers, who were busily engaged skirmishing at long range with a detachment of Wheeler's cavalry.

THE OREGON RAILROAD BILL.—This measure, which we supposed had passed, seems to have failed. The *Bulletin* attributes its failure to Conness and scores him as follows:

"A bill granting ten sections of land per mile along the route of the Oregon and California railroad, to aid in the construction of that enterprise, which has been undertaken by companies in both the States named, was introduced by Congressman Cole in the House of Representatives at the last session of Congress. Washington telegrams and correspondence here led to the belief that the bill had passed the ordeal of both Houses and become a law; but it seems this was an error. It passed the House with difficulty, though at a late day in the session, and would easily have passed the Senate and become a law but for the unwillingness of Mr. Conness to take hold of it, as requested at an early day, and have it reported upon by the proper committee, so that it could be acted upon immediately on coming from the House. The only reason assigned by Mr. Conness for refusing to interest himself in the matter, as we are informed by good authority, was that he did not wish to have anything to do with a measure originating with Mr. Cole, whom he regards with a jaundiced eye. It is not creditable to the Senator that he allows his personal animosities and jealousies to interfere with the performance of his public duty. The passage of this bill was asked for by the joint resolutions of the California and Oregon legislatures, and would have secured the early commencement of railroads at the two termini of the route, for capitalists here and at the East had taken an interest in the project, and were only waiting the extension of public aid. The Oregon Legislature had expressed its sense of the importance of the proposed improvement by enacting a law which provides for levying a tax of one mill on the dollar on all property in the State, which will realize about \$40,000 per annum, to be applied to the payment of interest on the construction bonds of the company which has in charge the Oregon half of the work. The measure will be presented to the next Congress, when it is to be hoped its friends will trust its fate in the Senate to other hands than those of a Senator with whom an unreasonable private grudge has more influence than considerations of public policy and duty."

WANTED.

"A young man of unquestionable respectability desires to open a correspondence with some young lady of education and refinement, with a view to matrimony. Address, Howard, Box 304, N. Y. P. O."

Such was the advertisement that arrested my attention as I was listlessly glancing down the columns of the daily paper I held in my hand. What an unpleasant day it was! The streets, under a drenching rain, were deserted, save by a few pedestrians, who, kept abroad by necessity, came straggling along, looking particularly miserable. I had exhausted every source of amusement, read until my head ached, practiced all my new music, and at last, in a terrible fit of *ennui*, had thrown myself down on the sofa, and in despair seized the paper, hoping to find something to interest me in that.

I do not, and never did, approve of matrimonial advertisements; who then can tell what evil spirit prompted me to answer the above? But so it was, and after several attempts and much waste of notepaper, I succeeded to my own satisfaction in penning a reply. Days passed away, and I had almost forgotten the circumstance, when the arrival of a letter addressed to Miss Alice Dunbar (my assumed name) recalled the affair to my mind.

I am a little particular on the subject of letters; have a decided antipathy to scented pink notepaper and fancy envelopes with excruciating devices of arrow pierced hearts and adipose capids. The mistake I held in my hands was perfectly free from anything that could possibly offend the most fastidious taste. The envelope was a good substantial one, spotlessly white, and the address was written in a bold, legible hand, which immediately prepossessed me in the writer's favor. The contents did not belie the exterior. The language was elegant, the orthography and composition faultless. Here, I suppose, I should have dropped the correspondence at once and forever, but the temptation was too great to be resisted, and so it happened that many letters were exchanged between us, and I learned to watch anxiously for the arrival of those interesting epistles, that never deviated from the manly style in which the first was written. He did not fill his letters with a dissertation on love, that would have disgusted me immediately; but there was a happy mixture of the all-important subject with the latest news of the day, criticisms on popular authors, chit-chat about the opera, drama, etc., and, above all, a tone of patriotism and devotion to the good old flag that won my heart more than anything else. Need I tell how deeply interested I became in my unknown friend?—how much I thought of him during the day, and even foolishly dreamed of him at night?

At length he became anxious to see his correspondent, and the desire was mutual. A meeting was appointed at the house of the friend who had kindly received all my letters. For days before the eventful occurrence I was one of the most restless mortals that ever inhabited this mundane sphere. Being extremely desirous of making a favorable impression, my ugly little plump appeared to me uglier than ever, and no one can tell with what feelings of consternation I watched the growth of an almost invisible pimple that most inopportunistly made its appearance at the end of my nose.

At last the day came, and in my friend's own room I awaited his coming. Presently the bell rang, and shortly after the servant, previously instructed, announced his arrival. Tremblingly I descended the stairs, and pausing an instant at the parlor door to recover my composure, turned the knob and entered. The heavy curtains were partially dropped over the windows, leaving the room in a sort of delicious twilight, just the thing for such a meeting. My unknown friend had not heard my entrance, and stood with his elbow resting on the mantelpiece, examining a painting which hung above it. Something in the careless grace of the attitude struck me as familiar, but before I had time to comment upon it, some slight sound I made in advancing attracted his attention, and turning round he approached me with extended hand. I gave him mine, and timidly raising my eyes to his face, met the well-known blue orbs of my uncle!

For a moment we were so overwhelmed with astonishment that neither uttered a word; but when we partially recovered from our bewilderment and the realization of our absurdly ludicrous position burst full upon us, what ringing peals of laughter echoed and reechoed through those rooms, while, through it all, tears of vexation and disappointment filled my eyes. How suddenly my beautiful air-castles had faded into nothingness! Of course there was nothing left for it but to take up our "line of march" for the parental roof, which, after mutual confessions, we accordingly did, feeling excessively foolish, but thoroughly cured of any penchant for matrimonial advertisements.

JOSH BILLINGS, REAL ESTATE AGENT.

I can sell for eighteen hundred and thirty nine dollars, a pallas, a sweet and pensive retirement, located on the virgin banks of the Hudson, containing 85 acres. The land is luxuriously divided by the hand of nature and art, into pasture and tillage, into plain and declivity, into stern abruptness and the dalliance of moss-tufted meadow; streams of sparkling gladness, (thick with trout) dans through this wilderness of buty, to the low music of the cricket and grasshopper. The evergreen sighs at the evening zephyr flirts through its shadowy bozzum, and the aspen trembles like the love-smitten heart of a damsell. Fruits of the tropics, in golden buty, melt on the bows, and the bees go heavy and sweet from the fields to their garnering hives.

The mansion is of Parian marble, the porch is a single diamond, set with rubia and the mother of pearl; the floors are of rosewood, and the celias are more beautiful than the stary vault of heaven. Hot and cold water bubbles and squirts in every apartment, and nothing is wanting that a poet could pra for, or art could portray.

The stables are worthy of the steeds of Akilles, and its henary was built expressly for the birds of paradise; while sombre in the distance, like the cave of hermit, glimpses are caught of the dorgh-house. Here poets have cum and warbled their lase—here sculptors have skulpt, here painters have robbed the scene of dreamy landscapes, and here the philosopher discovered the stun, which made him the alchemist of nature. Nex northward of the thing of buty, sleeps the residence and domain of the Duke John Smith; while southward and nearer the spice breathing tropics, may be seen the baronial villy of Earl Brown and the Duchesse, Whibly Betsy Stevens. Walls of primiff rock, laid in Roman cement bound the estate, while upward and downward, the eye catches, far away, the majesta and slow grander of the Hudson. As the young morn hangs like a curtain of silver from the bla breast of the skl, an angel may be seen each night dancing with golden tiptoes on the green. (N. B.—This angel goes with the place.) Diagrams can be seen at the office of the broker. Terms flattering. Nun but principals delt with. Title as pure as the breath of a white male infant, and possession given with the law. For a more full diskriphun read Ovid's art of luv, or kall (in your carriage) on Josh Billings, Real Estate Agent.

BERIAH BROWN.—This individual, said to be a rebel all the way from Maine, came passenger on the *Orianda* from San Francisco. It is supposed he is traveling awhile until the excitement concerning him is somewhat allayed. On the trip he had considerable to say about his grievances and losses. We certainly don't believe in mob law and have no exceptions to make in its favor against him, but we incline to the belief that the rioters were fully as peaceably and legally, so far as the sense of right is concerned, in emptying his office, as he and his crew were when filling it. We can favor and compliment Beriah to this extent, to say that there is in this State a paper fully as disloyal though not as ably edited as his was, which can get down to a lower, meaner degree of wiliness than he could, because there is not a pretense of decency connected with it.

The above was written when we had only heard of Beriah. Since then we have seen him, and must perforce continue the sketch. In less than two minutes after we met he introduced himself as a "fugitive." He spoke of "anarchy" which he had "felt," and the lugubrious tone he took quite overcame us. How could we doubt him when he said he had ever been loyal, and an unconditional Union Democrat. How could we help feeling sad when his long countenance grew longer? for an expanded visage is the saddest thing in life. Beriah is a Yankee—one of the very paritancal cusses Pat Malone is down upon. He looks like a long-limbed pedagogue—lineal descendant of Ichabod Crane—troubled with "unconditional Union Democracy" and "anarchy" on the brain. It is evident that he can hardly express, much less repress, the impressions that oppressed him when his *Press* was impressed into the service by an irrepressible mob, for the express purpose of committing "anarchy." Beriah is a depressed "fugitive," and we wish him much better luck in a much better cause.—*Oregonian*, May 13th.

The Worcester *Transcript* knows a man so mean that he won't draw his breath for fear of losing interest.

"I'm transported to see you," as the convict said to the kangaroo.

Marrying a woman for her beauty is like eating a bird for its singing.

Why is the letter S like a good dinner? Because it comes before T (tea).