

The Oregon Sentinel.

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY MARCH 19, 1864.

VOL. IX.—NO. 9.

O. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge
No. 10. Regular meetings on Friday of the first week in each month, and on Saturday of each intervening week, at the Masonic Hall, at 10 o'clock P. M. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
Geo. B. DORRIS, N. G.
W. F. FINE, R. Sec'y.
Deacons—Jas. M. Sutton, Henry Deulinger and W. R. DAVIS.

Warron Lodge No. 10. A. F. & A. M.
Hold their regular communications on the Wednesday Evening of the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
ALEX. MARTIN, W. M.
H. BLOOM, Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4, OF ROYAL ARCH MASONS, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Hold its regular communications on the first Saturday Eve. of Every Month. All sejourning Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.
L. SACHS, Sec'y. dec21-47

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 promptly be attended to. July 29, '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 promissory notes. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON, (Successor to Reed & 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. 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 see for your likeness.

G. W. GREER, PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, Jacksonville, Oregon.
Office between Express Saloon and Ryan, Morgan & Co.'s Store.

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

BRANCH STORE, PHENIX, OREGON. DUGAN & WALL,

FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS,
Bank Building, Cor. Front & P streets. CRESCENT CITY, CAL.

Will attend to the Receiving and Forwarding of all Goods entrusted to their care, with promptness and dispatch. Consignments solicited. Merchandise received on storage.
Crescent City, April 11, 1863. 15
N. B.—No goods delivered until the freight charges are paid. D. & W.

NOTICE—Notice is hereby given to all whom it may concern, that O. M. WAIT is my agent in Jackson county, for the transaction of all my business during my absence. Any person wishing to purchase my real estate is referred to him.
S. M. WAIT, mal21f
March 11, 1864

Career and Character of Abe Lincoln.

His Influence on the American Nation

BY HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

The revolution through which the American nation is passing is not a mere local convulsion; it is a war for a principle which concerns all mankind. It is the war for the rights of the working class of mankind against the usurpation of privileged aristocrats. You can make nothing else of it. That is the reason why, like a shaft of light in the judgment day, it has gone through all nations, dividing to the right and the left the multitudes. For us and our cause, all the common working classes of Europe—all that toil, and sweat, and are oppressed. Against us, all privileged classes, nobles, princes, bankers and great manufacturers, and all who live at ease. A silent instinct, piercing to the dividing of spirit, joints and marrow, has gone through the earth, and sent every soul with instinctive certainty where it belongs. The poor laborers of Birmingham and Manchester, the poor silk weavers of Lyons to whom our conflict has been present starvation and lingering death, have stood bravely for us. No sophistries could blind or deceive them—they knew that our cause was their cause, and they have suffered their part heroically as if fighting by our side, because they knew that our victory was to be their victory. On the other side, the aristocrats and holders of excessive privileges have felt the instinct of opposition, and sympathy with a struggling aristocracy, for they, too, feel that our victory will be their doom. The great contest has visibly been held in the hands of Almighty God, and is a fulfillment of the solemn prophecy with which the Bible is so thickly strewn, that he would spare the cause of the needy and judge the poor. It was he who chose the instrument for this work, and he chose him with a visible reference to the rights and interests of the great majority of mankind for which he stands.

Abraham Lincoln is in the strictest sense a man of the working classes. All his advantages and abilities are those of a man of the working classes; all his disadvantages and disabilities are those of a man of the working classes; and his position now at the head of one of the most powerful nations of the earth, is a sign to all who live by labor that their day is coming. Lincoln was born to the inheritance of hard work, as truly as the poorest laborer's son that digs in our fields. At seven years of age he was set to work, ax in hand, to clear up a farm in a western forest. Until he was seventeen his life was that of a simple farm laborer, with only such intervals of schooling as farm laborers get. Probably the school instruction of his whole life would not amount to more than one year. At nineteen he made a trip to New Orleans as hired hand on a flatboat, and on his return he hewed the logs for a cabin and built it, and enclosed ten acres of land with a rail fence of his own handiwork. The next year he hired himself for \$12 a month to build a flatboat and take her to New Orleans, and any one who knows what the life of a Mississippi boatman was in those days, must know that it involved every kind of labor. In 1832, in the Black Hawk Indian war, the hardy boatman volunteered to fight for his country, and was unanimously elected a captain, and served with honor for a season in frontier military life. After this, while serving as a postmaster, he began his law studies, borrowing the books he was too poor to buy, and studying by the light of his evening fire. He acquired a name in the country about as a man of resources and shrewdness; he was one that people looked to for counsel in exigencies, and to whom they were ready to depute any enterprise that needed skill and energy. The Surveyor of Sangamon county being deputed with work, came to him to take the survey of a tract off his hands. True, he

had never studied surveying—but what of that? He accepted the "job"—procured a chain, a treatise on surveying, and did the work. Do we not see in this a parable of the wilder wilderness which in later years he has undertaken to survey and fit for human habitation without chart or surveyor's chain?

In 1836, our backwoodsman, flatboat hand, captain, surveyor, obtained a license to practice law, and, as might be expected, rose rapidly. One anecdote will show the esteem in which he was held in his neighborhood. A client came to him in a case relating to a certain land claim, and Lincoln said to him: "Your first step must be to take \$30,000 and go and make a legal tender—it of course will be refused, but it is a necessary step."

"But," said the man, "I haven't the \$30,000 to make it with."

"Oh! that's it. Just step over to the bank with me and I'll get it."

So into the bank they went, and Lincoln says to the cashier, "We just want to take \$30,000 to make a legal tender with. I'll bring it back in an hour or two."

The cashier handed over the money to "Honest Abe," and without a scratch of a pen in acknowledgment he strode his way with the specie, all in most sacred simplicity, made the tender and brought it back with as much nonchalance as if he had been borrowing a silver spoon from his grandmother.

His honesty, shrewdness, and keen practical insight into men and things soon made him the most influential man in his State. He became the reputed leader of the Whig party, and canvassed the State as stump speaker in the time of Henry Clay, and in 1845 was elected Representative to Congress. Here he met the grinding of the great question of the day—the upper and neither millstone of slavery and freedom revolving against each other. Lincoln's whole nature inclined him to be a harmonizer of conflicting parties rather than a committed combatant on either side.

He was firmly and from principle an enemy to slavery—but the ground he occupied was in some respects a middle one between the advance guard of the anti-slavery and the spears of the free-tractors. He voted with John Quincy Adams for the receipt of anti-slavery petitions; he voted with Giddings for a committee of inquiry into the constitutionality of slavery in the District of Columbia and the expediency of abolishing slavery in the District; he voted for the various resolutions prohibiting slavery in the territories to be acquired from Mexico, and he voted 42 times for the Wilmot Proviso. In 1849, January 16th, he offered a plan for abolishing slavery in the District of Columbia, by compensation from the National Treasury, with the consent of a majority of the citizens. He opposed the annexation of Texas, but voted for the bill to pay the expenses of the war. But at the time of the repeal of the Missouri Compromise, he took the field, heart and soul, against the plot to betray our Territories to slavery. It was mainly owing to his exertions that at this critical period a Republican Senator in the trembling National scales of the conflict was worth a thousand times his weight in gold.

Little did the Convention that nominated Abraham Lincoln for President know what they were doing. Little did the honest, fatherly, patriotic man, who stood in his simplicity on the platform at Springfield, asking the prayers of his townsmen, and receiving their pledges to remember him, foresee how awfully he was to need those prayers, the prayers of all this nation, and the prayers of all the working, common people throughout the world. God's hand was upon him with a visible protection, saving him first from the danger of assassination at Baltimore and bringing him safely to our National Capital. Then the world has seen and wondered at the greatest sign and marvel of the day, to wit: a plain working man of the people,

with no more culture, instruction or education than any such working man can obtain for himself, called on to conduct the passage of a great people through a crisis involving the destinies of the whole world. The eyes of princes, nobles, aristocrats, of Dukes, earls, scholars, statesmen, warriors, all turned on the plain backwoodsman, his simple sense, his imperturbable simplicity, his determined self-reliance, his impracticable and incorruptible honesty, as he sat amid the war of conflicting elements with unpretending steadiness, striving to guide the National ship through a channel at whose perils the world's oldest statesmen stood aghast. The brilliant courts of Europe leveled their opera glasses at the phenomenon. Fair ladies saw that he had horny hands and disdained white gloves. Dapper diplomats were shocked at his system of etiquette; but old statesmen, who knew the terrors of the passage, were wiser than court ladies and dandy diplomats, and watched him with a fearful curiosity, simply asking, "Will that awkward old backwoodsman really get that ship through? If he does, it will be time for us to look about us."

Sooth to say, our own politicians were somewhat shocked with his State papers, at first. Why not let us make them a little more conventional, and file them to a classical pattern? "No," was his reply, "I shall write them myself. The people will understand them better." "But this or that form of expression is not elegant, not classical." "The people will understand it," has been his invariable reply. And whatever may be said of his State papers as compared with the classic standards, it has been a fact that they have always been wonderfully well understood by the people, and that since the time of Washington the State papers of no President have more controlled the popular mind. And one reason for this they have been informal and undiplomatic. They have more resembled a father's talk to his children than a State paper. And they have that relish and smack of the soil that appeal to the simple human heart and head, which is a greater power in writing than the most artful device of rhetoric.

Lincoln might well say, with the apostle, "But though I be rude in speech, yet not in knowledge, but we have been thoroughly made manifest among you in all things." His rejection of what is called fine writing was as deliberate as St. Paul's, and for the same reason—because he felt that he was speaking on a subject that must be made clear to the lowest intellect, though it should fall to captivate the highest. But we say of Lincoln's writing, that for all true, manly purposes of writing, there are passages in his State papers that could not be better put—they are absolutely perfect. They are brief, condensed, intense, and with a power of insight and expression which make them worthy to be inscribed in letters of gold. Such are some passages of the celebrated Springfield letter, especially that masterly one where he compares the conduct of the patriotic and loyal blacks with that of the treacherous and disloyal whites. No one can read this letter without feeling the influence of a mind both strong and generous.

Lincoln is a strong man, but his strength is of a peculiar kind; it is not aggressive so much as passive, and among passive things it is like the strength not so much of a stone buttress as of a wire cable. It is strength swaying to every influence, yielding on this side and on that popular needs, yet tenaciously and inflexibly bound to carry its great end; and probably by no other kind of strength could our national ship have been drawn safely thus far during the tossings and tempests which beset her way.

Surrounded by all sorts of conflicting claims, by traitors, by half-hearted, timid men, by border States men and free States men, by radical abolitionists and conservatives, he has listened to all, waited, observed, yielded now here and now there, but

in the main kept one inflexible, honest purpose, to draw the national ship through.

In times of our trouble Abraham Lincoln has had his turn of being the best abused man of our nation. Like Moses leading his Israel through the wilderness, he has seen the day when every man seemed ready to stone him; and yet, with simple, wiry, steady perseverance, he has held on, conscious of honest intentions, and looking to God for help. All the nation has felt, in the increasing solemnity of his proclamations and papers, how deep the education was being wrought in his mind by this simple faith in God, the Ruler of nations, and this humble willingness to learn the awful lesson of His providence.

We do not mean to give the impression that Lincoln is a religious man in the sense in which that term is properly applied, we believe we have never made any such profession; but we see evidence that, in passing through this dreadful National crisis he has been forced, by the very anguish of the struggle, to look upward, where any rational creature must look for support. No man in his agony has suffered more and deeper, albeit with a dry, weary, patient pain that seemed to some like insensibility. "Whichever way it ends," he said to the writer, "I have the impression that I shan't last long after it is over."

After the dreadful repulse of Fredericksburg he is reported to have said: "If there is a man out of hell that suffers more than I do, I pity him." In those dark days his heavy eyes and weary air told how reverses weighed upon him, and yet there was a never failing fund of patience and bottom, that sometimes rose to the surface in some droll, quaint saying or story, that forced a laugh even from himself.

There have been times with many, of impetuous impatience, when our National ship seemed to lie water logged, and we have called aloud for a deliverer of another fashion—a brilliant general; a dashing, fearless statesman; a man who could dare and do, a man who would stake all on a die, and win or lose by a brilliant coup de main. It may comfort our minds that since he who ruleth in the armies of nations set no such man to this work, that perhaps he saw in the man whom he did send some peculiar fitness and aptitude therefore.

Slow and careful in coming to conclusions willing to talk with every person who has anything to show on any side of a disputed subject, long in weighing and pondering, attached to constitutional limits and time honored landmarks, Lincoln was certainly the safest leader a nation could have at a time when the harness corpus must be suspended, and all the constitutional and minor rights of citizens be thrown into the hands of their military leader. A reckless, bold, theorizing, dashing man of genius might have wrecked our Constitution and ended us in a splendid military despotism, when honest Abe has only walked off with our rights as he did with the bag of specie from the bank, on the simple promise to bring them back when he had done with them.

Among the many accusations which in hours of ill luck have been thrown out upon Lincoln, it is remarkable that he has never been called selfish or selfish. When we were troubled and sat in darkness, and looked doubtfully toward the Presidential chair, it never was that we doubted the good will of our pilot—only the clearness of his eyesight. But Almighty God has granted to him that clearness of vision which He gives to the true-hearted, and enabled him to set his honest foot in that promised land of freedom which is to be the patrimony of all men, black and white; and from henceforth nations rise up and call him blessed.

It was exceedingly liberal in a saloon-keeper to advertise that "those of my patrons who may desire it, can be sent home on a wheelbarrow, gratis."

The United States Senate is considering a proposition for a line of mail steamers between California and China.