

The Oregon Sentinel.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 28, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 82.

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 12 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
W. M. RAY, N. G.
S. J. DAY, Sec'y.
Trustees—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Dentinger and Geo. B. Dorris.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M. HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
H. BLOOM, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4, OF 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. dec 8:47

G. 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.

W. W. DOUGHTITT. JAMES D. FAY.

DOUGHTITT & 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 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. 40

GEORGE B. DORRIS, NOTARY PUBLIC FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq.

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, Jacksonville, July 1, '63. jiltf

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 11, 1863. 15 N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight and charges are paid. D. & W.

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.

November.

AFTER TOM HOOD.

No long vacations now—
No picnics on the breezy mountain's brow—
No Social Science people talking platitudes—
No nice, brown-hatted girls in easy attitudes—
No breakfasting at noon—
No sweet flirtations by the harvest moon—
No claret as the short hours pass away—
No devil the next day—
No Exhibition crushes—
No Titiens, musically luscious—
No Spanish beauties with coquetish feet Sailing down Regent street—
No boating on lucid Windermere—
No breathless stalking after antlered deer—
No moorland canters on unbroken fillies—
No whisky with the gillies—
No wandering on the beach with a cigar—
No red lips kissed beneath the evening star—
No pleasant cliffs to clamber—
No sunset with a comet set in Amber—
No single thing we ever need remember—
No wit, no poetry, no idle dreams—
No beauty on the woods and wolds and streams—

NOVEMBER!

—London Punch.

"Peace."

The Richmond Enquirer of Oct. 16th contains the following editorial, entitled "Peace," which must profoundly interest alike the friends and enemies of the country:

Save on our own terms we can accept no peace whatever, and must fight till doomsday rather than yield an iota of them and our terms are:

Recognition by the enemy of the independence of the Confederate States.

Withdrawal of the Yankee soldiers from Maryland, until that State shall decide by a free vote whether she shall remain in the old Union or ask admission into the Confederacy.

Consent on the part of the Federal Government to give up to the Confederacy its proportion of the navy as it stood at the time of secession, or to pay for the same.

Yielding up of all pretension on the part of the Federal Government to that portion of the old Territories which lies west of the Confederate States.

An equitable settlement on the basis of our absolute independence and equal rights of all accounts of the public debt and public lands, and the advantages accruing from foreign treaties.

These provisions, we apprehend, comprise the minimum of what we must require before we lay down our arms. That is to say, the North must yield all—nothing. The whole pretension of that country to prevent by force the separation of the States must be abandoned, which will be equivalent to an avowal that our enemies were wrong from the first, and, of course as they waged a causeless and wicked war upon us, they ought in strict justice to be required, according to usage in such cases, to reimburse to us the whole of our expenses and losses in the course of that war. Whether this last proviso is to be insisted upon or not, certain we are that we cannot have any peace at all until we shall be in a position not only to demand and exact, but also to enforce and collect treasure for our own reimbursement out of the wealthy cities in the enemy's country.

In other words, unless we can destroy or scatter their armies and break up their Government we can have no peace; and if we can do that, then we ought not only to exact from them our own full terms and ample acknowledgment of their wrong, but also a handsome indemnity for the trouble and expense caused to us by their crime.

Now, we are not in a position to dictate those terms to our enemies, with Rosecrans' army still in the heart of our country, and Meade still on the Virginia soil; but though it is too soon to propose such conditions to them, yet it is important that we should keep them plainly before our

own eyes as the only admissible basis of any conceivable peace. This well fixed in the Confederate mind, there will be no more frantic looking for news from Europe, as if that blessed peace were to come to us over the sea, and not to be conquered on our own ground. There will be no more gaping for hints of recognition and filling of the belly with the East wind; no more distraction or diversion from the single momentous business of bracing up every nerve and sinew of the country for battle.

It is especially now, at the moment when great and perhaps decisive battle are impending at two or three points, that we think it most essential to insist upon the grand and entire magnificence of the stake and cast.

Once more we say it is all or nothing. This Confederacy or the Yankee nation, one or the other, goes down, down to perdition. That is to say, one or the other must forfeit its national existence and lie at the mercy of its mortal enemy.

We all know by this time the fate in store for us if we succumb. The other party has no smaller stake.

As surely as we completely ruin their armies—and without that there is no peace or truce at all—so surely shall we make them pay our war debt, though we wring it out of their hearts. And they know it well, and therefore they cannot make peace except through their utter exhaustion and absolute inability to strike another blow.

The stake they have to forfeit, then, if they lose this dreadful game, it is as vital as ours. So is the stake to be won if they win anything. It is no less than the entire possession of our whole country, with us in it, and everything that is ours, from the Ohio to the Rio Grande, to have and hold, to them and their heirs forever.

But, on the other hand, what we mean to win is utter separation from them for all time. We do not want to govern their country, but after leying upon it what seemeth good to us by way of indemnity, we leave it to commence its political life again from the beginning, hoping that the lesson may have made them sadder and wiser Yankees.

We shut them out forever, with all their unclean and scoundrelly ways, intending to lead our lives here in our own Confederate way, within our own well-guarded bounds, and without, as St. John says, are dogs.

And let no Confederate feeble knees and tremulous backbones say to us, this complete triumph is impossible; say that we must be content with some kind of compromise, and give and take; on the contrary, we must gain all or lose all; and that the Confederates will indeed win the giant game we take to be as certain as any future event in this uncertain world.

Meade's army and Rosecrans' once scattered, Lincoln can get no more armies. The draft turns out manifestly fruitless. Both the German and Irish element are now for peace. The Yankees have to bear the brunt of the war themselves; but in the meantime their inevitable bankruptcy is advancing like an armed man. Hungry ruin has them in the wind. It cannot be long before the Cabinet of Washington will have indeed to consider seriously proposals for peace, under auspices and circumstances very different from the present. For the present the war rolls and thunders on; and may God defend the right.

"My opponent, Mr. Speaker, persists in saying that he is entitled to the floor. Whether this is so, or not, I shall not inquire. All I have got to say is, that whether he is entitled to the floor or not, he'll get floored if he interrupts me again." Here the gentleman from Bloody Creek pulled up his sleeves and took his necktie off.

John T. C. McCaffrey, from Knoxville, Tennessee, served three months under General Jackson, thirty-two months in the Mexican war, twelve months in the present war, and sent eleven sons to the Union army, four of whom were killed before Vicksburg.

How He became a Volunteer.

"You are a soldier, then?"
"I served in the Third Artillery under the Republic, and afterwards in the Guard, through all the commotions. I was at Jemappes and Waterloo; so I was at the christening and the burial of our glory, as one may say."
I look at him with astonishment.

"And how old were you then at Jemappes?"

"Somewhere about fifteen," said he.

"How came you to think of being a soldier so early?"

"I did not really think about it. I then worked at toymaking, and never dreamt that France could ask me for anything else than to make her draught-boards, shuttle-cocks, and cups and balls. But I had an old uncle at Vincennes whom I went to see from time to time—a Fontenoy veteran, in the same rank of life as myself, but with ability enough to have risen to that of a marshal. Unluckily, in those days there was no way for common people to get on. My uncle whose services would have got him made a prince under the other, had then retired with the mere rank of sub-lieutenant. But you should have seen him in his uniform, his cross of St. Louis, his wooden leg, his white mustache, and his noble countenance. You would have said he was a portrait of one of those old heroes in powdered hair which are at the Versailles!"

"Every time I visited him, he said something which remained fixed in my memory. But one day I found him quite grave.

"Jerome," said he, 'do you know what is going on on the frontier?'

"No, lieutenant," replied I.

"Well," resumed he, 'our country is in danger.'

"I did not well understand him, and yet it seemed something to me.

"Perhaps you have never thought what your country means," continued he, placing his hand on my shoulder; 'it is all that surrounds you, all that has brought you up and fed you, all that you have loved! This country that you see; these houses, these trees, those girls who go along there laughing—this is your country! The laws which protect you, the bread which pays for your work, the words you interchange with others, the joy and grief which come to you from the men and things among which you live—this is your country! The little room where you used to see your mother, the remembrance she has left you, the earth where she rests—this is your country! You see it, you breathe it, everywhere! Think to yourself, my son, of your rights and your duties, your affections and your wants, your past and you present blessings—write them all under a single name—and that name will be your country!'

"I was trembling with emotion, and great tears were in my eyes.

"Ah! I understand," cried I; 'it is our home in large; it is that part of the world where God has placed our body and our soul.'

"You are right, Jerome," concluded the old soldier, 'so you comprehend also what we owe it?'

"Truly," resumed I, 'we owe it all that we are; it is a question of love.'

"And of honesty, my son," continued he; 'the member of a family who does not contribute his share of work and of happiness falls in his duty, and is a bad kinsman; the member of a partnership who does not enrich it with all his heart, defrauds it of what belongs to it, and is a dishonest man; it is the same with him who enjoys the advantages of having a country, and does not accept the burdens of it; he forfeits his honor, and is a bad citizen!'

"And what must one do, lieutenant," to be a good citizen?" asked I.

"Do for your country what you would do for your father and mother," said he.

"I did not answer at the moment; my heart was swelling, and the blood boiling in my veins; but, on returning along the road, my uncle's words were, so to speak,

written up before my eyes, I repeated, 'Do for your country what you would do for your father and mother.' And my country is in danger; an enemy attacks it, whilst I—I turn cups and balls!

"This thought tormented me so much all night, that the next day I returned to Vincennes, anxious to the point of death that I had not acted, and was going off to the frontiers. The brave man pressed me upon his cross of St. Louis, and I went away as proud as an ambassador.

"That is how, neighbor, I became a volunteer under the Republic before I had cut my wise teeth."—*Atta PhiloSophy, by Emile Souvestre.*

DR. WINSHIP.—Dr. George Winship, the strong man of Boston, now raises daily the extraordinary weight of twenty-six hundred pounds. His operating room, under the old Park Street Church, Boston, daily thronged with the curious as well as those who are desirous of learning the art of how to be strong. In one corner of the room stands his famous lifting machine. This consists of a frame work of wood about seven feet in height, with a platform about half way up, upon which the Doctor stands to go through with his daily exercise. A shoulder bar and a quantity of leather straps and bands form the harness with which the feat is performed. Under the platform the weights are suspended. These are composed of broad iron plates of a circular form, resting one upon the other, and held together by means of a stout iron rod running through the center of each. Surrounding these plates are long, slim bars of iron running transversely, and made to be detached or joined to the main body. They are arranged in this manner so as to graduate the weight—one being added as often as is required by the increasing strength of the practitioner. They are each of twenty-five pound weight. The whole body of iron suspended in this manner, and which is raised daily by Dr. Winship, is 2,600 pounds. Dr. Winship thinks he shall continue his experiment until he can raise 3,000. This he believes is the practical limit for one of his organization and constitution; but he is of the opinion that men superior to him in these last mentioned points may be trained to raise far greater weights. In another corner of the room a small horse-shoe magnet, suspended by a cord, attracts the attention of all visitors. Curiosity centers upon this trifle, from the following circumstances: Dr. Winship began his experiments by suspending an ordinary horse-shoe magnet and adding a little weight every day to the small piece of iron attached to the pole. The sustaining power increases in precise ratio to the weight added. At first it would sustain twelve ounces—more than this would cause the iron to detach. In twenty-four hours another ounce was added and sustained, and this experiment was repeated daily until the magnet now sustains nearly eleven pounds, the attracting power increasing much more rapidly than at first. It was this magnet which first gave Dr. Winship the idea of increasing his own strength by gradual development. He began adding little by little to the weights raised, and raised the amount daily, until he has practically and in a wonderful manner demonstrated the truth of his theory. An extensive practice now rewards him for the time and trouble consumed in his researches in this direction.—*New York Herald.*

A wag was lately asked to contribute to foreign missions. "Not on any account," said he.

"Why not?" asked the collector, "the object is laudable."

"No it isn't," was the reply; "not half so many people go to the devil now as ought to."

Henry Ward Beecher says: "Life would be a perpetual flea hunt if a man was obliged to run down all the insinuations, invidiousities, insinuations and suspicions which are uttered against him."