

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

\$4 IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1861.

VOL. VI.—NO. 49.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY, BY DENLINGER & HAND, HENRY DENLINGER, WM. M. HAND.

Office over Clagge & Dray's Stables.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:

(INVARIABLE IN ADVANCE.)

One Copy, One Year, \$4 00

One Copy, Six Months, \$2 50

ADVERTISING RATES:

One Square, of Twelve Lines or less, First Insertion, \$3 00; and for each subsequent insertion, \$1 50.

Professional or Business Cards, Each Square, per annum, \$30 00; for Six Months, \$15 00; for Three Months, \$10 00.

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BUSINESS CARDS.

CHAS. B. BROOKS, M. D., L. K. THOMPSON, M. D.

BROOKS & THOMPSON, PHYSICIANS, SURGEONS

AND ACCOUCHERS,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

November 24, 1861. 42

G. W. GREER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,

OFFICE, JACKSONVILLE DRUG STORE, Oregon.

SURGICAL HOSPITAL.

I am now prepared to receive patients in the Hospital, on the corner of Third Street, back of the "Union Hotel."

TERMS—CASH OR GOOD SECURITY.

CHAS. B. BROOKS, M. D.

Jacksonville, July 28, 1860-28-41

ORANGE JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Phoenix, Jackson County, Ogn.

WILL attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court.

Office, Oct. 26-41

JAMES M. PYLE, RUFUS MALLORY,

ATTOENYS AT LAW,

Roseburg, Douglas County, Ogn.

WILL attend to any business confided to them, in the several Courts of the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court.

October 26-41

WAR SCRIP, WAR SCRIP.

B. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in the U. S. Court.

He has an agent at Washington, and expects to visit that city and the Atlantic this Summer and Fall, and any business will receive prompt attention.

ny 25-19

W. G. TVAULT, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

WILL attend to business in the several Courts in the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. Office on California St., opposite "Sentinel" Office, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

May 25th '61. 19-6m

C. P. SPRAGUE, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

KNOXVILLE, JOHNSON COUNTY, OGN.

Will punctually attend to business entrusted to his care. April 13, 1861-13-1f

J. H. REED, ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will attend to any business confided to him in the several Courts of the First Judicial District of Oregon, and in the Supreme Court. 6-34

SAMUEL E. MAY, NOTARY PUBLIC,

OFFICE IN "SENTINEL" BUILDING, Jacksonville, Oregon.

SEWALL TRUAX, SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,

OFFICE, AT THE COUNTY BUILDING, Jacksonville, Oregon.

All business pertaining to Land or Land Law promptly attended to. Jacksonville, May 11th, 1861. 17-1f

Dr. N. Caldwell Boatman

HAS permanently located in Jacksonville, and offers his professional services in the practice of

Medicine, Surgery and Obstetrics.

Office at his residence, on California street, in the house formerly occupied by A. M. Berry, next door to Judge Prim's.

Charges very reasonable. Calls attended to at all hours of the day or night.

Dentistry.

DR. J. HERBOLD

WOULD respectfully announce to the citizens of Jacksonville and vicinity that he is now prepared to do

VULCANITE OR RUBBER WORK for artificial teeth in the best style, and at prices to suit the times.

All kinds of Dental operations attended to in a skillful manner. Jacksonville, June 2d, 1861. 20-1f

INSURANCE AGENCY, JACKSONVILLE.

RISKS taken upon Mills, Hotels, Stores, Dwellings, etc., on the most favorable terms. In Hartford, Phoenix, Girard, Goodhue, and other well known and responsible companies.

39-21 E. C. SESSIONS, Agent.

P. H. LYNCH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Foreign and Domestic

LIQUORS,

WINES, SYRUPS & CORDIALS,

AT THE

EXPRESS SALOON,

Corner of California and Third Streets,

Next door to Beckman's Express.

All orders promptly filled. 35-1f

CITY BREWERY!

(On the Hill)

Jacksonville, Oregon.

THE Proprietors having taken possession of the City Brewery, lately controlled by Mr. Fitz, are prepared to furnish Lager Beer to people of this vicinity by the keg, bottle or on draught.

An experience of many years in brewing

Lager Beer

Gives them an advantage over all competitors and warrants them in promising A BETTER ARTICLE THAN CAN BE FOUND ELSEWHERE in Southern Oregon.

Be sure to send your orders to the CITY BREWERY, if you wish the BEST BEER. KREUZER & MATTES, Jacksonville, Sept. 10, 1861. 35-1f

THIS WAY EVERYBODY!

M. W. DAVIS.

City Auctioneer.

PEACE DECLARED!

AND NO ONE HUNG!!!

AND I will offer any property, or any other man, at public auction, for more money than any other man, at all times, and we will not charge any more than the property brings, if we do, you can borrow some. Give us a chance. M. W. DAVIS, Sept. 17, 1861. 36-1f

PAINT SHOP.

GROW & CRANE,

HAVING removed to the SHOP formerly occupied by J. K. Ackley, on the corner of Fourth and C streets, are prepared to do all kinds of

PAINTING, GLAZING, AND PAPER HANGING.

EXPEDITIOUSLY, IN THE BEST STYLE, AND MOST REASONABLE

TERMS. Jacksonville, Sept. 18, 1861. 36-1f

ARKANSAS

Livery Stable

Oregon Street, Jacksonville.

THE undersigned has leased the above well-known Stable, and will spare no efforts to merit, as he hopes to receive, a living share of public patronage.

Horses to Let or Hire, By the day or week, at moderate prices.

Animals left at my Stable will be well provided for, on satisfactory terms.

GEORGE H. C. TAYLOR, Jacksonville, Nov. 16, 1861. 44

JOHN BAKER,

BOOT & SHOEMAKER,

Next Door to El Dorado Saloon, On California Street.

MR. BAKER takes this method of informing his friends and the public generally that he is prepared to do all kinds of work in the line of

Bootmaking, Shoemaking, AND REPAIRING.

FINE DRESS BOOTS, AND

Miners' and Farmers' Boots, Manufactured in a manner to warrant satisfaction, at reasonable prices.

Persons leaving orders for work can rely upon having it done at the time promised. Jacksonville, Sept. 28, 1861. 37m3

SEWING MACHINE

MATTRESSES, BEDDING, TENTS, AND

FLOUR SACKS.

ON hand and made to order at short notice. Home lining and Paper hanging done in a manner to insure satisfaction.

PARTICULAR NOTICE.

Payments must be made in cash or trade. I do my work at the lowest living rates, and can positively give no credit.

A. C. ALBERTS, California Street, above Oregon. Jacksonville, Sept. 21, 1861. 36-1f

El Dorado Saloon!

Corner of California and Oregon Sts., Jacksonville, Oregon.

WM. BURKE, Proprietor.

The most choice brands of

Brandy, Whisky, Cordial,

WINE, CIGARS, ETC., For sale in any desired quantity. 33

PETER BRITT,

PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of the Art, with all the latest improvements. If

do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at Funk's Cigar Store, or at the Gallery on the Hill, and see his Pictures, 11-1f

Poem by Col. Baker.

(Col. Forney writes from Washington to the Philadelphia Press: "In my comments upon the lamented Colonel Baker, I stated that, in addition to his many other intellectual gifts, he was a fine poet—a remark that was received by many with surprise. I am permitted to publish one of his fugitive pieces, written by him twelve years ago, and now in possession of an intimate friend in this city. Observe how the last verse applies to his fate!")

TO A WAVE.

Dost thou seek a star with thy swelling crest, O wave that leavest thy mother's breast? Dost thou leap from the prisoned depths below in scorn of their calm and constant flow? Or art thou seeking some distant land To die in murmurs upon the strand?

Hast thou tales to tell of pearl-lit deep, Where the wave-wheeled mariner rocks in sleep? Canst thou speak of navies that smok in pride Ere the roll of their thunder in echo died? What trophies, what banners, are floating free In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar, Of banner, or marine, ship or star; It were vain to seek in thy stormy face Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace. Thou art swelling high, thou art flashing free, How vain are the questions we ask of thee!

I too am a wave on a stormy sea; I too am a wanderer, driven like thee; I too am seeking a distant land To be lost and gone ere I reach the strand, For the land I seek is a waveless shore, And they who once reach it shall wander no more.

A Privateer's Story.

The following singular night adventure, in the harbor of St. George Town, in the island of Grenada, and the narrow escape from capture of the noted privateer, the Yankee, of Bristol, R. I., has never before been recorded, save in the log-book of that fortunate little cruiser. We will therefore tell the story in the words of her brave old commander, as we gathered it from his own lips:

It was the last week of December, 1812, said Captain Wilson, and while running up to the Havana, that we fell in with a Newport cruiser who reported that the island, or rather the port of St. George Town, was, at that moment, in the occupancy of the Americans. That he had sailed from the place only two days before, and left in the harbor one of our frigates and two sloops of war, while the stars and stripes were flying from the flag-staff of the old fort. The same day boarded a Spanish droger, the skipper of which had seen the vessel of war sailing into the British port at the time stated by the privateer-man. What object our fleet could have had in taking formal possession of this insignificant place, I could not imagine, unless it was for the sake of obtaining fresh supplies. At all events, I was glad to hear of it, as it was myself in need of provisions. I concluded to make the harbor and purchase such supplies as I might require.

It was night before we made the land; but as I was acquainted with the entrance of the harbor of St. George Town, I did not fire a gun for a pilot, but kept boldly on into the outer port. The night was quite dark, and a heavy mist hanging over the water, rendered the obscurity so great that no object could be perceived a couple of cable lengths off. My sharpest sighted youngsters were constantly on the look-out; but no vessels were to be seen as we glided slowly and silently past the shore batteries and the fort beyond, in the smooth water of the inner bay.

As we reached this point the haze lifting a little, showed us, at a little distance, the faint outlines of a large ship, which I doubted not was the American frigate; and a little beyond several other smaller vessels could be distinguished. Scarcely had we made this discovery, than the people on board this ship were made aware of our approach, and hailed us, inquiring who we were.

"The American privateer Yankee," I replied. "What ship is that?"

No answer was returned; and supposing the question was not heard, I waited till we ran further into the harbor before I repeated it. We had passed between the fort and the ship, and were in the act of clewing up, when a voice from the other vessel cried out:—"Luff! Luff, there—the privateer!"

Supposing, naturally enough, that we were running into shoal water, I shouted to the man at the wheel;—"Hard down on your helm!"

"Ay, ay, sir!"

Scarcely was the order obeyed, than the schooner, answering to her helm, showed her bows deep and fast into a sand bank, where she remained unmovable. This of course immediately excited our suspicions that all was not right; for the pretended caution to "luff," was doubtless given to produce exactly the result it had. "I'm afraid, sir," said my first officer, stepping to my side, and speaking low, "that we are now really in for it! That ship, sir, is an Englishman, or I'm greatly mistaken."

"I've no doubt of it myself, sir, now. The treacherous knave has got us into a scrape by that rascally signal. But she's probably a prize of the American frigate, and is now lying under her guns. But it's strange though, that a privateer should be permitted to mislead a vessel entering port."

At this moment, a boat was sent to leave the ship, and pulling a good distance round her stern, made directly for the mole under the fort. Scarcely ten minutes elapsed after the landing of the boat, when all was commotion in the fort. The drums beat to quarters, and men with lanterns were running in every direction, while we could also perceive that the crew of the ship near us were silently preparing to drop from the berth. We could hear the sound of their captain bars as they shipped and unshipped them, in the act of heaving home the anchor.

While this was doing, we were by no means idle; for now, certain that mischief was really intended, our little crew, greatly reduced, to meet the various prizes we had sent home during our heretofore successful cruise, we called to quarters, and all were ready to act as the emergency might require.

In the meantime, a boat left the ship, and approaching the schooner, the crew attempted to climb up our side. But I kept them at bay,

while I demanded to know where the American frigate lay.

"She sailed yesterday," was the answer.

"And the sloop-of-war?" I inquired.

"They all left the port together," replied the officer.

"What ship is that?" I next asked.

"The Marquis of Durham," answered the man.

"The port is now in the possession of His Majesty's troops, and I demand your surrender. You have fifteen minutes to deliver your sword in person to the commandant of the castle. On the expiration of that time, if the summons is not obeyed, the batteries will be opened upon you!"

"Come on board," said I; and as the skipper of the merchant-ship and the boat's crew reached the deck, I ordered them under arrest. From these men we learned the facts, which were these: The little squadron of American men-of-war had merely entered the port for supplies, the batteries not being sufficiently manned to prevent their entrance. The little garrison had crept to the hills, till the sailing of the ships, when they again returned and took up their old quarters. The large merchant ship, we had mistaken in the obscurity of the fog for the American frigate, had arrived that afternoon, having outlasted the convoyed squadron of British West India ships, to which she belonged.

We now perceived that the object of the British merchantman was to drop out of range of the guns of the fort, while we should remain fast grounded on the shoal, and exposed to their shots, when the first discharge from their heavy cannon would have knocked us into splinters. Every man on board was aware of the immediate danger we were in, but they were brave fellows, and waited as coolly for my orders, as if we had been at sea in pursuit of a chase.

"That fellow yonder, sir, is dropping from his berth," said one of my officers.

I looked towards the Englishman and could see that he had hoisted his anchor, and was out with a line, hauling her head round towards the outer harbor; and the craft in the harbor beyond was also evidently in motion.

"Get out the boats, Mr. Richmond," said I to my first mate; "we'll overhaul that chap. There's but one chance left for us. We'll have to leave the schooner to her fate, and transfer our people to that vessel. Possibly we may do so before the fort opens upon us. Get all hands ready for boarding!"

Hardly was the order communicated to the men, than with a cheer, they sprang into the boats, and were ready to pull away for the merchantman. But at that instant, as good fortune would have it, a sudden flaw of wind from the land struck our sails. The little vessel yielded to the breeze; and careening sufficiently to clear her keel from the sand, floated immediately into deep water. A loud huzza now broke from the men, which, regardless of the consequences to the shipping beyond us, provoked a shot from the castle, which passed harmlessly over our stern.

"Away, my hearties!" I shouted to the leaders. "Get possession of the Englishman, and all will be right!"

While the boats were pulling in the direction of the ship, the schooner, under the influence of the freshening breeze, bore down upon them; and as the boarders clambered up the side of the English vessel upon the larboard, the privateer ran into the main rigging on the starboard side, thus bringing her between us and the guns of the castle. I knew that all the fortifications of the port were upon that side of the harbor, and intended to keep under the shelter of the ship till beyond the range of the guns of the shore batteries, as well as those of the castle, as the main fort was called.

We obtained possession of the ship without a struggle, and forcing the English sailors to assist in the working of the ship, soon made sail and were running through the outer harbor before the enemy suspected the ruse we were playing.

In the meantime the fortunate land breeze, which was bearing us from the dangerous proximity of the shore, also lifted the vapors which had been hanging over the water and shipping, showing to the astonished, and doubtless greatly chagrined people of the place, that not only had the ship changed her position, but the privateer also. The latter, they had no doubt, was fast aground, as had been reported to them; and when they discovered us sailing side by side out of the harbor, the truth seemed to flash upon them—the Yankee was running away with the ship!

The forts now opened upon us, and a line of fire belched forth from the castle, but without effect; as we were by this time beyond range of it. Not so, however, with the shore batteries upon the tongue of land making out from the outer harbor, for we were scarcely a pistol-shot from the mouths of their cannon; and the heavy shot struck with crushing effect into the hull, and among the spars of the prize. Occasionally one passing through the sails and rigging of the ship, would make an ugly wound in some one of our upper spars. But our hull was completely protected by the large merchantman, as our decks were reared on a level with her deep water-line. The breeze continued to freshen as we ran out of the harbor, and in a few minutes we were beyond the reach of the shot; though the enemy continued much longer to pound away at us in vain.

I now boarded the prize, which had been the means of our wonderful escape. She was terribly cut up, and many of her crew were lying dead and wounded upon her decks. While I was giving directions for the proper care of the latter, Mr. Richmond, who had been examining the condition of the hull, came to me and reported that the ship was sinking. We lost no time in hurrying the English crew, with their effects, on board the privateer; and scarce had we sailed a thousand yards from the richly freighted merchantman, when, with a lurch, and a staggering motion like a drunken man, she went down, and the ocean claimed the noble prize as his own.

Four days after this singular night adventure, the Yankee was snugly lying under the walls of the Moro, in the harbor of Havana.

HER HEAD'S RIGHT.—Mrs. Partington says "Sweet are the uses of advertisement."

Brownlow's Farewell—Closing out of the Knoxville Whig.

(From the Knoxville Whig, October 28.)

This issue of the Whig must necessarily be the last for some time to come—I am unable to say how long. The Confederate authorities have determined upon my arrest, and I am to be indicted before the Grand Jury of the Confederate Court, which commenced its session in Nashville on Monday last. I would have awaited the indictment and arrest before announcing the remarkable event to the world, but as I only publish a weekly paper, my hurried visit to Nashville would deprive me of the privilege of saying to my subscribers what it alike due to myself and them. I have the fact of my indictment and consequent arrest having been agreed upon this week from distinguished citizens, legislators and lawyers at Nashville, of both parties. Gentlemen of high positions, and members of the Secession party, say that the indictment will be made because of some "treasonable articles" in late numbers of the Whig. I have reproduced those two "treasonable articles" on the first page of this issue, that the unbiased people of the country may read, mark, learn and inwardly digest "the treason." They relate to the culpable remissness of these Knoxville leaders, in failing to volunteer in the cause of the Confederacy. According to the usage of the Court, as heretofore established, I presume I could go free, by taking the oath these authorities are administering to other Union men, but my settled purpose is not to do any such thing. I can, doubtless, be allowed my personal liberty, by entering into bonds to keep the peace, and to demean myself toward the leaders of Secession in Knoxville, who have been seeking to have me assassinated all Summer and Fall, as they desire me to do, for this is really the import of the thing, and one of the leading objects sought to be attained. Although I could give a bond for good behavior for one hundred thousand dollars, signed by fifty as good men as the county affords, I shall absolutely refuse to do even that, and if such a bond is drawn up and signed by others, I will render it null and void by refusing to sign it. In default of both, I expect to go to jail, and I am ready to start upon one moment's warning. Not only so, but there I am prepared to lie, in solitary confinement, until I waste away because of imprisonment, or die from old age. Stimulated by a consciousness of innocent uprightness, I will submit to imprisonment for life, or die at the end of a rope, before I will make any humiliating concession to any power on earth!

I have committed no offense—I have not shouldered arms against the Confederate Government, or the State, or encouraged others to do so—I have discouraged rebellion publicly and privately—I have not assumed a hostile attitude towards the civil or military authorities of this new Government. But I have committed a grave and, I really fear, unpardonable offense. I have refused to make war upon the Government of the United States; I have refused to publish to the world false and exaggerated accounts of the several engagements had between the contending armies; I have refused to write out and publish false versions of the origin of the war, and of the breaking up of the best government the world ever saw; and all this I will continue to do, if it costs me my life. Nay, when I agree to do such things, may a righteous God pity my right arm, and may the earth open and close in upon me forever.

The real object of my arrest and contemplated imprisonment is to dry up, break down, silence and destroy, the last and only Union paper left in the eleven seceded States, and thereby to keep from the people of East Tennessee the facts which are daily transpiring in the country. After Jeff. Davis had stated in Richmond, in a conversation relative to my paper, that he would not live in a Government that would not tolerate freedom of the press; after the judges, attorneys, jurors, and all others filling positions of honor and trust under the "Perpetual Constitution," which guarantees Freedom of the Press; and after the entire press of the South had come down in their thunder tones upon the Federal Government for suppressing the Louisville Courier and the New York Day Book, and other Secession journals—I did expect the utmost liberty to be allowed to one small sheet, whose errors could be combated by the entire Southern press! It is not enough that my paper has been denied a circulation through the ordinary channels of conveyance in the country, but it must be discontinued altogether, or its editor must write and select only such articles as meet the approval of a pack of scoundrels in Knoxville, when their superiors in all the qualities that adorn human nature are in the penitentiary of our State! And this is the boasted liberty of the press in the Southern Confederacy.

I shall in no degree feel humbled by being cast into prison, whenever it is the will and pleasure of this august Government to put me there; but, on the contrary, I shall feel proud of my confinement. I shall go to jail as John Rogers went to the stake—for my principles. I shall go, because I have failed to recognize the hand of God in the work of breaking up the American Government and the inauguration of the most wicked, cruel, unnatural and uncalculated war ever recorded in history. I go because I have refused to lend to the skies the nets of tyranny, usurpation and oppression inflicted upon the people of East Tennessee, because of their devotion to the Constitution and the laws of the Government handed down to them by their fathers, and the liberty secured to them by a war of seven long years of gloom, poverty and trial! I repeat, I am proud of my position and of my principles, and shall leave them to my children as a legacy far more valuable than a princely fortune, had I the latter to bestow.

With me, life has lost some of its energy. Having passed six annual posts on the western slope of half a century, something of the fire of youth is exhausted; but I stand forth with the eloquence and energy of right to sustain and stimulate me in the maintenance of my principles. I am encouraged to firmness, when I look back to the fate of Him "whose power was righteousness," while the infuriated mob cried out, "Crucify him, crucify him!"

I owe to my numerous list of subscribers the filling out of their respective terms for which

they have made advance payments, and if circumstances ever place it in my power to discharge these obligations, I will do it most certainly. But if I am denied the liberty of doing so, they must regard their small losses as so many contributions to the cause in which I have fallen! I feel that I can, with confidence, rely upon the magnanimity and forbearance of my patrons, under this state of things. They will bear me witness that I have held out as long as I am allowed to, and that I have yielded to a military despotism that I could not avert the horrors of, or successfully oppose.

I will only say, in conclusion—for I am not allowed the privilege to write—that the people of this country have been unaccustomed to such wrongs; they can yet scarcely realize them. They are astounded for the time being with the quick succession of outrages which have come upon them, and they stand horror-stricken, like men expecting ruin and annihilation. I may not live to see the day, but thousands of my readers will, when the people of this once prosperous country will see that they are marching by "double quick time" from freedom to bondage. They will then look these wanton outrages upon right and liberty full in the face, and my prediction is, that they will "dash the stones of Rome to rise and mutiny." Wrongs less wanton and outrageous precipitated the French revolution. Citizens cast into dungeons without charges of crime against them, and without the formalities of a trial by jury, private property confiscated at the beck of those in power; the press humiliated, muzzled and suppressed; the crimes of Louis XVI. fell short of all this, and yet he lost his head! The people of this country, down-trodden and oppressed, still have the resolutions of their illustrious forefathers, who asserted their rights at Lexington