Oregon Sentinel.

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THE peculiar taint or infection which we call Scrofula lurks in the constitutions of multitudes of men. It either produces or is produced by an enfeebled, vitiated state of the blood, wherein that fluid becomes incompetent to sustain the vital forces in their vigorous action, and leaves the system to fall into disorder and decay. The scrofulous contamination is variously caused by mercurial disease, low living, disordered digestion from unhealthy food, impure air, filth and filthy habits, the depressing vices, and, above all, by the venereal infection. Whatever be its origin, it is hereditary in the constitution, descending "from parents to children unto the third and fourth generation;" indeed, it seems to be the rod of Him who says, "I will visit the iniquities of the fathers upon their children." The diseases which it originates take various names, according to the organs it attacks. In the lungs, Scrofula produces tubercles, and finally Consumption; in the glands, swellings which suppurate and become ulcerous sores; in the stomach and bowels, derangements which produce indigestion, dyspepsia, and liver complaints; on the skin, eruptive and cutaneous affections. These all having the same origin, require the same remedy, viz. purification and invigoration of the blood. Purify the blood, and these dangerous distempers leave you. With feeble, foul, or corrupted blood, you cannot have health; with that "life of the flesh" healthy, you cannot have scrofulous disease.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla

is compounded from the most effectual antidotes that medical science has discovered for this afflicting distemper, and for the cure of the disorders it entails. That it is far superior to any other remedy yet devised, is known by all who have given it a trial. That it does combine virtues truly extraordinary in their effect upon this class of complaints, is indisputably proven by the great multitude of publicly known and remarkable cures it has made of the following diseases: **King's Evil or Glandular Swellings, Tumors, Eruptions, Pimples, Blotches and Sores, Erysipelas, Rose or St. Anthony's Fire, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Coughs from tuberculous deposits in the lungs, White Swellings, Debility, Dropsy, Neuralgia, Dyspepsia or Indigestion, Syphilis and Syphilitic Infections, Mercurial Disease, Female Weaknesses,** and indeed the whole series of complaints that arise from impurity of the blood. Minute reports of individual cases may be found in AYER'S AMERICAN ALMANAC, which is furnished to the druggists for gratuitous distribution, wherein may be learned the directions for its use, and some of the remarkable cures which it has made when all other remedies had failed to afford relief. Those cases are purposely taken from all sections of the country, in order that every reader may have access to some one who can speak to him of its benefits from personal experience. Scrofula depresses the vital energies and thus leaves its victims far more subject to disease and its fatal results than are healthy constitutions. Hence it tends to shorten, and does greatly shorten, the average duration of human life. The vast importance of these considerations has led us to spend years in perfecting a remedy which is adequate to its cure. This we now offer to the public under the name of AYER'S SARSAPARILLA, although it is composed of ingredients, some of which exceed the best of Sarsaparilla in alterative power. By its aid you may protect yourself from the [illegible] danger of these disorders. [illegible] corruptions that rot and fester [illegible] out the causes of disease, and [illegible] By its [illegible] stimulates the vital functions [illegible] the distempers which lurk within the system or burst out on any part of it.

We know the public have been deceived by many compounds of Sarsaparilla, that promised much and did nothing; but they will neither be deceived nor disappointed in this. Its virtues have been proven by abundant trial, and there remains no question of its surpassing excellence for the cure of the afflicting diseases it is intended to reach. Although under the same name, it is a very different medicine from any other which has been before the people, and is far more effectual than any other which has ever been available to them.

AYER'S

CHERRY PECTORAL,

The World's Great Remedy for Coughs, Colds, Incipient Consumption, and for the relief of Consumptive patients in advanced stages of the disease.

This has been so long used and so universally known, that we need do no more than assure the public that its quality is kept up to the best it ever has been, and that it may be relied on to do all it has ever done.

Prepared by DR. J. C. AYER & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all druggists everywhere, and by

OSBORN & SESSIONS,

PURCHASING AND COMMISSION

Agents, 506 California Street, San Francisco.

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 Canfield, Pierson & Co., wholesale dealers in fine clothing, San Francisco.

E. C. Sessions,
Formerly with C. B. Goodwin & Co., wholesale grocers San Francisco, also Bradbury & Wade, Jacksonville.
September 8, 1866. sep8tf

GREAT SPORTSMAN'S EMPORIUM.

THE UNDERSIGNED RESPECTFULLY INFORMS THE public and his friends generally, that he has lately been in San Francisco, where he selected a good assortment of fine and common rifles, shot-guns, revolvers of all different kinds, derringers of the latest patterns, and all kinds of ammunition, such as cartridges, powder, shot; also, powder-flasks, shot-flasks, hunting-knives of every sort and size.

All orders will be filled with promptness, neatness and dispatch. The manufacturing of new rifles will be done at the shortest notice, and in the most approved style.

Grateful for past patronage, I respectfully solicit a continuance of the same. Shop at Residence on Third Street, first door south of B. F. Dowell's law office.

JOHN MILLER.
September 9th, 1865. tf

WM. HOFFMAN,

NOTARY PUBLIC,

& CONVEYANCER,

OFFICE—First Door North of Beekman's Banking House.

Deeds and other instruments of writing carefully prepared, and acknowledgments taken.
Applications for Homestead Entries, Preemption Rights and Private entry of land procured.
Jacksonville, August 4, 1866.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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B. F. DOWELL,

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Slack a Little.

Slack a litte! Slack a little,
Darling wife;
Why such breathless haste and hurry
All thy life?
Slack the vigor of thy striving,
Ere too late.
Tell those monsters, Care and Labor,
Just to wait.

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Busy hand!
Slack thy rubbing and thy scrubbing,
Drop the sand;
Minister thy blessings slowly,
And the longer!
Bind love's thousand precious tendrils
All the stronger!

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Weary feet!
'Tis a thorny road ye're treading,
Death to greet.
Slack your quick and fearless stepping,
Spare your strength!
Ye the golden streets of Heaven
Shall tread at length!

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Precious heart!
Slack the fervor of thy throbbing
Ere we part.
Thrill not thus with every sorrow,
Anxious ever!
Trembling like an Angel Lyre
Forever
Strung for high and holy themes,
Slack thy sorrow,
Heaven those rapturous themes may [wake
Perhaps to-morrow.

Slack a little! Time how fleeting,
Slack thy wing!
To my heart's long-cherished treasure
Let me cling!
Go to Mirth, and from his chalice
Take the pleasure;
Pilfer Wealth, and from his palace,
Take the treasure.
Why such haste my night to bring,
Slack, O Time, thy scythe and wing!

Slack a little! Slack a little,
Death, O Death!
Vain thy strife and panting haste,
All out of breath!
See! she fears not thy approaching—
Thou hast no sting!
Clasp her! in thy cold embracing
She will sing!
Slack, O Death! how sure thy loss,
Thou wast conquered on the Cross!

—*Harper's Monthly.*

Italy is Free.

[From HARPER'S MONTHLY, Jan. 1867]

At last Italy is free from the Alps to the Adriatic. A result long and passionately anticipated, which has inspired literature and the noblest sacrifices, the dream and hope of the most emotional nation, has been wholly secured. "A soldier in the sky-blue coat of the Austrian sailed off, on Friday, the 19th of October, to join a ship close by, bearing a yellow and sable flag, embroidered with an eagle. It was the last Austrian Governor of Venice, the last Gesler of his race, General Aleman. The quay was thronged with people; girls, national guards, old men. They made a silent path through them to the water's edge, whence passed the Austrian, a bearded man of iron gray, full of those outward graces which are learned in his military school; a man who could command the execution of Kossuth or Garibaldi with quiet dignity, and go to bed thereafter without remorse. As his gondola passed off, he raised his hat. A silent waving of handkerchiefs from the quay gave him farewell. His gondolier landed him, still waving his hand, upon the deck of an Austrian ship. One gun of adieu sounded over the lagune, and Venice contained no soldier but her own, no law save the free behavior of her people, no flag of any designation."

No wonder that there was silence and a certain pride on either side. The Italian, as he watched the slowly receding form of the last of the *Malladetti Tedeschi*—the cursed Germans—could not help thinking that the day so long prayed for was not utterly cloudless, for though the Austrian was going, and Venice was again Italian only, it was not Italy that had expelled the intruder. After all, the patriotic enthusiasm, the popular uprising, the King-leading, Garibaldi coming from Caprera, the peninsula trembling with sublime resolution, and the sympathetic world expectant, it was not Custozza nor Lissa—how those names sting!—it was Sadowa, a Bohemian battle, fought by Prussians and Austrians, which made Italy free. So thought some sad-souled Italian who had given the labor and enthusiasm of his life to the freedom of Italy, as he stood in the shadow and saw the Austrian sail away. And as he watched him waving his hand, and heard the one gun echoing over the water and through the silent city, the Italian knew also the Austrian's thought. He knew that there was a kind of triumph in the Austrian heart as its hand relaxed its hold on Venice. "I go," that waving hand receding seemed to say—"I go, but it is not you who force me. I go, but I baffled your last most strenuous effort. By land at Custozza, by sea at Lissa, I humbled your armies and your fleets. I go, but I am master still. Farewell, foolish, hot, wayward child! It is a man, not you, who lifts my hand."

But the great burst of emotion that followed the departure of the ship must have been sublime. At first there was no sound. "The piazza—or square—the piazetta, the arcades, the housetops were filled with people. Twenty thousand stood there in silence like bewilderment. Not an oar broke the water, not a cry pealed on the land, no bell sounded, no jeer, nor laugh, nor tread of feet shook the solemn vacant pause. Suddenly, like the flash of a spectrum, a tri-colored flag ran up to the peak of the campanile—the church tower. A group of men-of-war mounted the harbor light-house. Their port-holes grew white and thunderous. A field-piece in the piazza answered them back. These resonances broke the stupor of the people. With a shout like the falling of the city, they fell into each others arms."

Then every expression of joy and liberty burst out everywhere. The city was festooned and tapestried with the flag, and under its gracious folds every sign of the late tyranny vanished. The Austrian spy and cannon disappeared. The passport office fell. The railway time tables gained in time and diminished the rates of fare, and custom house and passport stoppages were abolished. Palaces and Galleries, the secluded homes of art and learning were opened wide. The post-office became honest, and letter and newspaper were delivered unread by Jesuit Austrian eyes. On all sides shone the photographic faces of Italians whom Italy has loved and cherished with a secret worship: Manin or Mazzini, Avezzana or Saffi, and the idolized red-shirt, the beloved Garibaldi.

"Have you the picture of Joseph Mazzini?" inquired the correspondent of the *Tribune*, to whom we owe the warm and living picture of the scene, to a dealer on the piazza.

"Oh yes, Signore! but old as '49 when he was among us. You love him?"

"Quite! How much is it?"

"Nothing, Signore—absolutely nothing. It pays me to have a stranger wish him—*addio!*"

And in the midst came the Italian army in barges down the Grand Canal. The bands played triumphal music. The sides of the Canal rang with shouts of welcome. Every grim old palace smiled with gay draperies, and from every balcony flowers were showered upon the soldiers. At the Palace Giustiniani the American Consul unrolled the flag of the Union. Cialdini, bravest and best of Italian Generals, arose and removed his hat to it. His staff followed, and every regiment as it passed lustily cheered the Stars and Stripes. Arrived at the Piazza San Marco the soldiers were removed, and, stepping from the line, were heartily embraced by the people. "The only person," says our authority, "I saw untouched by this beautiful reunion, was an Englishman, who said: 'O! yas! yas! I da' say! but the city will sadly miss its Austrian customers, you know.'"

But a wise correspondent writes from Florence that he congratulates Italy on her defeats at Custozza and Lissa. "Victories on the battlefield," he says, "might have inebriated the nation and carried her into the path of military monarchies. Imperialism of the French stamp has now become impossible." These defeats and the failure of General La Marmora and of Admiral Persano "have fortified freedom and constitutional life in the Peninsula, and, smiting national vanity, turned public attention to all that is rotten in Italy. Now that she has succeeded in re-vindicating her frontiers, she must look to her regeneration by education and honest work." Wiser words could not be written. The Austrian is gone, let Italy take care that ignorance and vice follow him.

TREASURE.—It may not be uninteresting to our readers to learn something of the amount of gold and silver production deposited at the Philadelphia mint, branch mints at San Francisco and Denver and assay office at New York. Under this belief, we make the following extracts from the Report of the Directors of the parent mint, at Philadelphia, to the Secretary of the Treasury, for the year ending June 30, 1866:

GOLD.

Arizona	$ 40,439 68
California	14,598,191 42
Idaho	3,391,997 48
Montana	3,505,074 29
Colorado	1,018,471 52
Oregon	914,130 77
South Carolina	694 54
Nekraska	3,645 08
North Carolina	140,937 39
Georgia	91,631 39
Nevada	6,667 88
New Mexico	3,155 05
Alabama	1,135 00
Virginia	10,397 64
Washhington	2,232 09
Refined gold or fine bars	2,685,633 00
Mint bars	125,010 00
Parted from silver.	459,514 56
Kansas	1,767 09
Total Gold	28,970,762 09

SILVER.

Oregon	$1,570 51
Arizona	139 63
Nevada	540,345 87
Lake Superior	22,973 96
Idaho	38,859 49
Georgia	403 83
California	453 00
Colorado	419 09
Parted from Gold	271,838 51
Bars	16,278 22
Total Silver	$893,282 02
Total Gold and silver of domestic production	29,864,044 48

The same Report shows the coinage of the parent and branch mints, for the same year, to be as follows:

GOLD COINAGE.

Philadelphia	$127,869,636 61
San Francisco	217,999,656 81
New Orleans	46,381,615 00
Charlotte	5,948,641 50
Dahlonega	6,121,919 05
Assay Office	146,923,622 14
Denver	1,191,310 73
Total	$845,536,601 79

SILVER COINAGE.

Philadelphia	$99,024,014 42
San Francisco	5,081,908 53
New Orleans	29,890,037 13
Assay Office	2,355,852 78
Total	$136,351,812 96

SIS-KI-YOU.—The Humboldt *Times* says: "The following extract from the dictionary of the Chinook Jargon, by Geo. Gibbs, has been handed us by a friend:

'Sis-ki-you, Cree (Anderson)—A bob-tailed horse.' This name, ludicrous enough, has been bestowed on the range of mountains separating Oregon from California, and also on a county in the latter State. The origin of this designation, as related to me by Mr. Anderson, was as follows: Mr. Archibald McLeod, a Chief Factor of the Hudson Bay Company, in the year 1828, while crossing the mountains with a pack-train, was overtaken by a snow storm, in which he lost most of his animals, including a noted bob-tailed race horse. His Canadian followers, in compliment to their chief, or 'bourgeois,' named the place the pass of Siskiyou—an appellation subsequently adopted as the veritable indian name of the locality, and thence extended to the whole range and the adjoining district."

Clear the Track.

We notice by the Sacramento *Union* and several other papers from below that an organization has been effected at San Francisco, for the purpose of building that portion of the California and Oregon railroad within this State. The corporators of this company are, Alpheus Bull, Thos. Bell, Wm. E. Barron, C. Temple Emmett, S. G. Elliott, S. P. Elliott, John P. Brodie and E. Mickel. The men at the head of this enterprise are prominent and substantial citizens of San Francisco, and negotiations are now in progress at the East towards purchasing materials for the construction of the road. The road will connect with the Central Pacific Railroad, and also the proposed Vallejo and Marysville Railroad. From the engineer's report we learn that from Oroville to the plains several miles beyond, the level was extended; also at the crossing of the several streams. From the foot of the Canyon to Shasta a line of levels was run; also from Shasta to the Sacramento river; and again from three miles below the Soda Springs on the Sacramento, to Jacksonville, Oregon, a continuous line of level was extended. The particular line of survey, so far as California is concerned, commences at Marysville and extends up the Sacramento Valley on the east side, passing through the town of Chico; thence up the same side of the river to about three miles above Red Bluff, where a crossing of the river will be made by a bridge of six hundred feet in length. After crossing the river, the line continues up a long ravine into the bottom of Cottonwood Creek, thence along the course of the stage road to opposite the Canyon House, thence to the summit of the ridge by the stage road to Shasta. From Shasta the line continues up the Sacramento river to its head. Passing the summit between the Sacramento and Shasta rivers, it follows the same down for a distance of twenty-one miles, and thence diverging to the west, passes through Yreka. Then turning back into Shasta Valley, it follows the same for a distance of fifteen miles. Then it passes to the Klamath river, ascends the Siskiyou mountain, and in twenty-two and a half miles reaches the summit.

By taking the Sacramento river route from Shasta to this place, the road will avoid any great depth of snow usual on other routes between Yreka and Shasta. The only portion of the road liable to obstruction from snow would be in the neighborhood of Soda Springs, and on the Siskiyou mountain, at both of which places the area in length would be limited and easy to open with the snow plow. The smallest degree of curvature will be confined to a radius of 573 feet, and out of 635 miles, 500 will be in a straight line. The Siskiyou mountains can be crossed at a maximum grade of 83 feet to the mile, and at no point will there be over 100 feet to the mile. From Marysville to Shasta not over 80 feet grade to the mile will be necessary, and for most of that section only about 40 feet to the mile is needed. The average cost per mile is estimated at $48,000, nearly $2,000 less per mile than the average in New York State. Business would greatly increase with railroad communication, and cheap rates; doubling at least the present amount of freighting, thus realizing an immense revenue. Competition from other means of transportation between Sacramento and Portland is out of question, from the fact that inland teaming and river travel is too slow, tedious and expensive. By having a railroad there will be the double advantage of return freight, picked up along the entire line. In reality there is no better opening for big dividends than by investment in this road, which is liberally aided by government in the donation of public lands, and a further show of extensive patronage in the transportation of the mails, troops munitions of war, etc. etc.

A road along this route will be a grand conducting channel, towards which all the country extending to the Sierra Nevada and Cascade mountains on the east and to the coast on the west, will contribute its trade to swell the flow of business, and render it one of the best paying railroads in the United States. Every foot of soil in the country susceptible of cultivation, will become gradually settled up through the inducements of speedy communication with a ready market, and our extensive quartz mines will be thoroughly worked by the facilities in getting up machinery. Nothing but a railroad can develop our county, or enhance the future prosperity of Northern California. Yreka is destined to become the largest and most flourishing station between Marysville and Portland, by becoming the depot for Siskiyou, Klamath and Del Norte counties, together with a portion of Trinity county and the Klamath Lake country.—*Yreka Journal.*

JONATHAN'S HUNTING EXCURSION.—'Did you ever hear of a scrape that I and Uncle Zeckel had duckin' on't on the Connecticut?' asked Jonathan Timbertoes, while amusing his old Dutch hostess, who had agreed to entertain him under the roof of her log cottage for and in consideration of a bran new tin milk pan.

'No, I never did. Do tell it,' was the reply.

'Well, you must know that I and Uncle Zeeke took it into our heads on Saturday afternoon to go a gunnin' arter ducks in father's skiff; so in we got and skulled down the river. A propper site of ducks flew up and down the river, I tell ye—and a slew of them lit down by the marsh and went to feedin' on muscles. I catched up my powder horn to prime, and it slipped right out of my hand and sunk to the bottom of the river. The water was amazingly clear, and I could see it on the bottom. Now I couldn't swim a jot; so I says to Uncle Zeke, 'you're a pretty clever fellow; just let me take your powder horn to prime;' and don't you think the stingy critter wouldn't. 'Well,' sez I, 'you're a pretty good diver, and if you dive and get it I'll give you a priming.' I thought he'd leave his powder horn, but he didn't; he stucked it in his pocket, and down he went—and there he staid.'

Here the old lady opened her eyes with wonder and surprise, and a pause of some minutes ensued, when Jonathan added:

'I looked down and what do you think the critter was doin'?'

'Lordy!' exclaimed the old lady, 'I'm sure I don't know.'

'There he was,' said our hero, settin' rite on the bottom of the river, pooring the powder out of my horn into hizzen!'

ABOLITIONISTS EVERYWHERE.—The Detroit (Mich.) *Tribune* says:

"A prominent Democrat, residing on Beach Street, in Flint, returning from the telegraph office on the night after the recent election, met his wife at the door, who anxiously inquired the 'result of the election.' 'It has gone Black Republican by a larger majority than I ever dreamed of,' was the reply of the disconsolate husband. 'Well my dear,' said the wife, 'I wish you would sell out and leave the place; I do not for one wish to live among such a set of Abolitionists.' 'Well, wife,' responded the husband, 'it would suit me well to act upon your suggestion and move out of the Radical nest, but I would like to have you take the map and tell me where on earth we could go and mend the matter, for I tell you the thing is just so in every place in the loyal States except New York City, and there a man that is not a bruiser or a blackleg don't stand as much show as a Democrat does here.' Wife prepares for bed with a good-sized flea in her ear, while the defeated and vanquished husband soothes his sorrow by a potation of too pure a quality for general party purposes.

A CERTAIN PHYSICIAN, at sea, made great use of sea-water among the patients. Whatever disease came on, a dose of nauseating liquid was first thrown down. In process of time the doctor fell overboard. A great bustle consequently ensued on board, in the midst of which the captain came up, and inquired the cause:

"Oh, nothing, sir," answered a tar, "only the doctor has fallen into his medicine-chest."

THE quantity of paper used every year in England represents a weight of two hundred and twenty millions of pounds. France uses one hundred and and ninety-five millions of pounds; while the United States of America, with a much smaller population, consumes more paper than England and France put together—namely, four hundred and forty millions of pounds.

WHEN is a blow from a lady welcome?—When she strikes you agreeably.