

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

Union State Convention.

The Union voters of the various counties of the State of Oregon, who are in favor of the continued and vigorous prosecution and final suppression of the rebellion and the extinction of treason, and in favor of a hearty and efficient support of the authorities of the General Government in their efforts to protect and defend the Constitution and laws of the United States, and who are willing to combine for the election of men of like principles to all offices in this State, are respectfully and earnestly invited to hold conventions according to usual custom for the election of delegates to a State Union Convention, to be held at ALBANY, in Linn county, on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1864, for the purpose of nominating candidates for Representative to Congress and State Printer, electing delegates to the National Union Convention, and providing for the selection of candidates for Presidential Electors, and transacting such other business as the Convention shall deem proper.

We respectfully recommend the holding of County Conventions on the 12th day of March, A. D. 1864.

We also respectfully recommend the holding of conventions of delegates, from the various districts, at the time and place of holding the State Convention, for the nomination of candidates for Supreme Judges and Prosecuting Attorneys in the several districts where vacancies shall exist.

The several counties will be entitled to delegates in the State Convention as follows: Benton, 5; Clackamas, 9; Clatsop, 1; Columbia, 1; Coos, 1; Curry, 1; Douglas, 8; Jackson, 10; Josephine, 5; Lane, 8; Linn, 12; Marion, 12; Multnomah, 8; Polk, 5; Tillamook, 1; Wasco, 10; Washington, 4; Yamhill, 6; Umatilla, 2; Baker, 3. Total, 112.

By order of the State Central Union Committee. J. H. MOORE, Chairman. A. G. HOVAY, Secretary. Salem, Jan. 6, 1864.

THE CHARACTER OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.—The Rev. H. Fowler of Auburn (N. Y.), in his Thanksgiving sermon, drew the following picture of the President, which will be recognized as a striking portrait in many particulars:

The progress of the President illustrates the progress of the people. Arthur Stanley speaks of Samuel the prophet as mediator between the old and new Jewish history. His two-sided sympathy enabled him to unite the passing and coming epoch. Such an epoch of perplexity, transition and change is not often witnessed. In every such passage of a nation there ought to be a character like that of Samuel. Misunderstood and misrepresented at the time; attacked from both sides; charged with not going far enough and going too far; charged with saying too much and too little; he slowly, conscientiously and honestly works out the mighty problem. He was not a founder of a new state of things like Moses; he was not a champion of the existing order of things like Elijah. He stood between the two; the living and the dead; between the past and the present; between the old and new; with that sympathy for each which at such a period is the best hope for any permanent solution of the question which torments it. His duty is carefully to distinguish between that which is temporal and that which is eternal. He has but little praise from partisans; but is the careful healer, binding up the wounds of the age in spite of itself—the good surgeon, knitting together the dislocated bones of the disjointed times.

Such a man was Samuel among the Jews, such a man was Athanasius among the early Christians; such a man is Abraham Lincoln in this day. The explanation for his every act is this: he executes the will of the people. He represents a controlling majority. If he be slow it is because the people are slow. If he has done a foolish act, it was the stupidity of the people which impelled it. His wisdom consists in carrying out the good sense of the nation. His growth in political knowledge, his steady movement toward emancipation, are but the growth and movement of the national mind. In deed, in character and culture he is a fair representative of the average American. His awkward speech and still more awkward silence, his uncouth manners, his grammar, self-taught and partly forgotten, his style miscellaneous, concentered from the best authors like a reading book, and yet of Saxon force and classic purity; his humor an argument and his logic a joke, both unseasonable at times and irresistible always; his questions answered, and his answers questions; his guesses prophecies, and fulfillment ever beyond his promise; honest yet shrewd, simple yet reticent; heavy and yet energetic; never despairing and never sanguine; careless in forms, conscientious in essentials; never sacrificing a good servant once trusted, never deserting a good principle once adopted; not afraid of new ideas, not despising old ones; improving opportunities to confess mistakes; ready to learn, getting at facts, doing nothing when he knows not what to do; hesitating at nothing when he

sees the right; lacking the recognized qualifications of a party leader, and yet leading the party as no other man can; sustaining his political enemies in Missouri to their defeat, sustaining his political friends in Maryland to their victory; conservative in his sympathies, and radical in his acts; Socratic in his style and Baconian in his method; his religion consisting in truthfulness, temperance, asking good people to pray for him, and publicly acknowledging in events the hand of God, he stands before you as the type of "Brother Jonathan," a not perfect man and yet more precious than fine gold.

THE METHODIST BISHOPS IN THE SOUTH.

—The *Methodist* of December 16th says:—The recent appropriation of thirty-five thousand dollars for the extension of our work in the far South is likely to be followed by important consequences. Almost simultaneously with it appears the proclamation of the President offering to the people of the States now in rebellion an amnesty upon certain conditions which he has thought fit to prescribe. Measures have already been taken to carry out the plans of our church. Bishop Ames, at last accounts, was at St. Louis, preparing to start upon his tour down the Mississippi. Bishop Simpson will soon proceed to Tennessee. A prominent and popular Methodist minister, now stationed in New York city, has been designated for the city of New Orleans; and though the appointment demands of him not a little sacrifice his acceptance is nevertheless hoped for. An order has been given by the Secretary of War permitting the occupation of deserted churches within our military lines, and the use of them temporarily for religious services. No questions of ownership or possession are to be raised; these can be determined only when the several States are brought back to their allegiance and civil rule is once more established over their people. Many facts in the condition of the Southern States encourage the hope of the return of the vast majority of Methodists in the South to the old Church—the Church of Asbury and McKendree, from which many of them separated with the greatest reluctance. The Methodist Episcopal Church South is shivered to atoms. It is doubtful if its General Conference will ever meet again; or, if it shall meet, it will be shorn of its former proportions. The publishing house in Nashville is in the hands of the United States authorities; its finances were impaired beyond remedy before it was closed by military order. The members of the Louisville Conference, at their last session, avowed their loyalty to the Government of the Union, and by that avowal severed themselves from the rebel part of Southern Methodism. The Southern Methodist Church, which was one of the chief moral supports of the rebellion, will inevitably share its fortunes and go down with it to a common ruin. As the rebel statesmen have made slavery the corner-stone of their Confederacy, so has the Southern Methodist Church placed under that corner-stone the New Testament. It did its best to give the sanction of religion to the political measures which terminated in secession.

HONORABLE CONDITIONS.—Many years ago in what is now a flourishing city in this State, lived a stalwart blacksmith, fond of his pipe and his joke. He was also fond of a blooming daughter, whose many graces and charms had ensnared the affections of a susceptible young printer. The couple, after a season of biffing and cooing, "engaged" themselves, and nothing but the consent of the young lady's "parent" prevented their union. To obtain this, an interview was arranged, and the typo prepared a little speech to astonish and convince the old gentleman, who sat enjoying his favorite pipe in perfect content. Typo dilated upon the fact of their long friendship, their mutual attachment, their hopes for the future, and like topics; and taking the daughter by the hand, said:

"I now, sir, ask your permission to transplant this lovely flower from its parent bed—" but his "pheelinks" overcame him, he forgot the remainder of his rhetorical flourish, blushed, stammered, and finally wound up with—"from its parent bed, into my own."

The father keenly relished the discomfiture of the suitor, and after removing his pipe and blowing a cloud, he replied:

"Well, young man, I don't know as I've any objection, provided you will marry the girl first!"

YANKEES AND THE CHIVALRY.—The *Nashville Daily Journal*, noticing the changes which have occurred and which are likely to occur in the South as the result of the rebellion, says:

We are all drifting toward a condition in which we shall be a homogeneous Yankee nation—in another year or so there will be, between the Lakes and the Gulf, a people whose characteristics, thoughts, feelings and interests will have absorbed the chivalry, so that there will remain only the Yankee.

When we say Yankee, we don't mean the long-legged, nasal, pine-whittling article which exists only on the stage and in the imaginations of the chivalry, but a strong, earnest people, given to labor, to industry, God-fearing, philanthropic—energetic in peace, in war loyal and irresistible.

This is the same Yankee element whose bayonets are now staying Bragg at Chattanooga, whose Swamp Angels are now bymning dirges over doomed Charleston, and whose energy, steadfastness and determination, within the last two years, have nearly accomplished a task, the like of which, in magnitude, the world has never seen.

And then when this Yankee influence has purified the land and made it blossom all over with the beauty of Free Schools, Free Labor, Free Speech and Free Government, then will feignitious chivalry, with its pretensions, its shakiness, its whip, its despotism and its feeble aristocracy sink away into the pit of obscurity and be forgotten.

Chivalry! long-haired, thin in legs, cadaverous muttering curses against Yankee Vandals, and with heart bubbling more full of treasonable follies than the witches' cauldron with devilish ingredients, how like you the picture?

THE FIRE AND LOSS OF LIFE IN SANTIAGO, CHILE.

—The *Panama and Herald* says: The America, nine days and five hours from Valparaiso, brings from that place the sad news that on the 14th of December the Cathedral in Santiago, the capital of Chile, had caught fire by the explosion of a gas pipe during the celebration of an Episcopate High Mass, whilst the building was densely crowded with human beings. When the alarm of fire was given to the crowd rushed to the doors, which, opening inside, were soon closed by the press, and all egress prevented. The interior of the building was decorated with light, inflammable ornaments, which caused the flames to spread rapidly. The roof, which was of wood, soon fell in, burying the mass of beings beneath it. Some 1,900 dead bodies, mostly ladies and children, had been recovered from the ruins.

The South American mail steamer, which reached Panama Jan. 5th, with 918,000 in treasure for England, brings confirmation of the above, stating the number killed at over 2,000. The Cathedral contained 2,000 lights, from some of which the fire communicated to the drapery of the gigantic columns and pasteboard devices. In an instant a sheet of flames rushed along the festoons to the roof, and directly spread to all parts of the building. The people rushed to the principal door, which was soon blocked up. Most of the men escaped by the sacristy and inside the doors. But few of the ministers escaped. The lights suspended so plentiful from the roof poured a rain of liquid fire on the people below, and in less than fifteen minutes over 2,000 people perished.

WHO ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THE REBELLION.—When you hear Copperheads charging the rebellion upon the Republicans, confront them with these "truths of history."

- 1st. The rebellion was inaugurated under a Democratic National Administration.
- 2nd. It was conceived and matured under Democratic auspices.
- 3rd. It had its nucleus and headquarters in the Democratic Cabinet of James Buchanan.
- 4th. Its chief instigators and engineers were the leaders of the Democratic party in Congress and the Government Department.
- 5th. Its principal agents abroad were Democratic Embassadors and Consuls serving the cause of Treason under Democratic pay.
- 6th. It had been in progress four months before Mr. Lincoln was inaugurated.
- 7th. Seven States had gone out of the Union before the Democratic Buchanan had left the Executive Chair.
- 8th. War had been declared by the insurgents, in firing upon the Star of the West, long before the present Administration came into power.

RELIGIOUS COURTSHIP.—A young gentleman happening to sit at church in a pew adjoining one in which sat a young lady, for whom he conceived a sudden and violent passion, was desirous of entering into a courtship on the spot; but the place not suiting a formal declaration, the exigency of the case suggested the following plan:

He politely handed his fair neighbor a Bible open, with a pin stuck in the following text, second Epistle of John, verse 5th: "And now I beseech thee, lady, not as though I wrote a new commandment unto thee, but that which we had from the beginning, that we love one another."

She returned it, pointing to the second chapter of Ruth, verse 10th: "Then she fell on her face, and bowed herself to the ground, and said unto him, why have I found grace in thine eyes, seeing that I am a stranger?"

He returned the book, pointing to the 13th verse of the Third Epistle of John: "Having many things to write unto you, I would not write with paper and ink, but I trust to come unto you, and speak face to face, that our joy may be full."

From the above interview a marriage took place the following week.

AN INTERESTING DOCUMENT.—The following advice to his country—the original manuscript of which is now in the possession of a gentleman of Washington—was found among the papers of James Madison, many years after his decease:

"Advice to My Country.—As this advice, if it ever sees light, will not do it till I am no more, it may be considered as issuing from the tomb, where truth alone can be respected, and the happiness of man alone consulted. It will be entitled, therefore, to whatever weight can be derived from good intentions, and from the experience of one who served his country in various stations through a period of forty years; who espoused in his youth, and adhered to through life, the cause of liberty, and who has borne a part in most of the great transactions which will constitute an epoch of its destiny.

"The advice nearest my heart, and deepest in my conviction, is that the Union of the States be cherished and perpetuated. Let the open enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with the box open, and the disguised one as the serpent, creeping with his deadly wiles into Paradise."

A CHRISTIAN'S BELIEF.—The correspondent of the *New York Journal* gives the following account of a Methodist Thanksgiving sermon in Georgetown, D. C., by a Methodist clergyman named Phelps, a Virginian by birth, and all his life associated with Southern people and the great Southern institution:

He said that thirty years ago the Legislature of Virginia wanted only one vote to secure a law abolishing slavery in the State; he condemned his native State for its cruelty to the black race, and for their neglecting to protect them in their married relations and domestic rights, and he gave it as his opinion that the State had already lost more by the rebellion than she had made by raising and selling human beings after the manner of wild cattle. But perhaps the most singular feature of the discourse was the charge that the members of the Methodist Church South had done more than any other single class to perpetuate pro-slavery sentiments and to bring on the existing rebellion. In its way it was one of the bold, best efforts of the day, and quite a novelty in the District of Columbia.

PRINTING PRESSES, PULPITS, AND PETTICOATS.

—These are the great levers that govern the world. Without them the bottom would fall out, and society would become a chaos again. The press makes people patriotic, the pulpit religious; but woman aways all things. There would be no going to church if there were no girls there; neither would there be any going to war were the soldiers to meet with no applause but from the masculines. Without the sunshine shed by woman the rose of affection would never grow, nor the flowers of eloquence germinate. In short, she is the engine of life, the great motive power to love, valor, civilization. In proof of this truth all history speaks trumpet-tongued.

The *Richmond Enquirer* is disgusted with the foreign policy of the rebels since the recent publication of intercepted correspondence in Northern papers, and suggests "a short joint resolution of both Houses that the President be requested to shut up the Department of State, to lock the door, and put

December, &c., etc.

Sweet Susie Brown! my pretty one!
I'm sure you must remember—
If not for love, at least for fun—
The sleigh-ride in December;
When all the belles and all the beaux,
In spite of frosts would go forth,
And squeeze beneath the buffaloes,
Each others hands, &c.

How brightly streamed the northern lights
Above the snowy ridges!
How pleasant were the winter nights,
Observed from country bridges!
Where "tall" is sought with such address,
'Mid laughter, fun and fattery;
And lovers feel, amid the press,
Each others hearts, etc.

'Tis very singular and queer,
Of all the mad devices,
Love's flame should burn so bright and clear,
On fuel formed of ices;
And yet we know its flame, indeed,
Most brilliantly will glow forth,
When fanned behind a flying steed,
Hid under furs, &c.

I'm sure you mind the village inn,
The supper and the revel;
How, in the general dine and din,
Love shot his arrows level,
And don't forget how Harry Kidd
Embraced you in the lullaby;
You kissed his lips—you know you did—
And he kissed yours, etc.

And when the forfeits all were paid,
How one old maid resisted,
Until the younger ladies said
A prude they all detested;
'Dedist!' she cried—the ancient Ann—
Her modesty to show forth,
'I'll never yield to any man,
My virgin lips,' &c.

The wintry winds the homeward way,
Blew chilly in our faces;
But, underneath our furs, we lay,
All snugly in our places;
One girl, upon the forward seat—
The pretty Nelly Statorlee—
Declared Jack Frost had pinched her cheek,
And Billy Frost, etc.

Another, underneath her robe,
(the buffaloes, not her dresses,)
Fair Patience, with attendant Job—
Detected in caresses,
Sprang up with angry, blushing face,
Her innocence to show forth,
But show'd her curls were out of place,
Her collar gone, &c.

And then the parting at the door!
Its tender, mutual blisses!
Sweet lips, from there dundant store,
Gave to the poor in kisses!
The parting word—the long embrace—
Cupid's most dangerous witchery,
Brought fire to many a boyish face,
And raised sweet hopes, etc.

Dear Susie Brown, save you and I,
Of all that load of merriment,
No other pair is left to try
Love's latest, best experiment;
And when the coming snows are spread,
Our mutual hopes shall glow forth,
May Hymen bless our nuptial bed,
Increase our joys, &c.

FOND OF MEAT.—An English maiden, whom we lately heard of, had a decidedly novel reason for refusing to stand in the Scripture relation of wife to a man who sought her hand. He was in all respects eligible, except that he was a vegetarian; and when he proposed, the plucky lass replied, "Oh, go along with you! Do you think that I am going to be flesh of your flesh and you live on cabbage? Marry a grass widow, man! I am not an animal of your sort!" and off she bounded leaving him amazed.

THE SYMPATHIES OF A CHILD TAKING A WRONG DIRECTION.

—The *New York Independent* has the following from a mother: "But did I tell you what a time I had with my little Joe?" "No; what was it?" "Why, I was showing him the picture of the martyrs thrown to the lions, and was talking very solemnly to him, trying to make him feel what a terrible thing it was when he said all at once: 'Oh, ma! just look at that poor little lion, way behind there, he won't get any!'"

STATE TEACHER'S INSTITUTE.—The semi-annual session of the "Oregon Teacher's Institute" will be held in Corvallis, commencing on Tuesday, the 16th day of February, 1864, and continue four days. Popular educators from different parts of the State, are expected to be present and take part in the exercises. Time will be given during the session, for general interchange of views in relation to teaching.