

FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, OPPOSITE THE Odd Fellow's Hall,

Jacksonville, Oregon. Travelers and resident boarders will find

MADAME D' ROBOAN'S BEDS AND BEDDING

Placed in first class order, and in every way superior to any in this section, and surpassed by any in the State.

HER ROOMS ARE NEWLY FURNISHED.

And a plentiful supply of the best of every thing the market affords will be obtained for

HER TABLE.

No trouble will be spared to deserve the patronage of the traveling as well as the permanent community.

Jacksonville, March 31, 1866.

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.

DR. 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.

DR. A. P. OVERBECK'S BATH ROOMS.

In the Overbeck Hospital, WARM, COLD & SHOWER BATHS, SUNDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS.

F. GRUBE, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, OFFICE removed to California Street, South side.

Jacksonville, O. C., 21st, 1867.

DR. LEWIS GANUNG, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON AND Obstetrician.

Will attend to any who may require his services. Office at B. F. Dowell's office, on the East side 3d Street, Jacksonville, Nov 21st

DOWELL & WATSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Jacksonville, Oregon.

Hold their regular communications on the Wednesday. Executions or removal of the full moon in November, on Nov. A. MARTIN, W. M.

D. L. WATSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Empire City, Colo. County, Ogn.

Administrator's Notice. Notice is hereby given that letters of Adm.

administration on the estate of James Hall, late of Jackson County, Oregon, have been awarded to the undersigned.

All persons having claims against said estate are requested to present them with the proper vouchers to the undersigned, at his residence in Jacksonville, within six months from this date, and all claims not presented within ten months will be forever barred.

Witness my hand and seal, at Jacksonville, Oregon, this 6th day of March, 1866.

HIDES! HIDES! THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR Hides of all kinds slaughtered at the market of the undersigned, in Jacksonville.

To the Reading Public. We have fitted up a comfortable Reading Room and circulating library, which will give everyone who wishes to read a chance.

SETTLE UP. The undersigned is anxious for a settlement with his patrons and hopes that they will come forward and pay him some money.

JACKSONVILLE, MARCH 20th, 1866.

Oregon Sentinel.

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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, APRIL 10, 1866.

NO. 12

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

Every Saturday Morning by

B. F. DOWELL,

OFFICE, CORNER C & THIRD STREETS

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

For one year, in advance, four dollars; if not 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.

The Unfinished Prayer.

"Now I lay me down to sleep; I pray the Lord, I gently add, 'You can say it all, I know.'"

"Down to sleep"--"To sleep," she murmured. And the curly head drooped low;

"I pray the Lord," I gently add, "You can say it all, I know."

"Pray the Lord"--the words came faintly, "Faintly still--My soul to keep;"

Then the first head fully nodded, And the child was fast asleep.

But the dewy eyes had opened, When I clasped her to my breast, And the dear voice softly whispered, "Mamma, God knows the rest."

Canticle of Caliban.

WOMAN.

Harken, my son, to the words of the old man, and keep thy heart from yearning after a woman. Behold a woman is dangerous; she hath great power over the sons of men, and loveth to compass their destruction.

She hath an eye like an eagle, and surveyeth the inmost parts of a man; she looketh upon each whether a man's understanding be hard or soft, and she knoweth whether he be a wise man or a frothy drunkard.

Her glance is more terrible than the lightning, for this killeth, but the look of a woman wauketh forever.

She taketh pride in her power, she abhorreth her person and then lieth in wait to devour the hearts of men.

When they are come into her presence she smileth upon them, her eyes are full of love, her lips give forth words sweeter than honey, and she useth many arts to destroy her lovers.

Yet, without love can no woman live, for this is to her as water to the dog and as mire to the rush.

Without love a woman wasteth like a hurb hidden from the sun, and it she be deprived of lovers, she loseth her nature and becometh an old maid.

Wherefore every woman seeketh to be loved, and if she cannot receive the love of a man she will take that of an idiot, for behold the love of a fool is better than no love at all.

Nevertheless, a woman hath no esteem for a man that loveth her, but contempt; and hath affection for the man that despiseth her, for she seeketh for that which is denied her and casteth aside that which is given unto her, for behold she is a woman, and therefore beyond understanding.

She hath no respect for wisdom, but delighteth in the pleasure of words; for this cause she hath no satisfaction in the company of the wise; but desireth to mingle among fools and popinjays.

Though she hath no experience, yet she knoweth the weakness of men. Therefore she attireth herself in luxurious raiment, and putteth paint upon her face to please them.

She knoweth they are slaves to their passions, and she exposeth her charms to excite them into madness. If her foot be small she useth it to ensnare their affections, for she knoweth that men have more feeling for an ankle than for a head.

She loveth fine raiment and the jewels of the earth above the love of men or the hopes of salvation; therefore, she esteemeth a rich sinner more than a poor Christian.

So, my son, if thou art poor go not among women, for they will buffet and despitely use thee; and if thou art rich and fall among them--the Lord alone can deliver thee.

The Central Pacific Railroad--Serious Complaints of its Management.

From the San Francisco Herald.

NEVADA, January 20th, 1866.

The subject of the Central Pacific Railroad is being ventilated by the San Francisco press to a very moderate extent, but let us see if there are not some other things in connection with the concern that need ventilation.

I am going to remark at the start that there is not a newspaper in this State that will publish a letter that contains anything against the Railroad Company. They have got the "independent press" of the State under their thumb.

The means by which they have accomplished this I don't know, but the fact is the subject of almost universal comment on the line of the road.

This railroad not only charges twice the freight charged by any other company in the whole land, but it is the very worst constructed, and I think the worst managed.

I cannot speak knowingly of more than two hundred miles of the road, running east from Reno, but I will defy any man to match those two hundred miles in the United States.

Grades of every imaginable degree for all kinds of distances, and curves of every kind, are crowded into every mile. The road is literally laid on the top of the ground, and while the company had the best valley through which to construct a first class road that there is in the whole country west of the Missouri river, they have built the worst that could be constructed.

Standing just above the depot at this place, four different grades can be distinctly seen. I have it from a gentleman that has been employed in the engineer corps that there are grades of one hundred and sixteen feet to the mile in the Humboldt Valley. These are only for short distances.

One end of the train will be going down a grade of this kind, and the other up one equally as steep. Not the least effort has been made to ballast the road over the "self-rising" ground, and I pledge you my word that a good soaking rain will make miles and miles of the road-bed run like wet soap.

I listened last evening for two hours to the comments of a gentleman, well known in this county, who is well acquainted with Railroad building in the Northern States and Canada, and he did not hesitate to say that the road was the very worst he had ever seen, and that two days rain would make at least one-half of the road built in Humboldt county impassible.

You may think that I am somehow sore-headed, and am writing about "new things;" but I am only repeating what is said a hundred times a day in this town. I heard a man ask another the other day how it was that the United States Commissioners could accept such a piece of work.

The people have paid for a first class road, and, owing to the silence of the Pacific Coast press, think they have got it; but it is perfectly notorious along the line of the road this side of Reno, that it is built just as cheap as it can be got together.

The evils do not stop with the road. The management of the rolling stock is only equalled by the road itself. Not one train arrives at this place on time, though the time-table calls for only fourteen miles per hour for passenger trains and twelve for freight.

I have seen six trains stuck here for the want of wood, and it is no unusual thing for the men to resort to sage-brush. Now that the Chamber of Commerce of San Francisco has got started--though it is a very late start--don't let them stop short of a thorough investigation of the whole subject. It is useless to expect anything from the business men or politicians of this State.

Let us see if Congress cannot be forced by the people, who are being so outrageously swindled, to cause a thorough ripping up of this whole business.

It appears from late investigations that the Union Pacific is quite as badly constructed, and as much mismanaged. Perhaps the Commissioners have been muzzled in the same manner the writer charges the "independent" press to have been.

Curiosity of the Sex.

Some savage, some years ago, ventured to tell the world that ladies were curious; that they loved romance, and were delighted at a secret. Always believing this to be a slander, yet it must be confessed one of the sex came very near furnishing proof of its correctness recently.

It happened in this wise. Not far from the corner of Baronne and Lafayette streets, New Orleans, is a boarding house. It is occupied by both ladies and gentlemen.

Right over the apartment of two very brilliant young men about town is the room of a lady--a beautiful young lady--with sparkling eyes and curly hair, a rosy face, and lips as red as cherries.

The young men had, on more than one occasion, paid her compliments--one of them, on a bright moonlight night, when they sat side by side, cozily on the gallery, ventured to say to her, that had he a "palace fitting to heaven's marble walls," he'd take her to it; that loving and beloved, they then could dream life away together.

Something she said in reply about the "bee," and the "flower," and "an eloquent tongue," but an intrusive footstep had interrupted the tender avowal, and nothing more had come of it.

Under these circumstances it is not surprising the young lady was a little curious about the party in the room below.

Hearing a low conversation one night going on very near the window of the apartment in question, she naturally felt interested; but when she heard her own name mentioned her desire to hear more was very pardonable.

To this end she raised her own window carefully, and propping it up with a stick, leaned out. It is scarcely necessary to remark that our fair friend was in a dress, and by no means prepared for the inspection of the opposite sex.

Indeed charms not fit for lawless eyes were freely exposed. Just at this juncture an expression in the room below caused her to lean still further out, when oh! horror! the window came down with a bang.

Of course it hurt and of course she screamed. Who would't scream if caught half and half in a window, with nothing on but a night dress, and two impatient young men gazing where they had no right to gaze? The reporter would have screamed too.

"Hold on," the lover cried, "I'll come up and release you."

"No, you mustn't--indeed you can't," replied the unfortunate fair one, who had no idea of permitting the youth to take a look from that direction too.

"But I must--you'll be killed."

"No I won't--oh! heaven, call the chambermaid."

"She's gone out!" was the appalling reply--"let me come up!"

"No, I'll die first!"

"Think of my love."

"Think of my back you brute, and run and call the landlady."

This was done and the lady released; but for several days since she had kept her room, and the young gentleman had no opportunity to console with her on her misfortune.

DRUNK.--Young man, did you ever stop to think how terrible that word sounds? Did you ever think what misery and woe you brought upon your friends when you degraded your manhood by getting drunk? Oh, it is a fearful thing to trample under foot the high claims that God and man have upon you.

Drunk! How it rings in the ear of the loving wife! How it makes the heart of a fond mother bleed! How it crushes out the hopes of a dotting father, and brings reproach and shame upon loving sisters. Drunk! See him as he leans against some friendly house. He stands ready to fall into the open jaws of hell, unconscious of his approaching fate.

Singular Freaks of Lightning

Our correspondent at Columbia (Cal.), sends us the following: On Friday evening, March 13th, we had the most severe thunder storm ever experienced in this vicinity by that oft-quoted individual, "the oldest inhabitant."

About half past eight o'clock "Franklin's steed" commenced backing in regular California mustang style, and gave us an unusual and alarming exhibition of its power.

The lightning took possession of the telegraph line at Gold Springs (about one mile from Columbia), making kindling wood of five telegraph poles, and scattering the splinters around very carelessly.

Immediately after, the operator at Columbia was made aware of the fact that an extra battery had been attached to the line, and an expensive message had been dead-headed through, in violation of the rules of the Western Union.

The lightning followed the line into the office, making a report as loud as that of a musket, and filling the room with a shower of fiery stars.

The telegraph instruments were both ruined, and all the connecting wires under the operating table were melted off, and the covering of the insulated wires, as well as the operating table, were set on fire.

The platin points of the relay were melted, and the glass covering over the instrument was filled with minute particles of platina, some of them protruding through the glass on the upper side, although the glass was not broken.

After leaving the operating table, the lightning passed along the wire leading to the local battery, in an adjoining room, and made several holes through the bottom of one of the copper cups of the local battery, and from these jumped to a lead sink-spout where it divided its forces, most of it passing down the spout to the ground.

A small detachment of it, however, started on a prospecting trip "up the spout," made two very nice round holes each about the size of a quarter of a dollar, in the pipe, and then attempted to go through a heavy cast-iron sink in two different places, both of which attempts being only partial successes, it desisted from further efforts, and retired exhausted.

Fortunately, no one was injured. A lady and child, residing at Gold Springs, near where the lightning struck the line, were knocked down by the concussion, but escaped with only a severe fright--Ed.

THE STATE OF DESERET.--Perhaps to some of our readers the State of Deseret and Utah Territory, within the same boundaries at the same time, may be as incomprehensible a riddle as it once was to us.

The solution is: The Territory is a practical fact; the State a good natured farce. The Territorial laws are enacted by the Legislature and approved by the Territorial Governor, Durkee, pretty much as in other Territories, save that the legislation is generally more promotive of the material interests of the Territory, which is sedulously kept out of debt.

Then, after the dissolution of the Territorial, the members resolve themselves into a State Legislature, of which Brigham Young is the nominal Governor. He is notified when an organization has been perfected and sends his gubernatorial message. After this is read the two houses pass a joint resolution of the State of Deseret making the Territorial laws of Utah valid in the State, which is approved by Brigham Young, and the Legislature then dissolves.

This little pleasantry generally occupies one day or a part thereof, and the members then return to the bosoms of their families.

Montana Post, March 4th.

To make an amusing sympathetic ink, mix lemon and onion juice. Writing or pictures made with this mixture on plain white paper, will when dry, be invisible. But on warming the paper, before a fire, the lines will appear in brown tints. Very pretty effects may be thus produced.

An experienced old gentleman says that all that is necessary in the enjoyment of love or sausage is confidence.

The cattle plague continues to ravage Western Wisconsin.

The Snow Blockade

The Cheyenne Leader of March '6th gives the following interesting account of snow on the Union Pacific Railroad and the sufferings of passengers:

A number of parties have arrived here who walked over and around the snow blockade, reaching from Rawlins Springs to Wyoming, a distance of one hundred miles--some with blistered feet, frosted ears, etc. The road will be cleared this week and kept clear for the future.

About six hundred passengers are delayed at various points by the snow blockade, which has lasted two weeks, and some of them are in a destitute condition, having expended their available funds for meals and lodgings.

There are now at least sixty-five tons of mail snow-bound, on the road, but W. W. Ball, special mail agent, has telegraphed the Department to send all through mail by steamer, until the road shall have been cleared.

On yesterday teams were to have started from Carbon with the lady passengers. The commanding officer at Fort Sanders has offered to send a mule train, to carry the mail now lying at Laramie, for the relief of the destitute passengers.

Ladies who left Salt Lake two weeks ago for the East, are detained at Wasatch, paying three dollars per day for board, two dollars per night for lodging, and one dollar per day for the privilege of setting in the sleeping car.

At some places a dollar is charged for the privilege of sleeping on the floor or table. Provisions are scarce--a cup of coffee, a biscuit and a small piece of poor meat costing a dollar, and difficult to get at that.

Some telegrams have been sent by passengers to the Congressional Committee on the Pacific Railroad, severely censuring employees for indifference and neglect.

Of fifty-seven passengers that started from near Perey station, and walking to Wyoming, but four arrived with boots on their feet, the feet of the others being covered with old overshoes, slippers, rags, tops of old boots, or whatever might ease their blistered feet.

This trouble, it is thought, may be avoided by the use of future snow sheds, which it is stated will be built over all the cuts on the Laramie division, which seems to be the region of excessive snow.

West of Bridger's Pass but little snow had fallen, while on this side it was very deep and heavily packed.

How Good Farmers Save Money.-- They take good papers and read them. They keep accounts of farm operations.

They do not leave their implements scattered over the farm, exposed to rain, snow or heat. They repair their tools and buildings at the proper time, and do not suffer a subsequent three-fold expenditure of time and money.

They see that their fences are well repaired, and their cattle are not found grazing in the meadows, or grain fields, or orchards.

They do not refuse to make experiments in a small way of many new things.

They plant fruit trees well, care for them, and of course grow good crops.

They practice economy by giving their stock good shelter during the winter, also good food, taking out all that is unsound, rotten or mouldy.

They do not keep a tribe of cats and snarling dogs around their premises, who eat up more in a month than they are worth in a lifetime.

Lastly they read the advertisements, know what is going on, and frequently save money by it.

Successful farming is made up by attention to little things. The farmer who does it best earns his money with least appreciation, and with the least results. Such men are the lords of the earth.

THIS SIDE UP.--We saw Jake nailing up a box, the other day, containing some articles which the intended sender by express. From the nature of the contents we knew it was essential that the box should not be inverted on the passage; so we ventured the suggestion to Jake to place the box thus and "This side up," etc.

"Towards we saw--" "Heard from your goods, Jake! Did they get there safely?" "Every one broke," replied Jake solemnly, "lost the hull lot! Hang the Express Company!"

"Did you put 'This side up,' as we told you?" "Yes, I did; an' fur fear they should see it on the river, I put it on the bottom, taw--confound 'em!"