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# THE OREGON SENTINEL.

VOL. XI.

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NO. 23

### FRANCO-AMERICAN

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OPPOSITE THE  
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Jacksonville, Oregon.

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copy of a deed, mortgage,

or other instrument, each record

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### Unwritten Verses.

In the dead of the night I'd a fancy,  
In my mind I had clothed it with words,  
Sweet words that come without bidding,  
As free as their music to birds.

I looked out through the folds of my  
curtain,  
And saw what I often had seen,  
The earth with her beauty made perfect  
By silence and heavenly sheen.

But never before had I felt in  
My soul so perfect a sense  
Of the glory that nature presented  
To men for their life's recompense.

And I said, when the morning had broken,  
I will sit at my table and write  
For the joyages of others the fancy  
I had in the midst of the night.

Then I turned like the starlight and cham-  
bered  
Till the day shone in on my eyes,  
But gone were my beautiful fancies  
As the stars had gone out in the skies.

And men shall never take pleasure  
In knowing how joyous a time  
I had with the muses that midnight  
I wove my thoughts into rhyme.

### Senator Nye's Great Speech.

NYE AND BAKER COMPARED.—THEIR UN-  
PARALLELED ELOQUENCE.

In a copy of the Worcester, Mass.,  
Says we find a letter dated at Washington,  
May 11, from which we make the follow-  
ing extracts. Says the very able and  
brilliant writer:

"Though I have slept upon it, the spell  
cast by Senator Nye's magnificent speech  
of yesterday, has not grown cold. I can  
still hear the rich tones which swelled  
through the Senate chamber, now rising  
with lofty passion into withering denunciation,  
or eloquent affirmation of principles;  
anon, touched with tender pathos; softening  
with trembling with emotion, until every  
listener's heart beat in unison, and then  
rollicking with rich humor that carried  
laughter in its very tones, or sharpened by  
the pungent sentences stung political antagon-  
ists.

"The great debate which has grown out  
of the amendment to the postoffice bill  
reached its culmination in this speech of  
the Senator from Nevada, which began on  
Wednesday afternoon, marching through  
the minutes of its closing hour, and resumed  
yesterday, was poured in rich profusion  
through the opening hours of its session  
until it closed in a peroration of sounding  
beauty and eloquence. Yesterday was an  
undisputed king. It wore its royal robes  
most royally. The annals of American  
legislation will often be swept back to find  
its record. The speeches and events which  
in both bodies made it luminous will be  
tide marks, telling how the waters surged,  
and whence the floods have rolled.

"Entering the Senate chamber early, the  
seats were found to be all filled. The re-  
porters—busy pickers up of trifles—know-  
ing that Nye was to continue, were early  
on hand. A stranger, entering the Senate  
galleries, can always tell if something  
of importance is expected. Behind and  
above the presiding officer is the reporter's  
gallery; usually the only occupants are  
those attached to the Associated Press.  
But let it be known that some one is about  
to speak, upon whose words the fate of  
measures oft-times hang, and those seats  
are filled with a score or more of keen,  
intellectual faces, noting, weighing, observ-  
ing. Yesterday, representatives of all the  
leading papers in the country were on  
hand. Of course all eyes were directed to-  
wards the portly figure and handsome face  
of the expectant orator. In the days of  
free soil agitation, the ringing tones, the  
rich and changing humor, the picturesque  
rhetoric and often lofty eloquence of Gen-  
eral Nye, became proverbial in New York,  
Ohio, and throughout the great northwest.  
Since then he has drunk inspiration from  
the rolling prairies, and the lofty outlines  
of the grand Sierra Nevada, in whose bosom  
he has made a State and won an hon-  
orable place, and passing through the pas-  
ionate periods of the war, he comes to the  
Senate chamber with greater power and  
enlarged capacity.

A genial man, in looks and in fact, is  
James W. Nye. He fills one's conception  
of Senatorial physique. Looking over the  
chamber the eye rests refreshed by his ex-  
pansive brow, beaming eye, silvered hair,  
and laughter-lurking expression. Even in  
repose there seems to be an unuttered jest  
playing around his mouth, illuminating its  
corners, like the struggling sunbeam which  
follows my pen's tip over the paper as I  
write. The Senator is finely proportioned,  
tending to corpulency, and testifies in his  
rounded outlines and general expression to  
the content and comfort which he gathers  
from life. There he sits, to the left of the  
President, in the center of the outer circle,  
sumner, imposing in figure, dignified and  
stately in manner, scholarly in expression,  
on one side of him, while on the other he is  
flanked by the sturdy, compact physique,

rudely face, and round balanced head of  
Michigan Howard. Beaming, genial Hen-  
ry Wilson, sits in front. That is he, who  
pushes his chair round so as to watch the  
play of the orator's features, and casts a  
smiling glance about as, slowly rubbing  
his portly stomach, he seems in the gesture  
to say: "I am going to enjoy this."  
Sumner settles himself in a position of easy  
dignity, and with head on hand watches  
and listens most attentively through the  
wonderful two hours that followed. On  
the extreme end of the circle is Do-  
little, to whose tergiversations, politically,  
the Senator mainly addresses himself. The  
Wisconsin Senator shows his uneasiness at  
the damaging criticisms. The telling hits  
could be marked by the increasing pallor  
of his face. Cowan's link lean and un-  
usually proportions, crowned his face, which  
wears its usually acute, agitated sneer, side  
next. He grows, too, uneasy, and finally  
retires, after one or two attempts at inter-  
jecting, interrupting remarks. On the left  
and to the front is the other and true Sen-  
ator from Wisconsin—Howe, who brings  
to mind, as one looks at his long head, with  
its subtle, keen expression and quiet power  
which rests upon his face, now enjoying  
this rich treat, the face and character of  
Mr. Seward in his plucky days, when he  
was the best beloved of freedom's defend-  
ers.

The Senator who speaks is engaged in  
an analysis of the Executive policy, as ex-  
pounded and defended by his associate, Mr.  
Do little. This gentleman asserts it is  
Andrew Johnson who stands by the Balti-  
more platform and the policy of its Presi-  
dent—Mr. Lincoln. Mr. Nye takes up  
that platform as expounded by Andrew  
Johnson of Tennessee, in his Nashville  
speech, accepting the second place on the  
Union ticket. Nothing more scathing,  
more effective as a piece of political criti-  
cism has been heard in this chamber. This  
review exposed the duplicity of "my policy,"  
and established the fact beyond question  
that Congress stands right in the path  
laid out by the Union party, and moves  
irresistibly toward the goal at which it  
aims. The orator turning from grave to  
gay, from pathos to withering denunciation  
from humor to over-riding eloquence, which  
swept everything before it, like a swollen  
mountain stream, and filled the remotest  
corner with the full tide of sound, which  
his penetrating, yet musical voice gave  
forth, held spell bound every listening ear.

His gestures were dramatic appropriate,  
fitting exactly the picturesque figures  
which they accompanied. It was hard  
work than one can imagine, to sit quiet  
under the influence of that magnetic voice  
and arousing speech. Yet the severe rules  
of decorum compelled. The speaker felt it  
too. Accustomed to address large audi-  
ences, he could not help occasionally casting  
his eyes to the galleries, as if wondering  
where were the answering cheers which he  
must have known were ready to leap from  
every throat. Walking up and down from  
desk to desk, the Senator pointed his speech  
by personal addresses to those near him.  
At one time Salisbury, unusually spruce  
and sober, blooming out in all the glory  
of snowy vest, shirt front and cravat, his  
swarthy hair more-carefully arranged than  
ordinarily, walking backward and forward,  
as is his wont, came near the speaker, who  
riveted him with his eye, and half facing  
the Delawarean, held him in an uneasy  
spell while he poured forth a torrent of elo-  
quent sarcasm and wit, appropriate to the  
Southerner's benefit. Some portions of  
this great speech will dwell forever in the  
listening memory. When the Nevadan  
denounced the threats made by Garret  
Davis, and declared that if ravenous trea-  
son was not yet satisfied with its bloody  
feast, other victims were ready, but free-  
dom would still live, his form seemed to  
dilate with the majesty of his theme. His  
eyes lightened, his features glowed, and his  
voice rang with the pealing triumph of a  
trumpet's blast. But the peroration was  
the greatest feature of the effort. When  
those who heard it have grown aged, they'll  
tell the tale as that of one of the memora-  
ble occasions of their life time.

The speech has never been surpassed as a  
piece of political oratory. It has not been  
equalled in our time, and certainly has  
only been surpassed in eloquence during the  
war, by that wonderful reply made im-  
promptly by General Baker of Oregon, to  
the insolent and treasonable oration deliv-  
ered by John C. Breckinridge at the spe-  
cial session of '61, in opposition to the  
army bill, giving 500,000 men to suppress  
the rebellion.

Who that has heard that surpassing effort  
of our dead hero—the soldier and statesman  
will ever forget it. Baker had been up all  
night, attending to the disembarkation of  
his regiment, which had arrived in the  
night from Fortress Monroe. Breckinridge  
was speaking when the Oregon Senator  
came into the chamber, clad in his colonel's  
uniform, with military gaunlets and boots  
on, dusty, travel soiled and tired. He ha-  
tened for about fifteen minutes, and then  
went into the ante-chamber, where he fell

### EL DORADO UNION CLUB ROOM,

Corner of Cal. & Oregon Sts.  
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING THOR-  
oughly refitted the above named sa-  
loon, solicit a share of the public patronage.  
The best Wines, Liquors and cigars will  
be served to customers.  
BUCKNER & FARRER,  
Jacksonville, April 19, '66. spl211f

### The Ants of Africa.

I do not think, says Dr. Cballin's Work,  
that they build a nest or home of any kind.  
At any rate they carry nothing away, but  
eat all their prey on the spot. It is their  
habit to march through the forest in long  
regular lines—a line about two inches  
broad, and often several miles in length.  
All along this line are larger ants, who act  
as officers, and stand outside the ranks to  
keep this singular army in order. If they  
come to a place where there are no trees to  
shelter them from the sun, which heat they  
cannot bear, they immediately build under-  
ground tunnels, through which the whole  
army passes in column to the forest beyond.  
These tunnels are four or five feet under  
ground, and are only used in the heat of the  
day, or during a storm.

When they grow hungry, the long file  
spreads itself through the forest in a front  
line, and attacks and devours all it over-  
takes with a fury that is quite irresistible.  
The elephant and the gorilla fly before this  
attack. The black men run for their lives.  
Every animal that lives in their line of  
march is chased. They seem to understand  
and act upon the tactics of Napoleon, and  
concentrate with great speed, their heaviest  
forces upon the point of attack. In an in-  
credibly short space of time, the mouse or  
deer, or leopard, or deer, is overwhelmed,  
killed, eaten, and the bare skeletons only  
left.

They seem to travel night and day. Many  
a time have I been wakened out of my sleep,  
obliged to rush from my bed, and into the  
water to save my life, and after all suffered  
intolerable agony from the bites of the ad-  
vancing guard, who had got into my clothes.  
When they enter a house they clear it of all  
living things. Cockroaches are devoured in  
an instant. Rats and mice spring around  
the room in vain. An overwhelming force  
of ants kills a strong rat in less than a minute  
in spite of the most frantic struggles,  
and in less than another minute its bones  
are stripped. Every living thing in the  
house is devoured. They will not touch  
vegetable matter. Thus they are, in reality  
very useful (as well as dangerous) to the  
negroes who have their huts cleared of all  
the abominable vermin, such as immense  
cockroaches and centipedes, at least several  
times a year.

When on their march the whole of the in-  
sect world flies before them, and I have often  
had the approach of a bashkoyan army  
heralded to me by this means. Wherever  
they go they make a clean sweep, even ac-  
cording to the tops of the highest trees in  
pursuit of prey. Their manner of attack is  
an impetuous leap. Instantly the long pin-  
ners are fastened, and they only let go when  
the piece gives way. At such times this  
little animal seems animated by a kind of  
fury which causes it to disregard entirely,  
its own safety, and to seek only the con-  
quest of prey. The bite is very painful.

The negroes relate that criminals were in  
former times, exposed in the path of the  
ants as the most cruel manner of putting  
them to death.

BEST WAY TO PRESERVE EGGS.—John  
Wetherby, of Geneva, New York, sends  
the following receipt for preserving eggs  
to the Country Gentleman:

I take a pine barrel (an old fish barrel,  
well cleaned out, answers very well) and  
put in the eggs when they are sound, fresh  
and clean. I then cover them with lime-  
water, made like common whitewash; the  
lime settles around the eggs, and the water  
stands on top of the lime—the eggs all  
under the lime. Look at the barrel once  
in a while to see if four inches of water,  
little more or less, covers the whole. If  
the water is all dried up, the lime gets  
hard, and they are difficult to take out  
when wanted, and you have to carry them  
somewhere else to wash off the lime; so  
always keep water on the top. This lime-  
water must be made at least two weeks  
before you pour it on the eggs, or your  
eggs will be boiled hard enough to carry  
in your pocket. When I am putting away  
eggs for future use, I use a pine pall to  
wet the lime in, and stand it by the side of  
a barrel in the cellar until it is cold  
enough; then pour it on the eggs, and fill  
the pall again, and when it has been stirred  
for two or three weeks, do as before, and  
so on till I get through. Keep the vessels  
covered to keep out all dirt, or the eggs  
will look a poor, dingy color. Be careful  
about this in the lime and water, and you  
will have fine, white eggs. I cannot tell  
how long they will keep, as I never saw  
any spoil. I have some five years and a  
half old, as good as they ever were. I  
always preserve in this way, and have done  
so for over thirty years with perfect suc-  
cess. I have seen people have eggs all  
spoil, and have heard them say they  
would never put any more in lime-water.  
They put them in lime-water as soon as it  
was wet up, and boiled them hard enough  
for a Frenchman's breakfast. If I trans-  
port eggs, I barrel them with oats, well  
shaken down and headed up. They do well  
for a voyage of two or three weeks, but  
for daily use at sea, for whaling or other  
long voyages, the first method is sure, and  
perhaps the best known.

Which are the two smallest insects men-  
tioned in the Bible? "The Wicked Man"  
and "the widow's mite."