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Notice.

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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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Old Letters.

Away from home—with loving fondness
Words of love so kindly trace
On the heart their deep impression,
Time or grief can near efface.

Feelings traced so deep and truly,
Their impress on the heart must bind,
When, far from loved and loving faces,
With earnest words these truths we find.

Eyes that then those pages scanning,
Oft were dimmed by feelings' sway,
How our memory hopes to linger
On those forms now passed away.

Words from home so fond and loving,
Home's dear scenes doth still recall,
Gathering round the blazing hearth-stone,
As the evening shadows fall.

How those dearly treasured letters,
Old and worn out as they seem,
Every reminiscence gather
Of our lost and early dream.

Greetings kind from father, and mother—
Homeward luring us to stray,
Reuniting with the circle
On each coming Christmas day.

Now alone we sit, and musing
Mournfully upon the past;
Every Christmas seems to bring us
Sadder hearts than we felt last.

Deep and sad the recollections
Years now flown bring back to mind,
Reading o'er those tear-stained pages,
As those words of love we find.

Tears that now our eyelids dimming
From the heart in gushes flow,
Buried griefs and joys renewing,
With those scenes of long ago.

The Commercial power of Railroads.

Some writers on political economy remarks that the production of a pound of iron does little or nothing to satisfy a demand, but is rather the creation of an agent which calls for the production of more. In this remark the whole philosophy of the growth of a country in material wealth is embodied. Set one industry into operation and it immediately creates a demand for another. Build one line of railroad and it necessitates the immediate construction of others. The rapidity with which villages and towns spring up along the route of each newly constructed road, and the quickness with which the uncultivated land on either side blossoms into fertile farms, awaken general wonder. It almost seems as if these narrow bands of iron were possessed of an astonishing magnetic power, attracting people and settlements, and establishing them in prosperity. The vast traffic and travel which railways seem to be built to accomodate, have been, in fact, created by them. An English writer on the benefit of Railways states that the increase of imports and exports of a country is in strict proportion to the development of its railways, and he exhibits tables which show in the case of England and several European countries, as well as the United States, astonishingly accurate proofs of the existence of this proportion. The effect of rapid railway extension in all railroad countries, is every way remarkable. It would seem at first that their effect would be to supplant altogether the old system of transportation. Some English statistics on the subject show that at the present moment there is a larger mileage of passenger traffic on common roads than in 1834, which from the fact that in England there is a mile of railway for every six square miles of country, is a result little to be expected. This shows that the railway traffic is additional and not derived from that waich previously existed. The building of railroads in England reduced transportation rates to one-forth of the charges for transportation by canals; yet the consequence was not as might have been expected under the facility possessed by the railway in its competition for the carrying trade, that the transportation by canal would cease to be reduced, but on the contrary it increased, proving that the carriage of goods by railway was, like that of passengers, a fresh creation, and entirely new increase of business. These facts, which no doubt may be found to exist in all railway countries, are startling from their exposition that from the creation of a railroad not only springs those commercial and social facilities which are so highly prized, but also a new and immense amount of business which railroads absolutely create and which without these railroads would never have existed. The commercial power of railways is greater than any other agency, and the people of Oregon rejoice in the prospect that influence of this kind are soon to be felt in their own State.—*Oregonian*

SUPPOSED MURDERER ARRESTED.—The Idaho Statesman says Coroner Forsythe arrested Sim Walters last Thursday, upon the suspicion of having murdered Joseph Bacon, of Reynold's Creek, on the Owyhee road. The circumstances, as near as we could get them, are, that about ten days ago Walters and Bacon started for Boise City in a buggy on a trading expedition, the latter intending to sell the former a piece of land. Since that time Bacon has been missing, and Walters came on to this place and returned in the buggy, alone. Search was made for the missing man, and at a spot some three hundred yards from the road, to where the buggy tracks led, was discovered a pool of blood, and a place matted down in the grass as if a body had lain there. It is supposed that Bacon was murdered and left there, and on his return to Owyhee, Walters removed the body and sunk it in Snake river. Walters was observed leaving Boise about dark, on his return to Owyhee. He is said to be a bad man, indulging in shooting scrapes and the like. Some time ago, he had a shooting match on Reynold's Creek, with McCreary, a citizen over there. Further search is making for the body of Bacon. There is a large amount of circumstantial evidence so strongly pointing to the murder, that nothing but the appearance of Bacon alive can remove the suspicion of guilt resting upon the prisoner.

"A WHITE MAN'S PARTY.—The election returns from the South show that a majority of the Southern States were carried for Seymour. This was owing to the fact that the negro vote was cast, almost en masse, for the Democratic ticket. Notwithstanding the great body of the negro vote went with the Democracy, Grant has been elected by the largest popular vote ever cast for any candidate for the Presidency, and this majority was secured by white men's voter. This fact shuts off the wind of all these little cross-road politicians who have been claiming that the Democratic party was "the white man's party." All persons wishing to enroll themselves in the "white man's party," must join tha ranks of the Great Union Republican party, the genuine white man's party in this Government And while the brethren are comin forward let us sing:

"And while the lamp holds out to burn," etc.
—*Albany Register.*

CENTRAL PACIFIC RAILROAD.—The San Francisco *Bulletin* of the 3d inst. says: "The Central Pacific Railroad is now completed very nearly or quite 400 miles east of Sacramento, and within 250 miles of the northern end of Salt Lake. Material has latterly been forwarded faster, and the track is again being pushed at the rate of 2½ or 3 miles per day. The season bids fair to be favorable for work on the plains for several weeks longer, and it is now probable that tracklaying will not be interrupted by winter so far as the grade can be completed. Strenuous exertions are making to cover all the snow sheds on the mountain portion of the road. This done, transportation across the Sierra Nevada is likely to be uninterrupted."

KISSING.—We have heard but of one old woman that "kissed her cow" but these are thousands of young ones that kiss great calves.

Drinking.

Notwithstanding the philanthropical efforts in the cause of temperance the traffic in liquid poison is greater than ever before, and the degradation and crime which result from intemperance seem to be on the increase. We see men of high intellectual gifts, men who once commanded the respect and admiration of the sphere in which they moved, forgetting the near and dear ones who vainly look to them for protection and support, and associating with pot-house brawlers and bar-room loungers. Rum is a leveler of all social distinctions; it drowns the ambition of genius, and so degrades the man of intellect that he will deem it a pleasure to carouse with the corner rowdy. Under the maddening influence of alcoholic stimulants, the pugilist becomes the equal of the poet, the merchant sinks to the level of the ruffian. A temperance journal cites a few cases of the sad evils resulting from intemperance. Referring to a well-known author, it says that he has sacrificed important and honorable positions as a writer for our leading journals on the fiery alter of appetite. He writes well and forcibly in prose and verse, and his great gifts are appreciated by our descriminating editors and publishers; but he is a chained slave of habit, and writes, not for fame, but gin; not for money for his own purse, but for money for the hopper of the "gin-mill." Among the most popular contributors to our monthly magazines and weekly papers is a man of middle life, who has earned considerable sums of money, enough in the aggregate to constitute a competency for any reasonable person, yet he is always poor—and why? Because he spends his earnings for rum. A prominent man connected with one of our most influential daily papers has been often seen in the streets of this city with his clothes soiled and torn, his eyes blackened from blows of the fist, and his system convulsed with delirium tremens; yet that man is a scholar, and one of the most attractive writers in the country. We invited one of these men to sign the pledge and join the Sons of Temperance. He replied, "I cannot join your Order because you take from me the pleasure of drinking and offer no substitute in its place." "The pleasure of drinking!" The momentary rasping of the throat with alcohol, the burning of the stomach with brandy and benzine, the excitement kindled by the fire which burns to the lowest hell, and that he calls pleasure! We offer in the place of "the pleasure" of self-imposed poverty and suicide, the pledge which, if kept sacredly, will insure self-controll, peace of mind, self-respect, the society of good men and good women, health, and the happy flow of physical and spiritual happiness which accompany those who look beyond the bar-room and the larder, and higher than their own lips and love of animal enjoyment for present and prospective happiness.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY.—We have accounts that a party of surveyors in Arizona, engaged in exploring the country for railroad routes, lately came upon some very extensive ruins on the banks of the Little Colorado river. They extended along the river for many miles. Some of the walls of buildings are still in their places, and stand six or eight feet high. The streets may be traced for miles. The old irrigating canals and ditches are yet in a fair state of preservation, and may be traced for miles also. The ground is strewn with broken crockery ware. The party found some nearly whole vessels of curious form. The ware seems to be of different quality, and finer than that found at most of the ruins in Arizona. Many of the walls of the buildings were built of hewn stone and put up in a workmanlike manner. To all appearances here once stood a city of many thousand inhabitants. Who they were or to what tribes they belonged there is no record left to show. On the east bank are the ruins of a large structure or castle, covering several acres of land; some of the walls are yet standing to the height of twenty or thirty feet.
—*Exchange.*

The Woman and the Crow.

At a certain cross-roads, in the State of Alabama, stood a small grocery, or "whisky shop," previous to the rebellion, where "bust-head" and "chain-lightning were dealt out to the thirsty unwashed at five cents a drink or twenty cents a quart. The presiding genius of this delectable institution was one Bill Sikes, who, among various other pets, had a domesticated crow black as the ace of spades. This crow had learned, among other things, to repeat quite plainly the words "Damn you!" which he of course heard frequently used in the grocery. During the prevalence of a knock-down-and-drag-out fight one day, however, the crow was frightened from home and flew off into the woods never to return.

About three miles from the grocery was a settlement meeting-house—an old tumble-down, dilapidated affair only used on certain occasions when a "circuit rider" happened that way. Into this building went the crow, taking peacable possessing; and two days thereafter the church was open for preaching, and a large crowd assembled, among whom was a very old lady who was compelled to use crutches in walking, who took her seat in the front "pew," and who was soon deeply absorbed in the eloquence of the preacher. The reverend gentleman had scarcely got under full headway and commenced thundering his anathemas at all grades of sinners, when a hoarse, croaking voice from above uttered the ominous words:

"Damn you!"

The preacher and congregation looked aghast at such profanity, and each peered into his neighbor's face in vain to detect some sign of guilt. Quiet was at length restored, however, and the sermon proceeded; but ere ten minutes had elapsed the ominous "Damn you!" again electrified the audience, and just as the preacher cast his eyes upwards to search for the delinquent, the crow flew down from his perch, and lighting on the Bible, calmly surveyed the terrified crowd, and gave another doleful croak:

"Damn you!"

The effect was electrical. Giving one startled and terrified look at the intruder, the preacher sprang from a window, carrying sash, glass and all with him, and set off at a break-neck pace through the woods, closely followed by his horror-stricken congregation, who had piled out of the building pell-mell after him. In the general scramble the old lady with the crutches had been knocked down in the church, where she lay, unable to rise, and on observing her, the crow (who was after something to eat) flew down beside her, and cocking up his eyes at her very knowingly, croaked out:

"Damn you!"

The old lady eyed him savagely for a few moments, and then burst forth in a tone of reckless defiance:

"Yes; and damn you, too! I had nothing to do with the getting up of this methodist meeting—and you know it too."

The poor old soul had mistaken the crow for the devil, and concluded to propitate, if possible, the wrath of his Satanic majesty by denying all complicity in that affair. The world is full of just such people.

DEMOCRATIC CATECHISM.—Who fired the first gun of the rebellion? Democrats.

Who have always favored a dissolution of the Union? Democrats.

Who were the leaders of the rebellion? Democrats.

Who controlled the States in rebellion? Democrats.

What party opposed every measure of the Government to suppress the rebellion? The Democratic party.

Who caused the immense debt of the country? Democrats.

Who have always declared the war a failure? Democrats.

Who are now butchering Union men, in Texas by huudreds? Democrats.

Who are the leaders of the Ku Klux Klan? Democrats.

Who went to New York a few years ago with their carpet bags filled with combustible material and attempted to destroy that city by fire? Democrats.

Who called Union soldiers hirelings dogs and lawless cut-throats? Democrats.

Who said that if Seymour and Blair are elected they will win what the South were fighting for? Democrats.

When Pendleton spoke at Bangor, Me., he said: "For twenty years the elections in Maine have foreshadowed the result in the West." Pendleton was right in this case, if no other.

A Western editor has got such a cold that the water freezes on his face when he washes it.