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The Fall of Richmond.

The last scene in the fall of Richmond is thus described by E. A. Pollard in his "Life of Jefferson Davis," just issued from the press. It is entirely new and strikingly interesting: "At 11 o'clock in the morning Gen. Lee wrote a dispatch to President Davis, advising him that the army could not hold its position, and that preparations should be made to evacuate the capital that night—He might have added in his dispatch what he remarked to one of his staff officers, as with embittered but lofty face, he saw his army breaking up in the broad sunshine: "It has happened as I told them at Richmond, the line has been stretched until it has broke."

No sound of the battle—not an echo, not a breath—had yet reached the doomed city. It was a lovely Sabbath day, and Richmond basked in its beauty, and enjoyed more than usual respite from the care of the week. There were no sounds as of the vexed thoroughfare, the long streets laid open to a vehicle upon them; the murmur of the river gave tone only to the ebb and the silent pulses of the sunbeams beat slowly in the misty atmosphere that hid on the land-caps. It was a day of earnest thoughts. The usual Sunday crowd lounged near the post-office, exchanging rumors of the war, or the latest depraved gossip of Richmond society. Hundreds wended their way their way to the churches, and a few of their country's hope-tried the paths beaten as sheep walks, to the back entrances of the whiskey-shops on Main street, sought consolation in the shades of the Chickahominy, the Rebel, and the Wilderness. Ladies dressed in old finery, in which the fashion of many years were mingled, were satisfied to make a display at St. Paul's about equal to the holiday wardrobe in better days of the negroes at the African church. At the former church worshiped Mr. Davis. He now sat stiff and alone in the President's pew, where no one outside his family had ever dared to intrude since Mrs. Davis had ordered the sexton to remove two ladies who had ventured there, and who, on turning their faces to the admonition to leave, delivered before the whole congregation, had proved to the dismay and well deserved mortification of the President's wife, to be the daughters of General Lee. Mr. Davis was on earnest worshiper. But a Sunday before this memorable one, he, General Lee, and Secretary Trenchum had gone together to the communion table, and many eyes in the congregation had been moistened to see these three men, on whom depended so many human hopes, kneeling side by side to partake of the most precious and comforting sacrament of the church. Now a very different scene was to be witnessed.

In the midst of the services, a man walked noisily into the church and handed the President a slip of paper. Mr. Davis read the paper, rose, and walked out of the church without agitation, but his face and manner evidently constrained; an uneasy whisper ran through the crowd of worshippers, and many hastened into the street. The congregation was soon dismissed. The rumor had already gained the street that Richmond was to be evacuated; it was confirmed to a few who penetrated the closed doors of the War Department, or made persistent inquiries at the telegraph office; but although the Government had no motive now to suppress the sad truth, but on the contrary, was in duty bound to inform the people and prepare them for the exigency, it is remarkable that there was no authentic announcement of the intended evacuation, no published order on the subject, no official notification of any sort; and that news, in which every man's household was involved, was left to wander all day as a vague rumor in the

streets, only to be confirmed by the actual, visible fact of the authorities leaving the city.

A little past noon some regiments of Longstreet's command, on the north of James river, were seen marching through the city, on their way to reinforce Lee in the battle he was then supposed to be making to save or recover his lines before Petersburg. The soldiers moved with a slouching step; and, once, on their disordered march, it is said groans were called for Jefferson Davis. Formerly, when Confederate soldiers had passed through Richmond; there had been music, cheers, crowds of shouting spectators, throngs of ladies standing on the balconies of the principal hotels on Main street, to wave their adieux, perchance to scatter flowers on them, at least to bestow upon them sweet and inspiring countenances. Now, as they passed through the thoroughfare, only a few spectators looked on sadly and cynically; no note of music cheered the sullen procession of men marching sadly and wearily to death; a few blank faces appeared at the windows and on the balcony of the American Hotel only two or three ladies stood. It was melancholy to see one of them carry a single handkerchief in a hesitating way, and then stop, pale and wounded, as not a single soldier cheered or recognized the compliment. As the day wore on, it was noticed that wagons were driven to the doors of the departments, and to the public storehouses—many of them branded as Government wagons, many nondescripts—and all moving off toward the Danville depot. The accumulation of stores there, and of ticketed boxes, left no doubt that the city was to be evacuated. Signs of hurry increased; wagons, no longer driven in order, tore through the streets; men seemed possessed with a mania to run to their houses, to snatch from them some hasty baggage, and to rush to the nearest exit from the city. In less than an hour from the first appearance of the wagon trains on the streets, the whole population of Richmond was involved in a panic.

What scenes ensued it is impossible to describe. What a change fell upon this city, pale in its wanton and hitherto unshaken revelry, and spread terror through its wicked streets, like a thunderbolt from the unclouded expanse of heaven, can only be imagined, as the comparison indicates, in the light of some sudden wrath visited from the skies. For four years Richmond had lived in the easy riot of the war. Now it appeared as if the day of judgment had been called upon it. Now there was hurrying to and fro. Now the panic-stricken city broke up, as it by riven lightning, into black, torn crowds of maddened men, conscience-stricken fugitives, sobered revelers, blanched women and children, fleeing wildly through the streets, over the bridges of the river, through every avenue of escape from the terrible day of judgment—the chariots of fire and wrath that were next day to enter the doomed city. It was a scene never to be forgotten in the memories of Richmond. The night was hoarse with the roar of the great fight.

The reporter of the Associated Press, who was aware that at 6 o'clock had been designated by General Lee as the hour for evacuation, unless meantime he succeeded in re-establishing his lines, attended the room of General Breckinridge at that hour, and was admitted. He came out with a blank face.

There is no hope, said General Breckinridge, and he walked quietly from the room and from the building to the house where the President was then concealed, making private preparations for his flight. There was no last council or conference. All that there was of deliberative assembly—all that remained of the once proud and loquacious government of Jefferson Davis—was to appoint the rendezvous and time for flight; the Cabinet members being instructed to meet the President at the Danville depot a little before midnight.

The Capital appeared deserted, but as night fell it was noticed that the

main door was ajar. Hid away in an obscure room in the third story, the City Council was anxiously debating what ceremonies were necessary for the surrender of the city, since the President was supposed to have already fled, or to be concealed for the present in Manchester and the duty of surrendering the capital was thus devolved upon its municipal authorities. It was a cowardly debate, removed from the observation of the citizens. One of the councilmen was ostentatiously dressed in a Confederate uniform. So extreme was the concern for the safety of the city, such the anxiety for its readiest humiliation, that it was arranged that a notification of surrender should be given before the next day broke, and three hours past midnight the Mayor, despite his eighty years of age, was started in a dilapidated vehicle on the mission of surrendering Richmond before the enemy could get in sight of it.

Before the Mayor could mount on his mission to the enemy, a new and surpassing terror fell upon the city. It had been fired in various quarters, and there were already gleams of conflagration on the dark horizon. While the heaving and tumultuous city was even at this hour of the night filled with pillagers and marauders—convicts from the penitentiary, who had escaped, their guards having fled, and lawless soldiers who were no longer under any control, the main command of General Ewell having already tramped across the bridges over the river—the wretched and anxious eyes of thousands of terrified citizens looking from their windows beheld this new apparition of horror rising from the black wastes of the night. Word came that the Shockoe warehouse was fired; then, again, that three other large warehouses containing tobacco had been given to the flames. It was too late; the hand of the Government was recognized in it.

The conflagration had proceeded from a strange negligence of President Davis. It was a standing order in the confederacy that cotton and tobacco should be burned on the approach of the enemy; and some weeks before, in a general discussion in the newspapers, as to what might possibly take place in Richmond, it was suggested that the little there was of these staples in the city should be removed and impounded in the Fair Grounds, outside the city, where they might be convenient, and cleanly destroyed in case of necessity. The suggestion was never heeded by Mr. Davis. The cotton and tobacco remained stored in large and scattered warehouses in the most thickly built parts of the city. In the trepidation of his flight, and in the excessive concern for his own safety, Mr. Davis appears to have left the order for burning the cotton and tobacco unchanged; at least the supposition of neglect is most charitable, for it is hardly to be supposed that he would have deliberately imperiled the homes of 60,000 people, to destroy and to deprive the enemy of some insignificant stores of the total value of which it has been computed that it would not furnish one day's rations for the whole of Grant's army.

A steamer captain on one of the lakes was recently feeling his way along in the dark, when the look-out ahead cried out, "Schooner without a light." It was a narrow escape, and as the steamer passed the schooner, the captain demanded: "What are you doing with your infernal schooner here in the dark without a light?" To his dismay, the skipper, who was a Frenchman, answered, "Vat ze diable you do here viz your ole steambot in three feet of water, eh?" and just then the steamer landed high and dry on a sand bank.

The wooden toothpicks, now in extensive use, are all manufactured at one establishment near Boston, employing thirty operatives of both sexes. The machinery has been patented and is driven by water power. The woods used are maple and willow.

The Total Eclipse of August 7th.

The total solar eclipse of 1869 has been more closely and successfully observed than any previous phenomenon of the same class. It may be gratifying to the national pride of some to know that this country already contains a greater number of large refractors than can be found in any one kingdom of the Old World. Yet none of these, owing to their position, could be brought into requisition for observing the total eclipse. Our astronomers have been obliged to travel hundreds, and, in some instances, thousands of miles, to reach the points of observation on the line of totality to which they were severally assigned.

At Des Moines, Iowa, extensive preparations had been made by the United States Naval Academy, by the United States Coast Surveyor, and by members of the Surgeon-General's office of the United States Army of Observation, on the light and heat of the sun, with the spectroscopic, and for taking photographic negatives of the eclipse in all its phases; while Prof. Peters, with an able corps of assistants from Hamilton College, N. Y., fitted out by the munificent donation of E. C. Litchfield, of Brooklyn, was prepared to observe all the phenomena which might be of interest to the world. The central line of totality was discovered to be nineteen miles north of Des Moines, by a variation of fourteen seconds in the actual time of commencement of the eclipse from that called for in previous calculations. The correspondent of the Tribune says: "With this very slight delay, the exhibition began, and the shadow swept from the northwest to the southeast in majestic grandeur, dwindling the sun into a crescent. As the moon advanced, the jagged outline of its surface projected upon the clear face of the sun formed an undulating line of inky blackness upon a silver base, and caused some of the most interesting phenomena preceding the total obscuration. When about five-sixths obscured, this line reminded me of the outline of the Catskills, as seen from the Hudson, and at the southwestern point of the crescent, at one time, a projection on the moon's surface showed the line on the sun's rim, and a strip of silver about seven degrees in length, where the sun was still seen through a valley on the moon's surface, wholly separate from the crescent, shone for nearly ten seconds before the advancing satellite entirely obscured it. But the glory of a total eclipse is its totality, and soon the pallor of the advancing shadow spread an indescribable gloom over the whole face of nature. Dogs affrighted ran howling to their kennels; a flock of turkeys, surprised that night had found them so far from their accustomed roost, ran hurriedly to cover, and birds and animals showed that utmost signs of fear. On swept the swift moon, and its shadow, like a pall, blackened the earth until, as suddenly as a candle is snuffed, the sun's last rays were obscured, and then, with a halo of glory, the jagged outline of the corona shone from behind the black moon, which seemed motionless, and pink-colored flames marked the protuberances which astronomers are so intently studying. In this case they shot out from the sun's surface certainly not less than from 50,000 to 75,000 miles. Mercury appeared on the instant that the sun was obscured, and disappeared with the first ray that shot out from behind the receding orb. Venus could be seen for a minute before the eclipse became total, and for three minutes after the sun began to emerge. The time of the total obscuration was 2 min. 53 sec. The observers having in charge the examination of the heavens around the sun, did not find any intra-mercurial planet. The photographers secured excellent negatives of the eclipse in all its phases, and taken in all for all, no more satisfactory exhibition was possible than that witnessed.—American Presbyterian.

Honor to the Harvards.

A GRAND FETE GIVEN IN HONOR OF THE HARVARD AND THE OXFORDS AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

LONDON August 21.—A grand fete was given at the Crystal Palace last evening, in honor of the Harvard and Oxford crews, by the London Rowing Club. Mr. Layton, President of the Club, occupied the Chair. All the members of the Harvard crew were present except Loring—Willian alone representing the Oxfords. There were also present one hundred and twenty invited guests, including Charles Dickens, Thos. Hughes, Edmund Yates, Captain Anderson, and many other notable. Minister Motley was unavoidably absent. After dinner, Charles Dickens proposed the toast of the evening, "the Harvard an Oxford crews," accompanying it with a speech paying high compliment to the Harvard crew. He regretted the absence of the Oxford men, and said they had won so often they could afford to lose in the event of another contest. He wished the Harvards good-speed on their home journey, and a returning welcome at home, which would find echo in every corner of England. Simmons replied briefly, expressing his warmest thanks for the cordiality and hospitality extended to the Harvard crew. Looking to the crew by which they were defeated they had no reason to be ashamed. Willian, on the part of the Oxfords, regretted the unavoidable absence of the remainder of the crew. With respect to the race, as an old hand, he said it had not been won easily; it was the best race he ever rowed. Thomas Hughes toasted the London Rowing Club, complimented the Harvard University and some of its distinguished graduates. At the conclusion of the banquet there was a grand display of fireworks.

SHODDY, it is asserted, is a word which, from its application to rotten blankets and tender clothing, has come to mean anything that is more showy than substantial, but the article itself, according to McCulloch's Commercial Dictionary, is one of the greatest triumphs of art and civilization. The manufacture of shoddy and mungo originated at Batley, Yorkshire, where there are now fifty rag machines in thirty-five mills, producing twelve million pounds of rag wool per annum, which is about one-third of the yearly production. Dewsbury, Yorkshire, is the head-quarters in England of the shoddy manufacture, though large quantities are now made in Germany. Shoddy is made of the wool of soft goods, such as stockings, flannels, &c., and mungo of the wool of hard goods. The old clothes and rags are torn to pieces by the aid of powerful machinery, and reduced to their original state of wool, which is re-spun sometimes with the addition of fresh wool. In the early days of this re-manufacture, shoddy was used only for padding and similar purposes; but now without the admixture of new wool, it is woven into blankets, carpets, druggets and table covers. Many of the much-admired and warm and serviceable English pilot and Petersham overcoats are made wholly from shoddy cloth. The beautiful table covers, printed in various patterns from woodenblocks, are generally made from shoddy, and the same material enters largely into other important manufactures, so that shoddy, it is contended, is by no means the contemptible cheat which many persons suppose it to be.

PATIENTS IN THE INSANE ASYLUM.

The Clerk of the Insane Asylum kindly furnishes us the following, giving the patients admitted, discharged, and died, during the months of June, July and August. Admitted—E. Little, Ah Lee, (a chinaman) F. J. Heron. A. C. Loring, Jennie W. McCullough—5 Discharged—Mrs. M. Shurtz, J. C. Loony, J. C. Conch, Catherine, Saunders—8. Died, Geo. Thrasher, Geo. Fray, 2. Total number of State patients—male 73; female 31. Private patients, 4. Total number remaining in the Asylum 110.—Commercial.

A DISGUSTED BOY.

"Mamma!" said a precious little boy, who against his will, was made to rock the cradle of his baby brother; "if the Lord has any more babies to give away, don't you take 'em."

How the Eclipse was Reported in Chicago

The following is published as a copy of the instructions recently given to a Chicago reporter by the managing editor of this paper:

Mr.—: In writing up the eclipse you will please observe the following instructions:

1. Sympathize with the movement half a column.
2. The probable benefits resulting to the gas companies of Chicago—give tabular statistics—half column.
3. Its effect on population. Babies born under the influence of the eclipse will be niggers, with coronal of white. Go into nigger question from time of Ham to emancipation proclamation—half column.
4. General splurge—quotations, "Hues of earthquake and eclipse"—Shelley. "Oh night with hues so black"—Shakespeare. That may be expanded into a column and a half.
5. General sketch of early eclipses, bringing down the history of Chicago.
6. Interview, man in the moon—make this humorous, in the Pickwickian style—half column.
7. Anecdotes of planets, Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, etc., see Lemprier's Classical Dictionary.
8. Effects of eclipse on gamblers in Chicago—go into facts.
9. Moral effects.

Even With Him.

A certain butcher of Stuebenville O., call him Mr. B., had been very much annoyed by a large dog which had several times stolen meat from his stall. Going to lawyer Tappan, he presented his case thus: "Mr. Tappan, I have had beef stolen from me at various times by a dog in this town. What shall I do?" "Sue the owner of the dog and recover the price of the beef," was the answer. "Mr. Tappan, it was your dog," said Mr. C., exultingly. "Ah, it was—well, what was the value of the beef?" said Mr. Tappan. "Three dollars," replied the butcher. "Very well," said Mr. Tappan, and paid the money. With a smiling countenance the butcher was closing the office door, when he was started by "Hold on, Mr. B., I charge you five dollars for consultation." Good humoredly paying the fee, Mr. B. departed with two dollars' worth of "legal" advice.

THE VICEROY OF EGYPT.

The Viceroy of Egypt, who spends the greater part of his time and money in Paris and London, throws about the latter in such quantities that now and then he is sadly put to it for resources. During his recent sojourn at Eaux Bonnes, in France, his bill for telegraphic dispatches alone was 22,000 francs. He was accustomed to send long documents to Cairo by the Mediterranean line. On private concerts given to him, with huge bands of musicians and singers, he spent immense sums. A good story is told of the joke he played on the many wives he has at home just before his recent return to Cairo. He purchased 55,000 francs' worth of false diamonds and jewelry and sent them down to be distributed to the ladies of his harem, who will doubtless take them for the veritable magnificence, as they are not connoisseurs in the value of that which glitters.

It turns out that the imperfect statement relative to the number of States which have ratified the fifteenth amendment, that appeared in the telegraphic dispatches the other day, was sent by Senator Casserly from New York. His object was to convey the impression that only twelve States have ratified. "He intended," says the Stockton Independent "to convey an impression he knew to be false, and deliberately and intentionally sent it forward, with the additional claim to credence which appearing under his Senatorial toga would give. What sensitive patriot can restrain a blush at view of such infamous prostitution of the respectability and credit due the Senatorial office!"

Four gentlemanly Democrats of Tennessee

recently rushed into a negro church near Carthage, and deliberately shot dead the colored minister, Thomas McClellan, as he was engaged in prayer with several who had gone to the "anxious seat."

A distressed mother writes to an exchange for advice,

which she gets thusly: "The only way to cure your son of staying out late of nights is to break his legs, or get the calico he runs with to do your housework."