

The Oregon Sentinel.

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, JULY 1, 1865.

VOL. X.—NO. 24

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, six dollars; if not paid until the expiration of the year, six dollars.

I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge

No. 10, holds its regular meetings on every Saturday evening at the Masonic Hall.

Brother is good standing are invited to attend. ORANGE JACOBS, N. G., Secretary—R. S. Day, Treasurer—J. M. Sutton, Wm. Ray and S. J. Day.

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

Holds its regular communication on the Wednesday Evenings on the preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

JOHN E. ROSS, W. M., C. W. SUGAR, Sec'y.

JACOBS & RUSSELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. Other 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 Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

T. T. CABANISS, M. D.

Late of Yreka, Cal. —WILL PRACTICE—

Medicine and Surgery

—IN— HICKMAN AND ADJACENT COUNTIES, JACKSONVILLE, June 10th. July 10th.

TAKE NOTICE!

THE STEAMSHIP DEL NORTE will sail from San Francisco for Green Bay City on the

5th & 20th OF EACH MONTH. For freight or passage inquire of Jesse Hildreth, Agent, corner of Front and Jackson Streets, San Francisco.

HUGH S. WALL, Agents, Green Bay City, Cal. Green Bay City May 23d, '65.

J. E. HOWARD,

SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Residence near the South end of Oregon Street. January 2, 1861.

Office at his residence on Oregon Street.

DR. L. & THOMPSON,

CITY DRUG STORE, Opposite the County Jail, Jacksonville, Ogn. dec 24th.

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 1st.

PETER BRITT,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST AS 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 like your likeness.

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 on professional business. He would respectfully solicit the patronage of former patrons.

242 D. MIX S. E. FARGO.

MIX & FARGO,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW, WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

Office over Bank Exchange, Main Street, will practice in all the Courts of the First Judicial District, also the Supreme Court. Collections promptly attended to. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention. July 31st.

A. B. LANGFORD,

W. G. LANGFORD, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, WALLA WALLA CITY, W. T.

One door west of Eyer & Reese's Brick Store. July 31st.

F. B. FARGO,

NOTARY PUBLIC, WALLA WALLA, W. T.

Will take acknowledgments of deeds—Protest Notes and deeds made out at short notice and acknowledged. July 31st.

TOIL.

[For the Sentinel.] BY JANE WORTH.

Strive, strive, toil, toil, Life's weary journey through; There is no ease nor rest at all, For the many—not the few.

Toil for the wealth of gold; Toil for the scholar's meed; Toil for a name enrolled By brave illustrious deeds.

Strive the rich man will— Toil the poor man must; With heart and stomach to fill, No life is left to rust.

Strive 'till the brain is a wreck— Toil 'till the heart is a pain, Nor fear that the heart will break, Under the constant strain.

Yes, toil 'till the spirit is spent, Toil 'till the frame is worn; Toil for a hope is blest With the strife on our journey home.

Great eternal rest! How grateful, sweet, sublime! Oh, Christ! how much the best, After the toils of time. Ashland, Oregon.

EMMA.

[Written for the Sentinel.] BY E. C. HAWORTH.

Building for womanhood—full of grace yet love, wit and beauty in harmony met In thy fair being, when first they espied Thy fair visage on Life's swelling tide.

Lead on, little flower, burst into bloom; But, oh! light of our hearts, life of our home, Bloom but for the Master's hand.

Earth's recesses lie before thee in dazzling array, And call with enticements thy spirit away; Let them not from high purpose, not e'en for a while, Though enchanting they seem, thy pure spirit beguile.

But seek thou for purity—serve Him alone, Dear light of our hearts, life of our home, Bloom out for the Master's hand.

Oh, soon he will call thee, transplanting thee where Mere balmy the skies are, and softer the air; Where all is more beautiful, richer, more rare.

Then ever look up, be thy sky dark or fair; Oh, ever look upward, to Heaven's bright dome, Light of our hearts, life of our home, And bloom on for the Master's hand.

LAY STILL, SONNY.—We have heard of funny things occurring in railroad cars, but nothing to exceed the incident related in the following story: A Parkersburg (W. V.) paper says that several members of the legislature took the cars at Granton late in the evening for wheeling, and among the number was a Mr. G. of somewhat large proportions, physically, and Mr. D. of proportional undersize. These two, the stalwart Mr. G. and the smooth-faced little Mr. D., took a berth together, it seems, in a sleeping car. The little man laid behind and the good natured, waggish Mr. G. before. Mr. D. was sleeping and snoring furiously. Mr. G., more restless under the legislative burdens, soon arose and was sitting by a stove, when an elderly lady came aboard and desired a sleeping berth. "All right, madam," said Mr. G., "I took a berth with my son, and you can occupy my place in that berth where my boy is sleeping." Taking Mr. G. at his word, the lady disrobed and lay down with the boy. After a quiet repose of some time, the boy, Mr. D., became restless for some cause, and began to kick around, to the annoyance of the old lady. So, in a maternal manner, she patted the boy on the back, and said: "Lie still, sonny. Pa said that I might sleep with you." "Who are you?" said the legislator. "I'm no boy! I'm a member of the West Virginia Legislature." The old lady swooned.

NO ADVANTAGE.—THE IRISHMAN AND THE BOB-TAILED ROOSTER.—An Irishman, employed on a farm, was told by the farmer that one of his duties would be to feed the chickens. This he did daily; but he observed with much concern, that when he gave them their corn-meal padding, an old drake that was among the flock shovelled it in with his broad bill, much faster than the chickens could do. At last an idea struck him. One evening, as usual, while Pat was distributing padding to his fowls, he commenced soliloquizing in the following manner: Arrah, be J—, an' here ye are agone, ye d—d spoon-bill quadruped; ye lay under the barn all day, and when I say chicky, chicky, be St. Patrick, ye are the first one here, an' ye pick up three month's fall all in one; an' now, be jabbers, an' I'll fix ye for that, an' so I will! Sure enough, Pat told the drake close up to him, and made a grab and nabbed him. 'An' it's welcome ye are, blast yer ugly picture; when I'm done ye'll not pick up more nor yer share! With that Pat got out his knife and trimmed the drake's bill, off sharp and slim like a chicken's, and then exhibiting thim him down, saying, 'Now be jabbers, ye can pick up the feed 'long side the bob tail rooster.

LIST OF PREMIUMS, 1865.

Class 3d, Sheep.

NO. 1.—AMERICAN (cross-breed) MEXICAN. Best single ewe \$ 5 8 3

" lamb 3 2 " buck, 3 years and upward 10 5

" 1 " 5 3 Best ewe and lamb 5 3

" three lambs 5 3 " sample of wool, quality and weight 3 2

NO. 2.—AUSTRALIAN MERINO. Same premium as number 1.

NO. 3.—SPANISH MERINOS. Same premiums as number 1.

NO. 4.—FRENCH MERINOS. Same premiums as number 1. Committee on Nov. 1 to 4.

Alfred Lewellyn, Hillsboro, Superintendent; H. Perkins, Woolen Factory, Salem; R. C. Geer, Silverton, Marion county; Benj. Stewart, North Yamhill.

NO. 5.—SCOTCHWOLLS. Same premiums as number 1.

NO. 6.—NEW OXFORDSHIRE. Same premiums as number 1.

NO. 7.—LINCOLNSHIRE. Same premiums as number 1.

NO. 8.—COTSWOLDS. Same premiums as number 1.

MO. 9.—GRADED SHEEP FOR WOOL AND MUTTON. Best buck 8 5

" ewe 5 3 NO. 10.—FAT SHEEP. Best pair wethers 8 5

" ewes 3 2 " lambs 3 2

Best buck for wool and mutton of any breed 8 5

NO. 11. Best Shepherd's dog. 6

Committee on Nov. 5 to 11. David Guthrie, Dallas, Polk county, Superintendent; Wm. Wyatt, Corvallis, Benton county; Wm. Balder, Hillsboro, Washegton county; Thos. Smith, Winchester, Umpqua county.

Class 4, Swine and Poultry.

NO. 1.—SUFFOLK. Best boar, 2 years and upward 10 5

" 1 " 8 4 " 6 months and not one year old 5 3

Best sow, 2 years and upward 8 5 " 1 " 5 3

" 6 months and not one year old 4 2

Best litter of not less than 6 pigs under 6 months 5 3

" fat hog 5 3

NO. 2.—ESSEX. Same premiums as number 1.

NO. 3.—Berkshire. Same premiums as number 1.

NO. 4.—GRADED. Same premiums as number 1.

NO. 5.—POULTRY. Best lot of white dorkings, 1 cock and two hens 3 2

" gray or speckled 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" black Spanish, 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" white Poland 3 2 " black " 3 2

" golden " 3 2 " silver " 3 2

" red or buff Shanghai 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" white Shanghai 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" bantams, gold lace 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" bantams, silver faced, 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" Bolton grays, 1 cock and 2 hens 3 3

" Brahma Pootra, 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" Coshia China 1 cock & 2 hens 3 2

" other foreign variety 1 cock and 2 hens 3 2

" native, not less than 6 3 2

Turkeys. Best lot, 1 cock and 2 hens 4 2

Ducks. Best lot, 1 drake and 2 hens 4 2

Geese. Best pair common 4 2

" Bremen 4 2

" white China 4 2

" brown 4 2

" wild gray 4 2

Guinea Fowls. Best lot 5 3

Best pair, white 5 3

Best lot, cock and hen 10 5

NO. 6.—BARNUM. Best pair common white 3 2

" Jap-sared 3 2

Largest lot of Canary birds 5 3

Committee. Febricit Smith, Salem, Superintendent; Dennis, Corvallis, Benton county; Hiram Smith, Multnomah county; Wm. Vaughn, Lane county, Willamette Forks P. O. [End of Class 4.]

TALLEYRAND AND ARNOLD.

There was a day when Talleyrand arrived in Havre, hot foot from Paris. It was the darkest hour of the French Revolution. Paralyzed by the bloodbaths of this reign of terror, stripped of every wreck of property and power, Talleyrand secured a passage to America in a ship about to sail. He was to be a beggar and a wanderer in a strange land, compelled to earn his daily bread by his daily labor.

"Is there an American staying at your house?" he asked the landlord of the hotel. "I am bound to cross the water, and would like a letter to a person of influence in the New World.

The landlord hesitated a moment and then replied: "There is a gentleman up stairs either from America or Britain, and whether an American or Englishman I cannot tell."

He pointed the way, and Talleyrand who, in his life, was bishop, prince and prime minister, ascended the stairs. A miserable suppliant, he stood before the stranger's door, knocked and entered.

In the far corner of a dimly lighted room sat a man some fifty years of age, his arms folded and his head bowed on his breast. From a window directly opposite a flood of light poured upon his forehead. His eyes looked from beneath his downcast brows and gazed upon Talleyrand's face with a peculiar and searching expression.

His face was striking in outline; the mouth and chin indicative of an iron will. His form, vigorous even with the snows of fifty, was clad in a dark but rich and distinguished costume.

Talleyrand advanced—stated that he was a fugitive—and under the impression that the gentleman before him was an American, solicited his kind and friendly offices.

He poured out his history in eloquent French and broken English: "I am a wanderer and an exile. I am forced to fly to the New World, without a friend or home. You are an American. Give me, then, I beseech you, a letter from you that I may be able to earn my bread. I am willing to toil in any manner; the scenes of Paris have seized me with horror, so that a life of labor would be a paradise to a career of luxury in France. You will give me a letter to your friends? A gentleman like you has doubtless many friends."

The strange gentleman rose. With a look that Talleyrand never forgot, he retreated towards the door of the next chamber, his eye looking still from his darkened brow.

He spoke as he retreated backward; his voice was full of meaning. "I am the only man born in the New world who can raise his hand to God and say, I have not a friend, not one, in all America."

Talleyrand never forgot the overwhelming sadness of the look that accompanied these few words.

"Who are you?" he cried as the strange man retreated towards the next room; "what is your name?"

"My name he replied, with a smile that had more of mockery than joy in its convulsive expression; "my name is Benedict Arnold."

He was gone. Talleyrand sank into a chair gasping the words: "Arnold the traitor!"

Thus he wandered over the earth, another Cain, with the wanderer's mark upon his brow.

A WORD TO MOTHERS.—Each mother is a historian. She writes not the history of empires or of nations on paper, but she writes her own history on the imperishable mind of her child. The tablet and that history will remain indelible when time shall be no more. That history each mother will meet again, and read with eternal joy or unutterable grief in the far coming ages of eternity. This thought should weigh on the mind of every mother, and render her deeply circumspect, prayerful and faithful in her solemn work of training up her children for heaven and immortality. The minds of her children are very susceptible and easily impressed. A word, a look, a frown, may engrave an impression on the mind of a child which no lapse of time can efface or wash out. You walk along the sea shore when the tide is out and you form characters, or write words, or names in the smooth, white sand, which is spread out so clear and beautiful at your feet, according as your fancy may dictate; but the returning tide shall in a few hours wash out and efface forever all that you have written. Not as the lines and characters of truth or error, which your conduct imprints on the mind of your child. There you write impressions for the everlasting good or ill of your child which neither the floods nor the storms of the earth can wash out, nor Death's cold fingers erase, nor the slow moving ages of eternity obliterate. How careful, then, should each mother be of her treatment of her child. How prayerful, and how serious and how earnest to write on the mind those truths which shall be his guide and teacher when her voice shall be silent in death, and her lips no longer move in his behalf, in commending her dead child to her covenant God.

A BEAUTIFUL LETTER.

Our readers will remember, perhaps, the celebrated Yelverton case in England which occasioned much talk. The case is still pending. Meanwhile a letter from the pen of Mrs. Yelverton has found its way into print. It certainly deserves what the Lord Chancellor says of it—"One of the most beautiful he ever read." We clip a portion:

"The hills are white with daisy and the valleys green with fresh moss. The trees are all loaded with varied blossoms and the air is heavy with delicious odors—there is a south wind breathing warmth and telling me of you—all the little birds are chorusing in joyous melody—existence is a perfect bliss to them. Two of them are lovingly contemplating constructing a little settlement near my window, and there they are chattering and consulting about it all day long. Doubtless they have no uncle to prohibit their future visions of happiness on their little mud wall. I wish I was a bird to be able to choose another bird, and then sit in a tree and be sung to.

"The sea is as clear and bright as a mirror, or one's first dream of love; and the porpoises are splashing and rolling about in the very height of enjoyment. They all go swimming together, and do not condemn one to live solitary even in the loveliest sea grotto. The very insects go dancing and sparkling in the sunshine. They seem in a perfect ecstasy of delight, and never know when to stop. Their small humming makes an accompaniment to the rest of nature's music. Beautiful little flowers are clinging to and fraternizing grim old stones. Clear rippling water is whispering the sweetest things to loving, listening, mossy banks. All things have found a sympathizer but I alone; so you must come, and we'll amaying go.

"Why should men alone be discordant? Why should he not enjoy the lovely things of earth like all other created creatures? Why should he forever toil and never reap the fruit?"

[From the Sacramento Union.] A YANKEE NOTION.

This is a land of big ideas and big exploits. Your true Yankee shrinks from nothing because it happens to be new, and is not in a hurry to pronounce any scheme impracticable until he has tried it and absolutely failed. The size of his country opens his mind for grand conceptions; the natural obstacles already conquered gives him invincible faith in his faculty for achieving great things; the innovation successfully supplied here and copied in other lands, encourage the belief that it is his mission to teach the world by bold, incessant experiment. When the republic was undisturbed by treason, the live American boasted that we could run a government without taxes and be a great power without a standing army or enough ships of war to constitute a respectable fleet; that we could build more railroads, telegraphs and steamboats than any other people; and—sometimes, in ecstatic consciousness of indomitable force—that we "could lick all creation, dive deeper and stay under longer" than any other nation under the sun. When we found a bloody effort made to destroy the Government and were compelled to go to war, the Yankee was not only ready to attempt a conquest which an Old World chorus declared hopeless and impossible, but he could boast in the old spirit, that we could raise more soldiers, fight longer battles, make further marches, build a navy quicker, pile up a debt more rapidly, furnish more thieves contractors, and turn out more Nightingales than any other nation on the globe. Now that the war has been victoriously ended, the unwearied, irrepressible American divides his attention between teaching school in the South, showing shiftless planters how to manage farms without slaves, and discussing the national debt. His last notion is that this debt should be "wiped out." Not on Mississippi principles, however; he means that the amount should be paid. More than that, while the foreigner and fast friend of Jeff. Davis, "late of Richmond," are debating the probability of repudiation or waudering how the country will stand the necessary load of taxes, and while Hugh McCulloch is devising the ways and means to meet the interest on the debt in the regular European fashion, the Yankee, with a cool audacity which planted a paper-mill upon the tremendous brow of Niagara, and that contempt for precedents which undertook to conquer a vast country, without having a dollar in the treasury or a General who could command an army, proposes to pay off the little balance due by voluntary contribution! Three thousand millions of dollars! It is an appalling sum. The interest on that amount would have started our financiers before the war. A proposition to pay the national debt of England has been a standing joke in that realm for years. The most sanguine of her statesmen hardly ventures

to dream of a time when the burden shall be honorably discharged. France goes on borrowing and piling up debt, which nobody supposes will be paid, however wealthy and prosperous the empire may become. American statesmen alone refuse to consider a great national debt a "national blessing." Only an American could have the courage to propose to remove the burden at once by popular contribution.

The latest journals received by Overland Mail inform us that this peculiarly Yankee notion of paying off a huge national debt by subscription is attracting much attention in the East. The scheme was originally suggested by a wealthy citizen of Boston several months before the final campaign of the war was inaugurated. Since the suppression of the rebellion the project has been revived in the city of New York and put in more definite shape. A Gothamite merchant proposed that the debt, estimated at three thousand millions, should be divided into one hundred and fifty thousand shares of twenty thousand dollars each, and that the subscription should not be fixed at any figure. The Herald indorsed the proposition and agreed to subscribe for two shares. A dispatch to the St. Louis Republican says: "Comodore Vanderbilt promptly responded by taking twenty-five shares; Robert Bonner took two, and Henry A. Heiser's sons two." The Republican applauds the scheme, commends it to "the merchant millionaires of our country, including especially the men whom the war has enriched," and hopes the Government will stimulate the subscription by assigning to subscribers portions of the public lands at a reasonable valuation. It will be seen, therefore, that vast, unique and startling as this idea of wiping out the debt by voluntary subscription appears, it is not the wild conception of persons with less money than imagination, but the serious proposition of men accustomed to close calculation of dollars and cents, and having the ability to meet their share of the self-imposed tax. Thomas Allen, a wealthy citizen of New York, argues that, in view of the taxation rendered necessary to carry the national debt for ten or twenty years, there are many merchants, manufacturers and others of large property, who would probably save money, and certainly save a great deal of annoyance, by subscribing to erase the whole amount within a year. The list of millionaires might be exhausted without approaching a third of the total debt; but there would remain thousands of citizens who could afford to purchase shares by association, as money was raised for various charitable purposes during the war. And if the enormous figures of the debt should place its entire payment beyond the popular reach, suppose the aggregate should be reduced to a thousand millions by this subscription. That amount could be carried by the Government and gradually reduced, by comparatively light taxation. Industrial enterprise and trade would be relieved of an oppressive burden and spring forward with fresh and profitable energy. Even the reduction of the debt by such voluntary contribution, after the close of a struggle which has been represented abroad as leaving both sections of the Union in an exhausted condition, would furnish a startling proof of the wealth of the nation and make the credit of our Government superior to every other on the globe. But there are leading men in the East who believe it to be practicable to clear the slate, and, at any rate, the effort will be made.

BRIGHAM YOUNG'S EARLY KISSING EXPERIENCE.—A correspondent of the Auburn Advertiser tells the following story in connection with an oil well in Aurelius, Cayuga county, New York:

As an episode in the history of this remarkable well in Aurelius, it may not be uninteresting to state that Brigham Young, the apostle of Mormonism, assisted at the well in hoisting the loosened debris from the well. About this time Brigham took unto himself a wife, by marrying a beautiful and enchanting girl, the daughter of Joseph Works. Although quite young at the time, we remember the great impostor very well and have not forgotten the numerous scuffles between him and his lady during the hours of intermission at school. Brigham was always attempting to steal a kiss, and she would struggle to deprive him of the delicious pleasure. After a short struggle, she would seem to become exhausted, and then her little head, with its wealth of luxuriant curls, would fall gracefully upon his bosom, and then—

we being a bashful little boy—shame closed our eyes, and we only heard sounds resembling the rapid discharge of potato pop-guns. When the sounds ceased and we again opened our eyes, we saw that a blush of modesty tinged her cheeks, but she returned no word of complaint, and serenely seated her much wronged little self upon the harsh slab bench in the old log schoolhouse. At that time we thought Brigham a bold, wicked and cruel man, to take such advantages of a frail, modest, little girl. But we have since become a wiser and better man.