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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

B. F. DOWELL, Proprietor.

SUBSCRIPTIONS—For One Year, in advance, Four Dollars; if paid within the first six months of the year, five dollars; if not paid until the expiration of the year, six dollars. **ADVERTISEMENTS**—One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year.

J. O. F.—Jacksonville Lodge No. 10, holds its regular meetings on every Saturday evening except the first Saturday of each month, and on Friday before the first Saturday in each month, at the Masonic Hall. **Brothers in good standing** are invited to attend. **ORANGE JACOBS, N. G.** **NEWMAN FISHER, R. Sec'y.** **Trustees**—J. M. Sutton, Wm. Ray and S. J. Day.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M. HOLD their regular communications the Wednesday Evenings on or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. **JOHN E. ROSS, W. M.** **C. W. SAVAGE, Sec'y.**

G. JACOBS, E. F. RUSSELL, JACOBS & RUSSELL, ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS 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.

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. H. STINSON, ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR, AT LAW, Albany, Lin. county, Oregon. Oct 22/61

J. S. HOWARD, SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER, JACKSONVILLE OREGON. Residence near the South end of Oregon street. January 2, 1864

DR. L. S. THOMPSON, OFFICE CITY DRUG STORE, RESIDENCE Opposite the County Jail, Jacksonville, Ogn. dec 24/61

W. G. T'VAULT, Attorney and Counsellor AT LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. Office at residence on California Street. All business entrusted to his care promptly attended to. Jan 1/61

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 charge will be made. Call at his new Gallery, on the hill, examine his pictures, and sit for your likeness.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK. Dr. Overbeck would announce to the citizens of Jackson county and vicinity, that he has returned to Jacksonville and resumed the practice of medicine. He will always be found at his old stand, the Overbeck Hospital, unless about professional business. He would respectfully solicit a renewal of former patronage.

OSBORN & SESSIONS, PURCHASING AND COMMISSION AGENTS, 69 Merchant St., San Francisco, Cal. Having had extensive experience in both Wholesale and Retail Trade, we feel confident that to COUNTY MERCHANTS desiring a resident agent, or to an occasional purchaser, we can offer superior inducements.

Particular attention given to collections, the purchase and sale of Legal Tender notes, Drafts, Stamps, Sewing Machines, etc., or other transactions requiring the services of experienced and reliable agents. Purchases will be made for cash only, except in cases of special agreement to the contrary.

Geo W. Osborn, Formerly with CAMPBELL, PARSON & Co. Wholesale dealers in fine clothing, San Francisco.

E. C. Sessions, Formerly with C. R. GOODWIN & Co. Wholesale Grocers, San Francisco; also, REARDEN & Wade, Jacksonville, Oregon.

REFER BY PERMISSION TO A. WOOD, best and oldest dealer, San Francisco L. B. BENCHLEY & Co., Hardware Dealers, San Francisco. G. W. BULL, Assayer, San Francisco. CLARK & FRENKIN, Wood Dealers, San Francisco. March 28, 1865.

FIRE! FIRE!! The only insurance Company that can legally do business in Oregon is the Pacific. They have complied with the laws of Oregon, by depositing \$50,000 in the State. Cash capital \$750,000. **SACHS & BRO'S Agents, Jacksonville, February 25th, 1865. Feb 25/65**

TWILIGHT IN THE NORTH.

"Until the day break, and the shadows flee away."

Oh, the long Northern twilight between the day and the night, When the heart and weariness of the world are ended quite; When the hills grow dim as dreams, and the crystal river seems Like that River of Life from out the Throne, where the blessed walk in white.

Oh, the weird Northern twilight, which is neither night nor day, When the amber wake of the long-set sun still marks his western way, And but one great golden star in the deep blue East afar Warns of sleep, and dark, and midnight—of oblivion and decay.

Oh, the calm Northern twilight, when labor is all done, And the birds in drowsy twitter have dropped silent one by one; And nothing stirs or sighs in mountains, waters, skies, Earth sleeps—but her heart waketh, till the rising of the sun.

Oh, the sweet, sweet twilight just before the time of rest, When the black clouds are driven, and the stormy winds suppressed; And the dead day smiles so bright, filling earth and heaven with light— You would think 'twas dawn come back again—but the light is in the West.

Oh, the grand solemn twilight, spreading peace from pole to pole;— Ere the rains sweep o'er the hillside, and the waters rise and roll, In the hush and the calm, come, O angel with the palm— In the still Northern twilight be the parting of the soul.

[Macmillan's Magazine.]

CHIVALRY IN PETTICOATS.

[From Sac. Union, May 18th.]

If the record of the crimes of Jeff. Davis is destined to be read by coming generations with a shudder of horror, the official story of his capture will be "argument for a week, laughter for a month, and a good jest forever." The hero of Buena Vista, the founder of a new nation, director of mighty armies, chosen chief of a master race, mirror of chivalry, bright Saladin of the South, skulking among the pines of Georgia, disguised in petticoats; flourishing a bowie-knife, yet afraid to die by his own hand or the revolver of a pursuing Yankee; surrendering on the verge of the last ditch to grace the chariot of a Yankee triumph, instead of acting upon the brave counsel he had so often given to others; and protesting, as he yielded, against the energy with which the government pursued "women and children" descending from the stilt of classic tragedy to the buskins of the broadest farce, the mock chivalry of the Confederacy seems to be doomed to not only be accused for its cruelty, but to sink beneath the ridicule of the world. The scene shifts suddenly. Instead of Brutus and Cassius, dipping their daggers in the blood of the murdered Caesar and loftily devoting them selves to liberty or death, we see the chief conspirator transformed into Falstaff striving to elude detection in women's clothes. If the sober history of the war demands the descriptive pen of a Motly and the discriminating judgment of a Bancroft, the close of the struggle presents incidents that call for a Servantes or an Orpheus C. Kerr. Jeff. Davis turns out to be more than the heavy villain of the drama; he is an imposter, a humbug, one of those historical shams which Thackeray shivered by satire and Carlyle delighted to puncture. Candidates for the penitentiary to refresh their souls with the Newgate chronicles of bold scoundrels "dying game," and who were looking hopefully to the last scene of Jeff.'s career, will turn away with profound disgust. Brave Confederates will wonder how they came to endure so long the supremacy of such a lily-livered chief. And loyal men, also, will feel like kicking the fellow for his outrage on the proprieties of the situation, after being so long regarded as a terrible foe. A few months ago it was common to refer to the President of the Confederate States as one fully cursed with the unbending pride and earnest purpose of Milton's Satan—a character to be feared, though detested, and one likely to leave among kindred spirits, by a dauntless death, the memory of a martyr. To day, his name is absurdly associated with robbing banks, Peter-Fanking his furniture at Richmond, skulking flight with a body guard of women, masquerading in female attire to be betrayed by his boots, and craven surrender at the first pointing of a pistol. It was thought to be a fearful descent when the late President of the Confederacy, with a legion of admirers in both hemispheres, was publicly proclaimed a sneaking assassin, for whose arrest the Government would pay a handsome reward. If Davis had died as Booth died—and his Bohadiah

talk and haughty pretensions had led many to suppose he would so make an end—he might have stopped at Booth's level, but now he has fallen even below that low grade of villainy into the Jimmy Twitcher rank of contempt, from which a transfer to the scaffold would be an elevation in more than on sense of the word. Hanging would add a certain dignity to such a character. Some Southern Hotspur ought to "brain him with a lady's fan."

It is a fact rather creditable to the good sense of the Georgians that they would not furnish a squad of soldiers to escort Jeff. Davis through their State. The majority of the whites of that region cannot be said to love the Union. They have fought against the Government, and clung with tenacity to the black corner-stone of the Confederacy; but they discovered the real character and designs of Davis two years ago, and have opposed him steadily and resolutely ever since. When he fled from Richmond we surmised that instead of finding material for another army in Georgia, he would meet scowling faces and minds determined to bring him to a bitter account. Defeated rebels generally turn upon their leaders and hold them responsible for disaster; but in this case, we suspect, the wrath of despair was aggravated by the discovery that the chief of chivalry was a paltry humbug, whose valor was exhausted with the vocabulary of the stump. The Georgians, apparently, did not care to conceal the fugitive and would not fire a shot in his defense. He had no more security there, in the very heart of his vaunted Confederacy, than he would have found in the center of Pennsylvania. Now had he possessed any of those manly traits which dignify adversity—had he been as ready to brave the dangers which he urged others to encounter, as the young Chevalier, for example, he would have been concealed by devoted adherents, or surrounded by men who would have died to save him from a felon's fate. The Georgians will not go into mourning for so mean an imposter.

The President of the Southern Confederacy is on his way to Washington under a strong guard. He will go via Macon, Atlanta, Chattanooga, Nashville, Louisville, Wheeling and Harper's Ferry to the scene of trial. He has been anxious to carry the war to the banks of the Ohio. He will go thither himself, passing the graves of thousands whom he sent to open the way under Bragg and Hood. When he left his seat in the Senate to become chief of the rebellion, he expected to return to Washington as the head of an accomplished revolution. He will go there now in chains, to be tried, among a horde of desperadoes, for murder. What a depth of humiliation! He has not even the consolation of knowing that he will be remembered by anybody as a martyr, for he is followed by the execration of defeated rebels and the mingled execration and contempt of all loyal men. His utter disgrace precludes his condemnation, and will embitter his last hours. Men who might have interceded for a traitor will not say a word to save an assassin. The sympathy of the brave Confederates, which might be intensely excited by a Lee, an Ewell, or a Hood, who has upheld the cause in the face of a storm of death, will be frozen as a skulking coward is dragged to his doom. Davis will live as long as he is allowed, and try every possible means to escape a felon's fate. It will not be necessary to put a cotton cap on him to prevent him from butting his brains out. If petticoats be rigorously excluded from the jail, and the guards so strengthened as to banish all possibility of eluding justice, the late exponent of sham chivalry may be served to go through the ordeal of execution with decent firmness, but we are afraid he will make as awkward an exit as the bloody, but cowardly, Robespierre did when guillotined.

RACE FOR LIFE.—One glance at a good map will show what a pretty race it was. Three days and nights, hurrying, hurrying, the two great armies, scarcely fifteen miles apart, thundered in through villages and valleys, over hills and streams, toward a common goal. That goal—the Richmond and Danville railroad—which should strike it first? Should we come upon it to find that the prey had passed; to get a view of its vanishing flank; to send after it a farewell cannon shot or two; to sit ourselves down forthwith, wiping our wet foreheads and thanking God and Grant that at least we had got Petersburg and Richmond? Or should we, could we, have the gladness of meeting the hunted thing face to face out of its den, giving it a shot between its scared eyes, worrying it, torturing it into giving up its fearful ghost at last.

The last vindictive thought inspired the men not only to endurance but to a kind of frenzy. They marched as victors should; they sang and cheered along the road like demons. Sparring the days with tramp slugs never seemed to tire, their swift tramp sounded far into the sleepless nights. Dark

divisions that sank to sleep in some forest in the evening at ten, awoke with the drum at two, to eat a meal as hasty as a bird's, and then to start, with bands playing, flags waving, and shouts that might have roused the tardy sun, upon the roads again. All the hardships and inconveniences of other marches were turned into joys in these. Wading rivers was turned into a glorious diversion. The soldiers went into the water up to their waists, joking, laughing, and emerged shaking themselves and rolling upon the banks like a happy drove of Newfoundlanders. Villagers, astonished and curious, asked what "you all" were going so fast for?

"We're the devil after Lee!" cried a soldier.

"O, we're after Lee, Infanterie and cavalerie, and we're bound to smash him up before morning."

After Lee! after Lee! General Grant, General Meade, General everybody who appeared in sight of the tugging columns, received an ovation.

"Hard work, General; but if you want us to go, we will go," shouted a red faced soldier to General Grant as he was riding by one afternoon near sunset.

"Keep going for a while yet, then, boys," said the General.

"We will! we will! if you'll promise us a sight of Lee," and the air rung with cheers.

REGULATION UNIFORM.—The intelligence was received yesterday afternoon, by telegraph from the East, that Jeff. Davis had been captured in Georgia, disguised in women's clothing. Those who raised the effigy of Jeff. at the foot of K. street several days ago, and had kept it suspended to the flagstaff of the Pacific Railroad Depot, concluded at once that hoops and petticoats and bonnets must constitute the latest style of regulation uniform of the Commander in Chief of the Confederate army. They therefore, as soon as practicable, lowered the effigy, adorned it with a military uniform of the style indicated, and raised it again to its former position. Jeff. in his new character, attracted a great deal of attention during the afternoon. If there are any among us who design to demonstrate to the world at any future time that they are members of the superior race and were born to rule, or that the "old concern" is used up, or that they can capture Washington in thirty days and occupy Philadelphia by the 4th of July, we advise them, before doing all this, to take a look on Front and K streets at the man who has already "gone and done it"—President Davis of the Southern Confederacy. We expect to present but one petition to Andy Johnson during his Presidential term, and that is herewith annexed, viz: that he hang Jeff Davis to the bona fide limb of a Northern apple tree, and in the identical uniform in which he was taken prisoner.—*Sac. Union May 18th.*

GENERAL GRANT'S GRIT.—The following analysis of the grit possessed by General Grant, communicated to the *Athletic Monthly* by E. P. Whipple, will be read with special interest in the time of the highest triumph of the gritty General:

A peculiar kind of grit, not falling under any of the special expressions I have noted, yet partaking in some degree of all, is illustrated in the character of Lieutenant General Grant. Without an atom of pretension or rhetoric, with none of the external signs of energy and intrepidity, making no parade of the immovable purpose, iron nerve, and silent, penetrating intelligence God has put into him, his tranquil greatness is hidden from superficial scrutiny behind a cigar, as President Lincoln's is behind a joke. When anybody tries to coax, cajole, overawe, brow-beat or deceive Lincoln, the President crosses his leg and is reminded of a story; when anybody tries the same game with Grant, the General listens and smokes. If you try to wheedle out of him his plans for a campaign, he stolidly smokes; if you call him an imbecile and blunderer, he blandly lights an other cigar; if you praise him as the greatest General living he placidly returns the puff from his regalia; and if you tell him he should run for the Presidency, he does not disturb the equanimity with which he inhales and exhales the unessential vapor which typifies the politician's promises. While you are wondering what kind of a man this creature without a tongue is, you are suddenly electrified with the news of some splendid victory, proving that behind the cigar and behind the face discharged of all tell tale expression, is the best brain to plan and the strongest heart to dare among the Generals of the republic.

"How many kinds of axes are there?" inquired a schoolmaster of one of his pupils.

"The broad ax, narrow ax, iron ax, steel ax, ax of the apost ax, and ax my father!" replied the boy with rapidity.

BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH.

New York 16th.—The Commercial's special dispatch says: The evidence of the guilt of the prisoners, at the conspiracy trial, appears so conclusive as to completely check the current of sympathy in their favor, produced by the character of the secret trial. It is said the prisoners are warned by the counsel to abandon all hope. Reverdy Johnson takes but little part in the trial. He is preparing an elaborate argument challenging the jurisdiction of the Court.

New York 17th.—The Military commission for the trial of the conspirators visited Ford's Theatre yesterday. It was found the assassin ran, after falling on the stage, to get out of the building, a distance of ninety feet. The passage was six feet wide, entirely unobstructed, and is on a level with the ground in the rear of the building, so that the assassin had no steps to ascend or descend. There is a narrow hall leading from the stage on the south side of the theatre, on Tenth street on which the building fronts. It was at the front door of this hall where Booth, Spangler and another man whose name is not yet in evidence, were engaged in the mysterious whispering and maneuvering which attracted the attention of Sergeant Joseph M. Dye, as detailed by him in his testimony yesterday. Everything in the building is just as it was at the time of the assassination, except that the chair in which Lincoln sat has been taken away, and a blue flag which hung in front of the box, and in which Booth's spur caught, has been removed.

Washington 12th.—John S. Blatchford, of Boston, is appointed general Secretary of the United States Sanitary Commission, vice Jenkins, resigned.

New York 17th.—The testimony taken in the conspiracy case last Friday, the 12th, and now made public shows that the conspiracy dates back to the Summer of 1863, and that Booth was then engaged in it. The conspiracy contemplated the capture of Lincoln, his murder, the burning of Northern cities, creating dissatisfaction among the Northern people, and bringing about a revolution in favor of the Confederacy. Booth was the leading spirit in the matter, visiting various parts of the country, holding secret consultations in Canada with George N. Sanders, C. C. Clay, Holcomb, Thompson and others. Booth was furnished with money from Richmond, and was agent to hire others.

The testimony before the Military Commission to-day shows the whole plan for the capture of Booth—making it appear that we have the best detective system in the world. A letter from Jeff. Davis, found on Booth's body, amply justifies the charge of conspiracy against him.

The Herald's Richmond correspondent says the news of the capture of Jeff. Davis was received there by old residents and rebel sympathizers with the greatest astonishment and the deepest sense of the humiliation of their traitorous cause.

A YANKEE TRICK.

Assistant Secretary of War Dana telegraphs that previously to the evacuation of Richmond, Davis had sold his furniture at auction and was ready to leave. In all the histories of sieges and retreats there is recorded no similar instance of cool-headed thrift. The world will smile at this complete exhibition of prudence, amid all the horrors of the closing scenes of the American rebellion. The spectacle of the "good President of the late Confederacy," whose ambition has cost the lives of a million of his countrymen, plucked a whole nation in wool and disturbed the equanimity of the world—the spectacle of this iron-willed man peddling at auction his household furniture preparatory to flight from his capital, is unmatched as an illustration of the slight interval between the sublime and the ridiculous. Davis has heaped a great deal of coarse invective on the "trading Yankee," and loved to declare in his speeches that he would sooner mate with the hyena; but that auction of his chairs, tables, carpets and kitchen utensils, while Lee's army was fighting and dying about Petersburg, and Richmond was in a panic of fright, was worthy of any "down Easter" who ever swapped jack-knives on the brink of death, or drove a sharp bargain with the surgeon for the price of his own body. It was a genuine Yankee trick, and proves that Jeff. after all, is a chip of the old block, and not above turning an honest penny whenever there is a chance. It is supposed that when the worst came to the worst he would hang out the black flag and end his criminal usurpation with a tragedy.

Leaving a name at which the world grows pale.

To point a moral or adorn a tale. But as Grant's victorious legions pressed closer around Petersburg, and the thunder of his guns sounded painfully near, he hung out the red flag instead, sold his furniture at auction, and skiddled like any other vulgar hero of burglary. General Win's now occupies his house, but probably found it bare enough. *Sac. Union May 20th.*

HISTORICAL.

Few readers can be aware until they have had occasion to test the fact, how much labor is often saved by such a table as the following—the work of one cow in the grave. If "history is poetry," as one who is a true poet forcibly remarks, then here is poetry personified:

- 1607 Virginia first settled by the English.
- 1614 New York first settled by the Dutch.
- 1620 Massachusetts settled by Puritans.
- 1624 New Jersey settled by the Dutch.
- 1627 Delaware settled by Swedes and Poles.
- 1635 Maryland settled by Irish Catholics.
- 1636 R. Island settled by Roger Williams.
- 1650 North Carolina settled by English.
- 1670 South Carolina settled by Huguenots.
- 1682 Pennsylvania settled by Wm. Penn.
- 1783 Georgia settled by Gen. Oglethorpe.
- 1792 Vermont admitted into the Union.
- 1796 Kentucky admitted into the Union.
- 1796 Tennessee admitted into the Union.
- 1805 Ohio admitted into the Union.
- 1811 Louisiana admitted into the Union.
- 1826 Indiana admitted into the Union.
- 1817 Mississippi admitted into the Union.
- 1818 Illinois admitted into the Union.
- 1819 Alabama admitted into the Union.
- 1820 Maine admitted into the Union.
- 1821 Missouri admitted into the Union.
- 1836 Michigan admitted into the Union.
- 1836 Arkansas admitted into the Union.
- 1845 Florida admitted into the Union.
- 1846 Iowa admitted into the Union.
- 1848 Wisconsin admitted into the Union.
- 1850 California admitted into the Union.
- 1858 Oregon admitted into the Union.
- 1861 Kansas admitted into the Union.
- 1864 Nevada admitted into the Union.

DUTIES OF NEUTRALITY.—Is the second volume of the official digest of Secretary Seward's diplomatic correspondence, lately published, there appears under date of Nov. 10th, 1864, a letter written by Minister Adams to Lord John Russell, wherein it was urged upon her Majesty's Government to use proper endeavors to prevent the equipment of any naval force in a British port to make war on the United States. In the course of his reply, the British Secretary made the following statement:

"I cannot refrain from observing that Her Majesty's Government has been far more successful in preventing breaches of neutrality with regard to the fitting out of cruisers to take part in the civil war in North America than the Government of the United States was in preventing the fitting out of ships of war to aid the South American Republics in their revolt against Spain, which, however, then stood in the position of a central authority resisting insurrection."

Mr. Adams thereupon gave another coloring to the whole matter by stating the facts in the cases cited. It will be seen that this rejoinder embodies a very pointed hint that the British Government is expected to reimburse our own for the losses we have suffered by the connivance of the former with the rebellion:

"Were it expedient at this late date to enter upon an examination of the relative merits of the two governments in the two very widely different stages of their condition, in acquitting themselves of their obligations of neutrality under circumstances of difficulty, I am not aware that any result which would be arrived at would have an effect in materially varying the views that should be taken of the shortcomings of either. Very fortunately I am saved the necessity of further discussion of it by pointing out to your Lordship a circumstance which seems to have entirely escaped your attention. Whatever may have been the deficiencies of the United States in the instances alluded to, compensation therefor has been made to Spain, and her full and free release has been given under the sanction of her hand to a solemn treaty. Whatever her Majesty's Government shall acknowledge itself prepared to perfect the parallel, the example may be cited against the United States, but not till then."—*Daily Oregonian, May 20th.*

ROBERT E. LEE.—The Chicago Tribune has the following discriminating notice of this over-estimated rebel officer and graceless traitor:

Lee is an average Virginian slaveholder in moral character—nothing more. Before the war his chivalry only became known from the circumstance which went the round of the press that on one occasion when his overseer at Arlington refused to obey his order to administer the lash to a young slave woman who had attempted to escape, Lee himself seized the emblem of slavery and performed the ignoble task. During this war he has not performed a single chivalrous act to our knowledge. What Unionist in rebel hands has he befriended? But on the contrary, have they not starved under his eyes, and rotted by disease under a word from him would have given them human prisons and life-sustaining food? He is one of the gutter-pest of all the rebel breeds, and could we do it lawfully, without a breach of our own national honor, we would hang him with patriotic pleasure. As it is, he is safe. The Turks have executed their prisoners of war—Moors have enslaved them. Any demand for similar treatment of Lee by us has resulted from want of reflection upon the obligations we incur by the terms of surrender.