

The Oregon Sentinel.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 81.

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 2 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
W. M. RAY, N. G.
Trustees.—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Deuling and Geo. B. Dorris.

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. Blinn, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4, — O. F. —

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. SAUNDERS, Sec'y. dec5:47

O. JACOBS, E. F. RUSSELL.

JACOBS, & RUSSELL,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS

AT LAW,

AND SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Office opposite the Court House.

All business committed to their care will be promptly attended to. July 29, '62.

D. W. DOUGHTY, JAMES D. FAY.

DOUGHTY & 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 Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON,

(Successor to Reed & Gaston)

ATTORNEY AT LAW.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Special attention given to collection cases. June 10, 1863. 49

[By appointment.]

GEORGE B. DORRIS,

NOTARY PUBLIC

FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq.

J. ROW,

DEALER IN

CIGARS, TOBACCO, FRESH

FRUITS, STATIONERY, CONFEC-

TIONERY, FIREWORKS, ETC.,

Next door to Broadway & Wade.

I have just opened a new store and stock-

ed 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 giv-

ing me a call. J. ROW.

Jacksonville, July 1, '63. j11f

DUGAN & WALL,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION

MERCHANTS,

Bank Building, Cor. Front & P streets.

CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

Will attend to the Receiving and Forward-

ing of all Goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch.

The Vagrant at the Church Door.

For years he had not seen his native place—
For years he had not spoken to a friend—
For years he had not stood within a church;
And now he lingered in the dusky porch,
And watched the congregation, one by one,
Cheerfully enter, and devoutly bend
In silent adoration. Many a face,
Familiar long ago, glanced toward his own—
Perhaps with wonder: for they knew him not.

And he was sadly changed, since in this spot
His happy boyhood swiftly passed away.

Strange fascination! Now he needs must stay;

For, in the echoes of the choir, he hears
A melody familiar to long past years
And sweet associations. Soon his tears
Tell how the vagrant's spirit has been moved.

All that he dreamt, all that he ever loved,
All that Youth's prophesy said "might have been,"

All the grim shadows of the wasted past,
In dim procession moved before him now.

The vagrant passed his fingers o'er his brow,
And seemed bewildered—crazed—until at last

The dawning of a hopeful smile was seen
Upon his face. The music of the psalm
Died out in whispering cooeth; and the voice,

In earnest accents, of the village priest,
Was heard in prayer. Once more the vagrant glanced
Within the Church, and then he entered in.

Beneath a column's shadow sat entranced
The poor world-weary man. A holy calm
Encompassed him, and made his heart rejoice—

The past dissolved as though it had not been.

The service ends. The rolling organ ceased.
The vergor came to where the vagrant sat
Mute as a statue. "Come my man" said he,
"The Church is closing; take your stick and hat,

And let me shut the doors." Then wonderingly
The vergor looked again, and muttered low,
"Poor soul! I knew him thirty years ago—
I little thought he would come here to die."

Song of the Irish Legion.

Ye boys of the sod, to Columbia true,
Come up lads, and fight for the Red, White
and Blue!

Two countries we love, and two mottoes
we'll share,
And we'll join them in one on the banner
we bear:

Erin mavourneen! Columbia agra!
E pluribus unum. Erin go bragh.

Upon them, my lads! and the rebels shall
know
How Erin can fight when she faces the foe;
If they can't give us arms, sure, we needn't
delay;

With a sprig of Shillelagh we'll open the
way.
Erin mavourneen! Columbia agra!
E pluribus unum. Erin go bragh.

"Blood Tubs" and "Plug Uglies," and
others galore,

Are sick for a thrashing in sweet Baltimore;
Be Jabers! that same I'd be proud to inform
Of the terrible force of an Irishman's arm.

Erin mavourneen! Columbia agra!
E pluribus unum. Erin go bragh.

Before you the tyrant assembles his band,
And threatens to conquer this glorious land;
But it wasn't for this we traversed the sea,
And left the Green Isle for the land of the
free.

Erin mavourneen! Columbia agra!
E pluribus unum. Erin go bragh.

Go forth to the tyrant, and give him to know
That an Irishman holds him his bitterest
foe;
And his sweetest delight is to meet him in
fight,

To battle for freedom, with God for the
right!
Erin mavourneen! Columbia agra!
E pluribus unum. Erin go bragh.

Duty is the little blue sky over every
heart and soul—over every life—large
enough for a star to look between the
clouds, and for the skylark happiness to
rise heavenward through and sing in.

A Life History.

True, oh, how true! Not until all that
made life beautiful has been swept away—
not until she has yielded one by one the
golden dreams of her girlhood, sacrificed
them all upon the world's cold altar—not
until each bright hope that gilded her path
has set in darkness—not until the sun of
her life has gone down in clouds to rise no
more—not until the heart is closed, and
upon its portals are written "desolate,"
and the chambers, deserted by their fairy
guests, echo ever more sadly to the music
of the past—not until then does woman
pour out her soul in song!

Didst ever think of this, ye who delight
in her strains? The careless world read
her thrilling songs and admire the genius
of the author, little heeding how each word
was written as with a pencil of fire
upon her burning brain ere they were
transferred to paper. They know not how
in the lone night vigil, amid prayers and
tears, was born the determination to suffer
and be strong—to win for herself a name
to which the world in homage should bow
—and with the praise and adulation of the
crowd fill the void in her heart.

So she goes forth with a proud, cold
smile upon her lip, and magic words are
traced by her pen-words, that thrill the
heart and stir the spirit's depths. The
meed of praise is hers at last, and she
takes the wreath that fame offers, binds it
upon her aching brow, and seems to be
content; but when she turns from the
crowd and gains the seclusion of her own
room, the cold smile fades from her lips,
the proud head is bowed in anguish, while
the hands clasp tightly over her bursting
heart, and her pale lips murmur, "All, all
is vanity!"

Sportive words flow from her pen, carry-
ing light and sunshine to many homes;
smiles greet their appearance, and hearts
go forth to meet them gladly, and the
world lauds the genius of the woman
whose magic words have such power over
the hearts of others, little deeming them
but the echo of the past joys; and that
while memory brought bright pictures
from her treasury to the lone watcher, she,
with a lone wail of smothered anguish
upon her lips, penned those lightsome words,
to cheat the world into the belief that her
own heart was blithe and gay.

Say you that this is a fancy sketch?
Let the history of the many gifted daugh-
ters of song answer. Have not the words
that have most thrilled our hearts been
but the sad echo of some happy past—the
plaintive wail from some broken shrine?

Oh, envy not the gifted ones of earth!
Seek not to bind upon your brow the laurel
of fame, for on woman's brow it is but a
crown of thorns.

Better far to live humble and unknown
to the great world, the center of a loving
home, than to be coining thoughts from
out of a bleeding heart, to scatter among
the careless crowd!

Envy not the gifted ones.
Who thrill with magic words;
Know ye not each line is wrung
From the crushed heart's aching chords?
Know ye not a mother's heart
Ne'er feels the power of song,
Till it has felt the poisoned dart,
And learned to suffer and be strong?

Some tell us that it will cost a vast deal
of money to preserve our nationality.
They are wretches who appeal to consider-
ations so mean and sordid. What would
you thing of a fellow who should remind
you in your sickness that it would be very
expensive to save your life? And is the life
of the mightiest republic of all time to be
more higgled about than the life of an in-
dividual? "All that a man has he will
give for his life." All that all men have
they should give for their country's life.

In a churchyard at Frodsham, in Che-
shire, is the following ludicrous epitaph:

Here lies I—
Jonathan Fry—
Killed by a sky—
Hocket in my eye—
Socket.

WHO SET THE BALL OF REBELLION IN MOTION.

—In the year 1830 a young lawyer
who was attending Court at Colleton,
South Carolina, drew up a string of reso-
lutions denouncing the Federal Govern-
ment, and embodied the remedy for these
usurpations in what were subsequently
known as the Carolina doctrines. The
resolutions were submitted to the people of
Beaufort and Colleton districts, were
adopted by them, and sent to the Senate
of the United States, where they were de-
nounced by Webster in his celebrated de-
bate with Hayne on the Foote resolutions.
The young lawyer who drew up these reso-
lutions and put the ball of revolution in
motion was Robert Barnwell Rhett.

In 1831 the nullification controversy
took place. Calhoun had resigned the
Vice-Presidency, and going into the Sen-
ate, became one of the most eminent of the
champions of State rights. At that time
Yancey was a boy, but he was old enough
to take sides, and did so by joining the old
Union party. He made a statement to
this effect in the House of Representatives
during the session of 1844 or 1845, in re-
ply to Levin, of Pennsylvania, who had
accused him of being a nullifier. We can
readily account for Yancey's political
opinions at that period from the fact that
his father, who removed to Charleston for
the purpose of practicing law in partner-
ship with Judge Daniel Elliott Huger, died
in a short time of yellow fever, having
transmitted to his sons a high regard for
Judge Huger. In the nullification contro-
versy, Judge Huger was a violent ad-
herent and leader, along with Joel R. Poin-
sett, James L. Petigru and Judge Thomas
Lee, of the Union party, or submission
party as it was then called. At the time
of Yancey's election to Congress, in 1841
or 1844, he was a zealous, ardent, active
and able member of the Democratic party.
In a little time, however, he threw off
party trammels, and became the bold and de-
fiant champion of Southern rights; but he
was not regarded as the leader of that
party.

But if Rhett gave the first impulse to
the revolution, and Yancey was its most
eloquent champion, it was to John C. Cal-
houn that we are indebted for the secession
of the South from the Union. From the
first hour of his entrance into the Senate
of the United States, in 1832, down to the
period of his death, in 1850, Calhoun was
the firm, unyielding, and ablest advocate
of the rights of the States which the
South ever had. It is to Calhoun that
the chief merit is due for the independence
of the South. He did more to accomplish
this result than any man, than any five
thousand men in the Confederacy. We
deem it, therefore, a matter of simple jus-
tice that, in speaking of the superb man
who inaugurated the present revolution,
the name of John C. Calhoun should be
placed first on the bright roll of honor.—
Montgomery (Alabama) Mail.

A BRITISH OPINION OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN'S SPRINGFIELD LETTER.

—The follow-
ing high compliment to the United States
is from the *London Star*. Read it—and
feel proud of the man who is placed at the
helm of the great Ship of State:

If it disappoints the expectation of im-
mediate peace, it confirms our faith in the
man who has the conduct of the war. It
offers no new inducements to the Southern
States to return to their allegiance—nei-
ther does it attempt to placate the North-
ern opponents of the Federal Government.
But it places in the clearest, strongest
light, the wicked unreasonableness of the
rebellion and the religious duty of all loyal
citizens. As a vindication of the Wash-
ington Cabinet, it is a masterpiece of co-
gent argument. An appeal to the spirit
of the nation, it is sublime in the dignified
simplicity of its eloquence. No nobler
state paper was ever penned. It is the
manifesto of a truly great man in an ex-
igency of almost unequalled moment. It is
worthy of a Cromwell or a Washington.

It breathes the calm heroism of a Chris-
tian patriot—trusting in the blessing of
God upon dauntless exertions in a just
cause. It is such as Garibaldi and Maz-
zini might have written from Rome i
events had placed them at the head of an
Italian commonwealth, threatened by a
formidable combination of enemies to its
freedom and integrity. It is the utterance
of a statesman who has nothing to conceal
—of a ruler guiltless of oppression—of
the genius that consists in transparent hon-
esty and unflinching resolution. Address-
ed to friends and neighbors, to supporters
and opponents, it is open to the world to
read. It really challenges the judgment of
contemporary civilization, though it contains
scarcely a hint of any country but the United
States. If it fail to combine all parties in
an ardent approval of the President's pol-
icy, it must be because party differences
are invincible to logic and persuasion.

AN ABOLITIONIST.—The Southern Liter- ary Messenger, published at Richmond,

thus gives the Southern definition of the
term Abolitionist:

"An abolitionist is any man who does
not love slavery for its own sake as a di-
vine institution, who does not worship it
as the corner stone of civil liberty, who
does not adore it as the only possible social
condition on which a permanent republican
Government can be created, and who does
not in his inmost soul desire to see it ex-
tended and perpetuated over the whole
earth, as a means of human reformation
second in dignity, importance and sacred-
ness to the Christian religion. He who
does not love African slavery with this
love is an abolitionist."

It is with this meaning the Copperheads
of this coast denounce Union men as Ab-
olitionists. Sensible men are proud of the
title of "Abolitionist" when so-called by
Copperheads. Gen. Logan, a life-long
Democrat, in a speech at Chicago, said:

"If it makes a man an abolitionist to
love his country, then I love my country,
am willing to live for it and willing to die
for it. If it makes a man an abolitionist
to love and revere that flag, be it so. If
it makes an abolitionist to love to hear the
Star Spangled Banner sung, and be proud
to hear that such were ever penned, or
could ever be sung upon the battle field
by our soldiers, then I am proud to be an
abolitionist; and I wish to high heaven
that we had a million more of their so-
ldiers to-night, under our Generals, and
then our rebellion would be at an end, and
peace would again fold her gentle wings
over a united Republic, and the old Union,
the old friendship and the old love again
make happy the land where now the rebel
flag flaunts dimly in the sultry Southern
air."

PARADISE LOST.—Dan Voorhies, the
Indiana Copperhead, got off a good thing
lately in a speech at Bucyrus, Ohio. He
drew a picture of the Democratic party in
its long exile from the public Treasury, and
lugubriously said:

"When I think of that it seems to me
that, banished as we are, we feel like Adam
and Eve when going out of the garden of
Eden, trying to take one long, last, linger-
ing look at the never-dying groves of their
lost paradise." [Applause.]

That is good, for Adam and Eve were
turned out of the garden for stealing ap-
ples and for other malfeasances in office,
which proved them unfit to be gardeners.
The Copperhead party went out for a like
reason.—*Sic. Bee.*

While the Masonic fraternity were en
route for Greenfield, Mass., the other day,
an inquisitive countryman, at one of the
stations, after eyeing the Knights Temp-
lars for a few moments, inquired with the
greatest concern, "whether all them brig-
adier generals was goin' home on a fur-
lough?"

There is a town in New Hampshire so
healthy that the people have had to bor-
row a corpse to start a graveyard.