THE OREGON SENTINEL

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

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Theodric Cameron	Union Town	do
James L. Watson	Roseburg	do
Miss Hattie Hunter	Rogue River	do

Binger Herman, of Canyonville, general Agent for Douglas County.

SATURDAY ... Jan. 27, 1866.

THE UNION STATE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.

This Committe are requested to meet at Salem, on Thursday, the 15th of February next. Where vacancies may occur in the Committee, the County Committees are requested to fill them, as it is desirable to have a full attendance at that time.

I. R. MOORES.
Chairman Union State Central Committee.

Salem, Oregon, Jan. 1st 1866.

Jackson County Union Central Comittee.

This Committee is requested to meet in Jacksonville, on Wednesday, Jan. 31, 1866, to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of E. F. Russel, Esq., from here.

Union State Central Committeeman.
S. D. VanDyke.
Ch. Un. Co. Cen. Com.

Jacksonville, Jan. 20, 1866.

Woolen Manufactory.

In another column will be found a call for a public meeting at Ashland, for the purpose of taking the preliminary steps to organize a "Woolen Manufacturing Company" at that place. We cannot commend an enterprise of so much importance too highly. The advantages arising from the establishment of a manufactory at almost any point within our county are so obvious that it will take but little persuasion to induce our citizens to embark in the undertaking. Agriculture, Manufactures and Commerce constitute the true wealth of a country; they go hand in hand; their interests are identical; upon the success of the one depends the success of the others, and a community is not awake to its most vital interests that neglects to develope and foster either of these important branches of industry, under such favorable circumstances as those by which our community is surrounded.

We have a climate, and soil unsurpassed for agriculture; unbounded mineral wealth, that requires only capital to develope it; and a large conformation of country peculiarly adapted to raising the staple by which our people are clothed. Agriculture languishes; our rich gold and silver quartz is yet unquarried, and we purchase every description of woolen goods required in our market—mostly from a neighboring State and at extraordinary prices.

A large amount of wool is raised in the adjoining counties, and no inconsiderable quantity in this county itself. The only market at present for this staple is at Salem or San Francisco; the former is distant about 250 miles, and it is needless to say that the farmers of Southern Oregon cannot successfully compete with those of the Wallamette, and that wool raising is not particularly profitable to them. Give us a manufactory of sufficient capacity to absorb all the wool raised in this part of the State, and agriculture will have a new impetus from the demands of a home market; our population will be increased by a new demand for labor; the clatter of looms and spinning machines, and the hum of busy industry will take the place of silent idleness; our people will be clothed at least one hundred per cent. cheaper than now, and capital be retained among us for the development of our minerals. We presume there are none so stupid as to enquire, "Will the enterprise pay?" If there are, we will only point to the eminent success of the woolen manufactures in California and the Wallamettet Valley, and the immense profits yielded to the stockholders in these respective companies. We trust there will be no lack of energy in this matter, but that our capitalists will at once organize and commence operations. There are many other substantial reasons why we should develope our manufacturing facilities, that must be apparent to the most obtuse understanding, and we will close with a hearty wish for the immediate success of this important enterprise.

Hard on Horses.—During the high water last week, three horses were drowned while one of the stages was attempting to cross Canyon creek, about three miles this side of Canyonville. On Wednesday morning last, about one o'clock, Jones, by some mistap, run off of a bridge about a mile from town and was unable to get his horses out for about three hours.

Hon. J. W. Nesmith will please accept our kind regards for regular issues of the *Congressional Globe*, which he has ordered to be sent to us.

The Proposed Registry Law.

The democratic party of the State are rejoicing much that what they are pleased to term the "desperate scheme" of the Unionists of Oregon was not consumated at the Special Session. Little J. D. Wire O'Meara, of the Confederate organ at Albany, is particularly jubilant. He rejoices that a law "to deprive hundreds of old democratic voters and nearly all the democratic immigrants of last year, of the elective franchise," was not enacted. He and his democratic confreres need not have experienced the slightest alarm. The character of some of last year's immigration was such that no legislation could have reached them; or for whom the pains and penalties of perjury, now or hereafter, moral or legal, have but few terrors. There are a few "old democratic voters" in this State, who do excel, in a very eminent degree, the patriotism, intelligence or moral status of the immigration, and we admire the candor with which the possibility of their disfranchisement is admitted. Who are the hundreds of Democrats? Who and what are the democratic immigrants so confidently depended upon? They are the men who, when the government needed support, opposed it in every possible manner; who, through a traitorous press, falsified its acts, misconstrued its intentions, villified and abused its personal character; who rejoiced at Federal reverses, mourned in bitter agony at Federal victories, opposed the draft, encouraged desertion and embarrassed the government to the extent of their ability. They are the disbanded soldiers from the rebel armies in Missouri and elsewhere; bandits, midnight assassins—miscreants who spared neither age nor sex, condition or color, whose best efforts were directed to the destruction of the government that their more cowardly brethren regard with such solicitude—who have repeatedly violated the most solemn parole oaths, and no legislature could devise an oath that would scorch lips already seared with perjury.

Why would the proposed Registry law have disqualified them? Simply because it would have required them to make oath that they had not borne arms against the United States, or in any other way aided in the rebellion. Hence the alarm of the Confederate Organ.

Can Mr. O'Meara, or any other Democrat who has persistently opposed every measure of the national executive for the last four years—who has denounced every act of the government, during its struggle for existence, in treasonable and opprobious terms, can they, we ask, hold up their hands in the presence of God and declare that they have not given substantial encouragement to the enemies of the country? Can the Immaculate O'Meara, who, from conscientious scruples, refused to take the oath prescribed by law before receiving a warrant on the Public Treasury, subscribe an obligation, no less exacting, in order to enjoy the privilege of voting the democratic ticket? Other Copperheads whose consciences are more flexible, or who are more familiar with the modern science of mental reservation, might do so; but unexceptionable(?) Jimmy would certainly be a disfranchised individual. We congratulate the Oregon democracy on so valuable an accession to their ranks as the democratic immigration; and we congratulate ourselves that their numbers are not sufficient to damage the Union party in this State.

It is well understood that the rebel immigration has been considered by the loyal people of Missouri unworthy to participate in the affairs of that State; and that all who have not taken the amnesty oath are excluded from the rights of citizenship for the period of five years, by the new State Constitution. These are facts of no ordinary significance, and worthy the attention of every Democrat not utterly steeped in treason or blinded by partisan feeling, and we hope they will consider them well.

With us it is a matter of profound regret that the element that has reached us from the rebel armies could not have been denied the franchise in our State without disregarding the State Constitution. It is also a matter of regret that the necessary steps were not taken by the Legislature to revise and amend the Constitution so as to require additional qualifications and to disfranchise, if possible, all who were engaged in actual rebellion, until they could learn the duties of citizenship. When a Constitution is inadequate to protect the purity of the ballot-box and to secure the ends for which it was framed, we believe, not in stretching or setting it aside, but in conforming it to existing circumstances as soon as possible.

Mineral Lands.—We learn that some of the best mineral lands in this county which lie on Jackson Creek, Keer's Gulch, at Willow Springs, and at Blackwell's diggings, are being entered at the land office at Roseburg. The citizens, and miners in particular, should look after this matter, and prevent the parties from making any more entries, and from getting patents on the mineral lands which have been entered. If the mineral lands are appropriated for private purposes, it will very much impair the growth and prosperity of this section of the country. All lands that are more valuable for their minerals than they are for farming purposes are exempt from entry, and from private appropriation. If this fact is made known to the Land Office the certificates for the mineral lands which have been issued will be cancelled and annulled, and no more will be issued.

Cheap Sewing Machines.—A short time since, Governor Pickering, of Washington Territory, offered Governor Gibbs, of the State of Oregon, 300 of "Mercer's" expected cargo of old-fashioned, perambulating sewing machines for the small sum of $3,000, or exactly ten dollars apiece. Wheeler & Wilson are played out! Mercer's article is warranted to do work of every description in a superior manner; to stitch, hem, gather, fell, and perhaps to hook a fellow also upon extraordinary occasions. We congratulate old bachelordom on so valuable an importation. Only ten dollars for the pick of a No. 1 instrument that will sew on buttons, set the kettle a boiling, rock the cradle, pull a fellow's boots off evenings and be ornamental also. The bashful old bachelors of Web-Foot are highly elated, and some of them have spoken for three apiece. It is scarcely fair that they should be all gobbled up in the Wallamette, but we don't care much. We are satisfied with the article in the home market. They have the most graceful forms, the rosiest cheeks (that need no vermillion), little feet, and ankles so neatly turned that we wish the mud may never dry up, and we'll take our chance with them. Wade in web-feet, you're welcome to your pick of that valuable feminine cargo, and much good may it do you.

Fine.—We have just had the pleasure of examining Darley's New National picture of Washington Irving and his Literary Friends at Sunnyside. The picture represents an interior view of Irving's Library at the above place. In the center of a group of fifteen American celebrities is seated the amiable and unassuming Irving. Around this genial sun the artist has traced the orbits of our brilliant literary system. Upon the right and left, and in Irving's immediate vicinity Prescott, Cooper, Bancroft, Longfellow, and in a wider circle Emerson, Bryant, Paulding, Mills, Hawthorne, Halleck, Holmes, Simms and Tuckerman, the whole forming a group of which every American may be justly proud. The engraving is in the highest style of the art known as "line and stipple," and the labor on it, including that of the design, has occupied nearly four years of time. The size is 21½ by 31 inches, on heavy plate paper 31 by 43 inches. It cannot fail to become of great interest to all who are familiar with American literature, or who have a patriotic sympathy with the efforts of American genius.

O. A. Davis canvassing agent for Southern Oregon.

Celestial Ceremonies.—Tuesday night last the Chinamen assembled from the surrounding country, and congregated in the Haines' Brick for the purpose of holding some kind of a secret society which they called Free Masons, but we were unable to judge whether it was so or not. It was certainly mysterious and unintelligible enough to the uninitiated to belong to the mysteries of the ancient Greek. From side to side were stretched small cords, bearing pieces of cloth or curtains, inscribed with Chinese characters. On one side of the room hung their charter, a very fine piece of work, bearing various well executed designs. Opposite, a very busy crowd appeared, and the knowing ones said they were balloting for members. At the further end of the hall from the entrance was a stand, covered with the usual compliment of candles, etc. To the looker-on it very much resembled an auction sale. After about an hour allowed to curiosity hunters the doors were closed and none but the faithful were admitted.

New Excitement.—There is some talk of another stampede from Idaho and Montana from this section during the coming Spring. Upon what particular attraction the anticipated exodus depends is not definitely known, but probably upon the general principles of Californians—getting tired of a place and desiring a change. The Blackfoot fever appears to be the principle contagion, and is beginning to affect a number of our citizens.—*Yreka Journal.*

Let the uneasy ones come over here in Jackson county, and take stock in our silver mines. The journey is not so long nor the expenses so great, and the pay is better. Come on.

The Assassination Party.—The La Crosse (Wisconsin) *Democrat* says:

John Wilkes Booth is an angel compared to General Benjamin F. Butler, and a thousand times more a model man, and more respected all over the world than this shoulder-strapped beast, Ben. Butler.

John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln, a Democratic angel! And such is modern Democracy.—*Statesman.*

You don't understand the fellow, Mr. Statesman, he means an "angel of darkness;" and some modern democrats are mean enough to do anything—even to vote alongside of a Congo nigger, provided "Cuffee" voted the democratic ticket.

For Sale.—A first-class Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine, full case, with all the latest improvements, is for sale at Bradbury & Wade's. It is offered at $130, and is one of the finest pieces of furniture ever brought to Jacksonville—first cost in New York was $145.

Accident.—One day last week, Esquire Sturgis, living on Applegate, was kicked in the face by a horse. One of the shoe-corks cut him severely on the cheek bone, and the side of his face was crushed and several teeth knocked out.

What Might be Done.

There are more than one hundred men in the city of New York who have a yearly income of fifty thousand dollars or more, varying from fifty thousand to three millions. What a power these men have—a power they never dreamed of—a power sufficient to shake the world—a power to increase, entirely beyond human comprehension, the happiness of every man, woman and child in the nation—a power to make *themselves* reel and stagger with earthly joy and delight—a power to make heaven and earth vocal with praise in view of the manifold treasures of good they could cause to flow in every direction.

We have *clubs* composed of all sorts of men, for all sorts of purposes. We have club houses where men congregate to kill time—to "eat, drink, (smoke, chew,) and be merry." We have also clubs to promote many good objects, to encourage art, to stimulate a thirst for literature, to gather historical knowledge, to cultivate music, to multiply graces and refinements, and to do all sorts of desirable things. We have clubs, societies, or organizations, on a larger scale, to help the poor, to send the gospel to the heathen, to publish bibles and tracts, to minister to all the social, moral, political, and religious wants of man. Now let us have a few clubs of another class, the express object of which will be to do good on a larger scale. A club of rich men—a club of millionaires—a club of merchant princes—a club of men who don't know what to do with their annual income, except to increase it from year to year. What a revenue of happiness and glory a few such clubs could produce! We don't say their combined labor would equal the work of all the Christian missionaries now toiling on every benighted shore. It might, however, if it was baptized with a true, heroic, Christian spirit. We don't say that they would put to shame all Christendom in the aggregate benefits and blessings they might confer upon the race if their whole power and strength were put forth. But could they not do so, if they were animated and fired with the spirit of the Divine Master.—*Independent.*

Dust to Dust.—Dr. Kemp, an English chemist, in a recent work on his favorite science, remarks:

"So it is, that as we all sprang from putrefaction, or from dead matter that has never before been vitalized, so in a like manner, must all our frames return through the ordeal of putrefaction to the dead world. The muscles of the strong man, the bloom of beauty, the brain of the philosopher, must once more rot, as, doubtless, they have often rotted before, and are destined, in the continual phases and circulation of matter, to rot again.

"The hand that writes this sentence, nay the very brain that conceives the thought that the hand is marking down, was once earth such as we all trample on, and soon will be earth again, and perhaps, ere ever the writer's name has ceased to be mentioned by those with whom he holds familiar intercourse, will be transformed into the cypress of the cemetery, or the daisies of the country church-yard. Nay, also the matter of that eye which reads this saying, and is perhaps, startled at it, a little while ago was allied to the elements of inorganic matter; and the time can not be very distant ere some have to mourn over those terrible words read over it, of "dust to dust and ashes to ashes." The very tear of affection was once water and a little rock salt; and after a little time it will be water and rock salt once more."

The Voices of the Battle Field.—In his report of the Chickamauga battle B. F. Taylor records the following fact:

"If anybody thinks that when our men are stricken upon the field they fill the air with cries and groans, till it shivers with such evidences of agony, he greatly errs. An arm is shattered, a leg carried away, a bullet pierces the breast, and the soldier sinks down silently upon the ground, or creeps away, if he can, without a murmer of complaint; falls as the sparrow falls, speechlessly, and like that sparrow, I earnestly believe, falls not without note by the Father. The dying horse gives out his fearful utterance of almost human suffering, but the mangled rider is dumb. The crash of musketry, the crack of rifles, the roar of guns, the shriek of shells, the rebel whoop, the federal cheers, and that indescribable undertone of grinding, rumbling, splintering sound, make up the voices of the Battle-field."

Sleeping in the Moonshine.—For the information of those who do not know the injury resulting to those who sleep in the moonshine, we copy the following:

"A boy, 13 years of age, named Henry Lowry, residing near Packhamrye, Ohio, was Tuesday night last expelled from his home by his mother for some trifling misdemeanor. He at once ran away to a cornfield close by, and on lying down in the open air fell asleep. He slept throughout the night, which was a moonlight one. Some laborers on their way to work, seeing the poor boy apparently asleep, aroused him; the lad opened his eyes, but declared he could not see. He was conveyed home, and from thence to an ocular institution, where medical advice was obtained. The surgeon affirmed that the loss of sight resulted from sleeping in the moonshine. The boy is totally blind, and few hopes are entertained of his recovery."

Society in California.

From one of A. D. Richardson's letters to the *Tribune*, we make the following extracts:

Society in the United States has strong distinctive features. Frontier life makes the head broader and the heart warmer. After a few years experience, even the most stupid will show.

"How much the dance who has been sent to roam
Excels the dance who has been kept at home."

The intelligence of the plainest working men, day laborers, miners, teamsters, is peculiarly noticeable. It is partly due to the ups and downs. Lately, I rode on the box with a stage-driver who is working for $100 a month. Two years ago he owned the entire stage-line, and was worth $100,000. Next year, he may own it again, and the present proprietor be sitting on the box. The man who first found gold in California is now poor. So is the discoverer of the Great Gould and Curry silver mine which has yielded eleven millions of dollars.

The people are warm and demonstrative. One of them going back to the East is surprised at the general coldness and formality. He fancies that his old friends have never thawed out from the freezing their fathers got on Plymouth Rock. California is the culmination of all that is best and pleasantest in frontier life. The people curiously combine shrewdness and enthusiasm. They go fast, have the best, and despise the expense. At a ball the other evening, I noticed a lady in a quadrille, whose elegant dress was profusely trimed with hundred dollar lace. An end of the lace became detached; her foot caught in it and loosened a yard or two from the skirt. A moment would have sufficed to pin it up, but without missing a step, she tore off the long strand and threw it away. Her husband, who was standing by, seemed heartily amused. The whole was thoroughly characteristic of Californians. Parsimony is the Charybdis which they shun with so much terror that a good many go to pieces upon the Scylla of extravagance. Wo to him who is niggardly, and to the new comer from the East who puts on airs.

There is a certain universal restlessness which will only be cured by the Pacific railroad. There is a touching pathos in the uniformity with which every man and woman upon this entire coast, no matter how long he has resided here, no matter if his children, born here, have grown to manhood, speaks of the east as "home." The death of Thomas Starr King was a sad loss. All loved him; had he lived, he would have been made United States Senator in spite of himself. His successor, the Rev. H. G. Stebbins, is a strong man, who is doing a good work.

A sanguine friend insists that no man is ever quite finished until he has lived in California. Many have been very effectually finished by it; yet there is a certain truth in the remark. An ex-Californian who depicted in glowing terms the beauties and advantages of the Golden State, was asked, "If you liked California so well, why didn't you stay there?" He replied: "Because I was an infernal fool." I suspect he was fully half right. The world does not contain a more cordial, whole-souled, generous people than the Californians. Their hearts are as large as their mountains and as warm as their climate. Time will correct faults and supply deficiencies; the next generation ought to see here the best average society in the Union. May the young State produce a manhood rising, like her great cataract, to the loftiest stature, enlarging, like its wonderful rainbow, to a more round and perfect fullness, than the world has seen before.

Hard-Tack.—In an article in the United States Service Magazine, the following hard-tact story is told; It appears the boxes in which the "tack" is packed always bear the brand of the baker or maker, and a lot which arrived in the camp of the Fifth New York Excelsiors, with the mark "B. C. 603," caused much speculation among the boys" as to what it meant. It was finally agreed unanimously that it must be the date when the crackers were made—six hundred and three years before Christ.

An Idaho paper says that graveyards in that region contain the concret ruffianism of Democracy which has been collecting on the Pacific Coast during fifteen years past.

$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 a fine stock of buggies and teams, also a good supply of saddle horses, to let. We flatter ourselves that we have given satisfaction the past year, and are determined to do so the next. We solicit a living share of the patronage.

A good supply of feed constantly on hand. FLYMALE & ROSS.

Jacksonville, Dec. 2d, '65 dec2tf

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and get a bottle of Keody's Scrofula Ointment, and cure your old fever sore.

GO TO THE CITY BOOK STORE and see their new books.

CHEAP FOR CASH.

A. FISHER & BROTHER,

CORNER OF California & Oregon Streets, JACKSONVILLE,

Have on hand a

Large Stock of Staple, Fancy

DRYGOODS, CLOTHING, BOOTS, and SHOES, GROCERIES, LIQUORS, CUTLERY, CROCKERY, etc., etc., etc.

All will be sold at

Reduced Prices

Jacksonville, Jan. 9, '64. janl4tf

LOVE & BILGER

California Street, Jacksonville,

DEALERS AND WORKERS IN

TIN, SHEET IRON, COPPER, LEAD AND BRASS,

HAVE just received from the Atlantic States and San Francisco, a complete stock of everything in their line, and will keep constantly on hand an assortment of the best Tin, Sheet-Iron and Copperware, Brass Pipes, Hydraulic Nozzles, Force Pumps, Chains, Lead Pipe, Hose, HARDWARE, CUTLERY; NAILS of all sizes;
Bar, Plate and assorted Iron;
Paints, Oils, Sizes and Glass;
All qualities of Powder;
Shot of all numbers;
Brushes of every variety, etc., etc.

Stoves.

Also, always on hand, a large lot of stoves of assorted sizes. "Buck's Patent Cooking Stove," and the "New World Stove," the two very best and approved patterns in the world. Parlor, Office and Cabin Stoves, fancy and plain, constructed on latest fashionable plans. Boilers, Kettles, Pots, Pans, and everything connected with these stoves, warranted durable and perfect.

All articles sold by them or manufactured, WARRANTED. Their work is made of the best material and of choicest patterns.

Orders attended to with dispatch and filled according to directions. In everything, their stock is the largest and best ever brought to Jacksonville, and they are determined to sell at low prices for cash.

Call and examine their stock before purchasing elsewhere. (June 23, 1866-tf.

Agents for Halliday & Co's Wire Rope.

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.

Particular attention given to collections, the purchase and sale of Legal Tender notes, Drafts, Stamps, Sewing Machines, etc., or other transactions requiring the services of experienced and reliable agents.

Purchases will be made for cash only, except in cases of special agreement to the contrary.

Geo W. Osborn,

Formerly with Canfield, Pickens & Co., Wholesale dealers in fine clothing, San Francisco.

E. C. Sessions,

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

REFER BY PERMISSION TO

A. WOOD, boot and shoe dealer, San Francisco.
L. H. BENCHLY & CO., Hardware Dealers, San Francisco.
G. W. BELL, Assayer, San Francisco.
CLARK & PERKINS, Wool Dealers, San Francisco.
March 27, 1865. mar28tf

Umpqua Academy!

THE Trustees of Umpqua Academy have thoroughly repaired the building and it is now ready for school. The Winter Term of 22 weeks will commence Nov. 27th. The Spring and Summer Term, 1st Monday in May, 1866.

RATES OF TUITION Per Quarter:

Primary Department	$5 00
Secondary do	6 00
Higher English	7 00
Dead Languages, Drawing and Painting, each, extra	3 00
	10 00
Music	3 00
Board in private families	

F. F. ROYAL, Principal.
Mr. Clark Smith, Ass't Teacher.

J. H. LASATER, W. G. LANGFORD,
LASATER & LANGFORD,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW,
Walla Walla City, W. T.,
One door west of Kyger & Reese's Brick Store. janl6tf

D. M. C. GAULT,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office at B.F. Dowell's Law Office.

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and buy a bottle of Keody's Rheumatic and Neuralgic Linament, and your crutches will soon become useless.

SUPERB Photograph Albums can be had cheap, for cash, at J. Row's, next door above Bradbury & Wade.

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and buy your extracts, nutmegs, cinnamon, pure cream of tartar, pure soda, etc.