THE OREGON SENTINEL

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

SATURDAY, Oct. 7th, 1865.

L. P. Fisher, J. J. Knowlton & Co., and W. H. Tuby, advertising agents for San Francisco, Cal.

E. K. Phipps, advertising agent for Sacramento, Cal.

List of Agents for the Oregon Sentinel.

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Binger Herman, ex Corporation, general Agent for the Douglas County.

A POLITICAL PILL.

It is quite diverting to notice how some of these Oregon Democrats relish at the size and shape of the pellets that issued by Marsh, the Chairman of the National Democratic Central Committee to be sub jugated force, recommending them to support President Johnson. It is very amusing to see how perplexing some of the "Hardshells" find it to swallow the dose, the force, "gruel" and unguent Copperhead party O'Mahoney, with sonorous voice, learns and bluey utterly about the recommendation of the Copperhead master, giving unmistakable evidence of a design to be governed by one of the most prominent principles of latter day Democracy, viz: Rebellion, vituperation and treason. Now, gentlemen, remember that when your Master, James Buchanan, issued his encyclical dogma that there was no power given in the Constitution to coerce a sovereign State, seven States declared themselves free and independent sovereign States. To this, you all said "no more in war." In this doctrine treason succeeded sufficiently so that it went down without causing in the aid of a multiplex emetic.

This last dose, recommending you to support a man whom your party abuse so much to wilify and slander by calling him a dog and a murderer, appears not to meet with the entire approbation of the unterrified fire eaters of Oregon. Remember, gentlemen, this is the result of your own treason. You have and grossly slandered the Government that protected you. The President (not Buchanan) whom you hate bore the reputation of treason; you have tried to destroy the credit of the nation, discouraged enlistments, countenanced desertion, and secretly plotted resistance to the legal authorities in the councils of the Knights of the Golden Circle. You demanded a cessation of hostilities and an armistice to negotiate an honorable peace with rebels in arms.

Your own historian, Pollard, has more fully exposed your treason than any Northern historian could. He says: "No doubt can rest in history that at the time of the Chicago Convention the Democratic party in the North had prepared a programme of operation, *the final and culminating movement of which was the authoritative acknowledgment of the independence of the Confederate States.*"

You have done more; you have pronounced the war a failure, demanded peace on any terms, sent word to rebels whose hands were red with the blood of your countrymen, stigmatized our army as a set of thieves and murderers commissioned by the hand of the nation. Your fatal policy has devastated the finest portion of our land, made thousands of widows, orphans and maimed, whose indignation will follow you to the end of time.

This is but a very imperfect indictment which may be prefered against this Democratic party, and the impartial historian will hold it responsible for all enumerated above and more. Then is it not time for such a mass of political corruption and undisguised treason to be dishonored never to polute our country again.

But what are you going to do in the premises, say your former course was wrong, and swallow Andy Johnson, his military trials, all proclamations, etc., hair and all? or are you going "out to stand" against the wisdom and expediency of your leader, Chas. Mason. Should you see fit to support our President we will be greatly pleased, but first go wash the blood of your murdered countrymen from your wreaking hands, and swear upon the altar of your country never to be a traitor again.

From the Missouri to the Pacific.

[Correspondence of the New York Tribune.]

Crossing a little stream of the Siskiyou Mountains, three hundred miles north of Sacramento, we were in Oregon. From the summit we saw Pilot Mountain, named by an enormous granite bowlder, apparently a mile in diameter. Descending, we found a changed vegetation, new wild flowers and abundance of oak, maple and mountain laurel. The latter is an evergreen of current beauty, sometimes seventy feet high, with vivid shining leaves, and bark which deadens and drops off yearly, leaving smooth stem and branches of delicate pink and

We enter valleys of half, thrifty and golden wheat; we spin from hillside with meadow and verandahs shaded with locusts and willows, and flanked by immense barns; of young orchards heavy with varying Spitzy and plum, apple and peaches; of clear rills which pour down the hillsides to the farmer's doors; of the diverge effect houses where young Americas of fifteen lisle and lopsuk Gertie present a bewilderingly wings.

At one dwelling, an infant grizzly bear aged ten weeks and weighing 120 pounds is tied to a stake. Checking his wild cart-whip when the puppy, the owner frolics fearlessly with young Bruin. While Lola Montez resided in California she also kept a grizzly as a household pet. At Jacksonville, Jackson county, we hear that a fortunate miner has taken out $75k within the last twenty-four hours. The place deserves of this county yield $1000 monthly. At Rock Point we cross Illinois river upon an excellent wooden bridge. A rival bridge owner, from whom we made the experience low, and for a time took all the travel. But this enterprise Smith bought the land on Evans' side six miles to the eastward, and running parallel with the river, so narrow that the point I found so far left and then bridged the creek, charging for there for both streams. Discomfited by this strategy manoeuvre the rival bridge then tumbled into ruin.

Local Rangers and traitors abound. We rode all day upon an old Military road constructed by Captain Joe Hooker, Captain in the army. Cross Jacksonville creek, where during the Indian war of 1856, Joe Lane was pursued in a race for life, by a savage, when his men sang out, "Jump off, Joe!" he jumped and escaped. Pass Wildcat camp, where Captain Smith, the Indian chief, was hung, it seemed the good old rule an Indian was about to be hanged, and pardon the victim for an hour. Pass Leland Post Office, Josephine county, and Grave creek, at commemorate Josephine Leland, whose body the Indians disinterred and mutilated. Some of the savages who did it were afterwards killed and buried near the outraged grave.

At our dining station find the *Tribune, Independent* and *Atlantic Monthly* upon the parlor table of our host, and of course intelligent society in the household. A midnight pass the farm of ex Senator J. Lane, whose disloyalty has much damned the doubter of positions. In Douglas county, we invited guests we combinations with Judge Appleyate, an old and interesting pioneer, who came here in 1843, and was most influential in shaping the personal character of Oregon. He asserts that the *Tribune*, which before the Overland telegraph, circulated here more widely than any other journal home, or distant, saved the State to freedom and to loyalty. Upon his farm, and the adjacent farm of his children, embracing 3000 acres. Applegate subsists 1000 cattle and 1 thousand sheep. He has sold $6000 worth of Butter in a single year. His cellar contains 120 tons of hay, already kept three years for his sheep through Winters so mild as not to require it.

From the summit of the Calapooya mountains we look down upon Eugene City and the Great Willamette Valley—the wide expanse of meadow and grain fields dotted with groves of thriving oaks, pleasant homes embowered and shaded, its shining river darkly fringed with alder plots. This valley fifty miles by one hundred, is the garden of Oregon, containing one half of its entire population, which numbers about one hundred thousand souls. It impresses me as the finest farming region I ever saw, excepting possibly, the country of the Choctaw Nation, in the Indian Territory south of Kansas. We reach Salem, the pleasant Capital of the State, pass down the Willamette in a little steamer; at Oregon City debark to ride a mile in a mule car upon a wooden railway past the ragged, picturesque falls which, with their eternal cloud of mist, wind across the broad river; take another steamer and so reach this young metropolis. From Sacramento to Portland, six hundred and forty-two miles, $20, exclusive of meals; six days and three nights.

A. D. R.

Quartz Mill.—Col. Drew and others are fitting up the quartz mill on Jackson creek, for the purpose of testing the quartz ledges in this county. The Colonel has sent to San Francisco for improved machinery, and the prospect is that the thorough test these gentlemen will be enabled to give the various quartz lodes in this county, will develop many ledges that will be of vast importance, and add greatly to the wealth of the country. The Company have also commenced prospecting for the lead from which the silver specimens, spoken of in another column, came. It can only be the sincere wish of all that all the ledges prospected may prove rich.

BY OVERLAND TELEGRAPH

New York, September 25th.—The *Herald's* Washington dispatch says: The Attorney General has decided not to consider amnesty for parties in Texas, Florida, Mississippi, who have fled from the territorial limits of the United States, with property, and free returns and which Government is prepared to declare in favor of the Government. The practical working of the rule will probably be to restore citizens of every grade and rebel and rule.

New York, September 24th.—The *Times* London correspondent discussing Mexico says: There is no doubt that it is found in the Empire opinion. A majority of three hundred to one against Maximilian. Juarez is spoken of as the man for the occasion. They are hoping by being better placed than the Mexicans, and by being better armed than the Mexicans, and by being better armed than the Mexicans, and by being better arm