

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

Barbara Fritchie.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Up from the meadows rich with corn,
Clear in the cool September morn,
The cluster spires of Frederick stand
Green-walled by the hills of Maryland.
Round about them orchards sweep,
Apple and peach-tree fruited deep,
Fair as the garden of the Lord
To the eyes of the famished rebel horde,
On that pleasant morning of the early Fall,
When Lee marched over the mountain-wall—

Over the mountain winding down,
Horse and foot, into Frederick town,
Forty flags with their silver stars,
Forty flags with their crimson bars,
Flapped in the morning wind: the sun
Of noon looked down, and saw not one
Up rose old Barbara Fritchie then,
Bowed with her four-score years and ten;
Bravest of all in Frederick town,
She took up the flag the men hauled down;
In her attic window the staff she set,
To show that one heart was loyal yet,
Up the street came the rebel tread,
Stonewall Jackson riding ahead,
Under his slouched hat left and right
He glanced: the old flag met his sight,
"Halt!"—the dust-brown ranks stood fast,
"Fire!"—out blazed the rifle-blast,
It shivered the window, pane and sash;
It rent the banner with seam and gash,
Quick, as it fell from the broken staff,
Dame Barbara snatched the silken scarf;
She leaped far out on the window-sill,
And shook it forth with a royal will,
"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said,
A shroud of sadness, a blush of shame,
Over the face of the leader came;
The nobler nature within him stirred
To life at that woman's deed and word:
"Who touches a hair of you gray head
Dies like a dog: March on!" he said,
All day long through Frederick street
Sounded the tread of marching feet:
All day long that free flag tossed
Over the heads of the rebel host,
Ever its torn folds rose and fell
On the loyal winds that loved it well;
And through the hill-gaps sunset light
Shone over it with a warm good night,
Barbara Fritchie's work was o'er,
And the rebel rates on his raids no more,
Honor to her! and let a tear
Fall, for her sake, on Stonewall's bier,
Over Barbara Fritchie's grave
Flag of Freedom and Union wave!
Peace and order and beauty draw
Round thy symbol of light and law;
And over the stars above look down
On thy stars below at Frederick town!

"Only One Hundred Killed."

Rev. A. M. Stewart, Chaplain of the 102d (Old Thirteen) Pennsylvania Regiment, writing from Brandy Station, Va., after the battle of Rappahannock Station, states that the enemy were attacked in their stronghold, and must have been somewhat surprised and confused, else they would have killed and wounded thousands of our troops. He then continues in the following strain:

Only about one hundred were killed, and three hundred wounded. Yet how strange this language, "only one hundred killed!" Cruel war does greatly transform both our language and our sensibilities. "Only one hundred killed!" Only one hundred noble young men in the flower of manhood swept together into eternity. Only one hundred homes and home circles thus quickly thrown into inconsolable sadness and irreparable grief. Were one hundred young men belonging to your fire companies crushed to death in a moment, under the ruins of some burning building, what a thrill of horror would pervade the whole city—yes, the entire community? Each daily paper throughout the country, for a number of issues thereafter, would be filled with the sickening details of the awful, the appalling calamity. When, however, "only one hundred killed in the battle of the Rappahannock," is read by millions next morning, no other emotion is excited than a save perhaps that of joy—a kind of pleasing breakfast repast.

Early next morning (Sabbath) I passed entirely over the scenes of last evening's bloody struggle. All quiet now. The wounded had been sent away during the night, and the sixteen hundred prisoners conveyed far to the rear. The dead were being collected together into groups in order to be covered up in trenches then digging by their living comrades. All were buried just as they fell—uncovered and shrouded in their blood-stained garments—per-

haps the fittest burial for the brave soldier. At one place within the enemy's works were collected and laid side by side for interment, thirty from the Sixth Maine regiment. All noble looking young men; still, calm, bloody, dead. They came from that far off Northeast, to sleep their last sleep on the quiet banks of this lonely river. Nearly every one of these had received the death wound in the face, the neck, or the upper portion of the breast, as they marched directly up to the muzzles of the rebel rifles.

DEMOSTHENES ON "USURPATIONS OF THE CONSTITUTION."—Demosthenes was an "original Democrat." More than two thousand years ago he hurled defiance at despots from the *Bema* at Athens. His philippic against tyranny and tyrants have been the text-book of patriots from the days of the Athenian Republic down to the present. He lived in the midst of war. Then, as in our own case, the existence of the country was in jeopardy. Philip was preparing to make descent upon the devoted little republic. "Arbitrary" measures had to be resorted to, and alleged "infringements of the Constitution" were committed in furtherance of the general welfare. Then, as now, there were growlers and fault finders. It was complained that the "Constitution was violated;" that the *dicta* of courts were under foot; that, in short, a "despotism" more intolerable than that imposed by the Macedonian yoke, was sought to be imposed on the people. It was in reply to these querulous patriots that the great orator launched these withering words:

[From oration on the "Duties of a State."]
"And by Jupiter, O Athenians! another sort of language is current among you, false and most injurious to the Constitution: such as this—that your safety lies in the courts of justice, and that you must guard the Constitution by your votes. It is true these courts are public tribunals for the decision of your mutual rights; but by arms must your enemies be vanquished, by arms the safety of the Constitution must be maintained. Voting will not make your soldiers victorious, but they who by soldiership have overcome the enemy provided you with liberty and security for voting and doing what you please. In arms you should be terrible, in courts of justice humane."

How apt to our own country and time! We can almost fancy that Demosthenes spoke with a leader from the *Argus*, or a speech by Gov. Seymour for his text.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

SMUGGLED HIM RIGHT.—A sympathizing Tory went up the other day to console with a lot of deserters in jail. To show his extreme friendliness he made this observation: "Well, my Democratic friends, it seems that you, too, are the subjects of Abolition arbitrary arrests."

A young deserter responded as follows: "It makes no difference whether you call us Democrats or Abolitionists! One thing I know, I wouldn't have been in this d—d hole if it hadn't been for the persuasion of a few infernal Copperheads like yourself. I was all right in the army until these devils induced me to desert. I have dishonored myself by listening to these villains."

The Copperhead who went on a mission of condolence, turned on his heel and left. It was noticed at the same time that he shook his head as though an enormous flea had commenced operating on a large scale in both ears.—*Eastern Exchange*.

ATTACHMENT OF BIRDS.—Singing birds, of we could narrowly watch them, possess the most singular attractions, and exhibit the most romantic attachment. Not a movement of their master or mistress escapes their observation. They may be easily taught, by affectionate care, to come out of the cage when called for or to sit on the finger and sing when requested. A single movement of the head or expression of the eye will accomplish this; whilst the reward of a bit of hard boiled egg, or a morsel of loaf sugar, will cement an intimacy terminable only by death.—*Ledger*.

A SENSIBLE IRISHMAN.—An Irishman at "Nicholson's," engaged in conversation with a Union man, and in reply to a pointed question, defined his position thus: "Ireland gave me a birth place, which was all she was able; England gave my father a dunce; but America gave me a good home, and, be jabers, I'm a Union man from the ground up—all the time." That's a good platform for Irishmen.—*Albany Evening Journal*.

STARTLING FROM IRELAND.—The *Cork Examiner*, a well informed paper, publishes some rather startling news. It says: "A rumor is being spread through various parts of the country, that Ireland is on the eve of a revolution or rebellion. The signal for the rising is to be the landing in some of our bays or harbors of an armament from America, provided with an ample supply of arms and all other munitions of war for the use of those who yearn to throw off the yoke of the Saxon." It is also believed that there is at this moment existing in Ireland a secret society having its headquarters in Dublin, and branches in Cork, Tralee and all the other principal towns of the Kingdom. This society, it is said, is at this very moment actively engaged in organizing the people and preparing them for the anticipated invasion, having them taught military drill whenever practicable. Thus, they shall be fitted to avail themselves of the arms that shall be placed in their hands by their foreign friends. It is further hinted, in mysterious language, that certain persons whose present position holds them back, will assume leading parts in the struggle when once it has begun."

It is surprising to see how Josephine's descendants do accumulate crowns, while not a Bonaparte reigns, or is likely to reign, anywhere. Napoleon III is unquestionably one of Josephine's grandsons, but you might put all the Bonaparte blood there is in his veins into the eye of a midge without injuring the midge's sight. Another grandson married a Queen Regnant of Portugal, and their son became King of Portugal in 1853. Two of her granddaughters—daughters of Eugene—became, respectively, Empress of Brazil and Queen of Sweden; and a third married a German Prince. Now two of her great granddaughters are to marry kings. There is something romantic in all this, but there is no romancer who would dare to invent such facts as we have mentioned. France, Portugal, Brazil, Russia, Sweden, Greece and Italy have contributed to elevate the descendants of "the Creole," orson will do so, while Bonaparte's only legitimate child is dead, and the descendants of his brothers and his sisters are as crownless, almost, as were the ancestors of those brothers and sisters. Though Josephine was divorced from Napoleon, she was not divorced from fortune, but Napoleon himself was.

TRUTH.—What is there more beautiful than truth, and what more potent talisman is there existing between man and man? He speaks the truth at all times and under all circumstances. What greater recommendation could be given? What number of other virtues can garnish over this, that is often said of a person: "He always speaks the truth if it suits his own interests?" Nothing should be dearer to a person than truth; it is the foundation on which the superstructure of every other virtue is raised. No one can be truly a Mason, or truly a Christian, unless this virtue underlies the structure that is raised by formalities and that serves as a passport through the better portion of society. If the truth should not be spoken at all times, do not speak it at all; better be silent, though that silence offend, than offend Deity and all the attributes of Christianity by speaking falsely. Be honest, be charitable, be truthful.

THE SOLDIERS at Helena, in Arkansas used to amuse the inhabitants of that place on their first arrival, by telling them yarns, of which the following is a sample:

"Some time ago Jeff Davis got tired of the war, and invited President Lincoln to meet him on neutral ground to discuss terms of peace. They met accordingly, and after a talk concluded to settle the war by dividing the territory and stopping the fighting. The North took the Northern States, and the South the Gulf and Sea-board Southern States. Lincoln took Texas and Missouri, and Davis, Kentucky and Tennessee; so that all was parcelled off excepting Arkansas. Lincoln didn't want it—Jeff wouldn't have it. Neither would consent to take it, and on that they split; and the war has been going on ever since."

CHURCH-BUILDING IN WAR TIMES.—An architect in New York tells the editor of the *Observer* that he has forty churches in hand to build, the drawings of which he is preparing, or he is already superintending their erection. So large a number in the hands of one architect indicates another of the remarkable features of these war times.

THE WICKED WRETCHES!—A way down East lived a couple of maiden spinsters of most industrious habits and devoted piety. They devoted themselves unremittingly to toil six days in the week and religiously consecrated the seventh to rest and offices of religion. On Saturday evening Nancy and Polly were plying their knitting needles with more than usual speed, in order to finish at allotted event before the clock should mark the commencement of holy time. Absorbed in their labor, the minutes passed swiftly by, when Aunt Polly, having completed her stocking, raised her eyes to the clock and perceived she had been working on the Sabbath. Lifting up her hands and eyes heavenward, she exclaimed: "Lord deliver us sister Nancy—I declare we have committed 'dultry!'"

The time has now come for action. Argument supported by facts, has resulted in an overwhelming public opinion. That slavesholding Democracy was a cheat at the bottom; an *Autocracy* of the worst kind. 2. That the rebellion was founded upon the Stephens' Declaration of a government whose "corner stone was slavery;"

In Russia the candles used in the mines are made of tallow mixed with powdered charcoal, which is found to increase the intensity of light.

BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES FOR COUGHS AND COLDS.

A neglected Cough, Cold, an Irritated or Sore Throat, if allowed to progress results in serious Pulmonary Bronchial and Asthmatic Diseases oftimes incurable. Brown's Bronchial Troches reach directly the affected

parts and give almost immediate relief. For Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, and Consumptive Coughs the Troches are useful. Public Speakers and Singers should have the Troches to clear and strengthen their Voice. Military officers and soldiers who overtax the voice, and are exposed to sudden changes should use them. Obtain only the genuine "Brown's Bronchial Troches" having proved their efficacy by a test of many years, are highly recommended and prescribed by Physicians and Surgeons in the Army, and have received testimonials from many eminent men.

Sold by all the Druggists and Dealers in Medicine in the United States and most foreign countries at 25 cts. per box. Agents for California, Rappersox & Co San Francisco, Jan 24

S-T-1860-J. DRAKE'S PLANTATION BITTERS. They purify, strengthen and invigorate. They create a healthy appetite. They are an antidote to cholera, water and diet. They overcome effects of dissipation and late hours. They strengthen the system and calve the mind. They prevent miasm and intermittent fevers. They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach. They cure dyspepsia and constipation. They cure diarrhoea, cholera and cholera morbus. They cure liver complaint and nervous head ache. They are the best bitters in the world. They make the weak man strong, and are *colored nature's great restorer*. They are made of pure St. Croix Rum, the celebrated Calisaya Bark, roots and herbs, and are taken with the pleasure of a beverage, without regard to age or time of day. Particularly recommended to delicate persons requiring a gentle stimulant. Sold by all Grocers, Druggists, Hotels and Saloons. P. H. DRAKE & Co., New York, 25y SMITH & DAVIS, of Portland, Agents.

HEIMSTREET'S Inimitable Hair Restorative. IT IS NOT A DYE. But restores gray hair to its original color, by supplying the capillary tubes with natural sustenance, impaired by age or disease. All instantaneous dyes are composed of *harsh caustic*, destroying the vitality and beauty of the hair, and afford of themselves no dressing. Heimstreet's inimitable coloring not only restores hair to its natural color by an easy process, but gives the hair a Luxuriant Beauty, promotes its growth, prevents its falling off, eradicates the dandruff, and imparts health and pleasantness to the head. It has stood the test of time, being the original hair-coloring, and is constantly increasing in favor. Used by both gentlemen and ladies. It is sold by all respectable dealers, or can be procured by them of D. S. BANKER, Proprietor, New York. Two sizes, 50c. and \$1. [eow24y] SMITH & DAVIS, of Portland, Agents.

FASHIONABLE DANCING Academy. MR. E. R. JONES, Professor of the art of elegant and graceful dancing, by this means informs the people of this vicinity, that he has obtained a class, and will teach this art to all who apply at the hall of the U. S. Hotel. The class will meet on Tuesday and Saturday evenings of each week. At two o'clock, p. m., each Saturday, a class of ladies will receive instruction free of charge. Terms—\$3 lessons for \$5. Private lessons, either lady or gentleman, \$1 each. feb6w2

Pistol Lost—\$10 Reward.

ON the evening of the 2d Inst., the subscriber lost a pistol between Jacksonville and Hamilton's ranch. The pistol is very fine Navy-sized Colt's Revolver—very stock. I will pay ten dollars for its recovery. The pistol can be left at the Sentinel Office, feb6w1 J. A. ARCHER. Phoenix, Feb. 4, 1864

NEW PHOTOGRAPH ROOMS

Phoenix, Oregon, Where artistic and Life-like Pictures are being taken, unsurpassed for beauty of outline and touch of finish, and in the latest and most improved style of the art. Old pictures copied, improved, and rendered imperishable. ORVIL DODGE, feb6w1 Phoenix, Jan. 30, '64.

HOUSE & LOT FOR SALE!

A DESIRABLE DWELLING, with Stable and Out-houses, and a fine collection of Shrubbery, with Fruit Trees, etc., for sale on the Most Liberal Terms. Title Warranted. They are situated on the corner of Oregon and C Streets. For further particulars enquire of Dr. G. W. Groer, at his office on California street, or at his residence, Jacksonville, Feb. 3, '64. feb6w1

WIGHTMAN & HARDIE,

SUCCESSORS TO FRANK BAKER, 416 and 418 Clay St., So. Francisco.

Importers and Dealers

IN FOREIGN & DOMESTIC

Dry Goods,

Carpets, Oilcloths, Mattings,

UPHOLSTERY GOODS,

—AND—

PAPER HANGINGS,

For sale in quantities to suit.

est7 (3m7p)

ESTABLISHED 1760.

PETER LORILLARD,

Snuff and Tobacco

MANUFACTURER,

16 and 18 Chambers St., N. Y.

(Formerly 42 Chatham street, New York.)

Would call the attention of dealers to the articles of his manufacture, viz:

Brown Snuff: Maculey, Dumigros, Pure Virginia, Fine Rappee, Natchitoches, Coarse Rappee, American Gentleman, Copelanders.

Yellow Snuff: Scotch, Honey Dew Scotch, High Toast Scotch, Fresh Honey Dew Scotch, Irish High Toast, Fresh Scotch, or Lumpyfoot.

Attention is called to the large reduction in prices of fine-cut chewing and smoking Tobaccos, which will be found of a superior quality.

Tobacco: SHAGS: FINE-CUT CHEWING: SMOKING: Long, P. A. L., or plain, S. Jags, No. 1, Cavendish, or Sweet, Spanish, No. 2, Sweet-Scented Oranges, Quarter, Nos. 1 & 2 mixed, Tin Foil Cavendish, Turkish Granulated.

N. B. A circular of prices will be sent on application. Nov. 28, '63—y

Beware of Greenback Men.

MERCHANTS and traders of Jacksonville will please take particular notice whom they trust. A certain young man, whose name is David Peuniger, contracted a bill with me in June last, in good faith, amounting to the enormous sum of \$60 50-100, and to-day when I presented his bill to him for payment, he compelled me to take greenbacks at par. H. BLOOM, December 30, 1863. Jan 24

Dissolution of Copartnership.

PUBLIC NOTICE is hereby given that the copartnership heretofore existing between the undersigned, in the Livery business, under the firm name of CLUGAGE & DRUM, has been this day dissolved by mutual consent. All persons indebted to said firm are requested to make payment to John S. Drum, who is authorized to settle the business; and all persons having claims against the firm should present them to him for liquidation. JAMES CLUGAGE, JOHN S. DRUM, Jacksonville, Nov. 28, 1863. nov28w1

Notice to Trespassers.

PERSONS occupying lots in the Town of Jacksonville, belonging to JAMES CLUGAGE & DRUM, are notified to apply to JAMES T. GLENX, my agent, who is authorized to lease said lots. FRANK CLUGAGE, Guardian of JAMES CLUGAGE, Nov. 28, 1863. nov28w1