

# The Oregon Sentinel.

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JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 6, 1864.

VOL. IX.—NO. 3.

## 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.  
GEO. B. DORRIS, N. G.

W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.  
L. SACHS, Sec'y.

## WARRIOR 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. BROWN, 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 signoring Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.  
L. SACHS, Sec'y.

## G. JACOBS, K. F. 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.

## 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 18, 1863. 40

## GEORGE B. DORRIS, NOTARY PUBLIC FOR JACKSON COUNTY.

Office with B. F. Dowell, Esq.

## J. S. HOWARD, SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Residence near the South end of Oregon street. January 2, 1864

## PETER BRITT, Photographic Artist.

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

## TO THE AFFLICTED.

No one need suffer with the Ague when

## DR. G. W. GREER'S AGUE ELIXIR

Can be had, warranted to cure in every case when taken according to directions.

To be had only at his office in Jacksonville, Oregon, California Street. Jan 26.

## L. SACHS, S. SACHS, SACHS BRO.'S WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS IN GENERAL MERCHANDISE, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

BRANCH STORE. PHENIX, OREGON.

## ASHLAND MILLS FLOUR

EAGLE MILLS FLOUR!

WE WILL KEEP ON HAND THE above well-known brands of Extra Family Flour, for sale, at Wholesale or Retail.

RYAN, MORGAN & CO. Agents for the Mills. Sept. 8, 1863. Sept 2nd

## Antony to Cleopatra.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
Ebb the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark Plutonian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast,  
Let thine arm, O Queen, enfold me,  
Hush thy sobs and bow thine ear;  
Listen to the great heart-secrets  
Thou, and thou alone must hear.

Though my scarred and veteran legions  
Bear their eagles high no more,  
And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
Strew dark Actium's fatal shore;  
Though no glittering guards surround me,  
Prompt to do their master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman—  
Die the great Triumvir still.

Let not Caesar's servile minions  
Mock the lion thus laid low;  
'Twas no foeman's arm that felled him,  
'Twas his own that dealt the blow.  
Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,  
Ere you star shall lose its ray,  
Him who, drunk with thy caresses,  
Madly threw a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assail my fame at Rome,  
Where the noble spouse, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home,  
Seek her; say the gods have told me—  
Altars, augurs, circling wings—  
That her blood, with mine commingled,  
Yet shall mount the throne of Kings.

As for thee, star-eyed Egyptian,  
Glorious sorceress of the Nile!  
Light the path to stygian horrors  
With the splendor of thy smile;  
Give the Caesar crowns and arches,  
Let his brow the laurel twine;  
I can scorn all Caesar's triumphs,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying;  
Hark! the insulting foeman's cry!  
They are coming; quick—my falchion!  
Let me face them ere I die.  
Ah! no more amid the battle  
Shall my voice exulting swell;  
Isis and Osiris guard thee.  
Cleopatra—Rome—farewell!  
—Gen. W. H. Lytle.

## How a Blockade Runner was Caught.

We find in an English magazine the following account of a shrewd trick by which a blockade-running steamer was trapped in her voyage from Nassau towards Charles ton.

"When do you start?" asked the writer of the Captain.

"The commander's voice sunk to a whisper as he told me that at sunset every landsman must come on board, taking boat at some secluded jetty, to avoid prying eyes; and using all reasonable caution, since Nassau teemed with Northern spies. Half an hour after sundown he was to hoist a signal, which was to be replied to, and then the pilot would come off, and the steamer would stand out to sea.

"After dark," muttered Pritchard, with an oath, "we may hope to get past that Yankee thief that hangs about the island. The Governor bade her keep at the distance of one marine league, but she's always sneaking in—now for coal, now for bread, now because her engine's out of order; and the United States Consul communicates with her every day. I tell you, shipmate, there isn't one of us that isn't dogged up and down by rascals in Federal hire. See there! that mulatto bound has been after me those four—" pointing to a dark-complexioned fellow in the dress of a stevedore, who, on seeing himself observed, as he stood under the geranium hedge, lay down with well-feigned conchalance, and lit his pipe.

Before long the passengers arrived. Several Southern gentlemen, a few ladies and children, all making their way back from Europe to their homes in Carolina or Virginia by this dangerous route, and all in peril of harsh imprisonment at least, in the event of capture. By the uncertain light I could see that most of them were pale and nervous; but they talked in an unobtrusive

among themselves, and did not appear anxious to enter into conversation with strangers.

"Get up steam!"  
By the time the hoarse roar of the escaping vapor grew loud and menacing there was a fresh bustle on deck, and I heard the Captain give orders "to stand by" for slipping from the moorings, and to hoist the signal, as we only waited for the pilot.

"There they are, slick and right—three red lights and a green one!" murmured a tall Virginian at my elbow; and looking up, I saw the colored lamps glimmer from the most beak. Instantly they were answered by a similar signal from some window on the shore.

"We'll soon see the pilot now," said Pritchard, rubbing his hands in a cheery manner; "the signal's made and repeated. In ten minutes our man will be with us. Hilloa! boat ahoy! what dy'e want?"  
"Bonybell ahoy!" was the rejoinder, in a shrill, harsh voice, cautiously lowered for the occasion; "pilot wants to come aboard."

There was a stir and a start of surprise among those on deck, and as a rope was thrown to the boatman, Capt. Pritchard bent over the side, exclaiming:

"You're uncommon quick, my hearty. If you've come from shore since the lights were hoisted you must be own cousin to the Flying Dutchman. Are you sure you are our pilot?"

"I'm the pilot engaged by Col. Jeremy Carter, of Spottsylvania, if that'll do," answered a very tall, bony, black-haired man, as he actively ascended the side.

"Zack Foster's my name, and I know every inch about Charleston, where I was raised."  
"While the Captain—reassured by the mention of Col. Carter's name—gave hasty orders to cast off the cable and go ahead, I, in common with the rest of the passengers, and the unoccupied portion of the crew, looked with much interest at the newcomer. The later was about forty years of age, long and lean of figure, with a hardy sun-browned face. There was no mistaking the resolute air and daring of the man; his mouth was as firm as iron, though a little dry humor seemed to lurk about his lips, and I hardly liked the expression of his half-shut eyes, which had a lazy cunning in their dark glance. Still, though dressed in a black suit of shore going clothes, and a swallow-tailed coat of antiquated cut, there was something about Mr. Zack Foster that bespoke the thoroughbred seaman. He took no share in the proceedings, for his duty did not begin until we were clear of Nassau roadstead; but yet he seemed impatient for the start, growling viciously at his quid, and drumming on the taffrail with a finger that seemed as hard and brown as bronze.

The run was speedy and pleasant, over a dimpling Summer sea, with no boisterous behavior on Neptune's part to make even the lady passengers uneasy. We saw several vessels, but none of hostile character; and the voyage was as agreeable and safe hitherto as any yachting excursion in holiday waters. We were all disposed to be pleased, and the pilot, although a saturnine and marose personage, viewed through this rose colored haze of satisfaction and hope, became a popular man on board. Captain Pritchard pronounced him worth his weight in gold; for if there were no gales or rough seas to thwart our purpose, fogs were rather frequent, and here the pilot's intimate acquaintance with the rocks, shoals and islets—many of which were not noted down in the chart—more than once saved the Bonybell from an ugly thump, upon some hidden obstacle. For an American, Zack Foster was singularly silent; yet there was something eloquent about his high forehead and narrow dark eyes which suggested shrewdness rather than vacuity. He did his work, answering when spoken to, but seldom addressed any one.

"Land ho!" sung out the look-out man

at the masthead, and Pritchard and the pilot, who were pouring together over the map close to the binnacle, looked up, while the passengers edged nearer to hear the news. Pritchard lifted his telescope, while Foster went aloft for a better view.

"Edisto Island, as I said, Cap!" hailed the pilot; "and beyond it is the Carolina coast. We're close to home, gentlemen and ladies."

There was a cheer from the little group gathered near the helm, but directly afterward came two shrill cries of "Sail ho!"

"Uncle Sam's barkers. We must put out a few miles yet, Cap," said the pilot, as he leisurely descended the rope ladder. There were many good glasses on board, and we all gazed eagerly through them, and with beating hearts we recognized the portholes, the grinning cannon, the star-spangled flag, and warlike display of the Federal blockading squadron. The steamer, ever put about, and we stood further out, until shore and ships were alike lost to view. The disappointment of the passengers, who had been granted a mere glimpse of the land that to them was home, was considerable; but none could doubt the prudence of delaying our entrance into Charleston harbor until night should assist us in eluding the hostile war vessels. There was no going to bed on board of the Bonybell that night; we all kept to the deck, eagerly gazing out over the sparkling and phosphorescent sea, glimmering and glancing with St. Elmo's fire.

There was a pale young moon—a mere sickle of silver—in the sky; and objects were so faintly discernible that the utmost caution was necessary. The second mate took the helm, while the first mate superintended the almost constant heaving of the lead, and the Captain and pilot stood on the fore-castle noting the replies of the sailor, chanted as they were in shrill monotone, in accordance with old custom.

"Ten fathoms sheer! By the deep, nine! By the mark, seven!" called out the leadman, from the chains.  
"Water alters does shoal here, Cap. I know the channel, though, as well as I know my parlor ashore at Nantucket—at Savannah, I mean," said the pilot, with some confusion.

"By the mark, five!" was the next call. Captain Pritchard here grew uneasy. He did not pretend to equal the pilot in local knowledge, but he was too good a seaman not to take alarm at the abrupt lessening of the water. He gave orders to reduce the speed, and as we moved slowly on, the lead going as before.

"Are you sure, Mr. Foster, you are not mistaken? It seems to me water shoals at the rate of a fathom for every hundred yards traversed. We may have missed the Swash, left Moultrie to leeward, and got into the net-work of sand-banks near—Hilloa! what's that ahead of us! Boats, as I'm a sinner!"

At the same moment the pilot thrust his hand quickly into the breast of his coat, drew out something and flung it on the deck, where it instantly began to sputter and hiss and directly afterwards the lurid glare of a blue light flashed through the darkness, showing funnel and rigging, the pale faces of the passengers, the narrow channel of fretted water and the sandy islets on either bow. Nor was this all, for by the ghastly light we could distinguish dark objects on the foamy sea ahead of us—boats full of men, pulling swiftly but noiselessly towards us, and no doubt with muffled oars.

"By the mark, two! Shoal water—we are aground!" cried an ill-boding voice, that of the sailor in the chains; and the Bonybell came suddenly to a check, throwing most of the landsmen from their feet, while the ominous scrooping of the keel told that the steamer was aground. A loud clamor instantly arose, many voices shouting at once in tones of inquiry, dismay, or command; but even above this turmoil arose the hurrah of those who manned the boats, and who saw cause

dashing up, pulling and cheering like madmen.

"Treachery! treachery!" cried several of the passengers and crew, pointing to where the pilot stood beside the blue light that his own perfidious hand had kindled, while already the man-of-war's men, for such we could not doubt them to be, began to scramble on board.

"The Yankee bloodhounds, sure enough! but you shall not live to share the prize money!" exclaimed Pritchard, snatching up a handspike, and aiming a blow at Mr. Zack Foster that would have been a lethal stroke, had not that astute person swerved aside, receiving the weapon on his left shoulder. Our men set up a faint cheer, and a shot was fired, luckily without effect. But resistance would have been madness, so thickly did the American sailors crowd up our gangway, their pistols and cutlasses ready for the fray, while among them were nine or ten marines, well armed with muskets and bayonets, and who drove the Bonybell's crew below hatches without any serious show of fighting. The Federal Lieutenant in command, to do him justice, seemed anxious that no needless violence should be used; and while proclaiming the vessel a prize to the boats of the United States war brig *Dacotah*, he yet restrained the fury of the precious guide, Mr. Zack Foster, who had recovered from the effect of his knock down blow, draws a bowie knife, and rushed upon Pritchard, who was struggling in the hands of his captors.

"Gently, sir," said the Lieutenant, "gently, Quartermaster Patch. These enged birds are under Uncle Sam's protection, and I cannot allow any ill-usage of my prisoners. Do you hear me, sir?"

"Quartermaster!" exclaimed poor Captain Pritchard, as his wrists were thrust to the handcuffs. "You don't mean sat, that double-dyed villain, that Juda of a pilot, is a Yankee petty officer, after all. I wish I'd only guessed the truth a few hours back, and if I swung for it I'd have chucked the spy overboard as would a mangy puppy."

The Lieutenant made no answer, but ordered the captain and mates to be sent below, and proceeded at once to seize the steamer's papers, to place the passengers under arrest, and to take steps for getting the Bonybell off the sandbank. He then compelled the engineer to set the machinery at work, and we ran *boom*, under the skillful pilotage of Mr. Fitch to Edisto Island, on which anchorages we came to our moorings under the guns of the *Dacotah*, and within a short distance of several other of the blockading squadrons.

THE STORMING OF MISSION RIDGE.—The storming of Mission Ridge, in the great battle before Chattanooga on the 26th by our troops is thus described by an officer in a report to the War Department:

"The storming of the Ridge by our troops was one of the greatest miracles in military history. No man that climbs the ascent by any of the roads that wind along its front, can believe that 18,000 men were moved upon its broken and crumbling face, unless it was his fortune to witness the deed. It seems as awful as a visible interposition of God. Neither Gen. Grant nor Gen. Thomas intended it.

"Their orders were to carry the rifle-pits along the base of the ridge, and cut off their occupants; but when this was accomplished, the unaccountable spirit of the troops bore them bodily up the impracticable steep over the bristling rifle-pits on the crests, and the thirty cannon cascading every gully. The order to storm appears to have been given simultaneously by Gens. Sheridan and Wood, because the men were not to be held back, hopeless as the attempt appeared to military prudence; besides, the Generals caught the inspiration of the men, and were ready themselves to undertake impossibilities."

James B. Clay, son of Henry Clay, 61-4 at Montreal on the night of January 26th. He was a thorough rebel in opinion and sympathy. His surviving brother sustains the Government.