THE OREGON SENTINEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, NOV. 28, 1868.

Remarkable Prophecy.

There hangs in one of the dry goods stores of this place, a political caricature, entitled "The opening of the seventh seal of Radicalism." It is by "Jump," the inimitable San Francisco artist, drawn over a year since, and entitles him to high rank among the prophets. The scene is in one of the magnificent thoroughfares of the metropolis of the Pacific; and the artist was doubtless thinking of the great earthquake that sooner or later will overwhelm it. The street is strewed with broken columns. Facades and cornices are toppling, spires are shattered, the gothic windows of a church are shaken and trembling and the work of destruction seems all but complete. The groupings of the picture are not less prophetic. A stalwart negro adorned with the star of a policeman is conspicuous. An indolent looking Chinaman steeped in a glorious opium dream, meditates on a broken column. A digger Indian, skin clad and armed with his nomadic weapons, stands wondering and bewildered. A celestial tea party have taken refuge in the vestibule of God's Temple. A Chinese mandarin and a California greaser sit as judges of an election, while a subdued looking Democrat meekly offers his ballot. The absence of the Caucasian race is the remarkable feature of the artists effort. The whites have evidently fled in affright at the first subterranean warning, leaving their pride of race and their household gods in the hands of barbarians. They have not all fled however, a few Democratic plug uglies and a well dressed Democratic politician, whose affinity for the inferior races is too strong to be shaken even by an earthquake, still linger and give tone to the grouping. There hangs the picture—a sad and pointed warning of the awful effect of earthquakes and Democracy; and as it is helping to enlighten the people, let it hang!

The Yamhiller, and the Oregon *Herald* are scraping among the splinters of the great National bombshell that blew up the Democracy, and seem anxious to know what the infernal thing is made of. Beriah says the Democracy have been sickly for a long time; the Yamhiller remarks that they did'nt have votes enough, and finally crushes his big cotemporary by saying that "if the *Herald* speaks truth the Democratic party is dead and the Government gone to hell." As the *Herald* was never known to lie, Jasper W. must be right.

THE REAL CAUSE.—A few days since several Democrats in this town were discussing the cause of the great defeat of the Democratic party. Various reasons were given, all of which seemed unsatisfactory, when one of them who says little but thinks considerable, remarked, "No use gentlemen, we can't win for a half century yet; our war record is bad!" Who doubts that his remark was the frozen truth, and that in a nut shell?

In its agony, the Oregon *Herald*, the Democratic organ in this State, makes the following disclosure:

"The various experiments upon the credulity of the Democratic masses by their leading men, had created a widespread suspicion and sensitiveness on the part of the people."

We always told our Democratic friends that their leaders were fooling them, and here is good Democratic testimony to back us. Will you believe us now?

It is amusing since the election to read the Democratic papers and see the trouncings poor Seymour and Blair are getting. Prior to the election they were the "gallant soldier" and "the lofty statesman." Now they are the "unscrupulous office seeker" and the "bondholder's tool." It is surprising how adverse majorities open the eyes of Democracy.

Before the election the Oregon *Herald* said: "Hurrah for Frank Blair! He is just the man for the times." Now the same paper is mean enough to turn round and call him an "experiment."

A Democratic cotemporary in Yamhill county remarks that all over the United States, at the late elections, Democrats have neglected to vote. He means that they failed to "repeat" often enough.

THE STEAMER PACIFIC sailed for Crescent City yesterday.

Puget Sound. Oregon Central and Humboldt Branch Railroads.

The absorbing questions in this State at present are how, when, and where we are to have a Railroad. Everything indicates that the grand terminus—the moving lever that excites interest in all the above roads is Puget Sound. With its unrivalled facilties for commerce, its immense timber and coal resources, its proximity to Japan and China, and its splendid harbors, it is commanding attention as the natural location of the future Metropolis of the Western world. The Pacific Central Company are bound to reach Puget Sound and will depend more on the through business ness for present profits rather than on way traffic through this sparsly settled country; the reflex influence of the road itself on the whole country through which it passes, builds up a prosperous way traffic. It magnetizes every branch of business. It brings population, builds towns, starts factories, opens mines and creates a ready market for all the products of the earth. The Oregon Central (West Side) are now working two hundred hands, and have five miles of the heaviest grading over the South Portland hills ready for ties, including four large bridges from two to eight hundred feet in length, and are making clean work as they go. The Oregon Central (East Side) have 350 hands scattered in squads from Oregon City to Salem, grading but not yet bridging. They will complete the grade to Salem in a month of good weather. Some of the advance choppers have reached Jefferson on the Santiam. Some two weeks since, Mr. Woods, chief engineer of the East Side started with a corps of assistants to survey a route from a point near Vancouver to Puget Sound. The stakes of the East Side survey are set and may be seen now two and one-half miles this side of Hawleys on Pass Creek, and the citizens of Douglas and Jackson counties especially, and all Southern Oregon generally concur in the opinion that this is the best route, and say "let it come."

There are numerous conjectures concerning the route which the Humboldt branch will take from Eugene. This far it is unsettled and will probably remain so until the next session of Congress. What the decision of Congress will be, the Companies themselves can only conjecture at present; but it is hoped that the route for which a subsidy will be granted will be that which will most benefit Southern Oregon. This much is certain—to reach Puget Sound is the great desideratum of the Central Pacific Co., and it will take all the influence of Southern Oregon to prevent them from getting a decision in favor of the "Diamond Peak" route if they become satisfied that that route is the shortest or most practicable. It is time our people were working for themselves and making a respectable showing in Congress; and if the road is finally diverted from Rogue River and Umpqua valleys by reason of our lack of interest we will richly deserve the disastrous consequences.

A Query.

The record shows that when a resolution, binding Holliday & Co., in the sum of one hundred thousand dollars, to run the railroad through Umpqua and Rogue River Valleys, was offered in the House, every member from Jackson county voted against it. Why? Was it because they were opposed to it, or were they captivated by the blandishments of those gentlemen, and surrendered at discretion? We do not intimate that any member from this county would accept of a bribe—they are all too high toned and honest—but rumors are current that at least one of them is possessed of a large amount of railroad stock, and perhaps it is immaterial to him where the road is located so his stock becomes valuable. The people of this county sent their representatives to the legislature to work for the interest of this county and not to vote against it on the first opportunity that offered. They should explain why they opposed the resolution binding Holliday & Co. not to divert the railroad from the Valleys of Southern Oregon, and if unwilling to do so they must stand convicted of misrepresenting our best interests.

PERSONAL.—Mr. Felton, travelling correspondent of the S. F. *Times*, called on us during the week. Mr. F. is a gentleman of much observation and seems pretty well posted on railroad matters in this State. He is gleaning every item of interest on the subject for public benefit.

Read our new advertisements.

Ku Klux Sentiment.

The want of magnanimity on the part of Republicans has been the constantly recurring theme of the Democratic press. Demands were constantly made that the Southern people be treated in a lenient and christian like spirit. Charity and moderation were urged and with the same breath insult, slander, vituperation and invective were heaped unsparingly upon our public men. No matter how pure their motives were, no odds how lofty their position or how spotless their private lives, none escaped, and there are few who have not been charged with the most infamous crimes, to gratify party spite or secure party advantage. Even since the Presidential election there is much of this spirit apparent. Several of the Democratic papers are in a perfect bitter sweat and it is impossible for them to accord a single worthy motive to a "black Republican" or acknowledge a single honorable act on the part of any member of our party. Some of the Democratic papers of this State seem to be edited by draft sneaks and skulkers from the Confederacy—pot-valiant enough when not in danger, but too cowardly to strike a blow for their cause. Lately the Albany *Democrat* lauded a speech made by one Chapman of Portland, as being expressive and eloquent, and gloated with peculiar delight over the desire of the speaker "to have Governor Woods dangling at the end of a rope." The same paper publishes approvingly, the editorial remarks of the Grand Ronde *Sentinel* concerning the burning of Governor Woods in effigy, and adds that it was perfectly lawful to do so; and he might have added, the only manner in which a pack of cowardly hounds dared to vent their impotent rage. Last week the Republicans of this county proposed to be friendly with their political opponents and invited them to participate in a social gathering where political acrimony would be forgotten and be replaced by neighborly feeling—our Democratic cotemporary was perfectly frantic and denounced in bitter terms any Democrat who could so far forget himself. True, the effort was as fruitless as it was pusillanimous, but it showed a sullen determination to keep up the bitter animosity as long as possible. We cry peace, but how can there be peace until this devlish spirit is curbed? We offer friendship but how can we be friends when the offer is spurned with contempt? The better class of Democracy deprecate the unworthy and fiendish spirit of their guerrilla press, and whenever we find one of that class willing to profit by the sad lessons of the past we will strike hands with him in friendship. For those who scorn our friendship we have none to offer.

Pacific Coast Brevities.

The small pox has again appeared in Virginia (Nev.)

A movement is on foot to organize a Benevolent Society at Grass Valley.

Turkeys have been selling in Sacramento as low as 12½ cents per pound.

The Capital Woolen Mills, of Sacramento, have commenced to manufacture blankets.

W. H. Rhodes will lecture in Sacramento shortly on the Philosophy of Earthquakes.

The friends of Senator Williams, in South Idaho, have presented him with a silver brick.

There are now a million and a half pounds of wheat on storage at the Nevada flouringmill.

The Central Pacific Railroad Company paid $5,335 48 as taxes on their property situated in Nevada county.

The Marysville *Appeal* foots up Johnson's majority over Hartson in the Third California District at 150.

General P. E Connor has built on the River Jordan, and ready to be launched, a steamboat to ply on Salt Lake.

Grizzly bears are plenty in Mountana and the papers of that Territory contain frequent items of their being killed.

The Salt Lake *News* of November 10th announces that John McCullough will appear at the theatre in that city shortly.

At Nevada (Cal.) last Sunday night, the saloon of Carley & Becker was entered, the safe broken open and robbed of $423 75 in coin.

The last freight stages make the trip between Argenti and Austin in less time than Wells, Fargo & C.'s stages. Distance ninetyfive miles.

The "prairie schooners" have got into good business again transporting freight interiorward from Sacramento. The cars can't take a tithe of what is offered.

HONEY.—Quite a quantity of beautiful white honey in the comb can be found at Glenn Drum & Co's

The Jubilee.

Thursday night was a gala night in Jacksonville. The weather was favorable and according to programme the crowd assembled in front of the Court House, where the torches were lighted. Before starting, it was addressed by Mr. J. R. Peacock in an appropriate and pointed style, and in a very happy manner. Preceeded by the Jacksonville band, the procession started, halting at the Express corner, where the Hon O. Jacobs, with his genial countenance beaming with friendship, made a short and conciliatory speech. He urged all to forget the bitterness of the past and recognize the decision of the people, just had, as a final disposition of the intricate question of reconstruction. The speaker was greeted with three hearty cheers, and the procession moved to the El Dorado corner where it was addressed by Mr. E. B. Watson, a talented young lawyer who has just located here. His motto was "Let us be friends," and he hoped that no political differences might ever again arise that would seperate families or destroy social harmony. Moving on to the "Franco American" it was addressed in a pleasant and humorous vein by Mr. Nat Langell, the old politician, who was greeted with cheers and laughter. The procession which was under the Marshalship of Mr. Sol Farren, then marched to Shutz' Hall and disbanded after three glorious cheers for Grant & Coltax. The ball was the grand feature of the evening. Youth and Beauty were there. Old men forgot their gravity and mingled in the gayety. Democrats, heedless of the admonition of their party organ, came in right good fellowship, not as discomfited foes, but as the welcome guests of the victors, and it is doubtful if they did not outnumber the Republicans. The utmost good feeling prevailed, and after a splendid supper a number of toasts were offered from which we select the following:

1. The Union, the Constitution, and the enforcement of the laws.

2. The Flag—The sacred personification of a freeman's right and of a freeman's home; may it ever wave in triumph all over our broad Union.

The States—May they all wheel into their constitutional orbits, and there ever afterwards revolve under the Constitution with the same order and harmony as the celestial constellations.

4. The Constitution—The noblest embodiment of wisdom ever vouchsafed to man—it recognizes the progress of the world and adjusts itself to meet the demands of an advancing destiny.

5. Our Army—Intelligent, valiant, invincible in battle—the pride of America, the terror of despots all over the world.

6. Our Navy—The creation of the inventive ingenuity of America—her past achievements are gloriously secured—her future bright with the dawning of national glory.

7. General Grant, our President elect—He wrote his history with the point of his sword—the American people read and admired—and concluded to Seymour of him.

8. Schuyler Colfax—the second person in the Republic—the finished parliamentarian, and accomplished statesman—thank God, he is no relation to Andrew Johnson!

9. Our political opponents—Socially they are good fellows—politically they are very odd fellows—beligerent in politics—genial in social life. May their journey up Salt River be pleasant and their sojourn there be sanctifying.

10. Oregon—Lost by a doubtful scratch.

11. O. Jacobs—Just beaten as usual—his political life remains harmonious—if he don't reach Heaven he will come within one of it.

12. C. C. Beckman—Wise in council, generous in action—fruitful in ideas—"Let us have peace."

13. N. Langel—A mender of soles—a pegger of Democrats—may he wax strong, last long, ever bristle for a political fight, and clamp his political foes with everlasting logical pinchers.

14. Hon. James D—Justly the Fayvorite of the Jackson County Democracy. He accepts his parol like an honorable chivalrous toe.

15. The Democratic ship—When she amid the storm, shipped one Sea more—she missed stays and got her cargo damaged.

16. General Grant—May he be as successful as President of these United States as we have been successful in electing him, and may he like General Washington, be first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen.

17. Under Gen. Grant—May the waves of our country's troubles, like those of the Ocean, break at his feet and calmly disappear.

18. Republicanism—Like the dews of Heaven, dispenses its blessings alike on the rich and on the poor.

19. General Grant—As he has proved himself to be our greatest soldier, so may he prove himself to be our greatest statesman.

20. To our Democratic friends—May every succeeding day strengthen our friendship and increase our admiration until political animosity shall be swallowed up in genial social life.

21. The Fatherland—Its gallant children shared their guilders with us in the hour of of our extremity and bid us God speed—we will share our heritage with them and bid them welcome.

22. The ladies—For the Union to a man—God bless them.

23. Wm. Turner—The lightning manipulator and the "swamp angel" of the Republican party in Southern Oregon. May he never be spiked.

24. While peace is our motto, yet we show a disposition to *Fight* Shutz.

Credit is due to Messrs Bilger and Karusky for their good management, to Marshal Farren, and to Thomas Brooks for his artistic taste in getting up the transparencies. We can only thank the latter gentlemen as space will not permit a full description. Altogether the occasion was one that will long be remembered with good feeling and plessure; and may we all live to see another such.

BORN.

LEVI—On the 23d inst. to the wife of B. Levi a daughter.

YOUNG—This morning to the wife of John Young a daughter.

NEW TO-DAY.