

The Oregon Sentinel.

\$5 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, JULY 25, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 53.

I. O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge

No. 10 holds its regular meetings on Friday of the first week in each month, and on Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 8 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
W. M. RAY, N. G.
SILAS J. DAY, H. Sec'y.
Trustees.—Jas. H. Sutton, Henry Denlinger and Geo. B. Dorr.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.

HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
H. BLOOM, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4,

ROYAL ARCH MASONS,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will hold its regular communications on the First Saturday Eve. of Every Month.

All sojourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

G. W. GREER, H. P.
L. SACHS, Sec'y.

ORANGE JACOBS,

ATTORNEY AND COUNSELOR

AT LAW,

AND SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.

Will promptly attend to any legal business committed to his care.

Office in Sentinel building.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

D. WM. DOUTHITT. JAMES D. FAY.

DOUTHITT & FAY,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

AT LAW,

AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State. March 4, '63.

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.

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 Script promptly collected. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON,

(Successor to Reed & Gaston)

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Special attention given to collection cases. June 10, 1863. 40

G. W. GREER,

PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.

Office at his Residence on Oregon St.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Where all those knowing themselves indebted to him, on note or book account, will please call and settle up, or their account will be placed for collection in the hands of my attorney.

My old patrons will still find me, as ever, ready to attend to my professional duties. May 6, 1863. may6if

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.

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FORWARDING AND COMMISSION

MERCHANTS,

Brick Building, Cor. Front & F streets.

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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 11, 1863. 15

N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight and charges are paid. D. & W.

J. ROW,

DEALER IN

CIGARS, TOBACCO, FRESH

FRUITS, STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERY, FIREWORKS, ETC.,

Next door to Bradbury & Wade.

I have just opened a new store and stocked it with a choice variety of the above mentioned articles, and offer them for sale at the lowest living prices. The best of cigars and chewing tobacco will be kept constantly on hand. Those desiring any article in my line will save money by giving me a call. J. ROW. jrlif

Jacksonville, July 1, '63.

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.

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.

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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.

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Civil War in America.

CAUSE OF THE CONFLICT

The following is the beginning of the first chapter of "Abbott's History of the Civil War in America," the first volume has just been published:

Civil war burst upon the United States, with almost the suddenness of the meteor's glare. It was, however, but like the eruption of the volcano, whose pent-up fires, had, for ages, been gathering strength for the final explosion. The whirlwind which our country has reaped, is but the natural harvest of that seed which, for long years, we have been sowing. All thinking men have been watching the cumulation of the menacing cloud, and have foretold its bursting. Many have hoped that the vials of wrath would not be emptied in their day and like the selfish courtiers of Louis XV. have said, "After the Deluge." But the deluge has come. Upon our heads it has fallen.

This fierce fight, which has arrayed in arms more than a million of men, and which made our ship of state reel and stagger, as if smitten by thunderbolts and dashing upon rocks, was but one, though a sublime act, in the drama of that great conflict, between patrician arrogance and plebeian resistance—between the claims of aristocratic privilege on the one hand, and the demand for equal rights on the other, which for countless ages has made our globe one vast battle-field. History is crowded with scenes terrible, in this irrepressible conflict. Two thousand years ago, Cæsar Pompey placed himself at the head of the aristocracy of Rome. Julius Cæsar, espousing the cause of the people, unfurled the banner of equal rights. Striding through oceans of blood, which tossed their surges over every portion of the habitable globe, Cæsar overthrew the aristocratic commonwealth, and reared upon its ruins, the imperial republic. It was aristocracy, striving to keep its heel on the head of democracy, which deluged the Roman empire in blood. On the fields of Pharsalia, the banner of aristocratic pride was trailed in the dust, and democracy, though exceedingly imperfect in its development, became the victor.

Two hundred years ago, the aristocracy of France, housed in baronial castles, mounted on war-horses, encased in helmet, cuirass, and buckler of steel, with pumpered men-at-arms ready to ride rough-shod on every embassage of violence, trampled on humanity, till humanity could endure it no longer. The aristocracy so despised the people, whom they had driven into mud hovels, whose wives and daughters were doomed to be yoked with the donkey in dragging the plough, that they did not dream that these boors, whom their humanity had brutalized, would dare even to look defiantly at the lordly castle of rock, whose defenders strode proudly along the battlements, in measureless contempt of the help's peasantry below.

These poor boors had not individuality enough even to receive a name. As a shepherd may call every sheep in his flock "Nannie," and as the slave-driver calls each one his wretched gang "boy," so every peasant was called "Jack." But the pent-up vengeance of ages at last burst

forth. The Jacks rose, and, like maddened wolves, rushed upon their foes. Every demon power and passion, which can riot in the human soul, held high carnival. Imbruted men, infuriated by ages of the most outrageous wrongs, rose by millions, upon their oppressors, and wreaked upon them every atrocity which fiend-like ingenuity could devise. France ran red with blood.

But at length disciplined valor prevailed. The steel clad knights trampled down their victims; and after one-half of the peasants of France had perished, the aristocrats resumed their sway, and the slavery of feudal bondage was again riveted upon the people. This war of the Jacks, or of the Jacquerie, as it is called in history, is one of the most instructive events of the past; and yet it was all unheeded.

The nobles, regardless of this lesson, renewed their oppressions. Again they commenced sowing the wind, from which they were to reap another, and a more dreadful harvest. The masses of the people were deprived of every privilege, but that of toiling for their masters. That the lords might live in castles, and be clothed in purple, and fare sumptuously, the people were doomed to hovels, and rags, and black bread.

Every effort was made to keep the people ignorant, that they might not know their wrongs, and poor, that they might not resent them. A peasant was not allowed to bury a piece of dough in the ashes of his own fire-side—he was compelled to take it to the bakery of his lord, and pay exorbitant toll there, to have it baked. A peasant was not allowed to dip a bowl of water from the ocean, and let it evaporate, that he might scrape from the bottom the few particles of salt left there in the residuum. He was bound to purchase every particle of salt from his lord, at an enormous price. No man, not nobly born, whatever might be his character or genius, was deemed a fit companion for the lords. James XV., surrounded by courtisans and debauchees, said:

"I can give money to Voltaire, Montesquieu, Fontenelle, but I cannot dine and sup with these people."

Every office of honor or emolument, in the church, the army, the state, or the court, was conferred upon the privileged class only. Consequently even Christianity, administered, in its high offices, only the children of the nobles, exulting in princely income, as bishops, archbishops and cardinals, hiring poor priests, whom they could starve or burn at any moment, to do the drudgery of reading prayers, preaching sermons, and burying the dead, became essentially an instrument to uphold oppression. "Servants obey your master," was its unchanging and unmitigated utterance. This religion was so manifestly not the religion of Jesus Christ, that kings, lords, and ecclesiastics, were all alike vigilant, not to allow the people to read the Bible, lest they should find out what the our Saviour really taught. A peasant, detected with a Bible in his hand, was deemed as guilty as if caught with the tools of a burglar, or the dies of a counterfeit.

Christianity is the corner-stone of true democracy. "All men are brothers," is its fundamental doctrine. Consequently, nowhere, the world over, will aristocratic intolerance allow democratic servitude to read the Bible. It is a curious fact, illustrative of this universal truth, that even in Republican America, those who were in favor of the servitude of the masses, and of a privileged class, roused their utmost endeavors, to prevent the preachers of Christianity from teaching that doctrine of man's brotherhood, which Christ so fervently and unceasingly has inculcated. "You are preaching politics," was the cry which drove many a preacher from his pulpit.

In the church of Notre Dame, in Paris, in the year 1789, the abbe Fanchet preached to an audience crowding every nook and corner of that immense cathedral. The noble prelate, unimpaired by frowns, was the bold announcer of that equality of rights which Christianity inculcates. "Taking for his text the words of Paul, 'Brethren, ye have been called unto liberty,' he said:

"The false interpreters of the divine oracles have wished, in the name of Heaven, to keep the people in subjection to their masters. They have consecrated despotism. They have rendered God an accomplice with tyrants. These false teachers exult because it is written, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's.' But that which is not Cæsar's—is it necessary to render unto him that? And Liberty does not belong to Cæsar. It belongs to human nature."

Notwithstanding the presence of the king and his frowning court, this announcement of the pure spirit of the gospel of Christ was received with a burst of applause, which shook the venerable pile to its foundation. Yes, more! it caused the very throne of despotic power at the Tuilleries to tremble, and finally toppled it into ruins. When he left the door of the church, the people, delighted to hear such sentiments in feudal France, so long overridden by princes and priests, seized him, in the exuberance of their gratitude, and bore him to his home in a triumphal chair, decorated with wreaths

and garlands, and then the vast multitude, surging through the streets raised three cheers for Jesus Christ. Jesus is indeed the friend of the poor man, and the helper of the oppressed. Did the masses but appreciate his sympathy for them, they would indeed feel that he was their friend.

If a peasant, with wife and child toiling in the field, in the cultivation of forty acres of land, raised crops to the value of \$640, the king, the lord, and the church, took six hundred dollars of this, and left the peasant and his ragged, emaciated family, but forty dollars. No allusion was allowed to be made to such wrongs. King, noble, and ecclesiastic alike rose in refulgent remonstrance, exclaiming, "It is political preaching." The old hypocrites! Thomas Jefferson, in the year 1783, wrote from Paris, to Mrs. Trist of Philadelphia:

"Of twenty millions of people supposed to be in France, I am of the opinion that there are nineteen millions more wretched, more accursed in every circumstance of human existence, than the most conspicuously wretched individual of the whole United States."

And yet the Christianity of that day was not allowed to make the slightest reference to such outrages. It was this state of things which inaugurated the French Revolution, the most terrific of all Time's tragedies. Twenty millions of people, trampled in the mire, rose ghastly and frenzied, and the flames of feudal castles, and the shrieks of haughty oppressors appalled the world. The stories of this outbreak of enslaved humanity is the most instructive in the annals of nations. The struggle was the most memorable in the long series of conflicts between aristocratic assumption and popular rights.

All aristocratic Europe then combined to crush the people demanding equality of privilege in the eye of the law, with their lords. The courts of Russia, Prussia, Sweden, Austria, England and Spain—all the kings and nobles of Europe rallied their armies. The people of France rose, with all the energies of despair, in defense of equality of rights. Such combats earth never saw before, probably never will see again. Two worlds, as it were, came clashing together. All the combined aristocracy of Europe were on the one side. All the masses of the people were on the other side. It was because they believed, right or wrong, that the motto of equal rights for all men was beaming from the banners of the Empire, that they marched so heroically to the victories of Marengo, Wagram and Austerlitz. And in the final victories of the despots, aristocratic privilege again triumphed in Europe, and "Hope for a season bade the world farewell."

A similar though less sanguinary conflict had previously taken place in England, between the united courtiers and Cavaliers under Charles I. and the Puritans under Cromwell. It was the same irrepressible conflict. The common people of England, slowly emerging from feudal servitude, and gradually acquiring intelligence and property, grew restive under the yoke which the lord had for ages imposed upon them. With prayer, and fasting, and hymns, they drew the sword in defense of equal rights for all, and met their foes at Marston Moor and Naseby. Before the sturdy blows of the Roundheads, the Cavaliers bit the dust. But aristocracy triumphed as Charles II. returned to the throne. Our Puritan fathers were again humiliated, and the foot of the oppressor was upon their heads again.

Then it was in this dark hour of apparently hopeless defeat that our fathers adopted the heroic resolve, to abandon home and possessions, to cross a stormy ocean of three thousand miles, to exile themselves to the wilderness of a new world, and here, struggling against famine, a savage foe and hardships of every kind, to found a republic where all men, in the eyes of the law should be equal. No privileged class was to be allowed. Education was to be as widely diffused as possible. The poor and the rich were to be alike eligible to all offices of honor and emolument. It was a long strife which they had taken. And yet there still clung to them, some of the prejudices of the old world of aristocratic usurpation, from which they had emerged. The North British Review, in the spirit of that execrable aristocracy which had so long dominated over Europe, condemning the equal rights for all, which Napoleon maintained in France, said:

"If the peasant, the grocer or the tailor, can scrape together a little money, his son receives his training in the same school, as the son of the proprietor whose land he cultivates, whose sugar and coffee he supplies, and whose coat he makes. The boy, who ought to be a laborer, or a petty tradesman, sits on the same bench and learns the same lesson, as the boy who is destined for the bar, the tribune or the civil service of the State. The grocer's son cannot see why he should not become an advocate, a journalist, a statesman, as well as the noble born lad, who was often below him in the class, whom he occasionally thrashed, and often helped over the thorny places of his daily task."

The aristocracy of England, when they found that a Republic was established in this country, growing rapidly in wealth and power, made a desperate effort to bring this partially emancipated people under subjection to their privileged class. They endeavored to tax us, without our being represented in parliament—to place the appointment to all important offices in the hands

of the king of England, who would be over the sons of England's nobles to be our governors and our judges, and who would fill all the posts of wealth, dignity and power with the children of the lords.

Hence the war of the Revolution. It was a continuation of the irrepressible conflict, between aristocratic usurpation and popular rights. We, the people, conquered and established our Government independent of all the world. Proudly we announced to the nations of Europe, as the corner stone of our edifice, that "all men are born free and equal, and are alike entitled to life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness."

Our Constitution in its spirit and legitimate utterance is doubtless the noblest document which ever emanated from the mind of man. It contains not one word hostile to liberty. Even now, with the light of three-fourths of a century shed upon its practical workings, it requires not the change of a paragraph to make it true to humanity.

But yet, ingloriously, guiltily, under sore temptations, we consented to use one phrase susceptible of a double meaning, "held to labor." These honest words, at the North mean a hired man, an apprentice. At the South they mean a slave, feudal bondage. So small, and apparently so insignificant, were these seeds sown in our Constitution which have resulted in such a harvest of misery. A privileged class at the South, assumed that by these words the Constitution recognizes domestic slavery, and the right of property in man. With persistence never surpassed, the Slaveholders of the South endeavored to strengthen and extend their aristocratic institution, which was dooming ever-increasing millions to life-long servitude and degradation. All wealth was rapidly being accumulated in the hands of the privileged few, who owned their fellow men as property. The poor whites, destitute of employment, unable to purchase negroes, and regarding labor, which was performed mostly by slaves, in their region, as degrading, were fast sinking into a state of bestial misery.

The sparse population which slavery allowed, excluded churches, schools and villages. Immense plantations of many thousand acres, tilled sometimes by a thousand slaves, driven to their toil by a few overseers, occupied the whole land to apparent solitude. The lot of the overseer was surrounded by the miserable cabins of the negroes, and in the workshops of the North all the rude implements of their toil were manufactured. The region of the Southern country generally presented an aspect of desolation which Christendom could no where else parallel. The Slaveholders, ever acting as one man, claimed the right of extending this institution over all the free territories of the United States. Free labor and Slave labor cannot exist together. The New England farmer cannot work with his sons in fields surrounded by negro hands, where labor is considered degrading, where his wife and daughters find no congenial society, no education, none of the institutions of religion, none of the appliances and resources of high civilization which freedom secures. The admission of slavery to the Territories effectually excluded freemen from them. The introduction to those vast realms of a privileged class, who were too live in luxury upon the unpaid labor of the masses, rendered it impossible that men cherishing the sentiment of republican equality should settle there. It was upon this point that the conflict in its fierceness commenced.

GEN. GRANT IN ACTION.—You can not read in Gen. Grant's countenance how a battle is going. Whether the enemy is driving him or he is driving the enemy, he wears the same placid features, neither a smile or a frown. You look in vain for hope, fear or anxiety depicted in his facial expression. But there is one key by which some idea may be formed as to how he feels while the struggle progresses. The General is in camp, addicted to the "use of the weed," to a moderate extent; but on the battle-field he indulges more than usual. The more desperate the battle, the more extravagant his use of Cuban and principles. When his men are pushing forward and the enemy giving way, the blue smoke ascends at regular intervals in small and scarcely perceptible curls. When there is a prospect that the day will go against him, he ceases to smoke, and commences to punish his innocent exotic by vigorously biting the end of it.

Mrs Douglas is again in mourning—this time for her father. She is now left alone to battle with the world as best she can. Her children's southern estate is in the hands of rebels. One of her sons is upon Burnside's staff. Mrs. Douglas has busied herself for the last two years at the hospitals. There is not a woman in the country who has been more active in doing good than she.

Old Dr. Pearson, of London, in lecturing upon the stomach, observed that this organ had no power over substances endowed with vitality, and this circumstance accounted for the fact of the Prophet Jonah having remained undigested in the stomach of the whale for three days and nights! This is one step farther than theology ever went.