

# OREGON SENTINEL.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, MARCH 24, 1866.

VOL. XI.—NO. 10

## UNION LIVERY, SALE & EXCHANGE Stable.

Augustus Taylor, Prop'r.

The proprietor has recently purchased the above well-known stand, situated on the corner of California & 4th Streets.

**HORSES BOARDED** On reasonable terms, and the best care and attention bestowed upon them while under his charge.

Being satisfied that he can give satisfaction the proprietor solicits the patronage of the public.

## NEW STAND! REMOVAL!

The Haines Fire Proof Brick.

Corner of California and Oregon Sts.

Is now occupied by **J. ROW'S** Variety Store.

## Everything New and Pretty

IN THE WAY OF **JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS AND TOYS,**

Can be found at the above place.

Jacksonville, Feb. 15, '66.

## OSBORN & SESSIONS,

PURCHASING AND COMMISSION AGENTS,

609 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.

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

**Geo. W. Osborn,** Formerly with Canfield, Perkins & Co., Wholesale Dealers in the Clothing, San Francisco.

**E. C. Sessions,** Formerly with C. R. Goodwin & Co., Wholesale Grocers, San Francisco; also, Hardware & Goods, Jacksonville, Oregon.

REFER BY PERMISSION TO

A. WOOD, Book and Stationer, San Francisco.

L. H. BENTLEY & CO., Hardware Dealers, San Francisco.

U. W. HILL, Assayer, San Francisco.

CLARK & PELKINS, Wood Workers, San Francisco.

March 25, 1866.

## 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.

**EVERGREEN SEEDS,** Natives of California and adjacent States. All kinds of trees and shrubs.

All kinds of flowers in their season;

All kinds of Bulbs in their season;

Strawberry and raspberry-plants.

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., 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

## NOTICE TO FARMERS.

**J. ROW** IS NOW PREPARED to receive all kinds of Produce on Commission and Storage, on the most reasonable terms. For particulars, call at his Fire Proof store, corner of California and Oregon streets.

March 24, 1866. mar10tf

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.

## Sherman's March to the Sea.

Our camp-fires shone bright on the mountains That frowned on the river below, While we stood by our guns in the morning And eagerly watched for the foe—

When a rider came out from the darkness That hung over mountain and tree, And shouted "Boys, up and be ready, For Sherman will march for the sea."

Then cheer up! cheer for bold Sherman

Went up from each valley and glen, And the bugles re-echoed the music

That came from the lips of the men, For we knew that the stars in our banner

More bright in their splendor would be, And that blessings from Northland would greet us

When Sherman marched down to the sea.

Then forward, boys, forward to battle, We marched on our warlike way,

And we stormed the wild hills of Resaca— God bless those who fell on that day—

Then Kenesaw frowned in its glory, Frowned down on the flag of the free,

But the east and the west bore our standards, And Sherman marched on to the sea.

Still onward we pressed, till our banners

Swept out from Atlanta's grim walls, And the blood of the patriot dampened

The soil where the traitor flag falls, But we paused not to weep for the fallen,

Who slept by each river and tree; Yet we twined them a wreath of the laurel,

As Sherman marched down to the sea.

O, proud was our army that morning

That stood where the pine darkly towers, When Sherman said: "Boys you are weary,

But to-day fair Savannah is ours." Then sang we a song for our chieftain

That echoed o'er river and sea, And the stars in our banner shone brighter

When Sherman marched down to the sea.

[See the Sentinel.]

## Our Childhood's Home.

MANZANERA, March 13th.

What throbbing memories come with the mention of that dear name! Scenes of childhood pass in review before the mind, as we contemplate the spot that gave us birth and where passed our youthful days. Its memory brings a hallowed influence which time and distance in vain strive to efface. The associations of our childhood's home make the remembrance pleasant and often soothes the troubled tide of more advanced life.

In retrospect we see the genial face of that dear mother, who, with grave and earnest counsel, strove to direct our mind in the path of virtue, which is the path of peace. The father, tolling from day to day with energy, labored, to provide for the wants of those dependent upon him for support. Brothers and sisters, whose glad voices make music on the morning air, little dreaming that, in the dim future, they will be scattered to the four corners of the earth. And, although death may have claimed that father and mother, and their freed spirits have gone to their reward, and brothers and sisters have scattered as chaff before the wind, and the old home has fallen into other hands, who shall say we are not better men and women for those pleasing remembrances? Then it should be our highest aim to make home attractive to our children, that, in the coming years, their minds can revert to those pleasing reminiscences. X.

**A SAD TALE OF SEDUCTION AND ROBBERY.**—A few days since a man named Joseph Bosch, who keeps a boarding house in Petaluma, came down to this city to hunt for a runaway daughter. Sometimes ago a gray-haired man stopped at Bosch's in Petaluma, pretending to have business there. He was plausible in his manners and rendered himself very agreeable to everybody, including Bosch's young daughter, a handsome maiden with a form like a Hebe and a face rosy and radiant with the blushes of youthful innocence. The old man made love to the girl and succeeded in winning her heart. They planned an elopement to San Francisco, and on the 14th of February—St. Valentine's day—executed it, arriving here in due time and stopping at a public house. The girl's father says that she took with her \$400 of his money. He applied to District Attorney Loudenback for a warrant to arrest the old man for stealing the \$400, but the evidence was not sufficient to induce Loudenback to grant it. He has not been able to find his daughter as yet, but he has seen her paramour several times.—S. F. Examiner.

## Lincoln's Place in History.

The London Times concludes a recent review of a biography of our late President as follows:

"Lincoln was the last President of the Old United States—the last President elected under the Constitution which threw all the weight of the law around every man, that league with the devil and covenant with hell which was so many years the idol of Americans, North and South. It was his fate to be engaged in a far greater contest than Washington himself; but he was not a soldier, and in one sense of the word he was not a statesman. Nevertheless, Abraham Lincoln, who was inaugurated when the richest and most extensive States had gone out from the Union, lived to see them forced back to the door at the point of the sword, and could scarcely have doubted that he would have lived to see them under his Presidency in the Union. The figure of the Mississippi boatman will stand out sharp and distinct on the gigantic canvas of the battle-piece, and will ever hold a large place in the history of the American States, and in the records of one of the most tremendous contests the world has ever beheld; and it is to his honor that no stain of cruelty, no charge of perfidy, no act of revenge rests upon the name of one exposed to singular temptations, and often urged to abuse his power. No matter who was in his place, the war must have gone on, as in the temper of the Northern and Western States no President could have abandoned the Federal forts in the South, and allowed them to go out of the Union. Great carnage and dreadful devastation took place under his rule, but he neither began nor encouraged them. Every one must believe in the Divine, and not in the human government of the world, who sees how the Northern people were carried through that period of tribulation, for the highest estimate of Lincoln's powers would not justify the opinion that he was either a cloud by day or a pillar of fire by night to the nation over whose struggles and sorrows he presided with such sorrowful sympathy and honest care."

## Maximilian's Rule in Mexico.

A correspondent of the New Orleans Times, writing from the city of Mexico, says:

"Maximilian never shows himself. I met him the other morning as I was riding in the drive of the Piedra, a mile from the city; he was walking, while a heavy escort guarded every avenue, and secret police watched jealously any one approaching. He looked stolid, but the cares of his situation begin to tell on him. How can it be otherwise, when he feels that in this land of earthquakes a political eruption may at any time destroy him, and leave nothing but the memory of the evils heaped upon the millions he has oppressed. Any one who looks at the people even of this Capitol cannot but notice their discontent.

The most stringent misery is visible everywhere; the greatest economy is practiced by those deemed wealthy; four per cent a month is asked and obtained; there is no trade, no improvement, except in the Imperial residences of Chapultepec and the National Palace. The city, it is true, has increased, but this is the natural result of the distrust of the inhabitants of the country, who seek the protection of a large city.

Maximilian, not satisfied with \$5,000 a day, which he had appointed himself as salary, has now raised the sum to \$7,000 per day, as he declares he cannot live for less. The balls at the Palace are magnificent affairs; the luxury of the toilets are beyond the limits of description of a republican pen. People may groan, but the Court dances and amuses itself. Great indignation is now openly manifested by all classes at Maximilian's extravagance. The salaries of all officers have been reduced to a most economical basis to increase his own. This caused great complaint among the Imperialists, which is not ameliorated by the irregularity of their payments. There is, there can be, no revenue, the French treasury, month after month, pays the deficit of Maximilian. How long France will keep it up, only Napoleon knows, if even he knows.

## Beautiful Forever.

The beauty of youth and complexion is one of the things on which may be written "eminently perishable." Like all scarce and attractive things, it has a wonderful value; and like all precious things, it has its imitations, more or less skillful. Beauty of feature remains long—elegant carriage can be found in women whose youth is avowedly long left behind; and beauty of expression, that highest loveliness of all, lovely because lovable, is peculiar to no age, though it is most often developed late in life. The first mentioned beauty, however, appears to be that most coveted—and to be so just because it is most fleeting. Herriek says:

"Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is quickly flying."

A good many women of our own day seem determined to make time fly more slowly, and so to prolong the period of rose-gathering. To this end they adopt all manner of inventions as to washes and dyes, paints and cosmetics, and "Arabian Baths"—having for their object and end the attaining or retaining the bright bloom of youth.

This is all very foolish. If a woman is no longer young—if the first youth is left behind—the advances of time will show; and nothing that can be done will restore the accompaniments of youth, beautiful in themselves, but very transient.

Some women, we acknowledge, retain their freshness and brightness of tint much longer than others; and perhaps they find it hard when these begin to fade.

There is no cosmetic which can supply the place of youth; and nothing that can prolong its charms so well as good health and good temper. To those whose youth is leaving them, we would recommend exercise in the open air, the constant use of the bath (not the "Arabian," but that of fresh water), and the cultivation of cheerfulness and contentment.

Pretences and indolence, care and disease, will make sad havoc of beauty, and no nostrums in the world can efface the marks they make. Until the "mill which grinds people young again" can be brought into profitable operation, the inventions of restorers of charms will be of very little avail to give back beauty which Nature has ordained shall be impaired.

A lad came in great haste into a drug store, and half out of breath, exclaimed: "Mother sent me down to the shotlarky pop to get a thimbleful of pallagorie. Bub is as thick as dickenst—not expected to live from one end to t'other."

A wise old gentleman, who knew all about it, on retiring from business, gave the following sage advice to his son, in succession: "Common sense, my son, is valuable in all kinds of business—except love-making."

## Address by Lieut. Gov. Bross.

Lieut. Gov. Bross of Illinois, by invitation of the Chamber of Commerce, delivered an address yesterday afternoon upon the resources of the West and the advantages to be derived from building the Pacific Railroad, at the rooms of the Chamber, corner of William and Cedar-sts.

Lieut. Gov. Bross, upon being introduced to his audience by Mr. A. A. Low, said he was one of the persons invited by the Hon. Schuyler Colfax to accompany him in his trip across the mountains to California. They had taken substantially the route determined upon for a Pacific Railroad. The road started from Omaha, Nebraska, and ran westward through the valley of the Platte 100 miles. Thence for a distance of 500 miles, there was comparatively no grading to be done. A road might be made down the Sweetwater and Snake Rivers to the Columbia River, and thence to the Pacific Ocean, without being compelled to pass a single mountain barrier. Indeed, by this route there was no barrier of importance between New York and the Pacific. It was true an elevation of 7,000 feet would have to be passed, but there were 700 miles to make it in, so that the difficulties to be overcome were not so great as those surmounted by the Pennsylvania Central and Erie Railroad Companies.

The road, however, which is being built, passes down the South Fork of the Platte, through the Black Hills and Bridler's Pass, which was 200 miles south of the South Pass, to Salt Lake City, finding no considerable difficulty in the way until reaching the Sierra Nevada Mountains, which could be passed by a grade of 105 feet to the mile. Throughout the entire route there was plenty of timber, water and fuel not only to build, but also to operate the Road. The desert he had been taught to believe existed there, could not be found. There was a large extent of country where little vegetation existed, save the bunch grass and sage brush, but these were very nutritious, and had fed herds of buffalo ever since that animal was created. Where it subsists the ox certainly can, and that country is yet destined to be the great meat-producing section of the United States. The agricultural resources are great, as the Mormons had amply proved, and Brigham Young said he had produced 93 bushels of wheat to the acre. Of the mineral resources of California he need not speak—they are well known. Gold and silver were found in enormous quantities in Colorado, Idaho, Montana and Nevada already, and the development of their riches would be increased by the construction of this railroad until they would put \$500,000,000 per annum into the coffers of the Government.

The Pacific Railroad Co. received from the Government \$16,600, \$32,000 and \$48,000 per mile for constructing the road, the payments being made in proportion to the difficulties to be overcome. The sum was amply sufficient, and it behooved the merchants of New York to see that the road was built. The political as well as the commercial interests of the country demanded it. And when it was completed, the nation need have no fear of the world in arms.

The address was listened to attentively throughout, and at the close a resolution of thanks was unanimously adopted.—N. Y. Herald.

**WORDS OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.**—The construction of the English language must appear most formidable to a foreigner. One of them looking at a picture of a number of vessels, said, "See, what a flock of ships!" He was told that a flock of ships was called a fleet, and a flock of sheep was called a flock. And it was added, for guidance in mastering the intricacies of our language, that "a flock of girls is called a bevy, that a bevy of wolves is called a pack, and a pack of thieves is called a gang, and a gang of angels is called a host, and a host of porpoises is called a shoal, and a shoal of buffaloes is called a herd, and a herd of children is called a troop, and a troop of partridges is called a covey, and a covey of beauties is called a galaxy, and a galaxy of ruffians is called a horde, and a horde of rubbish is called a heap, and a heap of oxen is called a drove, and a drove of black guards is called a mob, and a mob of whales is called a school, and a school of worshipers is called a congregation, and a congregation of engineers is called a corps, and a corps of robbers is called a band, and a band of locusts is called a swarm, and a swarm of people is called a crowd."

A fellow being awakened by the clerk of a steamer, was told that he must not occupy the berth with his boots. He very considerably replied: "Oh, the bugs won't hurt 'em, I guess; they are an old pair."

"Nobody ever lost anything by love," said a sage-looking person. "That is not true," said a young lady who heard the remark, "for I once lost three nights' sleep."

**CHARACTER.**—The most trifling actions that effect a man's credit are to be regarded. The sound of your hammer at five in the morning or nine at night, heard by a creditor, makes him easy six months longer; but if he sees you at a billiard table, or hears your voice at a tavern, when you should be at work, he sends for his money the next day.—Franklin.

## My Good-for-nothing.

What are you good for, my brave little man? Answer that question for me if you can—

You, with your fingers as white as a nun, You, with your ringlets as bright as the sun, All the day long with your busy contriving, Into all mischief and fun you are driving; See if your wise little noddle can tell What you are good for; now, ponder it well.

Over the carpet the dear little feet Come with a patten to climb on the seat; Two merry eyes, full of frolic and glee, Under their lashes looked up unto me; Two little hands, pressing soft on my face, Drew me down close in a loving embrace; Two rosy lips gave the answer so true— "Good to love you, mamma; good to love you."

**WHIMSY OF OLDEN.**—Men get to personifying wells that behave well. A dry hole is a miserable bit, but a five hundred barrel follow—a great oleagenous revolver—is a she. The happy owner watches her with eyes of affection; he sits up with her; he would marry her if he could, "till death doth them part;" but, alas! wells, like empires, are mortal. The average life of a well is a year; some run a brief and brilliant career that only can be measured by moons. If a well conducts itself dutifully it is lovingly christened. When Napoleon was in a gentle mood Josephine was his Dear Little Devil. We have the Porcupine and the Rattlesnake. Then there are the Quickstep and the Humble Bee—you can see a well in Cherry Run whose engine house is emblazoned with b's enough to make honey—the Humble Bee, Rhinoceros, Wild Cat and Turtle; Empire, Keystone, United States and Mary Ann. Even the boats and buildings grow talkative in Venango. You are amazed at the impudence of a rusty barge—a sort of boarding house afloat—that, with its shovel nose thrust up on the shore of Oil Creek, like a crocodile, tells you in a breath, Bully Boy, and Come Right Aboard. There is a briskness and pertness about everything in these regions quite at variance with the easy going decorum of almost everywhere else. Thus a shanty, ragged and saucy, orders you to Halt! a log cabin cries at you, in rheumatic letters: Take a drink. Here a building speaks up: Stop and Feed; and there a wag of a dwelling insinuates, Dew Drop!

**OWEN'S LAKE.**—A correspondent of the Visalia Delta says: Owen's Lake so strongly impregnated with borax, alum, alkali, oil, and other substances, is at last going to add something to the nation's wealth. One drink of its waters will poison a man, one immersion will clean the hair off a dog, and it has been the grave of many Indians, that ran from bullets to try to swim its waters. A genius here will take a patent for tanning by its waters; he finds it will make good leather in ten days, without manual labor. He will start export trade from here, bottling its waters for barbering purposes and shearing sheep, cleaning logs, and making high foreheads.

**A BUSINESSMAN** and a young lady bought some tickets in partnership in a lottery at the recent Sanitary Fair at Milwaukee, agreeing to divide proceeds equitably. They drew a double bedstead, a baby crib, and a lunch basket, and the question is how to divide them, or whether they shall not use them "jolly!"

**WHICH WRITES MOST.**—Q. Which of the three great novelists of the present day writes most—Lytton, Warren, Dickens? A. Dickens. Q. Why? A. Warren writes "Now and Then," Lytton "Night and Morning," Dickens "All the Year Round."

**GOON.**—The following, which we clip from an exchange: When lovely woman veils her bosom With muslin fashionably thin, What man, with eyes, could e'er refuse 'em? Cautiously from peering in? And when his anxious gaze returning, Would not his fingers' ends be burning To press—his hat down o'er his eyes!

A clergyman having called up a class of boys and girls, began with the latter in these words: "My child, tell me who made your body?" She had no idea of the question applying to anything beyond her personal appearance, and dropping a quick courtesy, replied: "Please, sir, mother made the body but I made the skirt."

**WHAT IS FAME?**—The youngest son of the great Patrick Henry died in Floyd county, Virginia, in 1854, in circumstances of extreme destitution. The Legislature of that State was appropriating thousands of dollars on a marble statue of the father at the very time his son was begging his bread.

The uttermost parts of the earth are supposed to be the parts where there are the most women.

A sensible man seeks not consolation, but forgetfulness.