

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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March 23, 1865. Sub 2107

INDISPENSABLE TO EVERY FAMILY!
MITCHELL'S NEW GENERAL ATLAS,

CONTAINING MAPS OF THE VARIOUS COUNTRIES OF THE WORLD, plans of cities and embraced in fifty-five quarto maps, forming a series of eighty-seven maps and plans. Each State of the Union is given in outline on a large scale, with the population of each county by the census of 1850 and 1860. List of post offices in the United States and Canada. Canadian tariff of customs and population. Governments and population of the various countries on the globe. Height of mountains, length of rivers, and a Time Table, including the difference in time between the principal cities of the world; also showing their air-line distance from Washington.

One of the general agents, G. W. TRAVEL, is now canvassing Jacksonville county.
An agent wanted for Siskiyou county, Cal.
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ATTENTION!
RELIABLE SEEDS.
EDWARD E. MOORE,
425, Washington St.

THE UNDERSIGNED, A PRACTICAL Agriculturist, is now prepared to supply the wants of merchants, ranchmen and all others, by wholesale or retail, of such seeds as will not disappoint those who use them, as our seeds after using the utmost care in their selection in getting them true to their kind. We have suitable grounds prepared to test the different varieties, so as to insure their entire reliability.

The Assortment Consists of All kinds of vegetable seeds; all kinds of flower seeds; all kinds of grass and red and white clover seeds; also, alfalfa and Lucerne.
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The subscriber deems it superfluous to name every article for sale, but merely remarks that no one has a superior assortment, and no one will deal more honorably by his customers, to whom he refers with confidence, as universal approval has been awarded him.
Small papers at wholesale or retail.
All communications, or orders, by mail, or Express Co's, attended to promptly.
Catalogues furnished on application by letter or otherwise.
EDWARD E. MOORE,
425 Washington St.,
Nearly opposite the Post Office,
San Francisco.
JAN 27

SUMMONS.
BEFORE U. S. HAYDEN, a Justice of the Peace, for Jacksonville, Jackson county, Oregon.
David Burroughs plaintiff, vs. Henry H. Clark, J. F. Hoover, partners, doing business under the name of H. H. Clark, defendants.

Action at Law to Recover Money.
To Henry H. Clark & J. F. Hoover:
You are required to appear in said court and answer the complaint of said plaintiff, filed against you, within ten days from the date of the service of this summons on you, if served within said county, or if served on you in any other county in this State, then within twenty days from the time of the service, or then it is ordered by U. S. Hayden, a Justice of the Peace of said county, that publication be made for six weeks in the "Oregon Sentinel," prior to the 12th of March, 1866, as to the said J. F. Hoover. And you are notified that if you fail to answer said complaint as above required, the plaintiff will apply to the court for a judgment against you for the sum of one hundred and thirty-three dollars, with interest thereon, at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the 1st day of December A. D. 1865, and the costs and disbursements of this suit to be taxed.
Given under my hand this 26th day of January, A. D. 1866.
B. F. DOWELL, Atty for Pl'ff.

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and buy a bottle of Kenedy's Salt Ricem Ointment, and cure that scald head of yours, and cure those ugly ring-worms on your neck and face.
GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

B. F. DOWELL, Proprietor.

Subscription.—For One year, in advance, Four Dollars; if paid within the first six months of the year, five dollars; if not paid until the expiration of the year, six dollars.
Advertisements.—One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.
Legal Tenders received at current rates.

The Broken Lyre.

All shattered, low beneath her feet,
The cherished lyre's thrown;
The grief-wind o'er her soul hath swept,
And all the music's flown.
She's learned, alas, the bitter truth,
That all that's fair must fade;
Although the morn is beauty bright,
Still evening brings the shade;
No path through life, where press our feet
Amid the roses fair;
But, all concealed within the green,
Some briars, too, are there.

Dead.

BY ISRAEL FORGE.

Fold the coarse shroud on her bosom,
Lift her with jesting and mirth,
Take the worn ring from her finger—
Little the bachel is worth,
Tangle her curls—but no matter,
Push them all roughly away,
Back from her passionless forehead,
'Tis but a Magdalen's clay.
Who will come forth to behold her?
No one—so on with the lid;
Press the face downward and firmer—
It looks as her poor mother's did;
Just such faint lines on the temples,
Just so deep sunken the eyes;
Not their remembrance forever,
Living by craft and by lies.

Lay her away from the sunlight—
Why should it rest on her face?
Put her pine-box in the shadow,
Buried with sin and disgrace;
Nameless the coffin—no matter;
Sweep it she well enough so—
Dig her a hole in the corner,
Where the rank thistle-weeds grow.

Stop! I bethink me a moment—
Pshaw! these are womanish tears;
I have a fair little daughter—
Lily of tenderness years;
What if—oh! horror to think it—
Gently men, gently, behold,
Out on the rough side hanging
One shining ringlet of gold.

Hush men, this mirth is untimely;
Carefully hear her and slow—
Though a poor victim of sorrow,
She was a woman, you know;
Hush men, this mirth is untimely;
Cease your rude laughter and din;
Though full of frailty, remember,
Man is to blame for her sin.
Lay her in silence to slumber,
Evenly cover her bed;
For the sake of my one little daughter,
I will be kind to the dead.

The Three Hunchbacks.

The following amusing and seemingly incredible narrative is from a late French publication. It is neatly told, and will be read with interest:

Three brothers, all hunchbacked, and all accurately alike in appearance, lived at Beauvais. One of them killed a man in a chance medley, but, not being taken on the moment, the prosecutors could only swear that one of the three brothers had done the deed. Rather than put an innocent man to death, the judge let the guilty one escape, but, to avoid further inconvenience of the kind, he banished all from the province. One settled in Paris, became rich and married; the others, after nearly starving in England, returned and paid a visit to their fortunate brother.

The master of the house was abroad when they knocked, and the poor wife was troubled more than a little by the visit. "My husband is very jealous," said she to them, while giving them something to eat. "You must go to the farthest quarter of the town, and never come here again; but I'll make your brother look to your wants." While she was speaking, she heard her husband's knock, and cried out, follow me if you value your lives.

She ordered the servant not to open the door until she should return, and then conveyed the brothers down stairs and locked them in the cellar. Her husband scolded for being kept out so long, but a good dinner restored him to good humor, and at night he went out to pay a visit.

The wife then went down to the cellar, and there found the two poor brothers dead, one lying here, the other there. She sent for a strong Auvergnat, brought him down stairs, showed him one of the corpses which she had previously taken out of the cellar, and promised him a Louisd'or on his return, after having thrown it into the Seine. He made no scruple about the matter, but popped the body into the sack, took it to the river. Returning for his reward, the wife disputed his claim, as the body was still lying outside the cellar door. Here the stupified man saw what he firmly believed to be the corpse he had thrown from the bridge, and resigning himself to destiny he took the corpse the second time. Coming back, he was terrified and enraged by finding the twice-drowned corpse knocking at his own door.

"Are these your tricks, master?" said he. "Ah, Monsieur Ghost, clever as you are, I'll settle you the third trial."
So saying, he forced the poor husband into the sack, carried him to the same spot and affected the third discharge.

This time he returned in triumph, for the wife, ignorant of her husband's fate, and having no more corpses to remove, paid him twice what she had covenanted, and gave him a good glass of wine in the bargain.
"Your good health, madame," said he; "you are better than your promise, but I earned it. I found the hunchbacked rogue or his ghost knocking at the door after I had thrown him in for the second time."
"Oh, wretch!" cried the poor woman, "you have drowned my husband."

While she was screaming and he standing in amazement, the gens d'armes entered, secured both and sent them to prison. Next day they were brought before the magistrate of the quarter and examined. The poor wife concealed nothing; the Auvergnat was not called on for an explanation; and while both were awaiting sentence of death, the three brothers with full life, but with very pale faces, were ushered into the room. Some fishermen stationed near the bridge had saved the three. The unmarried men had been only dead drunk in the cellar, and the submergence, and the consequent pulling and hauling and ejection of wine and water, had recovered them from their drunken lethargy before the natural time. On their first appearance before the magistrate they could give no explanation of their visit to the river, and the husband had no idea of the cause of his being seized on; but his wife's explanation made all clear.

The King hearing of the strange adventure, settled a pension on the unmarried men, but they were not to dwell within fifty miles of Paris, and the married man was not jealous for a year and a day after his seizure and escape from the river.

INCREDULITY PERSONIFIED.—There was living on Martha's Vineyard an old man who had never been off the island, and the extent of his knowledge was bounded by the confines of his home. He had been told of a war between the North and the South, but as he has never heard the din of battle nor seen any soldiers, he considered it a hoax. He is utterly unable to read, and is ignorant to the last degree. An excellent story is told of his first and only day at school. He was quite a lad when a lady came to the district where his father resided, to teach school. He was sent, and as the teacher was classifying the school, he was called up in turn and interrogated as to his former studies. Of course he had to say that he had never been at school and knew none of his letters. The school mistress gave him a seat on one side until she had finished the preliminary examination of the rest of the scholars. She then called him to her, and drew on the black board the letter A, told him what it was and wished him to remember how it looked. He looked at it a moment and then inquired: (he stammered): "H-h-o-w do you know it's A?"

The teacher replied that when she was a girl she had been to school to an old gentleman, who told her so. The boy eyed the A for a moment and then asked: "H-h-o-w did he know it?" This was almost a stunner, but the teacher suddenly recollected that he had told her when a boy he had gone to school to a lady, who had taught him that it was A.

The boy eyed the letter a little longer, when he burst out with: "H-h-o-w did he know but she lied?" The teacher could not get over this obstacle, and the poor boy was sent home as incorrigible.

The way in which words are often divided, when set to music, sometimes produce a rather ludicrous effect. At a methodist camp meeting, once, some young ladies were heard to sing: "Oh for a man! Oh for a man! Oh for a man—son in the skies!" Some very attentive young men in the next text immediately responded as follows: "Oh for a gal! Oh for a gal! Oh for a gal! Oh for a gal—lon of old rye!" On another occasion a choir sang, to the best of their ability: "We'll catch the fleec! We'll catch the fleec! We'll catch the fleec—ing hours!"

SLANG.—The London Saturday Review is seldom puzzled by slang phrases, but confesses itself unable to understand a sentence which it finds in a recent American paper: "Everything being lovely, the goose was greatly elevated." The astonished critic says: "What or whose goose was elevated, why it should be elevated, what the process of elevating a goose consists in, and the connection between the elevation of the goose and the general loveliness of things, are all points on which we can throw no light."
Man—a bubble on the ocean rolling wave.

Mr. Nasby Walleth over Noo Gersey.

ON THE WIND, Nov. the 9th, 1865.
Never wuz I in so pleasant a frame uv mind ez last night. All wuz peace with me for after bein' buffeted about the world for three score years, at last it seemed to me that fortune, tired uv persecootin a unforchit being, hed taken me into favor. I hed a solemn promise from the Democratic State Central Comitty in the great State uv Noo Gersey, that ez soon ez our candidate for Governor wuz dooly elected, I should hev the position uv Doorkeeper to the House uv the Lord (which ez this State means the Capital & which is certainly better than dwellin in the tents uv wicked grocery keepers, on tick, ez I do) and a joshibus exhibition uv this promise hed prokooked for me unlimited facilities for borerrin which I improved muchly.

On Wednesday nite I wuz a sittin in my room, a enjoyin the pleasin reflection in a few days I should be placed above want & beyond the contingencies uv fortune. Wood! oh wood! that I hed died then and there before that dream uv blis wuz roodly broken. A wicked boy cum running past with a paper which he hed brot from the next town where there lives a man who takes one. He flung it thro the window to me and past on. I opened it eagerly, and glanced at the hed lines!

"NOO GERSEY—5,000 REPUBLICAN!"
One long and piercin shriek wuz heard thro that house, and wen the inmates rush ed into the room they found me inaymate on the floor. The fatal paper lay near me, explainin the cause uv the catastrophe: The kind-hearted landlorafter feelin uv my pockets and disklerrin that the contents thereof would not pay the arrearages uv board, held a hurried consultation with his wife as to the propriety uv bringin me to, he insisted that it wuz the only chance uv gettin what wuz back—she insisting that ef I wuz brung to I'd go on running up the bill bigger and bigger, and never pay at last. While they was argoo in the matter pro and con, I happened to get a good smell uv his breath, which restored me to consciousness to wunst, without further assistance.

When in trouble my poetic sole allus finds vent in song. Did ever poet who delighted in tombs, and dark, rollin streams and consumption, and blighted hopes, and decay, and sich themes ever hev such a pick of subjects ez I hev at this time? The follerin may be a consolation to the few Democrats uv the North, who have gone so far into copperheadism that they can't change their base:

A WALK!
In the mornin we go forth rejoice in our strength—in the evening we are bustid and wilt!
Man born uv woman (and most men) is uv few days, & them is so full uv trouble that its sharely worth while bein born at all.
In October I waded in woe knee-deep and now the waters uv afflictishun are about my chin.
I look to the east, and Massachusetts rolls in Abilishun.
To the west I turn my eyes, and Wisconsin and Minnesota and Illinois answers Abilishun.
Southward I turn my implorin gaze, and Maryland sends greetin—Abilishun.
In New York we had em, for lo! we run a soldier, who fought valiantly, and we put him on a platform, which stunk uv nigger—yes, the savor thereof wuz louder than the Abilishun platform itself.
But behold! the people jeer and flout and say "the platform stinketh loud enough, but the smell thereof is not the smell uv which it is composed and the corrupshun the hev placed on it"—and New York goes Abilishun.
Stocum held himself up and sed "come and buy." And our folks bought him and his tribe, but he getteth not his price.
NOO GERSEY—ABILISHUN!
Noo Gersey's cattle wuz slain by murrain and holler-horn and sich, and not livin near Noo York, the flesh thereof he could not sel.

But Job hed suthin left—still he cood sell the hides and tallow!
Lazarus hed sores, but he hed dogs to lick them.
Noo Gersey wuz the hide & tallow uv the Democracy, and lo that is gone.
What little is left uv the Democracy is all sore, but where is the dog, so low as to lick it?
Noo Gersey wuz our ewe lamb—lo! the strong hand uv Abilishunism hev taken it.

Noo Gersey wuz the Aryat on which our ark rested—behold! the dark waves uv Abilishunism sweep over it!
Darkness falls over me, like a pall—the shadder uv woe encompasseth me.
Down my furrowed cheeks rolleth the tears uv anguish, varyin in size from a large Pea to a small tater.
Noo Gersey will vote for the Constoo-

huel Amendment, and lo! the Nigger will possess the land.
I see horrid visions!
On the Camden and Amboy, nigger drakesman—and at the pools, niggers!

Where shall we find refuge?
In the North? No! this barred agin us by Abilishunism.
In the South? In their eyes the Northern copperhead findeth no favor.
In Mexico! There is war there, and we might be drafted.
Who will deliver us? Who will pluck us from the pit into which we hev fallen?

Where I shel go the Lord only knows, but my impression is, South Karliny will be my future home. Wade Hampton is elected Governor certain, and in that noble State, one may perhaps preserve enough uv the Democratic States Rites to leaven whole lump.
"I'm affite—I'm affite
On the dark rolling sea!
And into what harbor fate will drive my weather-beaten bark, the undersigned can not trooly say.

Noo Gersey—farewell! The world may stand it a year or two, but I doubt it!
Mournfully and sadly
PETEROLUM V. NABBY,
Late Pastor uv the Church uv the Noo Dispensashun.—*Cin. Sunday Com.*

John Adams' Courtship.

The Boston Transcript says: A correspondent sends us the following interesting reminiscence:
"John Adams sought the hand of the daughter of the Rev. Mr. Smith of Weymouth and Miss Abigail was pleased to accept the proposal of Mr. Adams, much to the chagrin of the parson, the objection being that Mr. Adams was a man of humble origin and moderate ability and could never aspire to anything more than the position of an humble village lawyer. His visits to her home were frequent and prolonged, but no hospitalities were tendered by the Rev. Smith, either to Adams or his nag, for while Abigail only had watchful care over him, his "bay" passed the wgary hours of the night in feeding on the hitching post.

"Now Abigail had a sister whose name was Mary, who was betrothed to a wealthy young man; it was believed more promising young man; whose presence was welcomed most cordially by the reverend's father.
"The good parson had promised each of his daughters that on the occasion of her marriage he would preach a sermon from the text of her own selection. Mary first married, and beautifully appropriate did the father think the text: "And Mary hath chosen that good part!" In due time Abigail married, and chooses for her text, "For John came neither eating nor drinking, and they say, he hath a devil."
Tradition does not tell us as we remember, how the text pleased the father, but the sermon was preached. Mary, indeed chose a good part, her life was a happy one, and her husband was a man of means and respectability. Abigail was a woman of strong affections, a practical wife, and possessed of great nobility of character, while the names of her husband and son will live as long as the love of liberty inspires the soul of man."

REMARKABLE STATEMENTS.—At the late New England dinner in this city, says the Oregonian, Dr. Bellows made some statements which are particularly worthy of note. He said:
"No less than thirteen millions of money passed through his hands for the relief of the widows and orphans of the brave men who fought these battles in the late struggle. He would state a circumstance that would scarcely be believed unless it came from authority, that no less than ninety per cent of the army who fought throughout the war were purely American. He did not think his friend, the President of the St. Patrick Society, would be obliged to him for this statement, but it was, nevertheless, the truth, and if his worthy friend was chagrined with this statement, he would say to him, it is so; but let the London Times put that fact in its pipe and smoke it. More than that, more than ninety per cent of the claims of wounded soldiers and soldiers' widows and orphans came from those of foreign birth. He did not say this to reflect upon the gallantry and loyalty and bravery of the Irish and German and other people who had so nobly fought for the Union and the country they had adopted. He merely did it at this time—at the close of the great events through which they had passed—to vindicate the character and patriotism of the native element, and to disabuse those powers abroad who imagined or wished to please themselves or their subjects with the idea that the great American struggle, and the great victory which closed it was achieved by the foreign element in this country. This was not so. With thanks and gratitude to the Irish, German and other elements that entered into the struggle, he was bound to make this declaration at the present time."

EXCITED ORATOR.—"We have taken Atlanta, we have taken Savannah, Columbus, Charleston, and now at last we have captured Petersburg and occupy Richmond, and what remains for us to take?" An Irishman in the crowd shouts, "Let's take a drink." The crowd disperses in various directions.

The following error in punctuation is a good illustration of the comma. At a banquet, this toast was given: "Woman—with out her, man is a brute." The reporter had it printed—"Woman—without her man, is a brute."
JEFF DAVIS says Feudalism is a bubble. An exchange remarks that "this is looked upon as an opinion as is an opinion. If there is a judge of bubbles to be found, Davis is doubtless the man."
Why are husbands like dough? Because the women knead (need) them.

On Choosin a Wife.

If you, my friend, would have a wife,
To cheer the gloomy hours of life,
And give you constant pleasure;
First look for one that's young and fair,
With countenance devoid of care
And foolish affliction.
Mark how her leisure hours she spends,
And if with wise and virtuous friends,
In cheerful conversation;
If at due times the instructive page,
In search of truth, her thoughts engage,
She merits approbation.

The Work before the National Union Party.

The Washington Chronicle of the 20th inst., devotes a long article to the work before the "National Union party," in which it advises the union of those whose councils have preserved the Government, upon a platform of principles which will insure future success. We make the following extract from this article:

The materials for the base, the superstructure, the solid walls, and the crowning canopy of the Great National Union party are, we conceive, to be found in the following plain propositions:

1. That the rebellion neither destroyed the Republic nor the States of which it is composed.
2. That slavery having provoked and hastened and fought for the rebellion, it was forfeited by the first gun fired by treason, was destroyed by the destruction of the rebel armies, and was buried in the same grave with the rebellion itself.
3. That the four millions of human beings made free by the success of the Union arms must be protected in their efforts to labor for and to elevate and instruct themselves; and that the Government should adopt such a policy as will forever prevent them from being made the victims of the cruelty of their former masters.
4. That to pay the national debt principal and interest, is an obligation as sacred and as binding as the covenant to maintain the Union and obedience we owe to God.
5. That not one farthing of the debt incurred to begin and to prosecute the rebellion should ever be recognized by the Government or the people of the United States, are regarded save as a monument of the fatal delusion and unspcakable retribution of the men who took arms against their benefactor and friend.
6. That none of the authors and leaders of the rebellion should ever be admitted to places of trust or honor under the General Government.
7. That benevolent the energies of the people of the restored Union should be devoted to the development of the natural resources of the whole country, to the protection of the domestic industries and manufactures and to the perfection of those great connecting over land thoroughfares by which all sections and States are brought and bound together and the whole fabric of American freedom woven into one indestructible and inviolable Constitution and Government.

The New York Post says: A funny paper, Prof. Hannibal's lectures are always to the point. In a recent one he describes "G'ograty" thus:
"G'ograty, my frens, means de longertude, lassitude an' sitewashun ob de earth, or de globe. Dat am, it tells you 'actly what you am, wedder in de temperance zone or de intemperance zone, or wedder you am near de equin' oxtail line, or in de benedictor. Darfore you kin see wid your eyes shat de great tility ob 'bein posted inde slance."

"Will the Whites work?" a Georgia journal suggests, is a question of the gravest importance. Hitherto, the indication portends a negative answer. The great mass of them obtusely prefer loafing in bar rooms and country stores, pitching pennies for drinks and chewing plug tobacco, to setting themselves resolutely to work.

Excited Orator.—"We have taken Atlanta, we have taken Savannah, Columbus, Charleston, and now at last we have captured Petersburg and occupy Richmond, and what remains for us to take?" An Irishman in the crowd shouts, "Let's take a drink." The crowd disperses in various directions.