

The Oregon Sentinel.

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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 85.

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 7 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. 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. dec8:47

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. 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 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, 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,
Buck 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. may6tf

Not Now.

Talk not of compromise or peace
To traitors with their dripping swords,
This glorious war shall never cease,
To waste our time in useless words,
What! speak of peace when nameless crime
Lifts up, unawed, its brazen brow?
Not now; no! this is not the time
To cry for peace—not now!

Talk not of peace while dauntless souls
Are struggling on the battle plain,
Where vengeance's fiery chariot rolls
Its gory wheel—among the slain;
The battle must be fought and won,
Rebellion crushed, no matter how!
The war for freedom must go on,
It cannot stop, not now, not now!

When those who awoke the sound of strife,
Shall come the boon of peace to crave—
When those who sought the nation's life,
Shall meekly sue, their own to save—
When foemen lay their armor down,
And in submission humbly bow,
Then war may cease to humbly frown,
But now it must not cease—not now!

Let Northern dastards cry for peace,
While others fight, their homes to save;
Let Tories whisper war must cease,
While patriots find a bloody grave.
Heroes but firmer clutch the sword,
While laurels wreath each victor's brow,
And freemen shout with one accord—
We must not fail nor falter!

We seek no peace till every star,
Bright in our constellation shines,
We stop not in the path of war,
Until we reach that height sublime.
Our flag must float o'er every State,
From Maine to Pacific shore;
Nor treason's voice again awake,
To dim its glory nevermore!

Mr. Squibob at the Falls.

BY N. P. DARLING.

He was wealthy, wasn't a fool, and was not over forty; and Mrs. Tweedlefoot, who had been sighing eighteen months out of the two years since Mr. Tweedlefoot had died, for another husband, and had come to Niagara Falls expressly to obtain one; upon meeting Mr. Squibob, the Cincinnati pork merchant, she set her heart and mind upon his being the one, and none other.

Now, Mrs. Tweedlefoot had been a beauty in her youth, and, at thirty, she still retained a good share of it, with something that was equally potent—a peculiar charm—only found about widows who, having seen more of the world, of course understand the art of bewitching the gentlemen more completely than do their younger sisters, who boast more beauty of features and less wit. As the widow and Mr. Squibob stopped at the same hotel, of course the former had her own way; for though Mr. Squibob might not have been at all attracted toward her, he could not but be agreeable to so charming a woman, and from being that he was fast drifting towards something much more to the widow's liking.

Mr. Squibob had come to Niagara Falls because other people did. He couldn't see anything sublime or grand in it; to be sure, there was a great deal of water, but he had a fanatical aversion to a great deal of that liquid—especially in his brandy. He found, after a week's sojourn there, that, to his fancy, the widow was by far the most attractive piece of Nature's workmanship at the Falls. Still, the idea of making any claim to such an exquisite article never entered his mind—his heart, I might have said, but I think that organ has lost or forgotten all the passions of its youth.

But Mr. Squibob was obliged to accompany the widow everywhere. They stood on Table Rock and saw the mighty torrent sweep down, and they stood beneath and saw it come down, and the widow was delighted and gave vent to a great many rapturous exclamations; and Mr. Squibob—not from viewing the Falls, but from viewing the widow—forgot all about the pork market.

Things continued in this state for some time—together too long for the widow, who was in somewhat more haste to change her name than when she was first asked. But Mr. Squibob, being perfectly innocent himself of matrimonial designs, was perfectly unconscious of the state of Mrs. Tweedlefoot's feelings, and so the widow must think of some expedient to bring about a crisis.

That was found soon after while Mr. Squibob and his would-be-better-half were taking a morning ride in the carriage, in the person of Captain Charles, an officer in the army, who was on a few weeks' furlough.

The Captain was coming towards them on horseback, and as he drew up beside the carriage, the widow put on one of her most bewitching smiles, and wished him good morning.

"Won't you take a seat in the carriage?" asked she, in her sweet tones, at the same time watching Mr. Squibob, who at this invitation frowned and looked very sour.

"It will work well," said the widow, aside.

"Won't you Captain?" she asked again, and that gentleman threw the reins to the servant, and took the offered seat beside the widow, opposite Mr. Squibob, who, the widow thought, grew black with rage, a fact which pleased her very much.

Mr. Squibob did not speak again until they returned to the hotel, though the widow and Captain Charles chatted gaily enough. Perhaps Mr. Squibob was really in love, as the widow supposed; for he went immediately to his room, and did not come out again till evening, when he came down to the "hop," to find the widow and the Captain dancing together.

The widow felt that his eyes were upon her before he raised her own to his face. But she was mistaken, for Mr. Squibob's eyesight was poor, and if he looked in that direction, he could not recognize a person one-half the distance.

"I shall catch him sure, Miss Lee," said the widow to that lady, whom she met in the hall a few minutes after; for she had made a confidant of Miss Lee, and told her of all her designs upon Mr. Squibob.

"Through Captain Charles?"
"Yes; he is already jealous; I'll have him writing sonnets upon my beauty in a few days. He looked moon-struck to-night."

Miss Lee did not answer, but skipped away, humming a snatch of an opera, leaving the widow to retire to her room to think of Mr. Squibob, who at that moment was dreaming of pork.

Next morning Mr. Squibob's carriage stood at the door for a long time waiting for the widow; but when she did come, she declined that worthy's invitation, and so he rode alone—the widow thought with an aching heart.

She took a ride on horseback, accompanied by Captain Charles, who was considered the greatest "catch" at the Falls. They dashed past Mr. Squibob's carriage in grand style, and Mrs. Tweedlefoot turned in her saddle and waved her hand to the gentleman, who bowed in acknowledgment, though looking as glum as his heavy porkers.

He stood on the hotel steps when the equestrians returned, smoking a cigar, and though the widow had predicted that he would soon be writing love sonnets, a casual observer would not have thought there was a great deal of poetry in his soul.

"Oh, I have had such a splendid ride this morning, Mr. Squibob!" said the widow, as she alighted.

"Ah, indeed. Owing to your gay cavalier, I suppose," he answered, in the most nonchalant manner.

"Well, not altogether. I love to ride, dearly," and then she added, in a lower voice, "perhaps I should choose a different companion. Do you ride?"

"No."
"I almost wish you did," she said, in a

half-whisper, as if talking to herself, at the same time laying her small, white hand upon Mr. Squibob's coat sleeve.

"And if I did?" he asked, taking the cigar out of his mouth, and squinting at a fine porker that an Irishman was driving by.

"Why, it would be so fine," she exclaimed, with some animation.

"Yes, very fine hog," he replied, still viewing the portly porker.

"No; I was speaking of riding," and she gave one of her cheery laughs at Mr. Squibob's mistake.

"Oh, yes; but don't you think I am too old to learn, Mrs. Tweedlefoot?"

"Too old! Why, Mr. Squibob, you're right in the prime of life. But perhaps"—and she glanced at his portly form.

"Perhaps I should make but poor work of it, eh?"

"I didn't mean that, she replied," as she turned away. "He'll propose now," she said as she went to her room. "I'll give him an opportunity to-night."

And who will blame the little widow if she went about with a joyous heart, only anxiously awaiting the shades of evening? After a year and a half's weary search she had found just the right man—a dear good old soul, that once under her thumb, she could fashion as she pleased. Once married, and she would lead him by the nose, of course.

It was a beautiful night, and the hum and roar of the cataract made it truly fit for lovers, who might breathe their love vows unheard except by each other, for the rushing of the mighty waters.

The widow, leaning upon Mr. Squibob's arm, standing beside the river, felt perfectly happy. She had an inward consciousness that the hour was at hand, and she waited to hear those words that she had longed to hear from Mr. Squibob's lips, with calm resignation worthy of a widow who had cast her net and caught a prize.

The moonlight upon Mr. Squibob's face, which gave an additional glow to his nose, which rivaled the sunset glow at all times, imparted, the widow thought, as she looked up to him, a noble expression to his face, and gave a softer tinge to his crispy black hair.

For some time, as is generally the case with lovers, when they have so much to say that they hardly know where to begin, Mr. Squibob and the widow remained in silence.

"Oh, that to me the wings were given
Which bear the turtle to her nest,
Then would I cleave the vault of heaven,
To fly away and be at rest,"
murmured the widow softly, clasping more firmly the supporting arm.

Mr. Squibob, who, I hate to tell it, had been thinking of nothing but pork for the last half hour, gave a grunt, and not knowing what else to say, asked:

"Why, Mrs. Tweedlefoot, are you sad to-night?"

"Yes, I always feel so these still, grand evenings. If I could fly away and dwell in some of those beautiful worlds on high," and she sighed, while Mr. Squibob, feeling rather uneasy, jingled a few more coppers in his pockets.

"Then its so sad she continued," dropping her head upon Mr. Squibob's shoulder, "to be alone in this dreary world, with no one to love you or care for you. When James was alive—" but she broke down there, and Mr. Squibob, feeling rather queer, took out his handkerchief and was going to wipe her eyes, but he changed his mind and blew his nose with a great deal of vehemence. Still he remained quite passive and listened very attentively as the widow went on again with her complaint, only stopping occasionally to sigh and look up at Mr. Squibob and the moon, whose faces, so far as expression was concerned, were on an equality.

"I hope I did not do wrong, Mr. Squibob, in riding out with Captain Charles," continued Mrs. Tweedlefoot, pretending to bring Mr. Squibob to the point as soon as possible, for her tears were almost exhaus-

ed, and she felt that she could not keep up the present strain without onions.

"Why, no; nothing wrong about it that I know of," said Mr. Squibob. "He's a very fine young man, I believe, and I have a great deal of respect for him."

"Well, yes; but I didn't know as you would like it considering our—you understand me, Peter, and the widow hung her head.

"No, I'll be hanged if I do!" cried Mr. Squibob.

"Why, you know what every one is saying—you must have heard it."

"About me?"

"You and I."

"No. I've heard nothing. What do you mean?"

"What a pesky thick-headed old fool he is!" thought the widow.

"Madam, I should like to have you explain yourself."

"Why, it's in everybody's mouth."

"What?"

"I don't like to tell," she murmured, hiding her face on his shoulder.

"Oh, the deuce! out with it."

"Well, they say that we are going to be mar—oh, I can't."

"Oh, ah, I think I understand you now?" and Mr. Squibob took of his hat and scratched his head. "Yes, I think I understand. But I want to ask you a question, Mrs. Tweedlefoot."

The widow looked up into his eyes and smiled, oh! so sweetly.

"Do you know the Captain's name?"

"Why, yes," replied the widow, surprised at the question, having expected something else. "It is Charles."

"Yes, Charles Squibob, my son, who is soon to be married to Miss Lee, a young lady whom I shall be happy to call daughter, and who has been kind enough to tell me of the plans you laid to catch the pork merchant. Adieu, my fair one; but before I go let me give you this advice; don't try to get a pork merchant for a husband, for, owing to your business, they will be apt to slip through your fingers."

The widow would have fainted if there had been any one to raise her up; but as there was not, she cast one despairing glance at the moon, two at the angry flood that rolled beneath her feet; wondered if it would hurt much to be carried over the fall, and at last, after making a solemn vow never to eat pork, even with beans, she returned to the hotel to dream of her dear, lost James.—From the Wide World.

ROSECRANS.—The Washington correspondent of the Sacramento *Union*, under date of October 24th, says:

"It is hard to give up a popular idol and those who have long believed that the hero of Stone River, Murfreesboro and Corinth was a consummate General will demur at his sudden fall. It is sad and disheartening that such things must be, but they must be, and it is a sufficient answer to all cavils to say that no man in the nation was more pained at the necessity of the removal of General Rosecrans than was the President himself. But that honest Chief Magistrate, whose daily labor and nightly thought is for the country which he loves, knows that Rosecrans is not fit to command an army where so much depends upon its success as now depends upon the Army of the Cumberland. It is not proper that all men should now know the reasons why Rosecrans was removed, but they are weighty and all-sufficient, and if they were known no right-minded man would ask that he should be retained in command. It is enough to know that this Administration has never dismissed a valuable public servant or relieved any general of his command without good cause for so doing. Some of the newspapers have tried to break Rosecrans' fall by saying that he is outranked by Grant and must therefore be relieved or violate military etiquette. This is charitable, but it is not the reason, for Rosecrans, if a true soldier and a good General, could and should fight under Grant.