

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 21, 1865.

VOL. X.—NO. 40

J. ROW'S
Cigar Store!
Opposite Love & Bilger's, California st.,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

TOYS, TOYS, TOYS!
HOLIDAY GIFTS!

J. ROW informs the citizens of Jacksonville and the public generally that he has just received and offers for sale his superior stock of

HAVANA & IMITATION
CIGARS,
TOBACCOS, PIPES, FIGS,
CUTLERY, RAISINS,
Stationary & School-books
CANDY, NUTS,
TOYS, SUGARS,
ALBUMS, ETC.
Prices to suit the times. Call and
save your money.

A Large and Fine Assortment
of Willow Ware on hand,
for sale.

A large collection of the latest and best
Novels for circulation.
Dec. 19, 1865. J. ROW.

Happiness or Misery;
THAT IS THE QUESTION.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THE
MUSEUM OF ANATOMY AND
SCIENCE, have determined, regardless
of expense, to issue FREE (for the benefit
of the suffering humanity) four of their
most interesting and instructive
LECTURES on MARRIAGE, and its disquali-
fications: Nervous Debility, Premature
Decline of Manhood, Indigestion, Weak-
ness or Depression, Loss of Energy and Vi-
tal Power, the great Social Evil, and those
maladies that result from youthful follies,
excess of merriment, or ignorance of Physi-
ology and Nature's Laws.
These invaluable Lectures have been the
means of enlightening and saving thousands,
and will be forwarded FREE on receipt of
Twenty-five Cents in postage stamps, by
addressing "Scientific Pædic Museum of
Anatomy and Science, Fine Street, San
Francisco."
Letters to be sent through Wells
Fargo & Co.

\$5,000
REWARD.

The undersigned would most respectfully
call the attention of the public to their

NEW LIVERY
—AND—
FEED STABLE,

On Oregon Street, Jacksonville. We have
on hand a good supply of excellent Saddle
Horses, to F., and will soon have a stock of
buggies. We are determined to give satis-
faction to all who may favor us with their
patronage.
A good supply of feed constantly on hand.
PLYMALE & ROSS,
Jacksonville, January 21st, 1865.

TO THE
WOOL GROWERS
OF OREGON

THE undersigned having on hand a num-
ber of superior, thorough-bred Span-
ish or Vermont, Merino bucks, and a few
French Merino bucks, consisting of lambs,
yearlings and two-year-olds, assumes the
pleasure of informing the public, that he is
selling them very reasonably for cash.
The Spanish or Vermont Merino are de-
scribed direct from the stock of Edwin
Hammond, Vermont, and the French Mer-
inos from stock imported into Oregon by
Jones & Rockwell of Vermont.
An excellent opportunity is here offered
for stock masters to improve their stock.
The sheep can now be seen at the farm of
the undersigned, on the North Emquino
River, at the "Winchester Ferry." Like
vendors of merchandise, bought is charged
for exhibiting. THOMAS SMITH,
July 3.

WM. FAULKNER & SON,
IMPORTERS OF

CARDS & CARD STOCK
ALL COLORS, PRINTING INK,
All Colors—Bronzes, Varnish,
PRINTING PRESSES, TYPE

Printing Materials
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

OLD TYPE METAL.
Machinists may at all times be supplied
with old type metal by calling at
411, Clay Street,
SAN FRANCISCO.

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

Legal Tenders received at current rates.

I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge
No. 10, hold its reg-
ular meetings on every
Saturday evening at the
Masonic Hall.

Brothers in good standing are invited to
attend.
GEORGE P. FUNK, N. G.

HERMAN HELMS, R. Sec'y.

Trustees.—J. M. Sutton, Wm. Ray and
S. J. Day.

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

HOLD their regular communi-
cations the Wednesday Evening on
or preceding the full moon, in JACK-
SONVILLE, OREGON.

JOHN E. ROSS, W. M.

C. W. SAYRE, Sec'y.

ORANGE JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR

AT LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Office opposite the Court House.

All business committed to my 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 Ore-
gon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promp-
ly collected. Oct. 18.

T. T. CABANISS, M. D.

—WILL PRACTICE—

Medicine and Surgery

—IN—

JOSEPHINE & ADJOINING COS.

Jacksonville, June 10th. ju10lf

TAKE NOTICE!

THE STEAMSHIP DEL NORTE

will sail from San Francisco for Ore-
gon City on the

5th & 20th OF EACH MONTH.

For freight or passage inquire of Jesse
Holladay, Agent, corner of Front and Jack-
son streets, San Francisco.

DUGAN & WALL, Agents,
Crescent City, Cal.

Crescent City May 23d, '65. jc3nd

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

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Can be found either at the City Drug Store,
or his residence, one door below the Ex-
press Office, prepared to give prompt at-
tention to those requiring his services.
Jacksonville, Sept. 31st. dec23lf

PETER BRITT,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

IN PREPARED

TO TAKE PICTURES

IN EVERY STYLE

OF THE ART.

WITH ALL THE

LATE IMPROVEMENTS.

If Pictures do not give satisfaction, no
charges will be made. Call at his new Gal-
lery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and
sit for your likeness.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK.

Dr. Overbeck would announce to the citi-
zens 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 profession-
ally. He would respectfully solicit a
renewal of former patronage.

JAR. D. MIX S. B. FARGO.

MIX & FARGO,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS

AT LAW,

WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.

OFFICE over Back Exchange, Main
Street, will practice in all the Courts of
the First Judicial District, also the Su-
preme Court. Collections promptly at-
tended to. All business entrusted to our
care will receive prompt attention. ju3lf

F. B. FARGO,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

WALLA WALLA, W. T.

Will take acknowledgments of deeds—Pro-
test Notes and deeds made out at short no-
tice and acknowledged. ju3lf

Dissolution Notice.

THE undersigned has this day with-
drawn from the firm of Thomson &
Davis, and will continue the practice of
Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics, in
Jacksonville and vicinity, and solicits a
share of the patronage. Office at his resi-
dence at the old Murry Homestead.

T. L. DAVIS,
Dec. 13th, 1864. decl1lf

D. M. C. GAULT,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Office at B.F. Dowell's Office.

LOOK UPWARD.

Look upward, for the heavens mirror
one's destiny. There is no such thing as a
vacuum in nature. Nothing has been cre-
ated, nothing destroyed, since God flashed
light through the air, and saw that the
work was good. The atmosphere is but a
continuation of elements a little lighter than
those constituting water. In these ele-
ments life is germinated, and we exist!

All creation is composed of continuous
links, forming one great chain, a circle rest-
ing on a solid firmament. This circle was
broken when Adam fell. Floating out,
these severed, fractured ends rise and fall,
wandering, seeking to touch, to cement,
to be reunited. Still vibrating with this terrible blow,
these broken, crumbling ends rise and fall,
approach and recede as they seek to meet
over the dark valley in which Adam fell.
Life, once splendid, immortal emanation
from God, now hangs like a rainbow over
this valley where the shadow never moves.

Down its precipitous sides grows no liv-
ing vine, nor insect seeks a nook. No wind
stirs tender grass, nor flower sheds its
sweetness. Vale of impenetrable darkness
who dare descend into thy mystery? Who
carry a thread to bridge this yawning
chasm? Christ descended! floating, look-
ing with eager, earnest eyes, his followers
saw him go down, until lost from their
sight, they cried, give us faith, heavenly
Father, to illumine this gloom.

Oh, spirit of emerald Jesus, what saw
you on the fathomless immaterial expanse
you stood over death? Come, Holy Ghost
and with light bring into relief some proof
that God guides the ends of the chain.
From the midst of this center darkness
the serpent, ever seeking, ever reaching,
tries to keep severed these broken links,
to grasp either end and drag down the whole
living chain.

It is well that God cut us loose from
heaven, and left us floating out in im-
mensity. But shining out in great splen-
dor, he has set a star, magnificent and per-
petual in beauty and stability. Polar star,
never moving, never growing dim. Word
with God! Rock of ages! O, broken
life-chain, wind, twist around this rock
whose face glows immensity. Be still, be
trusting when trouble and danger beset you.
This rock is your safety.

As the atmosphere presses upon the face
of the great deep, linking its elements into
its yielding bosom, as the light penetrates
the air, and with musical motion plays
around the great globe, the spirit of God
links and holds us in creation.

Golden-sealed fishes sport beneath the
surface of water, and with brilliant glances
glide upon its gentle undulations, as, rain-
bowed, they catch the sunshine from above.
Distinct in their elements, but united by
indissoluble ties.

Are we weaker linked than the fishes?
In God we live, move and have our being.
As the fishes in the water, we in the air
pass one another. Its waves bear our
words to each other. Our thoughts link
us to God.

Oh, broken life-chain, floating out in in-
finity, pulsating, throbbing with desire, lift
high thy broken links, that the light of
God's mercy may fall into the dark valley
when we die.

I know an old man who once lost a
beautiful daughter. Nightly he would go
to the grave and weep for his grief was
without hope. I saw his tall figure emerge
from a great wall of evergreens shading
this garden where we had laid away this
dear one to rest in her dreamless sleep.
His hair, silvery tinted by the moonlight
swayed in the night wind, then softly fell
in the folds of his white robe. The odor
of many flowers filled the air, and the quiet
stars burning in the high dome, trembling
in their glory, deepened the mysterious
beauty of the night, counterpointing the
night which will know no waking until
the sun of righteousness glides in a morning.

Slowly and majestically the old man ad-
vanced. The grass yielded noiselessly be-
neath his feet, and the dew softened the
rustle of his garments. But his soul could
not be satisfied. Slowly his white head
bent down upon his breast, and his tall
figure sank beside the marble, glancing as
it glances in the holy moonlight.

The rank grass swayed as he went pass-
ed over. The flowers bowed over him
their sweetness, and the moon bathed him
in mid-night glory. But he heeded them
not.

He grieved without hope. He had lost
irreparably his heart's treasure. He believ-
ed not he could with faith follow death's
mystery. He offered no prayer from
death's temple, whose only prayer makes
motion.

Oh, broken life-chain! lift high your
torn links, that the light of God's mercy
may fall around the old man grieving hope-
lessly for his beautiful lost daughter.

An Irish lover has remarked that it is a
great pleasure to be alone, especially when
you have your sweet heart wid' ye!

OUR CORRESPONDENT.

Ed. Sentinel: I have this day returned
from an extended sojourn throughout C—
county, and for your own gratification I
assume the responsibility to lay before your
attention the following report of a portion
of my labors in the aforesaid section of Ore-
gon, as agent and Special Correspondent
of the OREGON SENTINEL. My visit con-
tinued for two months, and after perusing
this hasty epistle, I shall rest assured that
it will be unnecessary for me to tell you,
in all sincerity, that I am perfectly satis-
fied. By referring to your books, you will
readily perceive the names of quite a num-
ber of subscribers in C— county. I have
visited a good many of them, and take
pleasure in forwarding to your office the
sum of \$—, comprising the sum total
of my financial success. I return the list,
numbered with the answer of each, and so
licit that the same may be carefully filed
among your records, for your own refer-
ence, as well as for the comfortable con-
solation of your successors in the editorial
sanctum.

REPORT AND REPLY.

No. 1 is a minister (S. M.). He says,
in the first place, he never got one-half of
the numbers (a. i. e. according to the ac-
count of the Postmaster). In the next
place, your columns are too censorious.
He can't think of aiding to support a pa-
per that advertises horse races and grand
pollings. [Meaning the fall sports upon
the Bybee Course]. Besides he thinks
he characterizes as too black for a Hottentot
to persevere, and the political course you
advocate with so much despatch to the
tender feelings and high moral status of
your opponents, that you will end your
days in the kennel. He wonders at my
impudence in presenting his bill, after your
publishing the account of the great prize
fight between the Benicia Boy and Battering
Bill. He wants nothing to do with you,
and wants his paper stopped.

No. 2 is a jail for horse stealing. He
has not seen a half dollar for a year. Says
he would pay you with the utmost cheer-
fulness if he only had the money, but he
had to borrow a shirt last Sunday. He
does not admire your paper as much as
formerly; thinks you have expressed your-
self rather too favorably for the Oregon
Criminal Code, which he esteems very in-
complete. He has a wonderful partiality
for the *Engine Reverser* and the *Reporter*,
to which papers he has been a regular
subscriber. Thinks if all journals would
denunciate their doctrine, he would not
be placed in his present deplorable con-
dition. Thinks they will do. Hopes, un-
derstandless, you will continue sending your
paper. He wishes you to take a good
stand in favor of the repeal of Heady's
(criminal) Code, as he would deem it a
very popular move with gentlemen in his
situation. Sends his best respects.

No. 3 is a young doctor. Says your
paper is beneath the notice of a gentleman
—wouldn't give a cent for a cart load.
You inserted an article reflecting on the
profession. Only wishes he could catch
you near the ocean. Will use his influence
against your paper if he remains in the
country two weeks longer. Cursed your
bill and says I may collect it in the best
way I can.

No. 4 is an old maid. Says you are al-
ways making a fling at single ladies of an
uncertain age. Wouldn't pay me if she
were rolling in wealth, and you hadn't cash
enough to buy a crust of bread. Sent all
the papers she had back a month ago—
consequently ever since you nothing. Says she
is even with you, and intends to keep so
'till the day of judgment. Asked me not
to forget to tell you that you are no gen-
tleman, to glory over the misfortunes of
so large and respectable a class of the fe-
male population of Oregon.

No. 5 is a gambler, a sporting gentle-
man. Says he got completely cleaned out
last week at the Empire City races. Couldn't
accommodate his grandmother with half a
dime if she were starving. Likes your paper
tolerably. Would like it better if you published more accounts of
races, and would occasionally, in a column
devoted to that purpose, give a description
of a dog fight. Likes your description of
the fall races on the Bybee course, and en-
thusiastically bets Old Wirtz will win the
next time. This redeems a multitude of your
faults. Hopes you won't think hard of
him for not paying. Has a paying pros-
pect before him. A rich young green horn
has arrived in town. Will pay you out of
the pluckings. Hopes you are doing well.

No. 6 is an agriculturist. Tolerably
well pleased with your paper. Wishes it
continued. His only objection is that it
does not contain sufficient matter for the
farming interest. Wishes you to contract
your news column, and deal more in agri-
culture—paid four dollars.

No. 7 is a trader. Thinks your paper
should contain more advertisements for the
benefit of trades. Thinks the farmers have

a larger share of your paper than any other
class—paid four dollars.

No. 8 is a bonnier. Is of the opinion
that agents should invest more in alcohol-
ic beverages. Has serious objections to your
insinuating reflections upon gentlemen of
his class. Hopes you may reform. Paid
one dollar—will pay the balance when he
gets it. Wishes his paper stopped.

No. 9 is a copperhead. Gave rather an
unfavorable opinion—gratis, though. He
wishes your paper sent to H—l. Says he
should never have taken the d—d black
sheet, if I had not persuaded him it would
advocate justice to the rebels. Wishes he
had the power, he would deminish editor,
press, agent and all. Paid four dollars in
greenbacks, under protest.

No. 10 is a merchant. He is highly sat-
isfied with your paper. Commends it for
the pure moral tone of its editorials, and
esteems it as an invaluable acquisition to
any center table. Sends his regards and
eight dollars in coin, for two years sub-
scription—did I not belong to the Good
Templars, I should have undoubtedly asked
this subscriber to take something. I deem
him an accomplished gentleman, and a
worthy member of society. Long may he
live.

No. 11 is an old drunkard. Hasn't got
anything, and never expects to have. He
never misses a drink and never pays a cent.
Gathered up all the old papers he had and
sold them to the grocery keeper for a pint
of rum. They will answer to wrap grocer-
ies in. Wishes you would send him a pile
of your cost him no postage. Wished at
me when I presented your bill for the past
four years' subscription, and inquired if I
was not a distant relative of the man who
buried the bull off the bridge.

No. 12 is a neutral politician. Says
although you promised to publish a con-
servative paper, it is not so. Thinks he
has seen a considerable squinting towards
the side to which he is opposed. Meant
to have told you a year ago to stop his
paper, but forgot to do so. Tells you to
do so now. Paid two dollars and fifty
cents in greenbacks, and thinks you are
getting off very cheaply in not losing any
more.

Hoping that you may not be depressed
in spirits, and that you may preserve your
mental equilibrium, with regards, is the
mental prayer of,

Yours very respectfully, H. B.

Agent Oregonian Subscriber.

The Death-Hue at Andersonville.

A loyal Georgian, who resides near
Andersonville, communicates the following
interesting particulars to the *New York Even-
ing Post*:

I desire that the people of the North
should know, from one who had constant
opportunities for seeing what amount of
cruelty can be exercised by one who had
the power, and I fear, also, the inclination
to practice it upon men who, by every law
recognized by civilized beings, were entit-
led to the mildest treatment that safety
would permit.

I have referred to the quality and quan-
tity of the food given to the prisoners, and
have since been asked if the country was
really so destitute of provisions as to re-
quire it. At the Post Quartermaster's, at
Americus, nine miles from Andersonville,
there was turned over to the United States
Government nearly two hundred thousand
pounds of bacon and an immense amount
of corn and other produce; a larger quan-
tity was stored at Albany, forty miles fur-
ther down, and very considerable stores at
Oglethorpe, eighteen miles above Ander-
sonville. These amounts were continually
increasing from sales and purchases, so
that it will be seen that there was no lack
of provisions in the country whither with
to furnish the prisoners food.

I have heard much of what is termed the
"dead line," few, however, know what it
meant by it. After the completion of the
prison and its use, those confined there
were accustomed to approach the stockade
and look through the opening between the
posts, or talk to outsiders. After the as-
sumption of command by Major Wertz,
he caused the prisoners to be notified that
if they approached within thirty feet of
the stockade, they would be shot by the
guards upon the outside.

This limit of thirty feet was unmarked
by any line whatever; it was ideal, and left
to the arbitrary determination of men on guard,
a majority of whom were as incapable of
judging of distances or of this distance of
thirty feet, as were the poor prisoners, who
were doomed if they transgressed it. The
consequence was that weekly, yes, almost
daily, the prisoners were shot down by the
guards, when these thought that they had
transgressed the imaginary line which sepa-
rated thirty seven thousand human beings
from eternity.

Upon one occasion, a prisoner who had
been confined there for more than a year,
rendered desperate by hunger, want and
filth, preferring death to a life so unutter-
ably miserable, after writing a last find

letter to his wife in Indiana, and bidding
his friends around him farewell, delibera-
tely advanced toward the side of the well-
directed shot of the sentinel, that released
his soul from the torture which he could not
endure and which his manhood sunk under.

The southeast corner of the interior of
the stockade was the favorite spot for this
kind of practice by the executors of Wertz's
will; for at this point the brook or stream
to which I have already referred entered the
limits of the prison. Here the water
was less tainted and befouled by the drain-
age of the hill, and afforded a somewhat
more palatable drink; of course this point
was sought in preference to any other.
But wo the unfortunate wretch who ever
reached with his arm beyond the prescribed
bounds, to dip up a cup of better water
than the reeking current below him offered!

A sentinel's bullet sent one more spirit
trembling to its God, while the wretch's
body lay prone and washed in the very wa-
ter that less fortunate comrades must drink
until necessity forced his removal. How
many were slain in this manner will never
be known until the records of a book un-
scanned by mortal eyes can be made up in
figures of living light.

At a short distance from the remains of
the dead prisoners were supposed to be
buried. As if the tortures and degradations
of their wretched life were insufficient, the
enormous stroke was given by their mode
of interment. In long ditches, scarcely two
feet in depth, without coffin or cover, with-
out even the ordinary decent composing of
their limbs, but carelessly heaped into the
bed which was to be their last, thirteen
thousand eight hundred shrunken, ghastly
bodies have been tossed; and there they lie
in an "army of martyrs," whose cry will
go up to heaven's gate in increasing peals,
asking vengeance for the "deep damnation
of their taking off."

I know not what the benevolent mission
of Capt. Moore may have accomplished in
this dreary cemetery, but I do know that
three months ago at least one-tenth of the
whole number there lying were exposed;
the dirt which had been carelessly thrown
upon them having settled or washed away,
while legs and arms protruded here and
there, and sad signs of down-trodden
humanity, natural monuments of fiendish
cruelty. And over this Abeldama of the
North's best and bravest could be seen the
shadows of the thousand buzzards' wings
as they slowly sailed above the festering
heaps, or glided with their horrid feast,
gloomily sat and gazed upon others who
had followed to this disgusting banquet of
death.

WANT TO BE "ANNEXED."—The people
of Walla Walla seem just now to be in
quite an unpleasant dilemma. They have
on District Court, owing to the absence of
Judge Wyche; and a large amount of legal
business is awaiting attention. Again the
Walla Walla people think that their
town and county fail to receive due consid-
eration at the hands of the legislators over
on the ground. There has always been
considerable animosity between these two
sections of Washington Territory. A writ-
ter in the *Walla Walla Statesman* propos-
es that things which have so long been go-
ing awry in that country be righted by
annexing the remaining part of Walla Walla
valley, including of course, the town—to
Oregon. There seems to be considerable
feeling upon this subject in Walla Walla.
That the change would be a convenient one
for that county hardly demands a doubt.
We do not think the people of Oregon
would interpose any objections in the way
of "annexation." If Walla Walla wants
to join us, Oregon we opine, is agreed.
Congress will have to be consulted in the
matter, and the consent of that body gained
the remainder of the plan can be easily
accomplished. If Walla Walla wants to
come, let her put her affairs in a proper
shape and come along.—*Oregonian*.

SEEKING HAND WOUNDS.—Sidney Smith
was once looking at the hut house of a
young lady who was proud of her flowers
and used, not very accurately, a profusion
of botanic names. "Madam," said he,
"have you the *Septentia parvula*?" "No,"
said she, "I had it last winter, and I gave it
to the Archbishop of Canterbury; it came
out beautiful in the spring." *Septentia par-
vula* is the medical name for the seven
years' itch. Girls had better be careful
how they risk their tongues, when not pos-
sessed. They assess their knowledge at a
high figure, even higher than necessary,
generally.

A young man in conversation one even-
ing chanced to remark: "I am no prophet."<