

The Oregon Sentinel.

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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1862.

VOL. VII—NO. 52.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

ISSUED EVERY WEDNESDAY AND SATURDAY.

HENRY DENLINGER, Pub'r and Prop'r

SUBSCRIPTION—One year, in advance, Five Dollars; Six months, Three Dollars. Unless renewed, papers will be discontinued at the expiration of the time for which they have been paid.

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.

ADVERTISERS.

By application to Postmasters and Mail Carriers, you can learn that the Semi-weekly OREGON SENTINEL has by far a larger circulation in the counties of Southern Oregon and Del Norte county, California, than any other paper. This fact should commend the SENTINEL to you as a superior medium for advertising.

List of AGENTS, who are authorized to transact any business concerning this paper, in the name of the publisher:

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E. F. RUSSELL,

NOTARY PUBLIC.

Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq., Third street, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. 29

R. B. MORFORD,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. WILL practice in the several Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court. October 20, '62.

J. H. REED, J. GASTON.

REED & GASTON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. J. H. REED having determined to continue the practice of his profession, has associated Mr. GASTON with him in business, and they will give prompt attention to any legal business entrusted to their care, in any of the Courts of this Judicial District.

Office in same building formerly occupied by Mr. Reed. August 18th, '62.

ORANGE JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. Will attend to business in the Courts of the First Judicial District, and in the Supreme Court. October 26-41

B. F. DOWELL,

ATTORNEY AT LAW,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. Will practice in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

JAMES M. PYLE, RUFUS MALLORY.

PYLE & MALLORY,

ATTORNEYS 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 18.

L. H. DEWEY,

Watchmaker and Jeweler,

Keeps constantly on hand a fine assortment of CLOCKS and JEWELRY, which he offers for sale at very low prices, for CASH. REPAIRING—Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired with promptness and warranted. Shop on California street, two doors west of Love & Bilger's, Jacksonville, July 26: 28

Dan's Barber Shop.

Between Bradbury & Wade's and El Dorado Saloon, California street.

SHAVING, Hair-cutting, Shampooing, Curling and Hair Dyeing. On hand and for sale, a genuine article of Fish's HAIR RESTORATIVE, and Cristadoro's Excelsior Hair Dye

PETER BRITT,

Photographic Artist,

Is prepared to take pictures in every style of the art, with all the late improvements. If Pictures do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at his new Gallery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and sit for your likeness.

County Treasurer's Office

BRADBURY & WADE'S.

E. S. MORGAN, Treasurer. Jacksonville, August 16. 31cm

DR. CH. DESCH,

WALDO, JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OGN.

DR. DESCH is prepared promptly to attend to the curing of all diseases according to the treatment of Prof. F. V. RASPAIL, without the use of Mercury, Arsenic, or any poisonous drugs. For the past nine years he has been a practitioner of medicine at Crescent City, and is well satisfied that he can give speedy relief to the afflicted who may call on him. Ample arrangements for Cold, Warm, Hot and Steam Baths.

G. W. GREER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at the City Drug Store, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. 41

P. H. LYNCH,

Wholesale and Retail Dealer in

Foreign & Domestic LIQUORS,

Wines, Syrups & Cordials,

—AT THE—

EL DORADO SALOON,

Corner of California and Oregon sts. All orders promptly filled. 35tf

ALEXANDER BUSWELL,

—PRACTICAL—

BOOK-BINDER,

PAPER-RULER, and

Blank-Book Manufacturer.

517 Clay and 514 Commercial streets, between Montgomery and Sansome, SAN FRANCISCO. Binding of every description neatly executed; Blank Books ruled and Bound to any desired pattern. 24y

DUGAN & WALL,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION

MERCHANTS,

Brick Building, Cor. Front & F streets.

CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

WILL attend to the Receiving and Forwarding of all Goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch. Consignments solicited. Merchandise received on storage. Crescent City, April 19, 1862. 15 N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight and charges are paid. D. & W.

REDUCTION OF PRICES

—IN—

Stoves & Tinware

G. B. DORRIS

—AT HIS—

Stove and Tinware Shop,

Third Street, between the Express Saloon and Dowell's Law Office, Jacksonville, Oregon.

Keeps constantly on hand the best patterns of

COOKING STOVES,

PARLOR STOVES,

SALOON STOVES,

And every kind of

Tin, Iron and Copperware,

Besides a great variety of Culinary articles too numerous to mention.

Persons wishing anything in my line are respectfully invited to call and examine the quality and prices of my wares.

Every kind of JOB WORK done to order. My own ware repaired without charge.

GEORGE B. DORRIS,

Jacksonville, Nov. 9, 1861. 43

M. A. BRENTANO

Is daily in receipt of a large assortment of

Groceries & Provisions,

LIQUORS, WINES, CORDIALS, HARDWARE, GLASSWARE, And all kinds of

MINING TOOLS.

He recommends his large, new stock of

CIGARS & TOBACCO,

MATCHES,

STATIONERY,

CARDS,

Toy and Fancy Ware.

And a great many other articles too numerous to mention, all of which he will sell LOW FOR CASH,

Or in exchange for

COUNTRY PRODUCE.

Jacksonville, August 23, 1862.

LOST SHAWL.—On the 27th October last, by the undersigned, while coming through the Canyon, a large woolen shawl (double) with red border, dark colors, barred, center purple, with a small rent in the border, was lost. The undersigned will pay a liberal reward to any one who will send the same to the SENTINEL Office.

S. D. VANDYKE.

Watches and Jewelry.

J. NEUBER

HAS recently received a large and valuable stock of

SPRING AND WEIGHT CLOCKS,

SILVER WATCHES,

DIAMOND JEWELRY,

PEARL, EMERALD, CAMEO SETS,

Together with a splendid lot of other

JEWELRY,

Breast-Pins, Brooches, Ear-Rings, Finger Rings, Lockets, Buckles, Clasps, Bracelets, Sleeve Buttons, Necklaces, Watch-Chains, Chateaus, and Seals.

All of which will be sold at low prices and warranted.

J. NEUBER still continues to REPAIR WATCHES, JEWELRY and CLOCKS, as heretofore, in the best manner and with dispatch. All articles in his line manufactured promptly and with neatness. Call and see his stock at the old stand, corner of Third and California streets, Jacksonville. 44tf.

Harness and Saddlery.

THE undersigned would respectfully inform the citizens of Jackson and adjoining counties that he has on hand and will manufacture to order All Kinds of Saddlery and Harness, such as

Heavy Draught Harness (long and short tug), Concord Harness, Buggy Harness (double and single), Spanish Saddles, trees and rigging complete; Ladies' Saddles, Jockey Saddles, Saddle-bags, Bridles, Surcingle, Halters, Spurs, Currycombs, Whips, Whip-lashes, and all other articles usually found in a first-class stock of

SADDLERY.

ALL WORK WARRANTED.

Store in "Sentinel" Building, California street. HENRY JUDGE, Jacksonville, Oct. 22, '62. 41

Oregon State Insane and Idiotic Asylum.

DRS. HAWTHORNE & LORVEA, Physicians and Proprietors.

IN pursuance of a law passed by the present Legislative Assembly, the Oregon State Insane and Idiotic Asylum is located in East Portland, in this county, Drs. Hawthorne and Loryea, Physicians and Prop'rs.

The proprietors of the above establishment will immediately make additions to their present buildings, in order to offer accommodations to all who are unfortunate enough to need the care and treatment of an Insane or Idiotic Asylum.

It is especially requested on the part of County Judges, guardians and friends of this class of patients, to have them immediately conveyed to the Asylum, so that they may be properly cared for before the inclement weather sets in.

The indigent will be supported at the expense of the State, and no record of debt made against them. For further particulars apply to

DRS. HAWTHORNE & LORVEA, Physicians of the Oregon State Insane and Idiotic Asylum. [nov151w] Portland, Multnomah Co., Oct. 10, 1862.

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.

A Notice is hereby given that the undersigned has been duly appointed, by the County Court of Douglas county, Oregon, administrator of the estate of Wm. P. Hawkins, deceased, late of said county and State; that all persons having claims against the said estate are required to exhibit them, within one year from this date, with the proper vouchers, to the said administrator, at his residence, in Cow Creek Valley, in said county and State.

W. W. JUDD, Administrator. Roseburg, Nov. 7, 1862. nov12ew4t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Thomas Croxton, administrator of the estate of John Cassaday, deceased, having this day rendered his account for final settlement of said estate, all persons interested are notified that Monday, the first day of December, 1862, has been appointed for the settlement of said account. BENJ. HOLSCLAW, County Judge, of Josephine county. Nov. 3, 1862. nov12ew4t

NOTICE OF FINAL SETTLEMENT.

Thomas Croxton, administrator of the estate of Nathan Barney, deceased, having this day rendered his account for final settlement of said estate, all persons interested are notified that Monday, the first day of December, 1862, has been appointed for the settlement of said account. BENJ. HOLSCLAW, County Judge, of Josephine county. Nov. 3, 1862. nov12ew4t

PACK-SADDLES constantly on hand

my Harness and Saddlery establishment. 15 HENRY JUDGE.

Emancipation.

[From Forney's Press.]

The rebellion is at an end! The President has done a good deed, at a good time. He has pronounced the doom of Slavery on the American Continent. After dallying with this great sin, because he dreaded to do violence to the interests and wishes of any portion of the people, he has accepted the lesson of experience, and ends the war by putting an end to the cause of the war. If this rebellion has taught us anything, it is that by slavery we have been defeated in our national progress—by slavery the richest and fairest portions of our Republic have been kept as a desert and a wilderness—by slavery a great part of the people have been estranged from one another—by slavery our institutions have been prevented from developing the blessings our fathers intended they should bestow. Slavery has been the perpetual disgrace to the American name. Slavery has bloomed into sedition, and ripened into war. Why should it live? It has menaced our dearest rights, and has robbed us of our dearest kindred. This fearful monster, intertwining itself around the vitals of the Republic, retarding its growth, destroying its usefulness, making its very existence wretched, at last sought to take the life that nourished it, and to rend the bosom on which it had grown. In self-defence we have wrestled in its embraces—wrestled in blood, war, carnage, desolation, and slaughter—and all in vain. The struggle is now for life or death. If slavery lives the Republic dies. The Republic must live, and so slavery must die. This is the meaning of the President's proclamation, and his words record slavery's inevitable doom.

President Lincoln has followed the logical course of events in issuing this proclamation. He has been neither too soon nor too late. He had a multitude of interests to consult, all of which involved the social, commercial, and political happiness of our people. He found the institution of slavery sustaining a great agricultural interest in many States of the Union. Cotton, sugar, rice, tobacco, and other staples, seemed to live upon its labor, and vast European and American enterprises depended on its preservation. The hamlets of Lancashire—the counting-rooms of New York—the mills of Lowell—the looms of France; to the uttermost ends of the earth—in India and Australia—the safety of the cotton crop and the protection of cotton labor were matters of comfort and necessity, raiment and bread. It was not an easy thing to proclaim a decree so universal in its application, and so radical and even disastrous in its operation. And to the honor of President Lincoln let us record it—that he did not make this proclamation until the masters of the cotton crop and cotton labor compelled him to do so by their treason and violence. Slavery might have passed away in its own good time, under the gentle influence of beneficent free institutions, and the world would not have felt the change. But this did not satisfy the ambition of its lords, nor minister to their cupidity. They grasped at universal empire and sought to overthrow a free republic, that a republic with slavery for its corner stone might be erected on its foundations. How much they have done to accomplish this wild and terrible design, the dreadful experiences of the past two years—the blood that has been shed—the devastation that has been inflicted—the general ruin that has every where extended—and the sad history these days are creating, will testify. That history is at an end. The President turns a new leaf, and, at the head of the page, writes—Emancipation.

He has written emancipation, and there it will last forever a tribute to his statesmanship and the fortitude of the American people. The patience and self-denial we have manifested from the beginning, in fighting this war with smaller weapons, while the great engine of death still remained in the arsenal, must forever be a wonder. But as we have been patient and self-denying before, let us be active, vigilant, and unrelenting now. If any one ever dreamed that out of this chaos of war and destruction peace might suddenly come as a compromise, or submission, let him dismiss it from his brain as an idle dream that it was. This proclamation of the President ends the rebellion. It will not do so to-day, or even to-morrow, but it will end it in a very short time, and in a very summary manner. We are now putting the ax to the root; heretofore we have contented ourselves by trimming the boughs, and breaking the branches, forgetting that new life was constantly oozing from the soil. It does not come as a wild exhibition of despair, nor as a mere effort to rouse a drooping public sentiment or rally beaten and disheartened columns. It is the manifestation of Northern power; it is the result of overwhelming victories.

We have shown the rebels that the sword is potent with us; we have shown them that, without going beyond the mere voluntary offering of life and treasure, we have laid their conscript Confederacy at our feet, and now we propose to crush where we have conquered, and to take away the life of the great criminal who has been indicted and convicted at the bar of Christian civilization.

Hurrah for Codfish.

When we see a young man dressed in the extreme of fashion, promenading the streets, flourishing a delicate walking stick, ogling the ladies, and turning up his interesting proboscis, with an air of disdain at a neighbor's son or daughter, when we know that his father acquired the property which his fool of a son is making himself ridiculous upon, by collecting grease and ashes, we are tempted to shout in his assinine ears, "Hurrah for codfish."

When we see a young woman whose highest ambition appears to be a desire to eclipse her neighbors in dress, and who makes it her constant boast that she never washed a dish, or hemmed a shirt, because she regards it as a vulgar accomplishment, we feel an inclination to whisper in her ear, "Hurrah for codfish."

When we see a young man too proud to carry a bundle in the street, when we know his father is a wood sawyer, or when we see a young miss seated in the parlor, perusing a novel, while ma is doing the kitchen drudgery, we say to ourselves, "Hurrah for codfish."

When we hear a lady protest that she cannot ride in an omnibus, because it was intended for common folks, we cannot help exclaiming to herself, "Hurrah for codfish."

When we see a lady arrayed in the costliest fabrics, treat with contempt a school-mate whose clothing is not of so rich a texture, especially when we remember that some of the aforesaid young ladies relatives are inmates of the poor house, and others of the State prison, we feel a strong desire to thunder in her ears, "Hurrah for codfish."

When we hear a man boasting of his ancestry, and taking unwonted pains to display his pretended coat of arms, which he has taken from some old book of heraldry, we laugh as we say to ourselves, "Hurrah for codfish."

When we see an elegant carriage dashing through the street with heraldic devices emblazoned on its trappings, with a coachman and footman decked out in a sort of livery, and especially when we know that its aristocratic owner made his money by vending "purely vegetable pills," which were nothing more nor less than dried peas, we exclaim, "Hurrah for codfish."

In short, when we see people putting on haughty airs, because it has pleased Providence to endow them with a liberal share of this world's goods, or when we see the supercilious sneer of contempt upon the face of a person to show his or her estimation of one who works for a living, we feel a strong desire to show our estimation of them by exclaiming, "Hurrah for codfish."

We are thankful that aristocracy in this country has always been at a discount, and we hope it always will be, and can only pity the silly, soft, contemptible man or woman who may be foolish enough to imagine for a moment that to be a member of an exclusive class, is the supreme height of human felicity, though money may, like charity, cover a multitude of sins.

"I'LL JUST MENTION IT."—Not very far from Central New Jersey lived two lawyers, Archy Brown and Tom Hall. Both were fond of dropping in at Mr. Smith's of an evening and spending an hour with his only daughter, Mary. One evening when Brown and Miss Mary had discussed almost every other topic, Brown suddenly, and with his sweetest tones, struck out as follows:

"Do you think, Mary, you could leave your father and mother and your pleasant home here, with all the ease and comforts, and go to the Far West with a young lawyer who has but little besides his profession to depend upon, and with him find a new home which it would be your joint duty to beautify and make delightful like this?"

Dropping her head softly on his shoulder, she answered: "I think I could, Archy."

"Well," said he, in a changed tone, and straightening himself up, "there's Tom Hall is going West, and he wants to get a wife. I'll just mention it to him."

A minister observing a man who had lost his wife, very much oppressed with grief, told him that he must have patience; whereupon the mourner replied, "I have been trying her, sir, but she will not consent to have me."