

# The Oregon Sentinel.

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY FEBRUARY 13, 1864.

VOL. IX.—NO. 4.

**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. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.  
Geo. F. FINE, R. Sec'y.  
JAMES M. SUTTON, Henry Deuling and Geo. B. BORRIS, N. G.

**Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.**  
HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evening 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.  
W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.  
L. SACHS, Sec'y. Dec 14/63

**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.

**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, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.**  
Special attention given to collection. June 10, 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 late improvements. Pictures do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made. Call at his new Gallery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and get for your likeness.

**TO THE AFFLICTED.**  
No one need suffer with the Ague when  
**DR. G. W. GREER'S AGUE ELIXER**  
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 25/64

**L. SACHS, S. SACHS, SACHS BROS. 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, 1862. sept 18/64

## Things that Never die.

"The pure, the bright, the beautiful,  
That stirred our hearts in youth,  
The impulse to a wordless prayer,  
The dreams of love and truth;  
The longings after something lost,  
The spirit's yearning cry,  
The striving after better hopes—  
These things can never die.  
The timid hand stretched forth to aid  
A brother in his need,  
The kindly word in grief's dark hour  
That proves a friend indeed;  
The plea for mercy softly breathed,  
When justice threatens high,  
The sorrow of a contrite heart—  
These things shall never die.  
The memory of a clasping hand,  
The pressure of a parting kiss,  
And all the trifles, sweet and frail,  
That make up love's first bliss;  
If with a firm, unchanging faith,  
And holy trust and high,  
These hands have clasped, those lips have met,  
These things shall never die.  
The cruel and the bitter word,  
That wounds as it is felt;  
The chilling want of sympathy,  
We feel but never tell;  
The hard repulse that chills the heart,  
Whose hopes were bounding high,  
In an unflinching record kept—  
These things shall never die.  
Let nothing pass, for every hand  
Must find some work to do;  
Love not a chance to waken love—  
Be firm, and just, and true,  
So shall a light that cannot fade  
Beam on thee from on high,  
And angel voices say to thee—  
These things shall never die.

## Growler's Income Tax.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

My neighbor Growler, an excitable man, by the way, was particularly excited over his "Income Tax," or, as he called it, his "War Tax." He had never liked the war—thought it unnecessary and wicked; the work of politicians. This fighting of brother against brother was a terrible thing in his eyes. If you asked him who began the war?—who struck at the nation's life?—if self-defence were not a duty?—he would reply with vague generalities, made up of partisan tricky sentences, which he had learned without comprehending their significance.

"There it is! Just so much robbery! Stand and deliver, is the word. Pistols and bayonets! Your money or your life!" I took the piece of paper from his hand and read:

PHILADELPHIA, September, 1863.  
"RICHARD GROWLER, Esq.,  
"Dr. JOHN M. RILEY,  
"Collector of Internal Revenue for the Fourth District Pennsylvania, Office 457 Chestnut Street.  
"For Tax on income, for the year 1862, as per return made to the Assessor of the District, \$43 21  
"Received payment,  
"JOHN M. RILEY, Collector."

"You're all right," I said, smiling.  
"I'd like to know what you mean by all right!" Growler was just a little offended at my way of treating this very serious matter—serious in his eyes, I mean. "I've been robbed of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents," he continued. "Do you say that is all right? A mission of the Government has put his hand into my pocket and taken out just so much of my property. Is that all right?"

"The same thing may be set forth in very different language," I replied, "Let me state the case."

"Very well, state it!" said Growler dumping himself into a chair, and looking as ill humored as possible.

"Instead of being robbed," said I, "you have been protected in your property and person, and guaranteed all the high privileges of citizenship, for the paltry sum of forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents as your share of the cost of protection."

"Oh, that's only your way of putting the case," retorted Growler, dropping a

little from his tone of indignation.  
"Let me be more particular in my way of putting the case. Your income is from the rent of property?"

"Yes."  
"What would it have cost you to defend that property from the army of Gen. Lee, recently driven from our State by national soldiers?"

"Cost me!" Growler looked at me in a kind of maze, as though he thought me half in jest.

"Exactly! What would it have cost you? Lee, unopposed, would certainly have reached this city, and held it; and if your property had been of use to him or any of his officers or soldiers, it would have been appropriated without as much as saying—'By your leave, sir?' Would forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents have covered the damages? Perhaps not. Possibly, you might have lost from one half to three-fourths of all that you are worth."

Growler was a trifle bewildered at this way of putting the case. He looked puzzled.

"You have a store on South Wharves?" said I.

"Yes."  
"What has kept the Alabama or the Florida from running up the Delaware and burning the whole city front? Do you have forts and ships of war for the protection of your property? If not, who provides them? They are provided and you are safe. What is your share of the expense for a whole year? Just forty-three dollars and twenty-one cents. It sounds like a jest!"

Growler did not answer; so I kept on.

"But for our immense armies in the field, and navy on the water, this rebellion would have succeeded. What then? Have you ever pondered the future of this country in such an event? Have you thought of your own position? of the loss or gain to yourself? How long do you think we could be at peace with England or France, if the nation were dismembered, and a hostile Confederation established on our Southern border? Would our war taxes be less than now? Would life and property be more secure? Have you not an interest in our army and navy, as well as I and every other member of the Union? Does not your safety as well as mine lie in their existence? Are they not, at this very time, the conservators of everything we hold dear as men and citizens? Who equips and pays this army? Who builds and furnishes these ships? Where does the enormous sums of money required come from? It is the nation's work—the people aggregated into power and manufecture, and so irresistible in might—unconquerable. Have you no heart-swellings of pride in this magnificent exhibition of will and strength? No part in the nation's glory? No eager helping hand to stretch forth?"

Growler was still silent.

"There was so power in you or me to check the wave of destruction that was launched by fratricidal hands against us. If unresisted, by the nation, as an aggregate power, it would have swept in desolation over the whole land. Traitors in our midst, and traitors in arms against us, would have united to destroy our beautiful fabric of civil liberty. The Government, which dealt with all good citizens so kindly and gently, that not one in a thousand felt its touch beyond the weight of a feather, would have been subverted; and who can tell under what iron rule we might have fallen for a time, or how many years of bloody strife would have elapsed before that civil liberty which insures the greatest good to the greatest number would have been established? But the wave of destruction was met—nay hurled back upon the enemies who sought our ruin. We yet dwell in safety. Your property is secure. You still gather your annual income, protected in all your rights and privileges by the national arm. And what does the nation assess to you as your share in the cost of this security? Half of your property? No—not a farthing of that pro-

perty! Only a small per centage of your income from that property! Just forty three dollars and twenty one cents! Pardon me for saying it, friend Growler, but I am more than half ashamed of you."

"And seeing the way you put the case, I am more than half ashamed of myself," he answered frankly. "Why taking your view, this is about the cheapest investment I ever made."

"You certainly get more for your money than in any other line of expenditure. Yesterday I had a letter from an old friend living in the neighborhood of Carlisle. The rebels took from him six fine horses, worth two hundred dollars a piece, six cows and oxen, and over two hundred bushels of grain. And not content with plundering him, they burnt a barn, which had cost him nearly two thousand dollars. But for the army raised and equipped by the nation, in support of which you and I are taxed so lightly, we might have suffered as severely. How much do you think it costs in money for the protection we have enjoyed in this particular instance?"

"A million of dollars, perhaps?"

"Nearer ten millions of dollars. From the time the army left the Rappahannock, until the battle of Gettysburg, its cost to the government could scarcely have been less than the sum I have mentioned. Of this sum your proportion cannot be over three or four dollars; and for that trifle your property, may be your life, was held secure."

"No more of that, if you please," said Growler, showing some annoyance. "You are running the thing into the ground. I own up square. I was quarrelling with my best friend. I was striking at the hand that gave me protection. If my war tax next year should be a hundred dollars instead of forty-three, I will pay it without a murmur."

"Don't say without a murmur, friend Growler."

"What then?"

"Say gladly, as a means of safety."

"Put it as you will," he answered, folding up Collector Riley's receipt, which he still held in his hand, and bowing himself out.  
Not many days afterwards, I happened to hear some one grumbling in my neighbor's presence about his income tax. Growler waited to hear him through. My lesson was improved in his hands. In significant phrase he "pitched into" the offender, and read him a lecture so much stronger than mine, that I felt myself thrown quite in the shade.

"You have been assessed fifty-eight dollars," he said in his excited way—"fifty-eight dollars! One would think from the noise you make about it, that you had been robbed of half you were worth. Fifty-eight dollars for security at home, and protection abroad! Fifty-eight dollars as your share of the cost of defense against an enemy that, if unopposed will desolate our homes and destroy our government! Already it has cost the nation for your safety and mine a thousand millions of dollars, and you are angry because asked for your little part of the expense. Sir, you are not worthy the name of an American citizen!"

"That's sharp talk, and I won't bear it," said the other.

"It's true talk, and you'll have to bear it!" was retorted. "Fretting over the mean little sum of fifty-eight dollars! Why sir, I know a man who has given his right arm to this cause, and another who has given his right leg. Do they grumble? No sir! I never heard a word of complaint from their lips. Thousands and tens of thousands have given their lives, that you and I might dwell in safety. I know mothers who have given their sons, and wives who have given their husbands—sons and husbands, who will never more return! They are with the dead, sir, you are dishonoring in the eyes of all men. A grumbler over the paltry war tax—for shame!"

I turned off, saying in my thought: So much good done! My reclaimed sinner has become a preacher of righteousness.—N. Y. Ledger.

**THE PRINTER.**—The printer is the Adjutant of thought, and this explains the mysteries of the wonderful words that can kindle a home as no song can—the word "we," with a hand-in-hand warmth in it, for the Author and Printer are engineers together. Engineers indeed! When the little Corsican bombarded Cadix at the distance of five miles, it was deemed the very triumph of engineering. But what is that paltry range to this, where they bombard the ages yet to be. There he stands at the case and marshals into line the forces armed for truth, clothed in immortality and English. And what can be more noble than the equipment of a thought in sterling Saxon—Saxon with the ring of spear or shield therein, and that commissioned, when he is dead, to move gradually on to the last syllable of recorded time. This is to win a victory from death, for this has no dying in it. The Printer is called a laborer, and the office he performs is toil. It is not work but a sublime right he is performing, when he thus "sights" the engine that is to fling a worded truth in grander curve than missiles ever before described—flings it into the bosom of an age yet unborn. He throws off his coat indeed; but we wonder the rather that he does not put his shoes from off his feet, for the place whereon he stands is holy ground. A little song was uttered somewhere long ago; it wandered to the twilight feebler than a star; it died upon the air; but the Printer takes it up where it was lying in the silence like a wounded bird, and he sends it forth from the Ark that had preserved it, and it flies into the future with the olive branch of peace, and around the world with melody, like the dawning of a spring morning.  
—Hayward Taylor.

**A NEW RENDERING OF HAMLET.**—Hon. John Uchran got off the following in a speech at Brooklyn, recently: "Upon yonder lines, at Windsor, pass Vallandigham and his friend Horatio—I see the friend of Horatio grasping his cloak about him to screen him from the northern blast, and I also behold Marcellus Wood. It is the peace platform on the Canadian line. They tread the stage and remind me of that scene conceived in the mind of nature's poet, composed undoubtedly with reference to the events now transpiring. It was the melancholy Hamlet—Vallandigham—his friend Horatio, and the officer Marcellus Wood, that occupied, on a dreary night, a brief hour upon the peace platform at Ellinore. [Hisses and applause.]

Hamlet (Vallandigham)—The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.

Horatio—it is indeed, an unhappy and an eager air.

Hamlet—What hour now?  
Horatio—Methinks it lacks of twelve.  
Marcellus Wood—No, it has struck.

Horatio—Indeed! I heard it not.

Heard it not, Horatio? Heard you not Rhode Island, one? two, Vermont? three Massachusetts? four, New Hampshire? five, Maine? six, California? seven, Wisconsin? eight, Illinois? nine, Pennsylvania? ten, Ohio? eleven, Maryland? twelve, New York? [Uproarious applause, which lasted for some time, the audience rising to their feet and cheering en masse.] And there struck the last syllable of recorded time. If, Horatio, your auricular nerve was dead to that, it must be the dull, cold ear of death with which you are struck. The dead heard it looked up and wondered at the miracle. The living heard it and rejoiced, and as our army stood shoulder to shoulder in the front, the people were standing shoulder to shoulder in the rear."

A few days ago two large trunks, filled with fine-tooth combs, were seized in Washington on their way to Dixie. That was too bad. It was cruel. It was remorseless. Do the Union authorities mean that the rebels shall be eaten alive?