

MIX & FARGO, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW.

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. jn3if.

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and buy your blue stone.

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 CASFIELD, PIERSON & Co., Wholesale dealers in fine clothing, San Francisco.

E. C. Sessions, Formerly with C. R. GOODWIN & Co., Wholesale Grocers, San Francisco; also, HAINES & Wade, Jacksonville, Oregon.

REFER BY PERMISSION TO A. WOOD, best and shoe dealer, San Francisco; L. H. BENCHLEY & Co., Hardware Dealers, San Francisco; G. W. BELLE, Assayer, San Francisco; CLARK & PERKINS, Wood Dealers, San Francisco.

NOTICE. L. BLUMENTHAL Has this day withdrawn from the firm of Abraham & Bro., of Roseburg and Oakland, Douglas county, Oregon, by the mutual consent of all the partners.

MAGIC OIL! SAVAGE & SUTTON Having purchased the right to prepare Murray's Magic Oil, would cordially invite everybody to go to the City Drug Store at once and procure a bottle.

YREKA FOUNDRY AND MACHINE SHOP. CASTINGS of all kinds executed at the shortest notice. Wrought or Cast Iron work manufactured from the best material.

SUMMONS. IN THE COUNTY Court, for Douglas County, Oregon.

S. Abraham and Hyman Abraham, composing the firm of Abraham & Bro., vs. I. G. Thompson.

TO I. G. THOMPSON, Defendant: You are required to appear in said Court and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed against you, within ten days from the time of service of this summons on you.

S. F. CHADWICK, Atty for Plaintiff. Roseburg, Douglas Co., Oregon, March 19, 1866.

SUMMONS. P. W. Stow, Plaintiff, vs. Thomas Pyle, Walter R. Davis, William K. Ish, and Sylvester M. Waite, Defendants.

TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANTS: You are required to appear in said Court and answer the complaint of said plaintiff, filed against you, within ten days from the time of service of this summons on you.

B. F. DOWELL, Atty for Plaintiff. Roseburg, Douglas Co., Oregon, March 17, 1866.

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

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

VOL. XI.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, APRIL 14, 1866.

NO. 13

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.

Cross-readings From the Poets. Oh, for a lodge in some vast wilderness, Where busy sounds of labor rise—

John Gilpin rode a famous horse— In Heaven beyond the skies.

She bowed her head upon his breast, Amid the sea-weed's slimy leaves; The tired warrior sank in rest, O'erpowered by a mighty sneeze.

Her sliken tresses floated fair, Across the western sky bright gleaming; Hark to the dull sound, see the bright glare!

Flag of the free, wave on! wave on! As long as fashionable dresses, And turbaned Turk and Spanish Don Shall victims fall to loves caresses.

Her eyes shot forth a glance of love, That hung within the old church steeple; Back to the Ark returned the dove.

Hark to the horn, that merry horn, That calls on every sinner— Remember, child, when I was born, The world was not the winner.

Died of a Broken Heart. "Nonsense, Helen! You should be more reasonable than to expect me to sacrifice all my time to your whims.

Helen Graham threw herself wearily back in her chair, while tears trickled fast through her white fingers clasped so tightly over her aching brow.

Helen Graham threw herself wearily back in her chair, while tears trickled fast through her white fingers clasped so tightly over her aching brow.

They had been at Saratoga only a week, but to poor Ellen it seemed a weary age. She had been too unwell to mingle in the gay society, and so, day after day and eve after eve, she sat alone, while her husband was absorbed in the pursuit of pleasure, wholly forgetful of the sweet face that was drenched in tears because of his absence from her side.

Lights are flashing, and music floats out from the parlors, and fair forms are whirling in the "mazy dance," there is Charles Graham, and circled in his arms, as they glide along with the pulsing music, is Isa Crawford, the belle of the season.

Charles Graham is apparently oblivious of all but that beautiful face, with the glorious eyes drooping before his impassioned gaze, the dark hair floating over his shoulder, and the warm breath mingling with his own.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

Helen had wept until her brow was hot and feverish, and her temples throbed with exquisite pain, and she longed to be out under the starlight skies with the breeze floating around her; so throwing a shawl of some white, fleecy material around her shoulders, she glided out into the dewy, fragrant garden where the night winds drift lovingly around her, laying their cool fingers on her brow, beguiling with their caresses the heart pain.

An Incident. Our train rolled out from the Union depot in the early part of the night, bound for the North. The weather was just sufficiently cool to make one feel agreeable in good company.

Every one was satisfied that the old lady was correct, as they witnessed the "hugs and busses" on the give and take principle, and saw the surviving relatives climbing into their country wagons.

The fair young bride had forsaken home, parents, and all that was dear to her youthful heart, for the one she had an hour before pledged her love forever.

An hour had passed, and passengers were getting drowsy. Many began to change positions, and fold themselves up, not fashion, on the seats.

"Double berth in the sleeping car, you can have if you wish—nice bed and falling curtains," said the conductor.

The bride blushed, dropped her eyes a moment, and then looked into the face of her chosen. Her eyes, as they rested upon him, spoke more love than one can write in two weeks.

"What does it cost in sleeping cars?" asked the new husband.

"Only one dollar and a half," answered the conductor.

The husband commenced calculating. He was in deep study. The wife felt as any other woman would feel under like circumstances, and looked a hundred times better and sweeter than a basket full of ripe cherries.

"I wonder if she is sleeping." And rising he threw aside the drapery from the bed.

Helen was not there! He called her name softly, she was not in the room; then with an undefinable fear at his heart he went into the garden in quest of her.

He had not far to go; through the leaves he saw the gleam of white drapery, partially covered by bending roses, and he sprang to the spot; yes, he had found her.

A low cry of fearful agony shuddered out on the air, and Charles Graham threw himself by the side of his dead wife, calling on her to give him one token of forgiveness, and raising kisses on her cold brow, kisses such as he had never given her in life.

But vain his remorseful weeping, and the love that, all too late, awoke in his heart; never more would the pallid cheek crimson beneath his kisses, never more the dead heart throb with life and love.

RIVERS or OIL.—Edward Everett, in his last public speech, in referring to the prolific resources of the United States, remarked that "the very clouds of earth are pouring out rivers of oil."

The eager interest with which the American war, the irrepressible conflict, the black race and the red man, and in fact "the universal Yankee nation," all its elements and interests included, are now regarded by Europeans, gave me a fine auditory, and the good folks take so much interest in my loose recollections and thoughts, that at every dinner and evening party where we have been since, I have been called upon for 'more.'

"Last week it was discovered, near Pit-hole City, that the oil at various places was oozing from the surface of the ground, wells of water seeming suddenly to be changed to petroleum fountains, and men, women and children rushed with every available vessel to scoop up the fluid from holes only a few feet deep."

Whether the oil which thus appeared was the result of surface drainage from the wells, or some new development of the earth's crust, or whether it was a new and accidental discovery, we are not informed.

Neither are we informed as to whether this phenomenon has proved or is likely to prove, continuous; but, at all events, it is eminently illustrative of the new fountains of wealth which are constantly being opened in every direction, by the scientific researches of our learned men, or the busy hands of our enterprising pioneers.

With the inexhaustible treasures of our gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, etc., the wonderful development of our earth oils, and the teeming products of our fruit and agricultural lands, all added to the mechanical skill and enterprise of our mechanics and manufacturers, who can tell to what heights of wealth, power, and greatness the American people may not attain?—Morning and Scientific Press.

A young and beautiful but bashful female lately appeared before a magistrate in Pittsburg and complained that her husband had been taking liberties with her. She was married the morning previous.

The magistrate informed her that he had no jurisdiction, and advised her to go home to her ma.

"Are you a Christian Indian?" asked a benevolent gentleman of one of the Chipewewa tribe. "No sir," was the answer, "I whisky Ingen."

Song for Thinkers. Take the spade of Perseverance, Dig the fields of Progress wide; Every rotten root of faction Hurry out and cast aside!

Give the stream of Education Broader channel, bolder force; Hurl the stones of Persecution Out where'er they block its course;

Work and still have faith to wait; Close the crooked gate to Fortune; Make the road to Honor straight!

Men are agents for the future: As they work so ages win Either harvests of advancement Or the products of their sin;

Follow out true cultivation; Wide Education's plan; From the majesty of Nature Teach the majesty of Man!

Take the spade of Perseverance, Dig the field of Progress wide, Every bar to true instruction Carry out and cast aside!

Feed the plant whose fruit is wisdom; Cleanse from crime the common soil, So that from the Throne of Heaven It may bear the glance of God.

Mysterious Circumstance. On the morning of the 12th of March, Avery Shelly left the residence of David Taylor, about 5 miles east of Springfield, Lane county, Oregon, for the purpose of going to the Slough to look at a mill site.

After going a short distance from the house in company with Mr. Taylor, he remarked that he "was not much on the work to-day, and believed he would go to town," and if "he didn't see Henderson (his brother) at Eugene he would go up on the other side of the river."

Mr. Taylor was then requested to walk along with him a short distance, which he did; then returning to his house and Shelly taking the road toward town. From the time he parted from Taylor no traces whatever have been discovered of him up to this date, April 1st.

He was married on the 8th ult., and was making arrangement to put in some grain on Monday after he disappeared, had said nothing of leaving for the mines or any other place; nor is there any known cause of his absenting himself voluntarily from his wife and friends.

He is 22 years of age, about 5 feet 7 inches in height, light complexion, and rather light built.

Any information concerning him will be thankfully received by his wife Rosanna Shelly, or David Taylor, Springfield, Lane county, Ogn.

How TO TELL 'EM.—The way to judge of a woman's character at first sight is to ascertain the color of her petticoat. A black petticoat indicates low spirits, a hatred of washdays and activity, and a taste for despicable literature and quietude.

A lady who wears a black petticoat could no more read and understand this paragraph than she could suck up the Atlantic with a three cent syringe. A white petticoat shows a character just the opposite—unsullied mind and a taste for romance.

A woman who takes naturally to white petticoats, and never wears any other, is an institution to which young gentlemen of comubial proclivities should lose no time in paying due attention. The red petticoat, however, is something of which man kind should beware. It is insignia of Xanthippes—a style of females who cut their too nails with their husband's razors.

WHO HE IS.—Gen. Thos. F. Sweeney, Fenian Commander-in-Chief, is a printer by trade, and shortly before the Mexican war, worked as a compositor in the book office of A. S. Gould, Nassau street.

He volunteered to go to Mexico, and was handsomely fitted out for the campaign by his fellow-craftsmen. In the campaign he was disabled, and, as a reward for his bravery, received from the United States Government a commission in the regular army, and an office of ennoblement, we believe, in the Brooklyn Navy Yard.

During the late war he participated actively, and was promoted to the rank of Colonel, with the brevet of Brigadier General of Volunteers—a position of which he was lately deprived, for being absent without leave, on business connected with the Fenian movement.

An attempt has been made by his friends to have his army grade restored, but without success.

The Pope.—In a letter from Rome, published in the London Pall Mall Gazette, it is stated the Pope has had another bad turn during the last few days, and the doctors have been somewhat uneasy about him.

His immediate attendants say they observe signs of growing feebleness in him, that his memory is shaken, and that he yields more than formerly to violent predilections and antipathies. This is said to be especially noticeable in regard to the impressions of earlier years, which seem to be gradually coming back to him.

He shows a marked leaning towards Italy and the house of Savoy. He has even, it is reported, been heard, in conversation with some of his more intimate friends, to propose the investiture of Victor Emmanuel as Vicar of the Holy See in the Romagna, the Marches and Umbria.

Dr. A. B. OVERBECK. Dr. Overbeck would announce to the citizens of Jackson county and vicinity, that he has returned to Jacksonville and resumed the practice of medicine. He will always be found at his old stand, the Greenback Hospital, unless about professional business. He would respectfully solicit a renewal of former patronage.

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and buy Kennedy's Medical Discovery, and let your boils, pimples, and all other humors to which you are subject, take their flight.

Items from Shasta Courier. THE IMMENSITY OF GERMAN EMIGRATION.—The London Times says that eighty thousand Germans emigrated last year to Hamburg and Bremen. About 15,000 more, it is calculated, left for the same destination by way of France, England and Belgium.

MILITARY FARM.—General McDowell intends to make the Arizona troops as comfortable as possible during their stay in that Territory, and is doing all in his power to prevent a recurrence of a lack of provisions, says the Wilmington Journal.

ATLANTIC CABLE.—The last week of June next is named for the departure of the Great Eastern to lay the telegraph cable across the Atlantic. This will be the third trial, and as there is supposed to be a charm in the third effort to accomplish an enterprise, we look for success.

DEAD.—Ex-Governor McDougall died at San Francisco on the 30th ult. He was elected Lieutenant Governor at the first State election in California, and because of the resignation of Governor Barnett, became Governor of the State.

MORMON DOMESTIC LIFE.—Polygamy introduces many curious cross-relationships and intertwines the branches of the genealogical tree in a manner greatly to puzzle the mathematician, as well to disgust the decent minded. The marrying of two or more sisters is very common. One young Mormon merchant in Salt Lake has three sisters for his three wives.

A LIZARD IN A WOMAN'S STOMACH FOUR YEARS.—A young woman of the name of Sherwood, belonging to St. George, New Brunswick, who lived as a domestic with St. Pool, of Calais, about a year ago complained of a living creature being in her stomach, and applied to several physicians to relieve her of it, but to no effect. At length it grew so troublesome, and had such a debilitating effect upon her, that she gave up her place and went home to die, as she fully expected; for to live in such a state she felt and knew was an impossibility. After she got home, Dr. Rouse was called, after hearing her story, left her a powerful emetic, with directions how and when to take it. She took the medicine as directed, and the result was that a lizard, about six inches in length, was ejected from her stomach. When it fell into the bowl, it is said, it fairly bit at the sides of it, and jumped out and ran along the floor till it was killed by one of the persons in attendance. It had been in her stomach about four years.—Calais (Me.) Advertiser.