

JAS. D. MIX S. B. FARGO.  
**MIX & FARGO,**  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS  
AT LAW.  
WALLA WALLA, WASHINGTON TERRITORY.  
OFFICE over Bank Exchange, Main Street, will practice in all the Courts of the First Judicial District, also the Supreme Court. Collections promptly attended to. All business entrusted to our care will receive prompt attention. J. D. M.  
GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and buy your blue stone.

**OSBORN & SESSIONS,**  
PURCHASING AND COMMISSION AGENTS,  
615 Merchant St. San Francisco, Cal.  
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.  
Purchases will be made for cash only, except in cases of special agreement to the contrary.  
**Geo W. Osborn,**  
Formerly with CASTLEFIELD, PIERSON & Co., Wholesale dealers in fine clothing, San Francisco.  
**E. C. Sessions,**  
Formerly with C. R. GOODWIN & Co., Wholesale Grocers, San Francisco; also, Broadway & Wade, Jacksonville, Oregon.

REFER BY PERMISSION TO  
A. MOORE, book and shoe dealer, San Francisco;  
L. H. BENCHLEY & Co., Hardware Dealers, San Francisco;  
G. W. BELL, Auctioneer, San Francisco;  
CLARK & PERKINS, Wood Dealers, San Francisco, North St. 1850.

**NOTICE.**  
L. BLUMENTHAL  
Has this day withdrawn from the firm of Abraham & Co., of Roseburg and Oakland, Douglas county, Oregon, by the mutual consent of all the partners, Abraham & Co. assume all liabilities of said firm, and are authorized to collect and receipt for all outstanding demands due the firm.  
SOI. ABRAHAM,  
L. BLUMENTHAL,  
Roseburg Oregon,  
March 14, 1866. mar24w2

**MAGIC OIL!**  
SAVAGE & SUTTON  
Having purchased the right to prepare Murray's Magic Oil, would cordially invite everybody to go to the City Drug Store at once and procure a bottle.  
It cures Neuralgia, Rheumatism, Toothache, Burns and Scalds, Earache, Cramp-colic, Flux, Dipteria, Sprains and Bruises, and is ready relief to Corns.  
In future, no well regulated family will be without a bottle of it in the house.  
Dealers will be furnished on liberal terms. Send in for a Dozen bottles and try it.  
Jacksonville, March 7th, 1866. mar10f

**YREKA FOUNDRY**  
—AND—  
**MACHINE SHOP.**  
CASTINGS of all kinds executed at the shortest notice. Wrought or Cast Iron work manufactured from the best material. All kinds of Brass Work, Gaskets and Babbit's metals for sale. Cash paid for Old Iron.

**SUMMONS.**  
IN THE COUNTY  
Court, for Douglas County, Oregon.

S. Abraham and Hyman Abraham, }  
complainants, }  
vs. }  
I. G. Thompson, }  
Defendant. }

TO I. G. THOMPSON, Defendant:  
You are required to appear in said Court and answer the complaint of the above named plaintiffs, filed against you, within ten days from the time of service of this summons on you, if served within said Douglas county, or if served on you within any other county in this State, then within twenty days from the time of the service thereof, or if served on you out of the State of Oregon, then it is ordered by the Judge of the above named court, that publication of this summons be made for six weeks, prior to the 1st Monday of May, A. D. 1866, in the "Oregon Sentinel," a newspaper of general circulation, published at Jacksonville, Oregon—there being no newspaper published in this county; and you are hereby notified that if you fail to answer said complaint as herein required, the plaintiffs will take judgment against you for the sum of two hundred and seventy and seventy-eight one-hundredths (\$270 78) dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the 27th day of May, 1865, and costs and disbursements of this action to be taxed.  
F. CHADWICK, Atty. Plebr.  
Roseburg, Douglas Co., Ore., }  
March 19, 1866. } mar24w2

**SUMMONS.**  
P. W. Stow, Plaintiff, vs. }  
Thomas Pyle, Walter }  
R. Davis, William K. }  
Jah, and Sylvester M. }  
Waltie, Defendants, }  
County of Jackson.

TO THE ABOVE NAMED DEFENDANTS:  
You are required to appear in said Court and answer the complaint of said Plaintiff, filed against you, within ten days from the time of the service of this summons on you, if served within said county, or if served on you within any other county in this State, then within twenty days from the time of the service, or if served on you out of the State of Oregon, then it is ordered by the said Court that publication be made for eight weeks in the "Oregon Sentinel," prior to the 2d Monday in June, 1866; and you are notified that if you fail to answer said complaint as above required, the plaintiff will take judgment against you for the sum of Five hundred and sixty-five (\$565) dollars, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum, from the 15th day of July, A. D. 1864 and the costs and disbursements of this action to be taxed.  
Given under my hand this 9th day of March, A. D. 1866.  
B. F. DOWELL, Atty for PFF.  
mar17

# THE OREGON SENTINEL.

VOL. XI. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, APRIL 21, 1866. NO. 14

**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.  
Express Tenders received at current rates.

**While the Days are Going by.**  
There are lonely hearts to cherish  
While the days are going by;  
There are weary souls who perish  
While the days are going by;  
If a smile we can renew,  
Let our journey be pursued,  
Oh! the good we all may do,  
While the days are going by!

**The first Baby.**  
By the Rev. —, J. W. C. to C. E. G., only daughter, etc. "No cards."  
We didn't say no baby! I have one of these interesting animals at my house. It came when it rained like the devil, dark as pitch, and my umbrella at the store; no ears running. The doctor lived five miles west, and when I come home to the bosom of my family the condensed milkman was at the next door. It's a funny little chap, that baby. Solferino color, and the length of a Bologna sausage. Cross? I guess not. Um, um! It commenced chasing me down the pathway of life just when muslin, linen and white flannel were the highest they had been since Adam built a hen house for Mrs. Eve's Chickens. The doctors charge two dollars a squirt, four dollars a grunt, and on account of the scarcity of rain in the country take what is left in a man's pocket, no discount for cash, and send bill for balance Jan. 1st. A queer little thing is that baby; a speck of a nose like a wart; head as bald as a squash and no place to hitch a water fall; a mouth just suited to come the gum-gum and chew milk. Oh dear, you should hear her sing. I have bumped it, stuffed my fur cap down its throat, given it the smoothing iron to play with; but that little red lamp, that looks as if it could hold blood enough to keep a mosquito from fainting, persists in yelling like thunder. It shows a great desire to swallow its bits, and the other day they dropped down its throat, and all that prevented their going through was the creek in its elbow. It stopped its music and I was happy for one and a half minutes.

It is a pleasant thing to have a baby in the house—one of your stomach ache kind. Just think of the pleasures of a father, in night clothes, trembling in the midnight hour, with his warm feet upon a square yard of cold oil cloth, dropping pargorie in a teaspoon, by moonlight, the nurse thumping on the door, the baby yelling till the frosted drops from the ceiling. Its nice time to think of dress coats, pants, ties and white kids. Shades of departed cocktails, what comfort! what a picture of an article is plastered! Its mother says the darling is troubled with wind on the stomach; it beats all the wind instruments you ever heard of. I have to get up in the cold and shiver while the milk warms, as it uses the bottle. I have a cradle with the representation of a miraculous soothing syrup bottle on the dash board. I tried to stop its breath the other night; it was no go; I rocked it so hard I missed stays and sent it slip clear across the room, upsetting a jar of preserves. It didn't make any noise then? Oh, no! Its mother says, only wait till it gets bleached—it's been vaccinated—and old enough to crawl about and feed on pins. Yes, I am going to wait. Won't it be delightful? John run for the doctor, it's fell in the slip pail and is choking with a potato skin; sis has swallowed a tack hammer; shows signs of the mumps, whooping cough, small pox, dysentery, or some other darn thing to let the doctor take all the money laid by for my winter's corn beef; and all this comes of my shampooing and curling my hair, wearing nice clothes and looking handsome going a courting and making my wife fall in love and marry me.—*Maryland Union.*

The Western hunters, who like a good story, tell as a sober fact, of a dried-up Indian woman near the head water of the St. Croix, in Wisconsin, who is the oldest person of modern times. Some say she is 300, and none guess less than 150.

**The Smith Murder Case.**

The Albany Democrat publishes the following account of this atrocious murder, and of the trial and sentence of the guilty fratricide:  
"We give below the material testimony against Thomas Smith, convicted at the Circuit Court here last week of the murder of his brother's wife, Mrs. Barbara Smith. The chief witnesses for the prosecution were the two oldest daughters of the deceased, Rhoda Ann, aged 16 years, and Leora, aged 9 years. The indictment charging the prisoner with the murder of his own brother, Sidney Smith, was withheld by the prosecution.  
Rhoda Ann Smith deposed substantially as follows: On Friday, March 23, early in the afternoon, father and mother, uncle Thomas (the prisoner) and myself were in the room; uncle Tom rose, walked to the door, said, 'This will never do me,' and went out. Father was standing with his back to the fire place, smoking his pipe; mother sat with baby in her lap; I was sitting with my back to the door. Pretty soon the door opened and I heard a pistol report, and father instantly fell with a shot in his forehead. I arose at once, heard another shot, and, turning, saw Tom with a pistol in his hand pointed at mother. She was shot in the right breast. She laid baby down, ran into the orchard, and uncle ran after her. He caught her, dragged her back to the wood-pile near the house, and there mother sat down. I sat by her. She begged me to save her from uncle. He caught her wrist and dragged her into the smoke house and shut the door. After a while he came out and went into the house. She found her father dying in the house where he had fallen, and her mother lay dead in the smoke house. Prisoner told her that she must say that her father had killed mother, and then shot himself, and threatened to kill her if she didn't. She did tell persons so until the following Sunday morning.  
Leora Smith substantially swore that—On the fatal day she and her little brother and sister were playing in the smoke house. She heard the report of a firearm, and heard her mother scream. Instantly after saw her mother running in the orchard and her uncle passing her. He caught her, led her towards where the children were, and cried out to witness to run into the house and see if her father was dead. Witness obeyed and saw her father lying on the floor, bleeding, senseless and dying. She then ran out again, saw her uncle drag her mother into the smoke house, and heard her mother cry 'Rhoda Ann, don't let Tom kill me.' After her uncle dragged her mother into the smoke house she heard screams, and pretty soon he came out. He told her she must report the same story as her sister as to the murders, under the same threat.  
Dr. Crawford testified as to the character of the wounds on the person of the wounded woman. The pistol shot in the breast was not a fatal one. There was a severe, deep cut on the outside of the hand, near the root of the little finger, which penetrated to the bone; a slash cut on the back of the same hand; a deep, long cut on the left jaw; cuts across the inside of the fingers of the right hand, as if she had clutched the murderous blade; and a deep, clefted stab in the neck, just above the breast bone, which separated the wind pipe and the blood vessels on the right side of it. This would produce death. Smith had received but one shot—the fatal wound in the forehead.  
Berry Evans and Cunningham, two neighbors, who were passing Smith's farm about an hour after the affair, stopped. They found Smith dying, but utterly unconscious, and Mrs. Smith lay dead. Thomas Smith told them his brother had killed his wife and then shot himself. The two oldest daughters told the same story, but further developments the next day aroused suspicion against the prisoner, and on Saturday evening he was arrested for the double, most atrocious murder.  
There is a profound mystery yet unraveled as to the cause of this murder. The testimony of the daughters fails to elicit any cause whatever, and no previous provocation on either side between the brother and sister can be traced. There is an important link yet wanting in the narrative of the murder to explain the cause which led to it.  
Smith received his sentence on Saturday noon last. He betrayed very little emotion and made no response himself to the usual questions as to whether he had anything to say in his own behalf. Judge Thomson, as one of his counsel, however, begged the Courts to fix the day of execution as long as possible. Judge Boise delivered the sentence in a very calm, impressive tone. He told the prisoner to indulge no hope of escape from the death penalty—that the startling atrocity of his crime forbade mercy to him in this world. He advised him to devote the brief time which remained to him in life to a preparation for the other world beyond the grave. The sentence

was then pronounced; that prisoner, being hung by the neck on Tuesday, May 10th. The prisoner was then taken back to his cell. He is heavily manacled, the shackles being riveted, not locked about his ankles, and a heavy chain, bound to a strong staple in the floor, gives him a few feet to walk around his cell. He bears up wonderfully under his fate, and is certainly a person of remarkable nerve and stoicism. Smith is about five and a half feet high, spare but squarely built, greyish blue eyes, a face short and tapering sharply to the chin, and dark hair and whiskers. He is about thirty five years of age.

**A Yankee's Trick.**—Just before the celebration of Independence, a Yankee pedlar started down to New York to sell a lot of bowls and dishes he had made of maple. Jonathan traveled over the city, asking everybody to buy his wares, but no one was disposed to purchase.  
It happened that a British fleet was then lying in the harbor of New York and Jonathan struck upon a plan of selling his dishes. He got a naval uniform, by hook or by crook (for history doesn't tell where he got it), and strutting up town, one morning, asked a merchant if he had any nice wooden ware as the commodore wanted a lot for the fleet.  
The merchant replied that he had none on hand, but there was some in town, and if he would send in the afternoon he would supply him with pleasure.  
"Very good," said our naval officer. "I will call."  
Jonathan now cut for home by the shortest route and had scarcely defied his borrowed plumage before down came the merchant, who, seeing that Jonathan had sold none of his wares, offered to take the whole if he would deduct fifteen per cent. But Jonathan said he'd be got darned if he didn't take 'em home, before he'd take a cent less than his first price.  
The merchant finally paid him down in gold his price for the wooden ware, which lay on his shelves for many a long day thereafter; and Jonathan trotted home in high glee at the success of his maneuver, while the merchant cursed British officers ever after.

**SWITZERLAND GLORIFYING AMERICA.**—The following appeal has been issued in Switzerland, by a large number of some of the most prominent men in the Republic. It reads:  
"Whereas, The address of the Swiss people having met with a warm and cordial reception by the people of the Government of the United States, some Swiss patriots and patrons of fine arts have thought proper to suggest the plan of conforming and representing the mutual sympathy and friendship existing between the two Republics nations, by a lasting and visible monument.  
"The American war has given such a glorious example of Republican strength and virtue, and so successfully vindicated the vitality and endurance of republican institutions, that we, the Swiss, as the only republicans of the Old World—who are looking full of pride and hope, over to our Trans-Atlantic sister Republic—will fall fit but a sacred and honorable duty, by erecting in our home, a lasting monument, commemorating the cosmopolitan result of the American war.  
"We have therefore resolved upon having taken the pictures of the lamented Abraham Lincoln; the President, Andrew Johnson; the Secretary of State, Mr. Seward; and Generals Grant and Sherman, either in tableaux, or single in some memorable events, and present these pictures to the Federal Diet (the Swiss nation) as national property. They feel convinced that these pictures will form one of the finest ornaments of one of the national buildings of the Swiss Confederation.  
"This plan has become so much more feasible since the celebrated Swiss painter, Francis Buscher, from Solothurn, has offered to cross over to the United States and finish the ordered pictures on the soil of America."

**Free Trade in Iron!** Yes, by all means give us national Free Trade in iron and in everything else. But don't give us British Free Trade. That is a horse of another color. The cheapening of American iron by competition with American iron satisfies the requirements of trade, produces harmony of interests, gives equilibrium of values, and imparts stability to all the pursuits of industry. The cheapening of American iron by competition with imported British iron is derangement of the nation's business, destruction of the wages which free institutions require and are willing to pay, degradation of the national life, and financial embarrassment to the country and its Government.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

A young man and a young woman in Berkshire county, Mass., went to a clergyman to be married the other day, and stood up to have the ceremony performed, when the inquiry was made by the expectant bride, if the young man would agree to abstain from the use of intoxicating liquors. This he declined to do, and the parties went home unmarried.

**The O'Fay Pedigree.**

We believe that O'Fay, in lingering over his cups, affects to have blue blood in his veins—in other words, to come of uncommon fine stock. We don't attach much importance to this matter, but for the benefit of his Johnson friends we take the liberty of publishing the opinion of Nesmith (a Johnson man) upon the O'Fay pedigree.  
In 1838 O'Fay was trying his hand at speaking in Polk county for the benefit of the "Nationals"—Kelly and O'Meara. Nesmith then lived in Polk, and he being in favor of the "Regulars"—Bush & Co.—O'Fay was snapping at his heels whenever he got a chance. One day Nes. took an opportunity to retort upon the fesse little latrator. He began by saying that he did not know O'Fay, but he had observed the animal, and from his knowledge of natural history and his experience in stock raising he believed O'Fay to be a bad cross between a rat-terrier and a ringtailed monkey.

As this is merely the opinion of one Democrat about another, there needs no apology for giving it publicity. We do not warrant Nesmith's opinion to be correct in this matter, but Democrats cannot deny that he is the best ascertainable authority wherein the reputation and standing of his party brethren are concerned. If the account should prove incorrect in any particular, we'll cheerfully make the correction. We would not refuse to rectify an error even in so little a matter as the O'Fay pedigree.  
Plutarch begins his "Life of Pericles" with the remark, that "When Caesar happened to see some strangers at Rome carrying young dogs and monkeys in their arms, and fondly caressing them, he asked whether women in their country never bore any children." Taking into consideration the stuff that composes the Democratic ticket of this State, with Nesmith's remark on the pedigree of the individual who heads it, we may ask whether the Democratic party of Oregon has now no men in it.—*Oregonian.*

**DEPTH OF QUIET PEOPLE.**—Some men dawn upon you like the Alps. They impress you vaguely at first, just as do the hunched backs you meet in your daily walks. They come across your horizon like floating clouds, and you have to watch awhile before you see they are mountains. Some men remind you of quiet lakes, places such as you have often napped upon, where the green turf and the field flower hang over you and are reflected out of the water all day long. Some day or other you carelessly drop a line into the clear depths, close to the daises and daffodils, and it goes down, down, down. You lean over, the sound is deeper, but your line don't bring up. What a deep spot that is! you think, and you try another. The reflected daises smile at you out of the water, the turf looks as green as ever, but there is no shallow spot beneath. You never thought it but your quiet lake is all around unbottomable. You are none the less impressed with the fact that it is a quiet lake.

**FROM INDIANS.**—The Statesman, of March 24th, has the following intelligence:  
We learn that Major J. H. Marshall, Fourteenth United States Infantry, has assumed command of the District of Boise.  
The following note from Capt. Sprague gives further evidence of the condition of Indian affairs to the South of us:  
Camp Lyon (I. T.) March 21, '66.  
Sir—Having sent a detachment of men on White Horse creek for the protection of travelers at that point, I came by there on my trip to this camp. On the second night after their arrival at White Horse the Indians made an attack on our mules in the corral, killing one, but did not succeed in their attempts to get the mules out of the corral. \* \* \* I saw considerable signs of Indians on the road, and it is my opinion they intend doing a great deal of mischief on the various routes from California to Idaho during the coming Summer. Respectfully your obedient servant,  
F. B. SPRAGUE,  
Capt. 1st Regt. Inf., Camp Lyon.

**STRANGE BRIDAL STORY.**—A strange story is told of two sisters at Berlin. About three years ago one of these young ladies was engaged to be married, but on the bridal morning became so ill that she could not possibly go to the church. The bridegroom was a desirable one, and he was a fish who, it seems, had not easily been hooked. There was, therefore, great danger in delay, so instead of postponing the marriage, the second sister covering herself with a long veil, personated the first, and duly went through the ceremony. The moment it was over she transferred the bridal dress and ornaments to her sister, who was thus considered to have all proper claim to this husband she had married by proxy. It is only recently that a discovery has been made of the real facts, and proceedings are about to be taken not only in the civil, but in the criminal courts of Berlin.

**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 profession at business. He would respectfully solicit a renewal of former patronage.

**GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE**  
and buy Kennedy's Medical Discovery, and let your boils, pimples, and all other humors to which you are subject, take their flight.

**Rebel Correspondence.**  
THE "S. G. S." STILL OPERATING—MORE ABOUT THE GREAT "JONES FAMILY"—INTERESTING DEVELOPMENTS.

The following is a true copy of a letter which we have seen. The original was picked up on the street here two or three days since, and is still preserved. The writer of the letter is well known here and throughout the State, as one of the soundest of our Confederate Democrats. We know nothing about the person to whom the epistle is addressed, further than that he is affectionately called "Dear Mac"—whenever that may be:  
ROSENBERG, March 19, 1866.  
DEAR MAC.—Being a subjugated "cuss," I have, of course, nothing to do with politics, but I have a suggestion to make that may be of use to us.  
I want Chadwick to go to Congress. Of course he is not my style—that you know—but he will sustain Johnson and help us to get back into the Union. I cannot in a short note tell you all the reasons, but I will suggest a few.  
1st. He is the most available candidate. He has not been strongly identified with any party, and, therefore, has no enemies. He has not seen Jones. He is not a Good Templar, but keeps himself decently sober.  
2d. We cannot elect one of our kind, and the Congressmen from Oregon don't amount to a "hill of beans" anyway, and  
3d. As a corollary to these propositions, if we can get a Simon pure for Governor, and an available candidate for Congress, we can secure the State, and that we do most sincerely desire.  
I suppose that you hold the same position that you always held, and I offer these suggestions in confidence. Page "won't do." Fay is too much mixed, and the southern part of the State ought to have the Congressional ones.  
These ideas are hastily put together, but you understand the "points" that I am trying to show you. Thanking you for your kindness to me while in Portland, I remain your obedient servant.  
L. F. MOSHER.

The above letter, though short, makes some very startling developments. It shows first that the Jones family, otherwise called the Knights of the Golden Circle, or the Sons of Liberty, and possibly known also by other names, still maintains an active organization; and second, that the Joneses or secessionists triumphed in the late Democratic State Convention. The letter reveals enough of the inside workings of the Democratic party to show us why Smith was beaten in the race for the congressional nomination, and Fay nominated. Smith was not one of "our kind"—he had not seen Jones, and therefore, though he was every way Fay's superior, he had to give place to the man who though not "available" (i. e. who could not catch any but secession votes) was nevertheless a Simon pure.

Warned by the above proof of the treasonable intentions of the Democracy, Union men everywhere should be on their guard against the secret, insidious efforts of this dark lantern party. In the letter we have pointed above we find statements which will suffice to convince any one that that party is the same treasonable organization that it was during the rebellion; that it is hostile to the Government of the United States; that its aim is to unite with the Southern rebels, get possession of the government and administer it in the interest of those who were foiled in their traitorous attempts to destroy the Union.  
Union men of Oregon, in the Democratic party of to-day you still see your old enemies, the abettors and allies of treason. Shall men who were nominated solely because they were such as the above letter says, "one of us"—that is to say, members of the secret organization which was set on foot for the purpose of bringing the horrors of civil war on the loyal States, and thus enable the rebels to accomplish their object of a separate government—now be permitted to come into power in this loyal State? Let the answer be, YES. Crush and bury them under such a majority of loyal votes as will discourage them from all further efforts to make this State an ally with the still disloyal South.—*Oregonian.*

**WILL THEY REPELATE?**—The Democratic State Platform says: Resolved, That the assumption of the opposition that the Democratic party is in favor of repudiating the public debt is slanderous and false.  
I have taken my stand on this question, and I here declare that unless United States bonds are held liable to tax, I will never by my voice or my vote aid in paying a single dollar of the interest on the public debt, by G—d!—*Kelly's Oregon City Speech.*

Here the Copperhead platform is spit upon by the Copperhead nominee for Governor. The platform was constructed to catch votes; but Kelly's words show the real spirit of their author and of the party. The party is IN FAVOR OF REPUDIATION, and its nominee for Governor, with a VERIFIABLE DATA, BAYS SO.—*Oregonian.*

**NOT CHANGED.**—Gen. Lee, in answer to the inquiry whether he thought any change had come over the minds of his soldiers since the close of the war, is reported to have said: "I cannot answer for my soldiers; I can answer for myself only. I have not changed my opinions. I thought that I was right; I think so still." Bully for Lee!—*Amador Dispatch.*