

State Library

The Oregon Sentinel.

PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY APRIL 30, 1864.

VOL. IX.—NO. 15.

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 11 o'clock. Brothers in good standing are invited.
 GEO. H. BOKKIS, S. G.
 J. F. E. Sec'y.
 M. Sutton, Henry Doolinger and J. B. B. Treas.

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.
 R. W. Sec'y.

OREGON CHAPTER NO. 4, OF THE ROYAL ARCH MASONS, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 Regular communications on the 1st Monday of every month. All adjoining Companions in good standing are cordially invited to attend.
 W. H. S. HYDE, H. P.
 Sam. Sec'y. Dec 14/47

JACOBS & RUSSELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS AT LAW, SOLICITORS IN CHANCERY, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 Office opposite the Court House. Business committed to their care will be promptly attended to. July 29, '62.

B. F. DOWELL, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 Practitioner in all the Courts of the Third Judicial District, the Supreme Court of Oregon and in Yreka, Cal. War Scrip promptly paid. Oct. 18.

J. GASTON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 Special attention given to collection. June 10, 1863. 40

GEORGE B. DORRIS, CLERK OF THE DISTRICT COURT, CLERK OF THE COUNTY COURT, CLERK OF THE PROBATE COURT, CLERK OF THE SUPERIOR COURT, CLERK OF THE JUDICIAL COUNCIL, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF CHURCHES, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF SCHOOLS, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF AGENCIES, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF CHARITIES, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF EDUCATION, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF FIRE DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF HEALTH DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF LUMBER DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF MINING DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF NAVIGATION DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF RAILROAD DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF SHIPPING DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF TELEGRAPH DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF TELEPHONE DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF WATERWORKS DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF WAREHOUSES DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF WHARVES DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF YARDS DEPARTMENT, CLERK OF THE BOARD OF ZOOLOGICAL DEPARTMENT.

J. S. HOWARD, ARCHITECT AND CIVIL ENGINEER, JACKSONVILLE OREGON.
 Office near the South end of Oregon Street. January 2, 1864

PETER BRITT, PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST, JACKSONVILLE OREGON.
 Specialties in taking pictures in every style and with all the late improvements. Pictures do not give satisfaction, no retouching will be made. Call at his new gallery on the hill, examine his pictures, and be convinced of their excellence.

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

DR. O. J. GATES, DENTIST, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 Office permanently located in Jacksonville, and offers his services to all those who desire artificial teeth. Decaying teeth with pure gold in the best manner. No retouching work in his line, will find their advantage to give him a call.

DUGAN & WALL, FORWARDING AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
 Building, Cor. Front & Fremont. Crescent City, Cal.

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

FRUIT AND PRODUCE taken in exchange for Merchandise, at 19-27 MAX MULLER'S.

PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at HAINES BROS.

The House of Rothschild.
 The London Globe gives the following interesting account of the rise and present position of the "money kings of Europe," the famous house of Rothschild:

"Among all the congresses held this summer, princes, lawyers, musicians, schoolmasters, social science men, political economists, and a hundred others, one very notable meeting has almost escaped public attention. A few days ago our Paris correspondent told us that a congress of the members of the illustrious house of Rothschild had been setting at Paris. The purport of the meeting was nothing less than to re-arrange the dominions of the great banking dynasty. In one word, the great object of the Rothschild congress was to reduce the five branches of the house who now rule Europe to four, and following the example of Garibaldi, to strike another sovereign of Naples from the list of reigning monarchs. Henceforth there are to be but four kings of the house of Rothschild, with secure throne at London, Paris, Vienna and Frankfurt.

"It is now exactly a hundred years since a poor Jew, called Mayer Anselm, made his appearance in the city of Hanover, barefooted, with a sack on his shoulders, and a bundle of rags on his back. Successful in trade, like most of his co-religionists, he returned to Frankfurt, at the end of a few years, and set up a small shop in the "Jew lane," over which hung the signboard of a red shield, called in German Rothschild. As dealer in old and rare coins, he made the acquaintance of the serene Elector of Hesse Cassel, who, happening to be in want of a confidential agent for various open and secret purposes, appointed the shrewd-looking Mayer Anselm to the post. The serene Elector, being compelled soon after to fly his country, Mayer Anselm took charge of his cash, amounting to several millions of florins. With the instinct of his race, Anselm did not forget to put the money out on good interest, so that, before Napoleon was gone to Elba, and the illustrious Elector had returned to Cassel, the capital had more than doubled. The ruler of Hesse Cassel thought it almost a marvel to get his money safely returned from the Jew lane of Frankfurt, and at the Congress of Vienna was never tired of singing the praise of his Hebrew agent to all Princes of Europe. The dwellers under the sign of Red Shield laughed in their sleeves; keeping carefully to themselves the great fact that the electoral two millions florin had brought them four millions of their own. Never was honesty a better policy.

Mayer Anselm died in 1812, without having the supreme satisfaction of hearing his honesty extolled by kings and princes. He left five sons, who succeeded him in the banking and money-lending business, and who conscious of social value, dropped the higher-sounding one of Rothschild, taken from the sign-board over the parental house. On his death-bed their father had taken a solemn oath from all of them to hold his four millions well together, and they have faithfully kept the injunction. But the old city of Frankfurt clearly was too narrow a realm for the fruitful sowing of four millions; and, in consequence, the five were determined after a while to extend their sphere of operations by establishing branch banks at the chief cities of Europe. The eldest son, Anselm, born 1773, remained at Frankfurt; The second, Solomon, born in 1774, settled in Vienna; the third, Nathan, born in 1777, went to London; the fourth, Charles, the infant terrible of the family, established himself in the soft climate of Naples.

Gesture.—Mr. Gough tells of a young man preparing to preach who came to him for some lessons, particularly in the art of gesture. Said Mr. Gough to him, "Gesture! if you have any thing to say to a congregation, stand up and say it, and when the gestures come, let them come natural and spontaneous—that is all the lesson I have to give you." What should we think, said

Mr. Gough of a dog who should, undertake to wag his tail by rule? This—and here he moved his hand stiffly and squarely, upward, downward, right, left, in most ludicrous regularity. But no, no, said he—let the little dog do something, or lose something to wag his tail about, and see how it will go—and so Mr. Gough imitated the motion, shaking his head feebly and rapidly with the wrist joint as the pivot, the effect was irresistibly laughable. But it was suggestive too.

Our Duty to Loyal Southerners.

A party of loyal Texans attempting to escape to our lines were almost entirely destroyed in the Yonah Valley, and all the roads are reported to be securely guarded to prevent escaping. On the other hand, our prisoners who broke away from Richmond report that eighteen men were confined at Castle Thunder for attempting the life of Jeff Davis. These facts show how deadly and complete the terror of the South is, and indicate that there is but one way to release the people, which is the absolute occupation of the country. However deluded the people of the slave States may have been, however intense their hatred to the Yankees and the "Lincoln despotism," they have long since seen that the rebellion is a ghastly failure. It has not kept one of its promises. It has succeeded in nothing but the entire ruin of the country in which it rages. Its utter futility and bald folly are now evident to the dullest devotee of slavery, and its acts will henceforth be those of ferocity and desperation.

Meanwhile the fate of the hapless Union men within the area of the rebellion is one of the greatest tragedies of history. Marked, insulted, outraged, murdered, their country is a hell to them, and their only hope of salvation lies in the stalwart arm and strong hearts of their fellow-citizens at the North. It is in this view that the conduct of certain members of Congress and newspapers in the loyal States is not only contemptible but virtually criminal. When, for instance, a man says there is a tendency to place us at the North under a similar terror to that of the South, and that between a Davis despotism and a Lincoln despotism there is very little to choose, he says and implies what he knows to be false. He deliberately mocks the bitter agony of the men at the South, and by so doing what he can to destroy the popular support of the Government of the United States. He conspires with Toombs, Benjamin, Cobb, Wigfall, and the rest of the wretched rebel crew, to shed the innocent blood of faithful citizens. At this moment, to be a Copperhead is to be infamous. It is to sustain the men in the Kenosha Valley and elsewhere murder escaping loyal Texans. It is to encourage the soldiers of Lee, and Longstreet and Johnson to hold out. It is to say to the doubting, hoping, fearing slaves, "Your chains shall be riveted again." It is to befriend treason, to foster anarchy, to betray liberty.

If these truths were borne constantly in mind, the Copperheads would be made to feel the weight of social obloquy more heavily than hitherto. The plea of an honest difference of opinion is inadmissible. If a man be honestly a rebel, let him take that position. If he be unconditionally for the country and the Government, let him stand earnestly by them. If he vociferate that he is for them, and by all he says and does incessantly cheers the rebels and disheartens loyal men, let him expect and receive the consideration due to the basest falsehood.—Harper's Weekly.

THE DISCOMFORTS OF A FEDERAL SOLDIER IN A REBEL PRISON.—A correspondent of the Baltimore American makes the following statement:

"I have been informed by a number of released prisoners that on Friday night last a splendid pointer dog, belonging to one of the rebel officers on Belle Isle (Lieut. Bosuet) was killed and partially devoured by three of our men, so craving was their ap-

petites. When the remains of their unfinished meal was found on Saturday morning a great hubbub was raised in the camp, and when the perpetrators of the canine murder were discovered, they were compelled to march to the front of the line of prisoners drawn up, and eat the remaining portions of the dog, after which they were sent to Georgia, where large numbers of our soldiers have been transferred during the last two weeks.

Flowers and Children.

Mr. Marvel in his last work, entitled "My Farm of Edgewood," pays the following tribute to a little daughter he lately lost:

Flowers and children are of near kin, and too much of restraint or too much of forcing, or too much of display ruins their chiefest charms. I love to associate them together, and to win them to a love of the flowers. Some days they tell me that a violet or tuft of lilies is dead; but on a spring morning they come, radiant with the story that the same violet is blooming sweeter than ever, upon some far away cleft of the hill-side. So you, my child, if the great Master lifts you from us, shall bloom—as God is good—on some richer, sunnier ground. We talk thus, but if the change really come, it is more grievous than the blight of a thousand flowers. She, who loved their search among the thickets, will never search them again. She, whose glad eyes would have opened in pleasant bewilderment upon some bold change of shrubbery, or of paths, will never open them again. She, whose feet would have danced along the wood-path, carrying joy and merriment into its shady depths, will never set foot upon these paths again. What matter how the brambles grow? her dress will not be torn; what matter the broken palings by the water? she will never topple over from the bank. The hatchet may be hung from the lower nail now, the little hand that might have stolen possession of it is stiff—is fast! God has it. And when spring awakens all its echoes—of the wren's song—of the blue bird's warble—of the plaintive cry of mistress cuckoo (she daintily called her "mistress cuckoo") from the edge of the wood—what eager, earnest, delighted listeners have we—lifting the blue eyes, shaking the black curls—dancing to the melody? And when the violets repeat the sweet lesson they learned last year of the sun and of the warmth, and bring their fragrant blue petals forth—who will give the rejoicing welcome, and be the swift and light-footed herald of the flowers? Who shall gather them with the light fingers she put to the task—who? And the sweetest flowers wither and the sweetest flowers wait—for the dainty fingers that shall pick them—never again!

NOT ELIGIBLE.—Some months since the members of the church in L— were called together to elect a member of the Board of Trustees. A gentleman in business as a wholesale grocer was named as a very suitable man for the place, but his nomination was vehemently opposed by another brother, who was very zealous in the temperance cause, on the ground that, in the way of his business, he sold liquor. And appealing to Brother Adams, one of the oldest members present, who, from his solid and clerical look was called "the bishop," he said, "What do you say, brother Adams?"

"Ah!" said brother Adams, looking very grave, drawing up his cane with a view to give emphasis and point to what he had to say, "that is not the worst of it—(solemn shake of the head)—that is not the worst of it!"

"Why, Brother Adams," said the others, crowding round, and looking for some other development, "what else is there?"

"What else," said Brother Adams, bringing down his cane with a rap. "He don't keep a good article. I've tried it!"

The brother was not elected.

YOUNG DAHLGREN.—Forney's Press contains a brief tribute to the memory of this noble young hero, whose martyrdom by the rebels under the most revolting and fiendish of circumstances, is horrible to contemplate. The soul sickens at the perusal of such outrages, perpetrated not only by nominal Christians, but by those who in blood, language, and without fraternal and political connection, were known as associates and brothers. But this article was commenced simply to introduce the biographical sketch alluded to, and we give it without further comment:

Col. Ulric Dahlgren whose death is now fully ascertained, was a little over twenty-two years of age, a hero in history, and that part of history which will read like romance. His career in the army was filled with exploit, his last crowning all. In the fall of 1862 he led a daring expedition into Fredericksburg, routing three hundred rebel cavalry with but one-fourth their number, and this act Gen. Sigel pronounced one of the most brilliant of the war. Under Hooker his raids, and dangerous but always successful missions, were many. On Lee's second invasion of Maryland he took but ten men, and destroyed the enemy's pontoon's at Williamsport, and at a later day, with but one hundred, he went round the rebel lines, captured the famous order from Davis to Lee, destroyed 179 wagons, and when surrounded by overwhelming numbers, dispersed his men, nearly all of whom regained the Union lines. In a gallant charge at Hagerstown, on the 6th of July, he received the wound which cost him his leg, and gained him the colonelcy, which he richly deserved. Like Decatur, Dahlgren was a Pennsylvanian, and young Pennsylvania owes him a monument. The last information received by the Government shows that the body of Dahlgren was most brutally treated by the devils who shot him. His ring finger was cut off, his body entirely stripped and thrown into a swamp—outrage and ignominy the more keenly felt when we remember the military genius, unsurpassed, almost unequalled bravery, chivalrous spirit, generosity, modesty, and kindness of this young and unquestionable hero.

WANTS A CHANGE.—It affords pleasure to the Los Angeles News to learn of Gen. Wright's removal, and the probability of General McDowell occupying his place. That paper is located in the very hot-bed of secession, copperheadism and treason. It has had complaints to prefer, and grievances to complain of, such as entitle its opinions and preferences in this matter to some weight. In the full fervor of exaltation, that paper indulges the suljoined comments:

"It is most sincerely to be hoped that there is no mistake this time, as heretofore it has been announced several times that a change had taken place which has always proved unfounded. Gen. McDowell is a good officer, belongs to the regular army, and we believe he will be honest and conscientious in the discharge of his duties on this coast, correcting abuses and punishing traitors and loud-mouthed revilers of the Government with the iron hand of power. Those persons who dislike the Government, but who, living under it, have the sense and discretion to keep their sentiments to themselves, and neither by word or deed seek to disturb the quiet of California, will not have reason to fear anything from a stern and rigid general. But those who are continually giving vent to their abuse of the government, and seeking by words and acts to incite the people to hostility against it, will, we opine, find the new General a harsh master, and have cause to repent of and change their ways. Favors to enemies of the Government will not be so frequent, and officers of the department will be called to account for granting any such. In fact we imagine that there will be an entire revision of affairs, and many changes be made, should Gen. McDowell come."