

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIII. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, MARCH 7, 1868. NO. 7

SUTTON & HYDE,
AGENTS FOR
LYON'S KATHAIRON,
LYON'S EX'OT GINGER,
LYON'S ELEA POWDER,
MAGNOLIA WATER.
[Jacksonville, Sept. 29, 1866-17]

AMERICAN EXCHANGE,
Corner of Washington and Front Streets,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

L. P. W. QUIMBY,
(LATE PROPRIETOR OF THE "WESTERN HOTEL.")

HAVING TAKEN THE ABOVE HOUSE,
and entirely REFITTED AND REFURNISHED it, is now prepared to receive and accommodate his friends and former patrons, and the general travelling public. For safety in the event of fire, and the convenience of guests, a **SECOND FLOOR** has been opened to the **SLEEPING APARTMENTS**, which are commodious and especially arranged for the accommodation of families. **WARM AND COLD BATHS** attached to the house.
This house is located near the Steamboat Landing, and is better than any other in Portland.

THE HOTEL COACH
will be in attendance at the several Landings to convey guests and their baggage to and from the house FREE OF CHARGE. The house has a large **Fire-Proof Safe** for valuables. The Proprietor will undertake that nothing shall be left undone to render his house attractive, and guests comfortable. oct21f

R. DUGAN. J. G. WALL.
DUCAN & WALL,
FORWARDING AND COMMISSION
MERCHANTS,
Brick Building,
Corner of Front and F Streets,
CRESCENT CITY.

THEY WILL ATTEND TO THE RECEIVING and forwarding of all goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch. They have fitted up two large buildings for storing goods, and have made arrangements so that merchants doing business through them will not suffer by any overcharges, or loss any just claim for goods lost.

Consignments solicited. Merchandise received on storage. jun21y

P. B. COFFIN,
HOUSE PAINTER,

IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE ENTIRE stock of materials and tools formerly belonging to Coffin & Coffin. Mr. Coffin having withdrawn, P. B. Coffin will continue the business, and can be found at his shop, **Corner of C and Third Streets,** prepared to do work in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable rates. oct19f

EL DORADO,
S. E. Cor. Cal. & Ogo. Sts. Jacksonville, O.
S. M. FARREN.

NEW BROOMS SWEEP CLEAN!
THEN GO TO PREATER'S
BROOM MANUFACTORY
AND BUY THE BEST IN THE MARKET,
AT WHOLESALE OR RETAIL.

Factory on corner of Oregon and Main Sts., by the Odd Fellow's Hall, and opposite the Franco-American Restaurant.
Jacksonville, Nov. 29th, 1867. nov30-6m

PAY UP—LAST CALL.
ALL THOSE INDEBTED TO US ARE hereby notified to come forward and pay up by the first day of January ensuing, as it will certainly be to their interest to do so, as we cannot do business without money to meet our own liabilities; and furthermore, deeming it for the best interest of all concerned, we have determined to establish a strict cash basis in business after the first day of January, 1868, and will not depart from it.
SUTTON & HYDE
Jacksonville, Dec. 19th, 1867. dec21f

LIME! LIME!
BUILDERS AND OTHERS WHO DESIRE the best quality of lime, will find a constant supply, of the best quality, in quantities to suit, at my shop on Main street, between Oregon and Third, opposite Muller & Brentano's store. In my absence, Mr. Alex. Martin will wait upon customers.

STONE CUTTING
AND
Stone Mason Work
done on terms to suit the times. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
JOHN R. PEACOCK
Jacksonville, April 26, 1867. ap27

No! You Delinquents!
AS OUR S. SACHS WILL BE OBLIGED to leave shortly, it becomes necessary for us to call on all those indebted to us by book account or note to settle at once. We hope our friends will take due notice of this, the ONLY DUN we intend issuing.
SACHS BROS.
Jacksonville, Dec. 12th, 1867. dec14-f

Notice.
THOSE INDEBTED TO THE UNDERSIGNED are requested to come forward within one month from this date and make payment.
J. S. WETTERER.
Jacksonville, Feb. 14th, 1868. feb15m

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Peter Britt,
Photographic Artist,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Ambrotypes,
Photographs,
Cartes de Visite
DONE IN THE FINEST STYLE OF ART.
Pictures Reduced
OR ENLARGED TO LIFE SIZE.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK,
Physician & Surgeon,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office at his residence, in the Old Overbeck Hospital, on Oregon Street.

E. H. GREENMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—Corner of California and Fifth Streets, Jacksonville, Ogn.
He will practice in Jackson and adjacent counties, and attend promptly to professional calls. feb2f

DR. A. B. OVERBECK'S
BATH ROOMS,
In the Overbeck Hospital,
WARM, COLD & SHOWER BATHS,
SUNDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS.

F. GRUBE, M. D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON,
OFFICE removed to Oregon Street, nearly opposite the French Restaurant.
Jacksonville, Dec. 21st, 1867. dec21-f

DR. LEWIS GANUNG,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON AND
Obstetrician,

WILL attend to any who may require his services, office adjoining N. Lange's shoe shop, on north side California Street, Jacksonville. nov2f

DR. HUFELAND'S
CELEBRATED
SWISS STOMACH BITTER!

TRY IT!
The best Purifier of the Blood!
A Pleasant Tonic!
A Very Agreeable Drink!
Unsurpassed for acting safely but gently on the secretions of the kidney, bowels, stomach and liver!

TRY IT!
For sale at all wholesale and retail liquor, drug and grocery stores.

NOBODY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!
J. G. FARRER, Proprietor,
TAYLOR & BENDEL, Sole Agents,
415-417 S. Francisco.
Feb 15-ly spno.

I. O. G. T.
ALPHA LODGE NO. 1, I. O. G. T. HOLDS its regular meetings on Tuesday evening of each week, at the District School House, in Jacksonville. LODGE opens at 7 o'clock. DEGREE MEETINGS the last Tuesday of each month, after adjournment of SUBORDINATE LODGE.

All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to be present.
G. W. ROORK, W. C. T.
J. R. WARD, Sec'y,
Jacksonville, Feb. 8th, 1868. fe8-f

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.
HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evening, or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
A. MARTIN, W. M.
C. W. SAVAGE, Sec'y.

The Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the Lost Appetite, is
FRESE'S HAMBURG TEA.

It is the best preservative against most any sickness, if used timely. Composed of herbs only, it can be given safely to infants. Full directions in English, French, Spanish and German, with every package. TRY IT!
For sale at all the wholesale and retail drug stores and groceries.
EMIL FRESE, Wholesale Druggist,
Sole Agent, 410 Clay street,
San Francisco.
jul14y1

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.
NOTICE.—Having disposed of our Factory, we are now prepared to give our whole attention to our Leather and Finding business. On hand, direct from France, Calif & Kip, Domestic Leather, Boot Legs, etc.

JOHN G. HEIN, L. FAYRE, JOHN BRAY,
New York. Paris. San Francisco.
Address, HEIN & BRAY, San Francisco,
416 Battery Street

To Foundrymen
AND BLACKSMITHS.
Cumberland and Lehigh COAL and PIG IRON
1,000 TONS.
In Store and Afloat, for sale by
J. B. DOYLE
415 and 416 Battery St. San Francisco.
Feb 17

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED
Every Saturday Morning by
B. F. DOWELL,

OFFICE, CORNER 'C' & THIRD STREETS

TERMS OF 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.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
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.

An Evening.
The clock ticks sadly in the hall,
The leaves hang dead across the wall;
O'er meadows brown the wind calls shrill,
Wild branches toss upon the hill;
A far-off light gleams through the rain,
The storm sole at the window pane,
I hear the distant river flow,
I hear the wind-voice whisper low,
And the rain is on the roof;
Is falling, too, on graves that still
And quiet lie beneath the hill;
Nor heed the storm that round them raves,
Nor hear the rain, those peaceful graves,
I know that with the morning's light
The clouds may part, the sky be bright,
But now, tonight, these clouds hang low,
And the wild wind-voice come and go,
And the rain is on the roof.

Long Dick's Story.

During my travels in Mexico and Sonora, I met with many strange and interesting people, and I have been among that class of men who are called trappers, and heard from their lips many a wild tale.

One evening I stopped at a Mexican's to spend the night, and I was overjoyed to find a number of my own countrymen there. They were trappers, and I soon became acquainted with them.

Among the number was a tall bony specimen of humanity who went by the name of Long Dick. He was about thirty-five years of age, six feet high and hailed from one of the New England States. I found that he was well educated, for he did not use the wild trapper's language.

As he sat by the fire, I thought that he might relate some thrilling adventure; so I drew my chair near him, and said:

"My friend, how long have you been in these parts?"

"Nearly ten years," was the reply.

"Then you must have seen hard times!" I said, anxious to draw him into conversation.

"Yes, I have. When I came here the Apaches were as flies in Summer."

"Did you ever trap along the Yellowstone?"

"I did, and will ever remember a terrible adventure which I had there and which made my hair turn gray, as you can see."

And when he removed his hat from his head I saw that his hair was as white as snow.

"Before this adventure my hair was as black as yours."

"Will you please relate the circumstances to me?" I said.

I drew my chair still closer to the trapper and listened with almost breathless attention while he related the following story:

"You see," he began, "I was trapping along the Yellowstone some years ago and made the business pay. I had a good pile of skins, and began to make arrangements to return to the States, when I had a terrible adventure.

One day I was about ten miles from my hut, and when noon came I sat down to eat my dinner, which consisted of bear meat and dried venison, eating oats. Suddenly I heard a yell that brought me to my feet, and looking to the north I beheld about twenty Comanches sweeping down on me at full gallop. I ran to my horse, mounted him and struck out for home. I did not have much the start, and I soon saw that the red devils were gaining on me. So I stuck my spurs into the sides of my mustang and he went bounding over the prairie. I knew that he was worthy the name of horse, therefore I had no fear that they would catch me. But still they gained on me, and I saw that the foremost was

within rifle shot. I had learned to fire on my horse, so I dropped the reins over the pommel of saddle and fired at the foremost pursuer. He threw up his hands and fell from his steed, which dashed away without a rider. The party stopped a moment, but I reloaded and went on. I saw them again in motion, and ere long I was in shooting distance. I fired and emptied another saddle, but did not stop them, but they came on faster than before. I fired twice and two more Comanches were stretched on the prairie lifeless. I had but one charge left, and I determined to keep it for the last moment. All at once I heard the sound of rushing waters, and it smote upon ear as my death knell. I was rapidly nearing "Dead Man's Gulch," and my brain whirled at the thought.

This gulch was a large opening in the earth, made perhaps by an earthquake. It was three miles in length, and about twenty feet wide. I guess it was a hundred feet deep, and a stream ran among the rocks at the bottom. Two of my countrymen had tried to leap the chasm with their horses, when chased by the Comanches, but failed. No wonder that I shuddered as I neared the chasm, for death was likely; but sooner than be captured, I would try to leap the chasm though I perished in the attempt. On I went, and my dusky foes saw where I was going, for they yelled like demons. The sound of water grew more distinct, and by rising in my stirrups I could see the yawning chasm, and a few rods more would decide my fate.

The Indians came on and I decided to use my last shot. I fired and their leader fell from his horse. I threw my rifle away, for I did not wish to encumber my steed, and again sent the spurs into his bleeding sides. I neared the gulch and as my noble steed prepared for the leap, I closed my eyes to meet the death I thought was at hand. I felt myself borne through the air, and then a shock. I opened my eyes and saw that my brave horse had leaped the chasm and was clambering to his feet. I jumped from the saddle and assisted him to rise. I cried like a child and showered kisses upon the dumb but brave animal that had saved me from the bottom of "Dead Man's Gulch."

I gave my horse rest, and went on my journey. I met my friends, Jake Simms and Pete Peters, who would hardly believe me when I told them of my fearful leap. They told me that my hair was white, and when I looked into the mirror I found that they had told the truth. I may live many years but I never want to try that leap again. My faithful horse is still with me and is now in the host's stable; and all the wealth of Golconda would not purchase him, for he saved me from a frightful death in "Dead Man's Gulch."

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.—The finest thing that George D. Pentice ever wrote is this inimitable passage: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast upon the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves, and sink into nothingness. Else why is it, the high and glorious aspirations, which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not on earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which 'hold their festival around the midnight throne,' are set above the limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory. And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us; leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our heart? We are all born for a higher destiny than that of earth. There is a realm where the rainbow never fades, where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber on ocean, and where the beautiful things which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence."

There are 150,000 school teachers in the United States—two-thirds females.

The Georgia Case.

(From the Sacramento Union.)

Last April the Provisional Governors of Georgia and Mississippi petitioned the Supreme Court to grant an injunction restraining Stanton, Grant, Pope and Ord from executing the Reconstruction Acts. Previous to this the same parties had asked for an injunction against the President for the same purpose. The Court decided promptly that such an application was "scandalous" in the legal sense—that is, it was unfit to be entertained. It fell on the threshold, therefore, permission even to put it on file being refused. The reason for this decision was that the Court had no right to interfere with the executive or political acts of the President; that executing a law of Congress was such an act, and not a merely ministerial one. The Court said that "an attempt on the part of the judicial department of the Government to enjoin the performance of such duties by the President might be justly characterized in the language of Chief Justice Marshall, as 'an absurd and excessive extravagance.' The duty thus imposed on the President is in no just sense ministerial—it is purely executive and political. The folly of such interference by the Court was shown in the fact that its mandate could not be enforced if the President refused to obey; while, if he did obey, the Court could not protect him against impeachment by Congress for failure to execute the law. Hence the Court laid down the broad principle that "neither the legislative nor the executive department can be restrained in its action by the judicial department." Not content with this decision, the petitioners amended their "bill" so as to ask an injunction against the subordinate officers as above described. They thus brought into question the political action of Congress, instead of that of the President; and they have obliged the Court to make a similar decision in its behalf. The opinion read by Judge Nelson refuses to take jurisdiction of the case because it involves a political question, which is subject only to the discretion. The petition of Georgia was signed and presented in behalf of that State by Charles J. Jenkins, representing himself to be "the Governor of that State, duly elected in accordance with the Constitution and the laws thereof, and in actual exercise of the functions of that office." But the Congressional laws inform the Court that Chas. J. Jenkins has no authority to represent the State as he claims; that Georgia has no legal State Government; and these laws forbid either the executive or judicial department to recognize any such Government in any of the unorganized States. The Court has treated this matter as it did the plea against the President. It has refused to interfere with a political function of Congress. It decides, as it has heretofore, that it is for Congress alone to decide upon the political status of the rebellious district. It holds that it is futile, as well as absurd, for the judicial department to restrain or dictate to the legislative department in the performance of its own proper functions. This decision of the Court is made unanimously. It takes within its purview every question which can come up and threaten to overturn Congressional reconstruction. If in the case of Georgia in 1866 the Court found a condition of things which enabled Congress to be the only umpire as to whether that State was or was not repossessed of its State organization that decides the problem. The whole rebel district will remain in precisely that condition until Congress has completed and announced a change. Jenkins was one of Johnson's Governors. The Court refuses to listen to him as the legitimate Governor of Georgia. The sweep of this decision is such as ought to satisfy both friends and foes of the reconstruction Acts. It does not content itself with Stanberry's technical pleading. The Attorney General found enough objection to the injunctions asked for by Georgia and Mississippi in the fact that, since there was no property involved, a case of equity was not made out. He also objected that the Court had no jurisdiction over the parties, because they were sued in their official

capacity and not as persons. But the Court takes broader ground, and builds upon it the true argument, namely, that Congress—and Congress alone—is possessed of the power and discretion to deal with the problem of reconstruction. This disposes not only of the Johnson Government, but also the rebel organizations which preceded. The latter were not brought in question in the case like the former, but the principal announced affects both alike. Congress may decide upon the legality of the one as well as the other. If, under these circumstances, rebels and their confederates deem it desirable to postpone reconstruction, loyal men can afford to wait as long as they. The responsibility for delay will rest upon the opponents of Congress.

The London Times publishes an interesting letter in regard to the discoveries in progress at Jerusalem, from which we select the following:

The colossal foundations of the temple wall, which are "stones of ten cubits and stones of eight cubits," laid by Solomon or his successors on the throne, are now being laid bare at the enormous depth of ninety feet and more beneath the present surface. The bridge that once spanned the ravine between the palace on Zion and Moriah, is now proved to be upwards of one hundred and fifty feet high. If this be as it seems, the ascent to the house of the Lord which Solomon showed to the Queen of Sheba, we cannot wonder that on seeing it there was no spirit in her. The pinnacle of the temple on which the tempter placed the Saviour has just been uncovered to the base, and is found still to have an elevation of one hundred and thirty-six feet. The statement of Josephus is therefore no exaggeration. "If any looked from the battlements into the valley he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth." Sections of the ancient wall of Ophel have been exhumed, showing that, as Josephus says, it was joined to the southeast angle of the Temple. Aqueducts, cisterns, rock-hewn channels and passages have also been discovered within and around the harem, throwing new light on the buildings, the arrangements, and the services of the Temple.

The great work of a complete exploration of ancient Jerusalem is thus fairly and auspiciously commenced. The opportune visit of the Sultan and grand vizier of this country, and the representations made to the latter by the Archbishop of York, followed up as they have been by the energy, the wisdom and tact of Lieut. Warren and his admirable staff, have smoothed down Moslem prejudice, removed local opposition, and thus brought about opportunities for excavation and exploration such as never occurred before; and, besides, large numbers of Arab laborers have been trained to the work and are eager to be employed; and the exact points for successful exploration are now well known.

MATHEMATICS OF THE HUMAN FRAME.—The proportions of the human figure are strictly mathematical. The whole figure is six times the length of the foot. Whether the form be slender or plump the rule holds good; any deviation from it is a departure from the highest beauty in proportion. The Greeks made all their statues according to this rule. The face, from the highest point of the forehead where the hair begins, to the chin, is one-tenth of the whole stature. The hand, from the wrist to the end of the middle finger, is the same. From the top of the chest to the highest point in the forehead is a seventh. If the length of the face, from the roots of the hair to the chin, be divided into three equal parts, the first division determines the place where the eyebrows meet, and the second the place of the nostrils. The height from the feet to the top of the head is the same as the distance from the extremity of the fingers when the arms are extended.

A DELICATE little girl stole noiselessly to her mother's side. She watched the needle flashing out and in through the cambric for a minute, and then said in a low, tremulous voice:

"Dear mother, I have broken your China vase."

"You have? You are a vexatious, wicked thing!"

The mother spoke harshly, and her eyes flashed angrily. "Go to bed immediately. You shall have no supper."

With a disheartened, disappointed look, the little girl glided out of the room. She crept up the dark stairs and sobbed herself to sleep, with her face buried in her pillow. Was that the proper way in which to answer that trembling culprit? Had she not struggled against the temptation to tell a falsehood, and come out conqueror? It does not take much to crush the "sweet flower of truth" in the hearts of some children.