

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 10, 1866.

VOL. XI.—NO. 4

I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge No. 10. holds its regular meetings on every Saturday evening at the Odd Fellows' Hall.
Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
NEWMAN FISHER, N. G.
Trustees.—J. M. Sutton, Wm. Ray and S. J. Day.

Warren Lodge No. 10. A. F. & A. M. holds their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in Jacksonville, Oregon.
N. LANGELL, W. M.
C. W. SAVAGE, 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 Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

T. T. CABANISS, M. D.
—WILL PRACTICE—
Medicine & Surgery
In Jackson and adjoining counties. Residence—in Jacksonville.

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 Express Office, prepared to give prompt attention to those requiring his services.
Jacksonville, Sept. 31st. dec23rd

PETER BRITT,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
IN 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 likeness.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK.
Dr. Overbeck would announce to the citizens of Jacksonville 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 a renewal of former patronage.

JAS. D. MIX **B. B. 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. ju3rd

S. B. FARGO,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
WALLA WALLA, W. T.
Will take acknowledgments of deeds—Protest Notes and deeds made out at short notice and acknowledged. ju3rd

Dissolution Notice.
THE undersigned has this day withdrawn from the firm of Thompson & 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 residence at the old Murry Housestead.
T. L. DAVIS.
Dec. 13th, 1864 dec17th

REGULAR DISPATCH LINE
Between
SAN FRANCISCO AND UMPQUA.
THE following new and first-class vessels will run regularly in the above line.
Schooner, W. F. Bowne... Hughes, Master.
Schooner, Pacific... Gage, Master.
Schooner, Noyo... Allen, Master.
We offer superior inducements to shippers to Southern Oregon. For freight or passage apply to
SHED & WRIGHT,
54, Steuart St., San Francisco.

YREKA FOUNDRY
—AND—
MACHINE SHOP.
CASTINGS of all kinds executed at the shortest notice. Wrought or Cast Iron work manufactured from the best material. All kinds of Brass Work. Garrett's and Babbitt's metals for sale. Cash paid for Old Iron.

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE
and enquire for Kennedy's Healing Ointment, and apply to your bruised finger

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 discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Legal Tenders received at current rates.

Sadness.

There are shadows o'er the wall
And filling the dusky room,
Gathering close around my chair,
Gliding unseen in the gloom.

I hear the rustle of Autumn leaves,
The cold wind's boisterous sweep;
They moan and sigh like a child in pain,
Till they weary at last, and sleep.

But a darker shadow is on my heart—
And a deeper grief in my breast—
I would I could sob myself to sleep,
And my head and my heart might rest.

The fitful light of the glowing coals,
Like the gleam of a sunny smile,
Lightens my face, while weary my heart
To sorrow runs sadly the while.

O, for the sound of a loving voice,
Like life on the desert strand,
To waken the music in my soul
With the touch of a master hand.

Like the falling leaves our life is brief
And frail as the moon's pale ray—
Dreaming and seeking for newer joys,
Ere we grasp them passing away!

First Impressions.

"The bridge broken! How provoking!"
and Barbara Lynn leaned from the carriage window speaking to the brown faced boy who had volunteered the above piece of distasteful information.

"Yes, ma'am—the freshest carried the timbers clean away, day before yesterday."
"But how are we to get across?" We are going to visit Miss Stapleton of Stapleton Park."

"They keep a ferryman there, ma'am, with a little boat—he'll take you across, and if you'll drive round by Uncle Ezra's he'll send your trunk by the mountain road."

"Very well. Driver! follow the boy's directions."

Close under the green sweep of a clump of water willows lay a little boat, fastened by a rope to the upright post, which alone remained of the destroyed bridge, and tenanted by one man in a picturesque straw hat, the broad brim of which shadowed his face altogether.

"He's reading, I declare, instead of minding his business and looking out for passengers. A literary ferryman!" sneered Eda Carson.

Miss Barbara made no verbal comment, but walked resolutely to the landing, and roused the absorbed boatman from his studies with the point of her parasol.

"Bring your boat around!" she said sharply; "we want to cross the river. Be quick."

The man pushed his broad-brimmed straw hat, with a look half puzzled, half amused, that made Barbara Lynn turn to her companion with the petulant words:

"I believe he's an idiot!"

"Where do you wish to go, ladies?" asked the man, when they had safely bestowed their multifarious flounces upon the seats, not without many compliments to the smallness of the accommodations.

"To Stapleton Park landing."

"As the oars flashed through the bright tideless water, Eda Carson drew a deep sigh of relief.

"Well, we shall be there soon, I hope. If you had only written, Barbara, Miss Stapleton would have sent some one to meet us—perhaps that astonishing brother of hers."

"Yes," said Barbara, curling her lip, "and a nice first appearance we should have made, tired and dusty, with our dresses all crumpled and our hair uncurled! No—I choose to meet Harry Stapleton en grande toilette, when I do meet him. Everything depends on first impressions, you know."

"And you mean to captivate him?"

"I mean to try!"

"How do you know he will make a good husband?"

"What difference does that make? he's rich."

The boatman stepped ashore, and doffing his hat, pointed to a superb gray stone mansion whose gables and millions gleamed through groups of trees just beyond, saying:

"There is Stapleton, ladies, you will have no difficulty in finding it."

Barbara tossed a piece of silver to him and said:

"See that our trunks are sent up as soon as they arrive."

"And now, girls get ready for dinner as soon as you can," said Miss Stapleton, as she ushered her visitors into a dainty little dressing room, all panelled in oak, and gold and green, and curtains of pale green silk, and mirrors that reached from the

ceiling to the floor. "I have a delightful party of guests staying here, and I want you to look as lovely as possible. Remember our school compact, you are to captivate Harry."

Barbara did look lovely as she entered the drawing room, where lights and flowers and delicious perfumes made a kind of fairyland, dressed in rose colored tulle, caught up in bouquets of moss rose buds, and a branch of trailing rose buds fastened in her glossy curls, as careless as if it had fallen from the vine. Eda was pretty too, in white muslin and lilies. Eda's beauty was to Barbara's as twilight to sunshine; pearl to the imperial diamond. Anna Stapleton's eyes brightened with a sort of admiring pride as she came forward, leaning on a gentleman's arm to greet her guests.

"Miss Lynn, my brother, Mr. Stapleton." And Barbara's cheeks blazed in scarlet fire, as in the calm glance of the gentleman bowing before her, she recognized the dark blue eyes that had beamed so quizzically beneath the shadow of the ferryman's straw hat. She was literally struck dumb, and could not have spoken to have saved her life, but Harry Stapleton was less embarrassed.

"We have met before," he said with a half smile. "It was my first appearance in the role of ferryman. I hope it gave satisfaction. Everything depends on first appearances, you know. Pardon me for not disclosing my name, Miss Lynn, but your orders were too imperatively given for me to disobey."

He stopped abruptly, for Barbara, overcome with shame and mortification, had fainted in his sister's arms. And then and there ended all her hopes of ever becoming mistress of Stapleton Park. Alas! what radiant visions a little mistake will sometimes overthrow.

Memory's Music.

BY CARRIE CARLTON.

"Let me make the songs of the people and I care not who makes the laws," said a celebrated person; and though we may not be ready to admit that the songs of the people would mould the destinies of the country, yet we all know that the history of our country is set to music, and sung throughout the land like a grand opera, with a chorus such as the world never saw before.

Each different phase of history, for the last five years at any rate, has been so minutely chronicled upon the musical scale that any intelligent stranger could make a pretty fair guess at the exact state of the times while standing for an hour at the street corner and listening to the songs of the people—sung or whistled. Five years ago, from the four points of the globe, our songs burst forth in one grand rallying cry for "God and our native land." Their very notes flowed to the measure of the life and drum, and the burdens were "farewells" and "God speed."

A year went by and though the notes of loyalty and courage rang as loudly, clearly as before, there would float out on the evening air through the stillness of the deserted street, and from a thousand fire-sides, low tender wails of sorrow for the loved ones, sweet loving farewells from the battle field, that told their own sad story.

The third year was one of bravery, hardship and hope; and the people sang, "We'll rally round the flag, boys." "We're marching through Georgia." And "When this cruel war is over," with a will that must have carried consternation to the heart of a listening foe.

Now "the cruel war is over." "Tramp, tramp, tramp the boys come marching," and we have welcomed them with open arms. With one voice our nation has broken forth in singing, "Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord," and now we can once more sit down in peace by our hearstones and remember the songs of yore. All those that are evoked by the events of the hour, pass, quickly away, but there still linger around the heart dear memories of those older sweeter songs we listened to about our mother's knee. Perhaps—and my pen hesitates to inflict even a tender pang—perhaps the dearest, sweetest of all, was warbled by scarlet lips that have faded long ago, or through the dim corridors of the past there comes to us the deep ringing tones of a voice "whose music we have loved too well."

Through the dim aisles Time has trodden
Down to us from days of yore,
Steals the sigh-born music ever
With a thrill unfeigned before.
Nevermore
Shall thy heart's glad rise, O weeper!
Thou shalt see them nevermore.

Sad heart, listening for a footstep
Thou shalt hear on earth no more;
Sad eyes, watching for a presence
Ne'er denied thy sight before,
Nevermore
Is the wail thy voice shall utter,
"I shall see thee never more."
Saddest moan of human voice—
"I shall see thee never more."

Ab, waken, waken dreamer! The past

is buried fathoms deep under Lethe's untroubled waters. Stir up the embers on your hearths, and while the ruddy blaze breaks forth to light and cheer your life, look up and sing, "The happiest time is now."

But it was no song of war, or loyalty, or love, that sent my spirit wandering to-night through the aisles of memory. It was a strain of—of delicious music known and loved before. Old Pan first scolded his magical reeds; known and loved in all lands, by all peoples; for where is there a heart on earth that has not grown tender, loving, pure, at the sound of the pitter of the rain?

The memories awakened by those last five words are all too sacred for my pen to intrude upon. Go back in spirit to the old homestead; see the wide, hospitable hearthstone with its group of dear, dear friends around, and listen to the rain "tapping on the window pane." He down once more in that sweet security, and listen to its pitter on the roof; its drip, drip from the mossy eaves; and remember how it weeps down through the apple boughs, and turns into daisies on the little grave beneath! Linger long, over these memories, reader mine, and you will say with me, that like the thirsty earth, the soul drinks in a blessing with the rain.—S. F. New Age.

Singular Discovery.

Two Portuguese came into town a day or two since, who had been absent in the mountains to the westward of town some three weeks on a prospecting expedition. They cannot give a very clear statement as to the route they have traveled. We could only understand that they had been a great way west and south; had seen much snow, many deer, bear and other game, and had found what they believe good diggings, in a deep canyon, the waters of which run towards the west. They also report the discovery of fabulously rich quartz, specimens of which they showed us, which, if, as they say, is the average of the lode, a man could make from one to two ounces per day with a hand mortar, without working very hard either. This latter discovery they are not inclined to be very communicative about. They say our name is not on the notice, but that we are all right. Bally for them.

As to the placer diggings in question, they say they are willing to show their locality to any one who will accompany them in the spring. They think they can strike the diggings in three or four days travel after the snows have melted from the mountain tops, where it is now twenty feet deep.

The singular discovery, though, is a vast cave, the mouth of which is in the canyon referred to. Seeing an opening in the mountain side, they entered it for shelter from the pelting storm, taking with them their animals. As night was close at hand, they contented themselves with lighting a fire, cooking their supper, and rolling themselves in their blankets for the night. In the morning, the storm still continuing, they concluded to explore the apparently vast cavity in mother earth in to which they had found entrance. As light was necessary, they looked around for something that would afford light. Fortune favored them in this regard. Near the entrance was lying a large pitch pine tree, from which they soon obtained splinters sufficient for their purpose. Making a torch of goodly size, they started, following what appeared to be a tolerably well worn trail, for something over half an hour, without discovering anything unusual, more than at the start. At times the roof of the cave was visible, at other times not. Sometimes they could see both sides of the cave, at others only one. There was nothing unusual under foot—noting that was calculated to attract more than ordinary attention. That animals of various kinds were in the habit of passing to and fro over the trail they had followed was beyond question; but where they went to when pursuing the direction the explorers had traveled, they were unable at that time to determine. They now getting short of material for a light, were compelled to return and make preparations on a larger scale.

Arrived back at the point from which they had started, they determined to pack a small mule they had with them with blankets, a little provisions, and a great deal of pitch pine, and fully arming themselves, again start. Thus equipped, they resumed their search more leisurely and with renewed confidence, and were soon beyond the point on their former exploration and at least a mile on their subterranean travels.

Close examination of the trail they were on satisfied them that the place had been traveled by Indians, and hence they came to the conclusion that there might be an outlet somewhere in advance of them. Soon their progress became more difficult, the passage narrowing in some places so as to make it difficult to squeeze the little

mule through, and then it would open out on a scale so grand that their lights failed to reveal anything but walls of darkness. As yet no living thing had presented itself to disturb the monotony of the darkness, and the poor fellows began to think that they might be on the route to the lower regions. Soon, however, on turning an angle in the trail, a glimpse of daylight was had, and after a few minutes a scene burst upon them such as to strike with wonder and awe the beholders. Even the mule manifested surprise at the scene presented.

They stood on the bank of a subterranean stream of great volume and rapidity of current, as wide as the Sacramento at Waugh's Ferry—or about two hundred feet—and of great depth apparently. The bank on their side was sloping, and covered with a rank growth of rushes and coarse bunch grass. The scene was lighted by an aperture in the mountain overhead, seemingly some hundred feet above them, and to the eye apparently no larger than an ordinary mining shaft. The opening at the base seemed from forty to sixty rods—the whole presenting the appearance of a vast funnel inverted. Lying about them was the bones of animals that had evidently been killed for food by Indians, the indications of old camp fires being plenty all around. The water was pure and pleasant to the taste, having no unusual flavor.

Finding no road to travel onward, nor a boat for internal navigation, they returned to the place from whence they started. On their return they examined more closely the sides, and, when they could, the top of this wonderful opening. They found the walls of hard granite, occasionally of a shelly or broken character, but generally so firm as to cause no fear of its falling. They noticed several quartz veins that were cut by the vast tunnel, but saw no great indications of wealth about them. In fact, they say they felt somewhat in a hurry to get away, and did not care to spend the time necessary to minute examinations. They will return about the first of May, and say they will take pleasure in showing to the curious the wonder they have discovered.—Shasta Courier.

No SABBATH.—In a "Prize Essay on the Sabbath," written by a journeyman printer in Scotland, there occurs the following passage:

"Yoke-fellow! think how the abstraction of the Sabbath would hopelessly enslave the working classes with whom we are identified. Think of labor thus going on in one monotonous and continuous and eternal cycle—limbs forever on the rack, the fingers forever throbbing, the shoulders forever drooping, the loins forever aching, and the restless mind forever scheming. Think of the beauty it would efface; of the merry-heartedness it would extinguish; of the giant strength it would tame; of the resources of nature it would exhaust; of the aspirations it would crush; of the sickness it would breed; of the projects it would wreck; of the groans it would extort; of the victims it would immolate; of the cheerless graves it would prematurely dig. See them toiling and moiling, sweating and fretting, grinding and hewing, weaving and spinning, sowing and gathering, mowing and reaping, raising and building, digging and planting, unloading and storing, striving and struggling—in the garden and in the field, in the granary and in the barn, in the factory and in the mill, in the warehouse and in the shop, on the mountain and in the ditch, on the roadside and in the wood, in the country, on the sea and on the shore, on the earth in days of brightness and of gloom. What a sad picture would the world present if we had no Sabbath!"

A POPULAR MOYE.—Governor Igou made a speech at Idaho City, lately, in which he promised the honest miners that he would go east and inaugurate an immense female immigration scheme, after the fashion of Mr. Mercer. The Governor is a candidate for Congress, and if he only makes this female plan work, he may consider himself elected. We propose an amendment to this project: It is known that there are ten men to one woman in Idaho; there are five women to one man in Salt Lake, now give the boys a chance and the equilibrium of the sexes will be restored with as much speed, as alkali and an acid will mingle. There will be a spontaneous ebullition, on chemical principles, but when that subsides it will be found polygamy is dead, and every sweet young Mormoness will "have a man of her own, all to herself." In this way the two great evils of celibacy in Idaho and polygamy in Utah, can be killed at one time. We believe the men in Idaho have phrophors enough in their compositions to make this plan a success.—Walla Walla Statesman.

PRENTICE SAYS GIRLS WILL DIFFER. One of them lately broke her neck in trying to escape being kissed, and a great many of them are ready to break their necks to get kissed.

FANCY DANCING.—An exchange cautions young men who can't dance fancy dances, not to go to a ball with a young lady who can, and adds a few suggestions as follows:

"If we ever have children we shall teach them these dances. Not that they will enjoy the hopping around, first on one foot, then on the other, then on both, but they will have such a good chance to hug other people's wives and sweethearts! This is the secret of the dancing. No one could object then; but if a fellow were to sit by the side of his own wife even, in a ball room, and hug her half as hard—well, wouldn't there be remarks! Guess not! Talk about going to picnics, visiting weddings, going to apple-cuts, sparking by moonlight, sitting on the porch Sunday evenings and stealing a kiss every time a star shoots, sleigh riding by the side of a rosy checked girl, or eating happiness with a gold spoon! all these sink into insignificance when fancy dancing comes on. But then! If a fellow don't know how, and takes to a party a pretty girl who does; and has to sit on a cold bench, and see another fellow doing the sweet hugging of that angelic creature that he has paid his ticket for, its awful! Just to sit still and see another's arm where yours should be—her head where it should not be, and—well, don't take a girl to a fancy dancing party unless you know all the ropes!"

CAVOUR.—The Legislature of Oregon, during its last session, passed an act compelling barber shops to close business at 10 o'clock a. m. on Sundays. This has given rise to many practical jokes; among the best is this: A few Sundays since the Governor of the State stepped into a barber shop about 9.30 a. m., and placed himself in the chair to be shaved, at the same time giving the boy his boots to polish. The barber lathered his Excellency's face, and the boy industriously brushed on his boots. About the time one half of the Executive beard was shorn and one boot satisfactorily polished the clock struck ten. The brush dropped from the boy's hand, and the barber began hastily to place his instruments on the shelf. The Governor desired him to proceed. "Can't do it, Mr. Gibbs; the Sunday law is in force," was the reply. And in spite of his protestations, the Governor was obliged to leave with one side of his face unshaven and one boot covered with dust.—Cal. Ex.

ANTI-CHOLERA PRECAUTIONS.—The Courier de Marseilles relates a curious story: A noble lady, owner of a chateau near Aix, has been taking certain precautions against the cholera, of which she had little need, considering the distance of her residence from infected places, and the salubrious air of her fertile valley. Her property is surrounded by a wall with which a town in the middle ages might well be content. The gates have loopholes, and armed peasants, sharing the terrors of the mistress, keep a constant guard. Things are managed as at Messina and Palermo. Whenever any imprudent person knocks at the gate, he may have the satisfaction of seeing through the loopholes a number of guns pointed at him, and of hearing a rough invitation to pass. Letters addressed to this antique manor-house are picked up with a pair of tongs and fumigated. Near the gate is a pavilion where friends and relations pass quarantine, and it is only after repeated purifications that they are admitted into the chateau.

A POWERFUL SERMON.—The Rev. A. Murrell, of Manchester, England, delivering a lecture at Birmingham recently, spoke as follows of the first sermon he wrote: It was read by my fellow students and, on its conclusion, one recommended me to burn it as soon as I got near enough to the fire. But I didn't do it, and preached it once, at the top of my voice, in a village chapel, before seventeen intelligent people. Before I had gone far with my sermon, an old lady fainted, and then a young lady went into hysterics; and, as it took two men and four women to take each lady out, there were only three left, and of these, before I had finished, two were asleep, and one was dead.

THERE was once a clergyman in New Hampshire noted for his long sermons and indolent habits. "How is it," said a man to his neighbor, "that Parson H—, the laziest man living, writes those interminable sermons?" "Why," said the other, "he probably gets to writing and is too lazy to stop."

In Sacramento, recently, a woman procured the release of her husband from jail, and that night ran off with another fellow. Her object in procuring her husband's release was to leave somebody with the children.

Women are called the "softer sex," because they are no easily humbugged. Out of one hundred girls, ninety-five would prefer ostentation to happiness—a dandy husband to a mechanic.