

# The Oregon Sentinel.

\$4 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, JUNE 3, 1865.

VOL. X.—NO. 20

## THE OREGON SENTINEL.

ISSUED EVERY SATURDAY MORNING.

**B. F. DOWELL, Proprietor.**

Subscription—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. Legal Tenders received at current rates.

## L. 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.** **NATHAN FISHER, R. Sec'y.** Trustees.—J. M. Sutton, Wm. Ray and S. J. Day.

## WATSON LODGE No. 19, 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.**

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**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 Service promptly collected. Oct. 18.

## J. H. STINSON,

**ATTORNEY & COUNSELLOR,**

**AT LAW,**

Albany, Linn county, Oregon. Oct 22/11

## J. S. HOWARD,

**SURVEYOR & CIVIL ENGINEER,**

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Residence near the South end of Oregon street. January 1, 1864.

Office at his residence on Oregon street

## DR. L. S. THOMPSON

OFFICE

**CITY DRUG STORE,**

RESIDENCE

Opposite the County Jail.

Jacksonville, Ogn. Dec 24/11

## 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 14/11

## PETER BRITT,

**PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST**

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If Pictures do not give satisfaction, no charges 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 absent upon professional business. He would respectfully solicit a renewal of former patronage.

## OSBORN & SESSIONS,

**PURCHASING AND COMMISSION AGENTS,**

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Having had extensive experience in both Wholesale and retail trade, we feel confident that to COUNTRY 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.

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Formerly with CASFIELD, PIERSON & Co. Wholesale dealers in fine clothing, San Francisco.

## E. C. Sessions,

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

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L. H. BENCHLEY & Co., Hardware Dealers, San Francisco.

G. W. BELL, Assayer, San Francisco.

CLARK & FRANKING, Wool Dealers, San Francisco. March 26, 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 25/11

## HOW MR. KEITH MANAGED.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

"Man's work is from sun to sun, but woman's work is never done"—quoted Mrs. Keith.

She had just finished her work for the evening—everything was tidied, and she was about taking her sewing, when Mr. Keith upset a vinegar bottle and a bowl of gravy in the kitchen cupboard, rummaging after a knife that was in his pocket all the time.

Mrs. Keith relinquished her idea of a little season of quiet, and went out to set matters in order again. Mr. Keith followed to oversee her—a habit some men have. "I wish you would try and be a little more careful, Henry. You do not realize how many things I have to see to."

"Humph!" said Mr. Keith, sitting down in a basket of freshly ironed clothes—"I never would complain of such a trifle. If I didn't know, I should think all women were in slavery."

"And you would be correct, Henry, you have not the faintest idea—"

"Nonsense, Mary! why, I could do all your work and three times as much more, and get all through by ten o'clock!"

"Could you, indeed?"

"To be sure, if you could only give me the chance of it."

"You shall have it," said Mrs. Keith quietly. "I have long wanted to visit my Aunt Susan. I shall do so now and you may keep house. I shall have to cook up something—"

"As if I couldn't cook! You shall do nothing of the kind, Mary. I shall live like a prince, and you shall see how nice I keep everything. You will hardly know the house when you return."

"I darsay," remarked Mrs. Keith; "but when can I go?"

"To-morrow, if you like."

"And you are sure you can manage?"

"Sure!" what a look he gave her; "you shall see."

Mrs. Keith laughed a little to herself, when her husband left her at the depot, and turned his steps homeward to clear up the breakfast things, and prepare dinner. She only wished she could be there, invisible, and see him manage.

"Let me see," soliloquized Keith, on entering the kitchen, "I'll wash the dishes first, and I'll put on one of Mary's dresses to keep me clean."

He fastened it around his waist with a pin, rolled up his sleeves and looked about him. The fire was out, but after much trouble he succeeded in relighting it, and then began upon the dishes.

He took them to the sink, plugged up the spout and put them to soak in a pail of cold water.

"How do the women manage with those infernal long dresses? I shall break my neck yet."

The fire made up again. Mr. Keith bent thought him of dinner. He looked at the time piece, it was one o'clock. Almost time for callers. What should he have for dinner? He had heard his wife say that a rice pudding was easily made—he would have a rice pudding, and boiled potatoes, and a fried steak.

He filled a basin with rice, strowed in a little sugar, dropped in an egg, and set the vessel in the oven. The potatoes he washed in soap suds, that they might certainly be clean, and put them in the treacle because they would boil quicker.

The steak was frizzling in the frying pan—he proceeded to set the table when the bell rang.

He caught up the pan from the fire—to keep it from burning—and made haste to the front door. Then he remembered that it would not be just the thing to go to the door with a frying pan in his hand, so he deposited it on the parlor sofa, and answered the ring.

Mrs. Dr. Mudge was on the steps, in her best.

"Why, Mr. Keith," she exclaimed, "is there a mesquerade here to-day? What a metamorphosis!"

"Yes—I—dare say," stammered Keith, "my wife is absent, and I am playing Bridget. Walk in, do."

Mrs. Mudge sailed into the parlor, which was darkened to exclude the sun, and without looking at her seat, sank into the frying pan on the sofa.

"Jupiter!" cried Mr. Keith, "you've done it now."

Mrs. Mudge sprang up—the grease dripping from her rich silk to the carpet. Her face grew dark. She was tempted to say something cutting, but managed to control herself—bowed haughtily and swept out of the house.

Keith returned to the kitchen a little crest fallen, for Mrs. Mudge was a lady to whom he desired to appear particularly well.

There was a tremendous cracking in the oven. He thought of his pudding and looked in. The burnt rice had hopped over the oven, the basin had melted apart, and the pudding was hot. He shut the door upon the ruins in disgust, and looked after his potatoes, only to find them boiled to a perfect jelly.

And just as he made this discovery there was a sharp peal at the door bell.

"Creation! there's that abominable bell again. I wonder whose come now? I wish folks would stay at home. I'll lock all the doors and cut the bell wire after to-day."

At the door he found Mr. and Mrs. Fidget and their three children.

"My dear Mr. Keith; how do you do?" cried Mrs. Fidget. "We were in town and thought we would just step into dinner. Where is Mrs. Keith?"

"She has gone away," said Keith, ruefully, wondering what he should feed them on. "Walk in, do. I am housekeeper to-day."

"Yes, so I should judge. But of course you make a splendid one. I remember you used to be telling Mrs. Keith and myself how easy housekeeping must be. It must be more play to you. Don't put yourself out, I beg."

"Put myself out, indeed," cried Keith, retreating to the kitchen. "Good gracious, what shall I do? I would give a hundred dollars if Mary was only here! Where shall I begin?"

He drew out the table, began to set it without any cloth—then took off the plates and put on a cloth—the very one he had wiped the dishes with. This task completed, he put on some more potatoes and some more steak, burned his steak to a cinder—took off his potatoes when he did his meat, and put all on the table. There was a loaf of baker's bread in the cupboard—he paraded that, and called his guests to dinner.

A quizzical smile spread over Mrs. Fidget's face at the sight of the repast. Keith was in a cold perspiration.

"Ma," cried little Johnny Fidget, "my plate is all greasy, and so is my knife; I can't eat in dirty dishes."

"And my fork is wet all over with water dropping off from the table cloth—and my tater ain't half biled," cried little Jane Fidget.

A slight noise in the kitchen drew the attention of Mr. K. to it.

"Jupiter!" cried he, "if Mrs. O'Flaherty's dog ain't making off with my steak."

He jumped from the table and started in pursuit. The dog had the best of it. Keith's unaccustomed attire was a sad drawback, and he made but little headway.

"Kill him," he yelled to the crowd that joined in the pursuit. "I'll give fifteen dollars for his hide."

Mrs. O'Flaherty, herself, appeared on the scene of action with a skillet of hot water.

"Tech him if ye dare," cried she, "I'll break the bones of every mother's son of yers. Stand from forinst me, or ye'll rue the day."

Keith took a step forward, stepped on his skirt, and pitched head first into a wine cellar where a half dozen men were playing cards.

"The devil in petticoats!" exclaimed one of the gamblers, and the place was emptied quicker than a wink.

The police picked up Mr. Keith, considerably bruised, and carried him home. His company had taken their departure; and somebody, without fear of the law upon them, had entered and stolen a hundred dollars worth of property.

Mr. Keith sent the following note to his wife by the evening mail:

Dear Mary:—Come home. I give up beat. A woman does have a great deal to do. I confess myself incompetent to manage. Come home, and you shall have a new silk dress; and a daughter of Erin to divide your labors.

Yours desolately, H. KEITH.

**Assassination of President Lincoln.**

The Eastern exchanges are filled with accounts of the awful murder of our noble President on the 14th of April last. But one of the most graphic descriptions of the damning deed is from the pen of "J. W. S.," the editorial correspondent of the San Francisco Bulletin:

THE TRIPARTITE SLAUGHTER PEN.

The President's box at Ford's Theater is a double one, or what ordinarily constitutes two boxes, in the second tier, at the left of the stage. When occupied by the Presidential party the separating partition is removed, and the two are thus thrown into one. This box is entered from a narrow, dark hall way, which in turn is separated from the dress circle by a small door.

An examination of the premises disclose the fact that the assassin had fully and deliberately prepared and arranged them for his diabolical purpose previous to the assembling of the audience. A piece of board one inch thick, six inches wide, and about three feet in length served for a bar, one end being placed in an indentation excavated in the wall for the purpose about four feet from the floor, and the other against the door panel a few inches higher than the end in the wall, so that it would be impossible to jar it out of place by knocking on the door on the outside. The demon having thus guarded against intrusion by any of the audience, next proceeded to prepare a means of observing the position of the parties inside the box. With a gimlet or small bit he bored a hole in the door panel, which he afterwards reamed out with his knife so as to leave it little larger than a buck-shot on the inside, while it was sufficiently large on the outside in the dark entry for him to place his eye against it with convenience, and see positions occupied by the President and his friends.

Both box doors were perforated in like manner. But there were spring locks on both of these doors, and it was barely possible that they might be fastened. To provide against such an emergency the screws which fasten the bolt hasps to the wood had been partially withdrawn, and left so that while they would hold the hasps to the wood they would afford little or no resistance to a firm pressure upon the door from the outside.

DELIBERATION OF THE CRIME.

Having thus provided for a sure and easy entrance in the box, the next business, says the Herald's correspondent, who gives these specific facts, was to insure a clear and unobstructed passage to the locality of the victim by such an arrangement of the chairs and sofas as would place the other occupants at considerable distance from him. The rocker or easy chair occupied by Mr. Lincoln was found in the front corner of the box farthest from the stage. Another, for Mrs. Lincoln, a little more remote from the front, while the other chairs and sofas were placed on the side nearest the stage, leaving the center of the spacious box clear for the bloody operations of the actor. The preparations were neither conceived by a maddened brain, designed by a fool, nor executed by a drunkard. They bear most unmistakable evidence of genius, industry and perseverance in the perfect accomplishment of a deliberate murder.

ARRIVAL OF THE VICTIM.

At a few minutes past eight in the evening the President and Mrs. Lincoln called at the residence of Senator Harris, corner of Fifteenth and H streets, where they took Miss Clara Harris and Major Henry R. Rathburn, United States Army, into their carriage, and proceeded to the theater. Shortly after they entered the fatal box the President seated himself in the chair designed for him by the assassin. Mrs. Lincoln took one near him, Miss Harris the one at the opposite corner, fronting the audience, and Major Rathburn seated himself upon the sofa, a few feet behind Miss Harris. There were no other persons in the box, and no one entered or left it until about the time of the assassination.

Charles Forbes, the personal attendant of the President, had been told by Mrs. Lincoln to remain near the box as he might be wanted. The President seemed well, though somewhat sad, and spoke very little. He arose during the performance, went to the door of the box, put on his overcoat, and then turned to his chair and sat down.

THE MURDER DONE.

The dreadful tragedy was enacted while the third act of the play (Our American Cousin) was in progress. Booth was observed working his way through the crowd of persons toward the box occupied by the Presidential party, but of course no suspicion was excited by the circumstances. When he reached the sentry at the door of the box; he was of course refused admittance; but in a whisper he announced himself as a Senator, and said the President had sent for him. He was then allowed to pass in, when Major Rathburn confronted him in a low tone of voice with, "You mistake, sir; this is the President's box."

Booth graciously begged pardon, turned to go, and struck at Major Rathburn with a knife, inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. He stepped out off the box, passed on to the second door, which was closed, fired through it, stepped back again in the box at the first door, and in an instant had sprung out upon the stage with the cry of "See temper tyrannus!" The whole affair was the work of thirty seconds. Major Rathburn made no outcry at first, because he did not wish to create alarm. All in the box, as well as the sentry outside, heard the pistol shot, but at first supposed it fired in the course of the play. Mr. Lincoln made no outcry when hit, and Mrs. Lincoln only discovered it when she turned to him, after Booth rushed past her and jumped upon the stage.

The Major then cried out, "stop that man," and supposing it impossible for him to escape through the crowd below, rushed back to the President, and to the aid of Mrs. Lincoln, who for the first time realizing what had occurred, was shrieking for help. The President had not changed his position, except that his eyes were closed and his head slightly bent forward. Major Rathburn saw at a glance that he was mortally wounded. He went to the door of the box for the purpose of procuring medical aid, and to his astonishment found the outer door at the end of the dark hall from which the boxes are entered, firmly barred on the inside with a piece of wood wedged across about four feet from the floor, so that those outside who were knocking for admission could not get in. Tearing away the fastening and passing in one or two persons who represented themselves as surgeons, he requested Captain Crawford to prevent all other persons from entering the box, and begged the audience to disperse.

When the surgeons had concluded their examination it was decided to move the body from the theater, and accordingly the whole party, including Major Rathburn, who had charge of Mrs. Lincoln, proceeded to a house opposite. It was now found that the Major was seriously wounded, and becoming quite faint from loss of blood. He was sent home by his surgeon.

A POST MORTEM EXAMINATION.

After Mr. Lincoln's death, a post mortem examination was held by Surgeon General Barnes, Dr. Stone, the late President's family physician, Drs. Crane, Curtis Woodward, Toft and other eminent men. The external appearance of the face was that of a deep black stain about both eyes. Otherwise the face was very natural. The wound was on the left side of the head, behind, on a line with and three inches from the left ear. The course of the ball was obliquely forward, toward the right eye, crossing the brain obliquely a few inches behind the eye, where the ball lodged. In the track of the wound were found fragments of bone which had been driven forward by the ball. The ball was found imbedded in the anterior lobe of the right hemisphere of the brain. The orbit sinuses of both eyes were filled with extravasated blood. The serious injury to the right orbit plates was due to the center coup, the result of the intense shock of so large a projectile fired so closely to the head. The ball was evidently a Derringer, hand cast, and from which the neck had been clipped. A shaving of lead had been removed from the ball in its passage through the bones of the skull, and was found in the orifice of the wound. The first fragment of bone was found two and a half inches within the brain; the second and a large fragment about four inches from the orifice. The ball lay still further in advance. The wound was half an inch in diameter.

LADIES IN RICHMOND.—A correspondent says:

Passing along the streets, I noticed scores of pretty faces at the windows, not too sedulously hid among the curtains; and in the western part of the city there is apparently the usual appearance of ladies in the streets.

I found myself at first curiously watching the style of these ladies' dresses. It may interest ladies to know—as another triumph of their sex—that the fashions were not blocked. I did not see the little three cornered cockle-shell abomination of a spring bonnet, which New York has decreed; but there were plenty of last winter's jaunty little plumed hats, with the short, coquettish veil. Kid gloves were by no means rare; dainty gaiter boots abounded; and wretch that I am, I was guilty of seeing above them white hose surrounding more than one pretty ankle. But these were the wealthy.

On the other hand, some of the poorer women wore dresses that certainly came out of the Ark. I saw more tawdry calico than hair bon's walk than one could see all day on Broadway. Poor creatures who were evidently trying to be respectable, wore out, this warm, sunny afternoon, sweating in furs. Everything else about them was cheap and shabby; but the furs served to show that at least they had seen better days.

But the sad feature of what lay patent to every one's observation on the street was that nearly every woman one met was clad in mourning. I called on a number of ladies whom I knew, through the day and evening. Every one of them was in black. Certainly four fifths of all the wealthy ladies in Richmond—ladies one is accustomed to speak of being "in society"—are in mourning, if what is to be seen on the streets may be taken as an indication.

MISSOURI'S NEW BILL OF RIGHTS.—The new constitution of the great State of Missouri opens thus grandly with its Bill of rights. Surely God himself has been marching the clouds, to summon such declarations from the agate heart of slavery. Hear ye! saith Missouri, laying down her slave whip and oversetting her auction block:

1. That we hold it to be self evident that all men are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights, among which are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.

2. That there cannot be in this State either slavery or involuntary servitude, except in punishment of crime, whereof the party shall have been duly convicted.

3. That no person can, on account of color, be disqualified as a witness, or be disabled to contract, otherwise than as others are disabled; or be prevented from acquiring, or holding, and transmitting property; or be liable to any other punishment for any offense than that imposed upon others for a like offense; or be restricted in the exercise of religious worship; or be hindered in acquiring education; or be subjected, in law, to any other restraints or disqualifications, in regard to any personal rights, than such as are laid upon others under like circumstances.—Copied from S. F. Flag.

BETTER HAVE REMAINED A FARMER.—The editor of the Springfield Republican has been up to him, on a visit, and discourses as follows:

Your correspondent would have grown stalwart and strong, with horny hands and a face as black as the ace of spades. He would have taught schools winters and farmed summers, and gone out haying fifteen days in July, and taken for pay the iron works and running gear of wagon. At two-and-twenty and thereabouts, he would have begun to pay attention to a girl with a father worth \$2,000 and a spit-curl on her forehead—a girl who always went to singing school and "set in the seats" and sung without opening her mouth—a pretty girl. Well, after seeing her home from singing school two or three years, taking her to a Fourth of July, and getting about one hundred dollars together, he would have married and settled down. Years would pass away, and that girl with the spit curl would have eleven children—just as sure as you live—seven boys and four girls. We should have had a fine bringing them up, but they would soon be able to do the milking and help their mother washday, and I, getting independent at last, and feeling a little stiff in the joints, should be elected a member of the Legislature, having been an assessor and school committee-man for years. In the evening of my days, with my pipe in my mouth, thirteen barrels of cider in my cellar, and a newspaper in my hands, I should sit and look at the markets through a pair of gold mounted spectacles, and wonder why such a strange, silly piece as this be published.

I gave her a rose and gave her a ring and asked her to marry me then; but she sent them all back, insensible thing, and said she'd no notion of m-m-n. I told her I had oceans of money and goods, and tried to frighten her with a growl, but she answered she wasn't brought up in the woods to be scared at the screech of an owl. I called her a beggar and everything bad; I slighted her features and form; till at length I succeeded in getting her mad, and she raged like a ship in the storm. And then in a moment I turned and smiled, and called her my angel and all; she fell in my arms like a wearisome child, and exclaimed, "We'll marry this Fall!"