

# The Oregon Sentinel.

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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 12, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 84.

## 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.  
Wm. RAY, Sec'y.  
Trustees—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Deullinger and Geo. B. Harris.

## 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 THE ARCH MASONS, IN THE CITY OF JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will hold the regular communications on the First Saturday Eve. of Every Month. All Masonic Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.  
G. W. GREIG, H. P.  
L. S. S. Sec'y. Dec 8/63

## 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. BOUTWELL, 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. E. 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, 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. j11f

## DUGAN & WALL, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, Brick Building, Cor. Front & P 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.

## PETER BRITT, Photographic Artist.

Is prepared to take pictures in every style of the art, with all the late improvements. 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.

## STATIONERY & BLANK BOOKS, BRADBURY & WADE'S

## Tiny's Chair.

[From the W. M. (Pa.) Messenger, Nov. 4th.]  
A little girl of some six summers, a child of remarkable sweetness and intelligence for her years, on leaving the States with her mother to join her father "beside the silver Oregon," presented her infant chair to a favorite uncle. The incident led to the penning of the following lines:

DEAR CHILD! how many tender thoughts  
And memories cling around the chair  
Where thy fair form so oft reposed,  
Where thou hast hap'd thy ev'ning prayer,  
Or list to childhood's pleasing tales,  
Or decked thy doll with artless pride,  
And in thy mother's anxious hours,  
Sat, sweet comrade, by her side.

Though on a widely distant shore,  
O'er golden sands thy young feet glide;  
Though nevermore thy voice shall come  
To gladden us at eventide,  
This fond memento of thy love,  
Through all the changes Time shall bring,  
Will keep thy mem'ry freshly bright  
And lovely as the flowers of Spring.

And he, to whom thy warm heart turn'd  
So fondly on that parting day,  
Will in this treasur'd gift of thine,  
Find joy to cheer his onward way;  
It tells that we delight to hear  
Of youthful love and tender trust,—  
These sometimes leave us, darling child;  
We find our gold but common dust.

Ah me, as thus I sadly muse,  
My fancy brings another chair:  
'Tis recent, but no blossoming hope  
Gives promise of a day more fair.  
For thee, we trust thy blossoming face  
May smile on us in years to come,  
But never shall our sire return  
To greet us in the olden home.

He's passed through Beniah's pleasant land,  
Over the river deep and wide;  
With shining ones he seems to stand,  
Beck'ning us gently to his side.  
May it be ours, sweet child, to find  
These broken links *thine* gathered up,  
When we have cross'd *Death's* lonely stream  
And drank the last of *Life's* bitter cup.  
Brownsville, Sept. '63. D. M. W.

## Emancipation and Slavery.

[Army Correspondence of the Cincinnati Gazette.]  
INTERESTING CONVERSATION WITH A MISSISSIPPIAN.

Of late, the demoralization has not been confined to the troops from Tennessee and Kentucky. Amongst the deserters who now each day flock to our lines, are men from every State represented in Bragg's army. The fall of Vicksburg, and the destruction of Jackson, crushed the last hopes of the Mississippians, and they are as anxious to return to their homes as the troops of the Border States. Recently, I conversed with a very intelligent soldier from Mississippi.

"Have you seen much active service, my friend?"

"Yes," he replied, "I was at Shiloh, at Perryville, at Murfreesboro, and in a score of smaller combats. At Shiloh I received a severe wound in my thigh, and in one of the minor fights of Kentucky, I lost a finger, as you see, holding forth his left hand, from which the middle finger was gone. "And that is not all," he continued, "one of your bullets grazed my temple at Stone River, and knocked me senseless upon the ground, where I was run over by one of our caissons, and so badly bruised that for a time I almost despaired of recovery."

"And did you think, all this time, that you were really fighting and suffering for a good cause?"

"No," said he, "I believed the war on our part was uncalled for from the first; but the potent influences thrown around me, and a sort of blind enthusiasm, with which my judgment had nothing to do, carried me away."

"You were not conscripted then?" I inquired.

"So far from that," was the honest answer, "I was the very first to volunteer from my country and town."

"Then, of course, after you were in you wished the rebel cause to succeed?"

"As long as my fever of enthusiasm

lasted I did; but for the past year I have been convinced that the success of Jeff. Davis would actually be a calamity for our country and for mankind."

"How long since you determined to abandon the rebel service?"

"Only since I heard of the dreadful misfortunes which befel our armies in Mississippi."

"And why did you not take the resolution before that, if, as you say, you were convinced that the rebellion ought not to succeed?"

"I was too proud," said he, with a tear glistening in his eye, "to think of deserting even a bad cause after I had once engaged in it. But the fall of Vicksburg crushed my pride, and then I had no motive for continuing the contest. Why should we fight any longer?" Since I came into your lines, I heard an idea advanced which appeals so strongly to my common sense, that I accepted it at once as the truth."

"And what is that," I asked.

"Why," rejoined he, "it is this, the rebel leaders themselves have no longer any hopes of success, and now they only desire to use our bodies to shield them as long as possible from the righteous wrath of the Government."

"Are there many Mississippians in the army who entertain your sentiments?"

"I don't know how it may be with others," he said, "but in my regiment there is not a score of men who would not gladly throw down their arms to-day, and agree to spend the rest of their lives wondering how they could have been such fools as ever to take them up."

"But," I suggested, "they would lose their rights in the Territories."

At this he burst into a hearty laugh.

"You need only to repeat some such phrases to us," said he, "to make the depth of our folly open like a gulf before us."

"May I ask how it came," said I, "that you, with so much better abilities, both natural and acquired, than the mass of soldiers in the rebel army, failed to obtain an office among them?"

He smiled at this. "My parents were poor," said he, "and of all the offices in our regiment I cannot think of one that has ever been held by a poor man's son."

"Were your parents slaveholders?"

"Not at all. They owned and cultivated a little patch of ground, some miles from the city, the value of which was scarcely equal to that of a single slave."

"You would doubtless have obtained promotion at last," I suggested.

"Not," he bitterly replied, "until every rich slaveholder or slaveholder's son in my company had been promoted before me."

"Did your company contain many such as yourself?"

"Yes," said he, "three-fourths of them were poor men."

"And is your army it is the business of the poor to obey and not to command?"

"That's it," he answered energetically, "that's it! and cursed be the men who dragged the poor into this wretched war!"

"What are your plans for the future?" I inquired.

"I have none," was the reply, "except to take the oath of allegiance, and go some place where, for a time at least, I can enjoy peace."

"You don't want to go to Mississippi at present?"

"No," he said, with earnestness, "although my parents and relatives are there, if alive. I would not venture back into that State before the war is over for the finest plantation in Holly Springs."

"Would you be willing to assist in restoring peace to the whole country by fighting in the Union armies?"

"Yes," said he, "after a while, but not now—not now. I am, oh, so sick of war now! But let me rest awhile, and then I shall be ready to aid in bringing to justice those accursed leaders who have betrayed and ruined the South."

"My friend," said I, "perhaps your

frank and cordial manner has encouraged me to be inquisitive, but I should like to ask you one more question: What are your views on the question of slavery?"

The vehement earnestness of his reply absolutely startled me.

"I am an Abolitionist! an Abolitionist! I know that slavery has been the cause of our ruin, and, as God hears me, I shall, for the rest of my life, fight against it! And two-thirds of the members of my regiment feel about it just as I do."

I have reported this conversation from memory, and the language used, both by the young man and myself, was different in many respects from that set down here, but I have in every case faithfully given the substance of his remarks, and the reader may rely upon this as an exact representation of the ideas presented by the Mississippian during the half hour I was in his company.

## A Double Divorce.

[From the Bucyrus (Ohio) Journal.]

In one of the townships in this county, a little north of Bucyrus, dwelt a well-to-do widower about fifty, with an only son of twenty-two or three. Mr. — (we withhold names for obvious reasons) had been a widower for many years, and became weary of that mode of living; he accordingly determined to marry again. The determination once formed, the next thing was to find the woman necessary, which in this country, is not at all difficult. Fortunately for him, a widow lady resided near him, who had a daughter possessing all the requirements. She was a beautiful girl of twenty years, accomplished and spirited—just the one he wanted. To be sure she was rather young, but Mr. — was young looking also. Sometimes his mind would wander to the mother, who was quite as handsome as the daughter, and almost as young in appearance; but he had made up his mind to marry the daughter, and he set about it with a will. He did not mention his determination to his son, fearing the idea of marrying one so much younger than himself might expose him to his ridicule.

In the meantime his son had become desperately enamored of the widow, and had likewise determined upon marrying her. He did not communicate the fact to his father, for the same reason that actuated the old gentleman, for fear of exciting ridicule by marrying a woman so much older than himself. They both commenced calling at the house of the widow, and frequently met each other there. This circumstance annoyed them both immensely. The old gentleman thought, very naturally, that the young man was there for the young lady, and the young gentleman as naturally supposed the old one was there for the widow.

As the matter progressed, the meeting of the father and son at that place became frequent, and the more often it occurred, the more intolerable it became. Finally, Mr. — determined to speak to his son on the subject.

"Charles," said he, "I have determined, after much consideration, to marry, and thought it but right and proper to make you acquainted with the determination."

"Very good," replied Charles; "I consider it very proper that you should do so. And, speaking of marrying, I have concluded to marry myself."

"I approve of the idea," returned the old gentleman; "you are of suitable age to settle down. May I ask the name of your intended?"

"Mrs. —," exclaimed Charles, bracing up and assuming a defiant look.

"Whew," whistled the old gentleman; "fine woman, Charles; but isn't she a trifle too advanced in years?"

"I think not," said Charles; "but who have you decided upon?"

"Why, Charles, it is a very curious circumstance, but I had determined to marry her daughter."

"Daughter!" exclaimed Charles; "why

you are at least twice as old as she is; though I don't object."

The matter was thus happily settled, and in the course of a few weeks it was satisfactorily arranged with the widow and daughter, and the parties were married.

Very soon after the marriage was consummated, they all discovered that they had made a grand mistake. The son found that the widow was altogether too motherly for the wife of a young man of twenty-three, and the old gentleman found that a young lady of twenty was too volatile for a sober-minded man of fifty. Disagreements followed, then neglect, and finally the thousand little quarrels, and snubbings, and bickerings, simmering down into a grand fight, which was kept up, with slight variations, for three months.

Finally they agreed permanently to disagree, and availing themselves of the ease with which divorces are obtained in Indiana, the whole four removed to Indiana, where in due time the divorces were obtained.

The four came home as they went, together, the son taking the daughter under his special charge, and the father doing the agreeable to the widow. Long before they had arrived at Bucyrus, they had arranged matters on an entirely different basis—the father and the widow made up a match, and the other two ditto. The remarrying was performed immediately on their arrival at Bucyrus. Up to date they all appear satisfied with each other, and it is to be hoped that they will long continue so.

Some eighteen months ago, a regiment passed through Baltimore, en route for Washington, and having occasion to halt for a while in one of the streets, one of the soldiers was approached by a little fellow, who inquired of him, "Soldier, are you hungry?" The soldier replying affirmatively, the fellow invited him to his home, near by, and set before him a bountiful repast. A few weeks since, the regiment returned through Baltimore, en route home, their term of enlistment having expired, and the soldier, who for meritorious conduct in the field had risen to the rank of Captain, not forgetful of the kindness of his little friend, sought him out, and presented him with a handsome photographic album, containing photographs of all the most prominent Generals in the Union army. Inscribed upon the back of the album, in beautiful gilt letters, were the words, "Soldier, are you hungry?" The little boy is the son of a Lutheran minister in Baltimore.

ENGLISH VS. ARAB HORSES.—The much vexed point as to the merits of English and Arab horses has just again been tried in Cairo. Ali Pacha, who has the finest stud of Arabs in Egypt, maintained that no English horse could run against the Arab for four miles. His Highness, Halim Pacha, offered to run Companion, a well known pace-horse against him for any sum he liked. The match was run from the first station on the Suez desert to Cairo. The English horse, which was bred by Lord Ribblesdale, won in a canter by more than half a mile. Such a crushing defeat has taken all courage out of the partisans of Arab horses. What astonished the natives most, was that Companion, beating his adversary by so great a distance, was perfectly fresh and quite ready to turn round and run the distance over again, while the Arab was quite exhausted and blown.—*Correspondence London Times.*

The London Times calls the people of the South "kith and kin" of the British in contradistinction to the mongrel race of the rest of this country. "Will you take this woman to be your wife?" said a parson to an Irishman who was standing up to be married to a rich Southern widow. "Yes, yer honor, and the nagurs too." If John Bull was asked whether he is "kith and kin" of the South, he might answer "and the nagurs too," as hurriedly as Pat did.

A downeast Yankee has recently invented a rat exterminator, consisting of a sort of powdered snuff. The animal jerks his head off at the third sneeze.