

The Oregon Sentinel.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY DECEMBER 26, 1863.

VOL. VIII—NO. 86.

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. KAY, N. G.
E. J. DYE, R. Sec'y.
Treasurer—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Deuling and Geo. R. 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, R. 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. 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 Scrip promptly collected. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON,

(Successor to Bond & 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 Bradbury & 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. jiltf

DUGAN & WALL,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION

MERCHANTS,

Brick 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.

Consignments solicited. Merchandise re-

ceived 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.

If Pictures do not give satisfaction, no

charges will be made. Call at his new Gal-

lery, on the Hill, examine his pictures, and

fit for your likeness.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed at the

SENTINEL OFFICE.

[Written for the Sentinel.] Christmas Eve.

The winter stars are gleaming bright
Along the azure vault of night;
The sparkling out of ev'ry ray
Seems like a diamond clear as day.
Or golden dust upon the stream
That floweth by where spirits dream,
And falling brightly on the snow
Gives Earth a purer, brighter glow.

The clock that ticks upon the wall,
Where fitful shadows rise and fall,
And low, but clear, the measured beat
That springeth forth from dancing feet,
Are all the sounds that wake the air;
But lo! a voice comes still and fair—
A voice that speaketh from the light—
" 'Tis Christmas night! 'tis Christmas night!"

What mind so dark, it cannot feel
A solemn sadness o'er it steal?
For Christ, the King, has laid aside
The robes and crown of royal pride;
As Christ the man, our sins he bore,
A human form of suffering wore,
And in the mortal path he trod
Revealed the wonders of a God.

A thrill of joy beats o'er each heart,
And even Pain forgets to smart;
While feet that long have ceased to tread
Where Pleasure's brilliant flowers are spread,

With buoyant steps join in the race,
Imbued with hope and quick with grace,
As through their veins the life-blood warm,

Flows swift with youth's elastic charm,
May hope attend each happy pair
Untouched by wrong, or soiled by care,
And ev'ry star that shines above
Bear witness to their vows of love,
While souls in close communion turn,
With words that thrill and looks that burn,

To draw the bonds of Cupid tight
Beneath this lovely Christmas night.

And oh may wars and anguish cease
'Till all the world rejoice in peace,
'Till as the ocean tides expand,
The waves of love beat o'er the land;
And Freedom's shrine shall hear no more
The cannon's crash and battle's roar,
But gleam with joyous faces bright
When comes again such Christmas night.
Salem, Oregon. S. M. R.

An Adventure.

"I never attended but one temperance lecture," said our friend B., with a peculiar smile, "I don't think I shall ever attend another."

"You probably found it dry?"
"Well, yes—but that isn't it. The lecture was well enough, but I got into such an awful scrape after it was over, that I never think of temperance meetings without a sudden shudder. I'll tell you about it. It was in Jersey city, where I was something of a stranger, and the night was one of the worst of the season. Boreas! how it blew! It was enough to take your breath. Well, the lecture was over, and making my way through the crowd, I lingered in the doorway, contemplating the awful scene, when somebody took my arm.

"Where have you been?" said the sweetest voice in the world. "I have been looking for you everywhere."

Very much surprised, I turned my head and saw—but I can't describe her! It makes me mad to think how prodigiously pretty she was.

With her left hand she leaned on my arm; she was arranging her veil with her right, and did not notice my surprise.

"You have been looking for me," I faltered.

"Come, let us be going," was her reply, pressing my arm.

A thrill went to my heart. What to make of my lady's address, I did not know; but she was too charming a creature for me not to accompany her. We started off in the midst of the tempest, the noise of which prevented any conversation. At length she said with a scream—

"Put your arm around me or I shall blow away."

I need not describe to you my sensation as I pressed her to my side and hurried on. It was very dark; nobody saw us, and allowing her to guide my steps, I followed her motions through two or three short streets, until she stopped before an elegant mansion.

"Have you your key?" she asked.
"My key," I stammered; "there must be some mistake."

As she opened the door, I stood waiting to bid her good night, or to have some explanation, when, turning quickly, she said:
"How queer you act to night; ain't you coming in?"

There was something very tempting in the suggestion. Was I going in? A warm house and a pretty woman were certainly objects of consideration, and it was dreary to think of facing the storm and seeing her no more.

It took me three-quarters of a second to make up my mind, and in I went. There was a dim light in the hall, and as my guide ran rapidly up stairs, why, I thought I could do nothing better than run up too. I followed her into a very dark room.

"Lock the door, John," she said.
Now, as if I had been the only John in the world, I thought she knew me. I felt for the key, and turned it in the lock without hesitation, wondering all the while what was coming next. Then an awful suspicion of some horrid trick flashed across my mind, for I have often heard of infatuated men being lured to their destruction by pretty women, and I was on the point of re-opening the door, when my lady struck a light. Then, being an excessively modest man—I discovered to my dismay that I was in a bed-room!—alone with a woman in a bed-room! I cannot describe my sensations. I said something; I don't know what it was, but the lady lighted her lamp, looked, stared at me an instant, turned as white as a pillow case, and screamed:

"Who are you? How came you here? Go, quick; leave the room. I—I thought you were my husband!" and covering her face with her hands, she sobbed hysterically.

I was petrified. Of course I was quite as anxious to leave as she was to have me. But in my confusion, instead of going out at the door I came in, I unlocked another door and walked into a closet.

Before I could rectify my error there came a thundering at the first door. The lady screamed; the noise increased; and I felt peculiar, knowing very well that now the lady's real husband was coming, and that I was in rather a bad fix.

Well aware that it would not do to remain in the closet, and convinced of the danger of meeting a man who might fall into the vulgar weakness of being jealous, I was trying to collect my scattered senses in the darkness; when the lady whispered to me in a wild manner—

"What shall I do? If you do not go he will kill me."

"Oh! but consider—"

The thundering at the door drowned her voice. She flew to open the door. As the wrathful husband burst into the room, I thought I felt a little cold, and crept under some garments hanging in the closet.

The gruff voice raved and stormed—Othello was jealous and revengeful; Desdemona innocent and distressed—then I heard ominous sounds, as of some one looking under the bed.

"I know he is here. I saw him come into the house with you! You locked the door! I'll have his heart out."

"Hear me! hear me! I will explain!"

As I was listening very attentively for the explanation, the garments under which I was concealed were quietly lifted, and fancy my feelings, discovered in such a situation by such a husband.

"Well, B—n," we cried, deeply interested, for we knew every word of his story was true, "how did you get out of the scrape?"

I used a violent remedy for so violent a

complaint. Driven in a corner—my life in danger—perceiving at a glance that Othello was not as strong as I was, I threw myself upon him, fell with him, and held him there until I had given him a full explanation of the error, made him hear reason, and tamed him to be as gentle as a lamb. Then I left, rather unceremoniously, and I have never seen Othello or Desdemona since."

WHY A CATHOLIC PRELATE VOTED AGAINST VALLANDIGHAM.—Archbishop Purcell delivered an address to an immense audience in Cincinnati, explaining the course he adopted in the recent political campaign in Ohio, in opposing Vallandigham. After some preliminary remarks, in which he stated that this was the first time during a ministry of thirty years that any portion of his flock had been displeased with him, he said:

"He had voted against the Democratic ticket, not because he desired to wound the Democrats of his acquaintance, nor because he desired to propitiate their opponents, but because he feared that if Vallandigham was elected, the attempted withdrawal of Ohio soldiers in the field with Rosecrans would ensue, and that the State of Ohio would be tossed with revolutionary opposition to the war policy. He feared that raids would be invited, the parallel of which might be found in Quantrell's barbarous and inhuman invasion of Kansas. 'This may all have been fancy,' said the speaker, 'but it was my honest opinion, and who in God's name could ask me to cast my vote for the inauguration of such anarchy and atrocity?' [Applause.] In continuing his remarks, the speaker went on to say that we must not, cannot have a divided empire. A short time since Pugh had said to him that the people of the South might permit our steamboats to traverse the Mississippi river, but that they would never trade with us, and it would be in vain to endeavor to make them strike hands with us as of old. For his own part he could see argument in this. The question was one of right, not of expediency, and, for one, he was determined to work for and pray for the right, until, with the blessing of God, it was established in all its beneficence. [Applause.] But he had heard that among a large number of our laboring men there were apprehensions that if the slaves were liberated they would come to our Northern cities and displace thousands of honest, hard-working white men. For himself he did not anticipate any such result. In his opinion it was impossible. He had always wished to see every man, no matter what his color, free. [Prolonged applause.] The Catholic Church has ever been the friend of universal freedom. It was Christ's mission to set men free, and Christian people disregard his precepts and example when they seek to uphold or perpetuate involuntary servitude. [Applause.] Cardinal Wiseman, whom he regarded as possessing the loftiest intellectual endowments, and many of the distinguished Catholic magnates of Europe, looked upon the slavery of any race with the strongest disfavor. Montalambert had stood before an audience of great Catholics and declared that a man who holds human beings, black or white, in bondage, was the enemy of freedom and a tyrant at heart. The denunciation was received with unanimous plaudits; not one of that distinguished Catholic assembly but responded with undisguised approval. [Applause.] In conclusion, he said he hoped, now that the excitement was over, that his friends would all concede that he had performed his plain duty. He had conceived the course he had adopted to be such, and fearlessly he had pursued it. No man could do less and be sincere; no man could do less than follow the dictates of his own conscience, if he hopes to win the approval of his Heavenly Master and Guide."

A BETRAYING Quartermaster at Lexington, Kentucky, has been fined \$63,000.

A SATIRE ON BISHOP HOPKINS.—The letters of Bishop Hopkins of Vermont, arguing that slavery is supported by the Bible, have provoked a great deal of criticism. Probably the best satire which has been directed against the Bishop is contained in a pamphlet entitled "Bible Views of Polygamy." The writer dedicates his book to the Bishop, remarking:

"An admirer, like yourself, of the institutions of old, I should hardly have dared to declare these truths to a perverse and self-glorifying generation had I not been emboldened by the example of one who so worthily wears the highest honors of the Church. In constructing my argument, therefore, as I have done, with paragraph after paragraph of your very words, it has been because I felt it necessary to shield myself behind your authority from the charge, which ignorant presumption might else have brought, of irreverently travesty-ing the Word of God."

The writer goes on to construct an argument to prove the lawfulness of polygamy, following the Bishop's reasoning on the slavery question, and shows that, although practiced by Jacob, David, Solomon and other Bible worthies, yet the sacred volume nowhere condemns the custom; and further, that while it was in full existence among the Jews during his sojourn on earth, the Savior never alluded to it, thus tacitly approving this "peculiar institution," while St. Paul also inferentially authorized it. He, therefore, contends that polygamy has the sanction of the Bible. In conclusion, he thus exclaims against the bigotry of those who denounce polygamy.

"Thus the mistaken bigotry of the community, acting through the time-serving piousness of politicians, has disfigured our statute books with laws which place a ban upon this patriarchal institution. Noble Christian souls in our midst, yearning to revert to the hallowed rites of old, are obliged to practice them covertly, and under the opprobrious name of bigamist are tracked and persecuted as felons, martyred like the primitive Christians under Decius and Diocletian. When some, bolder than the rest, founded on the banks of the Mississippi a community which they fondly hoped by its happiness and purity might convert a stiff-necked generation, they were driven from their homes by uncontrolled fanaticism. When, after suffering unspeakable, these martyrs of Scriptural faith at length found a refuge in the far distant desert, and their prosperity testified to their righteousness, still the persecutor was upon their heels, and the whole nation, as Floyd's acceptance will testify, poured forth its money like water for the pitiful pleasure of reforming their domestic observances."

"Joseph, where is Africa?"
"On the map, sir."
"I mean, Joseph, in what continent—Eastern or Western?"
"Well the land of Africa is in the Eastern continent; but the people, sir, are of 'em down South."
"What are the products?"
"Of Africa or down South?"
"Africa, you blockhead."
"Well, sir, it hasn't got any; it never had any."
"How do the African people live?"
"By drawing."
"Drawing what—water?"
"No, sir, by drawing their breath."
"Sit down, Joseph."
"Samuel, what is the Equator?"
"Why, sir, it is the horizontal pole running perpendicularly through the imaginations of astronomers and old geographers."
"Go to your seat, Samuel."
"William, what do you mean by an eclipse?"
"An eclipse is a thing as appears when the moon gets on a bust, and runs against the sun; consequently the sun blackens the moon's face."
"Class is dismissed!"