

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, Dec. 30, 1871.

H. KELLY, ----- Editor.

The Honorable (1) James D. Fay.

Last week's *Times* asks us why we attack Senator Fay in defending another individual. Here is the reason. James D. Fay, the Senator from this county, is the editor of the *Times*. It is he who speaks of the Honorable James D. Fay. It is he who besetters himself with maudlin praise through its filthy columns. It is he who slanders and vilifies decent men. It is he who sneaks behind its editorial chair and denounces the mother of his illegitimate child as a harlot and a perjured woman. Senator Fay thinks to evade public contempt by raising a hue and cry about another person; but Mr. Fay we beg to assure you that the dodge won't win. It is not the telegrapher here, who did his duty, that is attracting attention, it is you that is being pilloried before the people of this State. You are charged with an infamous crime. How do you disprove it? By claiming that it is a "monstrous absurdity" that a man of Senator Fay's political, professional and social position should be guilty. What is your political position? In this county, with three hundred Democratic majority, you were elected by eleven votes. You went to Salem and you sold your party to the Republicans. You broke your pledges and helped to rob the settlers at Klamath Lake of their homes. You sold your friends in the Humboldt Branch R. R. Co. Have you any social position? Do you deserve any? Let us see. Call James T. Glenn, Jacob Ish, David Linn—men whose characters you dare not impeach. What do they say? They say that when you and V. S. Ralls were bound over, you, Senator Fay, held up your hand and pledged your sacred honor never to appear against Ralls, and if necessary that you would leave the county. How did you keep your word Honorable Senator? By prosecuting Ralls with all the malignity of your vindictive nature. Call the next witness—Wm. Bybee answers. He is truth and uprightness itself. You confronted him with your usual impudence and asked him if he had ever said that he would not believe you under oath—Bybee replied that in regard to the charge of seduction he would not believe you on a stack of Bibles as high as the sky. Did you strike him? No! Did you shoot him? No, sir! You turned on your heels and sneaked off satisfied. You sat on the edge of a gutter in this town, verging on delirium tremens Senator Fay, and when a friend would have raised you up, you drew your derringer and shot at him. You sneaked to the back window of a poor widow's house in this town—she gave you two minutes to leave, you only required one. You went to the house of another widow here at two o'clock in the morning with your lascivious advances, but you were baffled and lurked about her house till daylight drove you away.

You used language at the German Festival to a lady such as any other man but you would be ashamed of. We congratulate you, Honorable Senator, on your social and political standing. How about the charge of seduction? Hannah Ralls makes oath before God that you seduced her under promise of marriage. The people of this county, irrespective of party or sex, believe her. How do you refute it? By your own denial and the evidence of a horse thief! How much is either worth? Senator Fay clear your skirts of that damning accusation. Come out and tell the people what your intentions were when Thomas G. Reames saw you stealing along on the track of that unfortunate girl, who fortunately was not first found by you. Call your "personal friend" John B. Wisley, grand juror. He says that he and five other grand jurors were willing to swear that they believed the child was yours. But fortunately you had a defender in the public prosecutor who prevented an indictment. You know yourself that it is yours, and more proof than the word of such a man as you will be required to rebut the oath of your victim. Senator Fay, the Honorable man, dares us to cowhide him. Brave man—that strikes and defames the mother of his child from the covert of an editorial sanctum—that is a woman's job! Hannah Ralls is man enough for you; although you did swear before the grand

jury that you did not know whether she was a man or a woman. If she is too busy taking care of your child, call on her father. We would have raised you up vile man by silence and forbearance, but you would not be raised. Stay then where we place you before the people of this State, as a seducer, a slanderer, a public servant without scruple or honesty, a betrayer of his friends, a libertine, a citizen whose word is not worth a straw, a disgrace to journalism and to humanity, a loathsome thing without shame and a man without a spark of manhood. Wince if you will; cry persecution, slander, calumny, falsehood—anything—your tongue is no longer a scandal—but never think to escape the popular verdict of the people of this county, or take yourself down from the gibbet on which we have placed you. Could we paint black enough we would show you in your true colors; but go. We have done with you and leave you to the tortures of conscience, for bad as you are, with worse than the brand of Cain on you, and your face stamped with the hoof of sin, your looks show that there is a demon within you that gives you little rest.

Justice First—Party Second.

Parties and creeds have ruled the people quite too long. We have followed time honored names and sounding titles, until we have become bankrupt. We have obeyed the dictum of others until our own better judgment has become demented. We have believed and been deceived so often that we have lost faith in virtue and are ready to exclaim in the language of Brutus "Oh virtue; I have worshiped thee as a real God, but though art only a slave to fortune." We have seen and endured political competition so long in our leaders, that we have lost all moral courage.

We have gazed upon names, instead of real principles, until our vision has become blinded. We have shrunk from moral duty until midnight darkness is overshadowing the land. But are we lost? No! We yet have hope, we must be earnest, and stand upon immortal principles of justice and defend them with that heroic courage that the Spartans manifested in the gates of Thermopylae.

Let our motto be: We will not excuse; we will not retract, but speak the truth, though the earth should crumble to dust. While we deplore the cruelty, let us emulate that impartial justice manifested by Lucius Junius, consul of Rome, as he sat in judgment on his own sons.

Let both friend and foe realize that the fiat of justice must fall upon all alike. The moment your friend seeks to obstruct justice, that moment he becomes your enemy and must be treated as such. When we do this the suffocating incubus that surrounds us, will dissolve into morning light. Party names and sounding titles will vanish like frost-work, and we will know men not by parties but by moral worth. We want men whose innate justice overrides all party spirit, who are so absorbed in advocating justice, truth, and righteousness, that they know not the name of a party. Then party will be second to justice, then party will be known only as the result of those following a just course of action. "Sink or swim, survive or perish" we go for just, upright and honorable men who know the truth and dare to follow it.

Correspondence.

MR. EDITOR:

The *Times* of last week says: "We would enquire if Sol Abraham of Oakland endorses Turner as a faithful and honest telegrapher."

Please publish the following.

Jacksonville Dec. 28, 1871.

Mr. Sol Abraham Oakland.

Some years ago I made a mistake in delivering a message sent by you. Did you sustain any loss or think me guilty of doing so intentionally.

WM. M. TURNER.

Operator.

Oakland Dec. 28 1871.

Wm. M. Turner Operator Jacksonville.

The message in question was settled long ago by us, not claiming any damages then nor do we now. From the best information we had then and now I judged it was not intentional.

S. ABRAHAM.

An aggregate of ten thousand messages have been sent and received by me from this office, and the mistake referred to is the only one ever made by me. Who can show another?

Respectfully, WM. M. TURNER.

A Dose for the Times.

To begin we have to say that we protest against the manner in which the *Times* is conducted. We have made bold and fearless charges against Senator Fay, because we knew that we could prove, and that by the test of testimony, the truthfulness of our assertions. We have made these charges, not in the dark, not behind trees and rocks, not in ambush, but openly and defiantly, under the name of an editor, who is neither ashamed nor afraid to sign his name at the head of the editorial column, and who has no desire to shirk responsibility, but on the contrary, holds himself legally and morally responsible for any and every thing that may be found in the columns of the *SENTINEL*. We make no pretensions as to being perfect in anything; but state, once for all, that every man shall have a fair change; and if an error finds its way into the columns of the *SENTINEL*, it will always be cheerfully corrected with fitting apology. But how is it with our contemporary? Who edits that filthy little sheet called the *Times*? There is no one that dares sign his name as the editor of the paper. How are we to know, and how are the public to know who to hold responsible for any errors that are in the *Times*? The public are assaulted, slandered and libeled through the *Times* by some one standing in the dark who has not the courage to sign his name either as the editor of the paper or the writer of the article.

How do we know who to attack then, Mr. Fay? We will tell you, Mr. Fay, how we know. We know you by the slime you leave behind you; by the filth that you slobber along your trail by your crazy method of reasoning when you are fairly charged with a crime; instead of meeting and refuting the charge like a man, you stand like some idiotic fool and blab "lie." When you try to abuse any one, you can't think of anything that is as abusive as the word "lie." Why? Because the crying of that infant whose little innocent form lay on the damp ground among the chapparal, and whose life you hoped death would seal, has rang in your ears while awake, and haunted you in every dream. It will not do at your bidding, but is ever uppermost in your mind. Because you charge your adversary of not having wool—wool properly belongs to sheep—and if you think that you have it, that thought is caused by the sheepish feeling you have labored under for the last nine months. Oh no, Mr. Fay, you have no wool. You are only crazy on the subject. You doubtless feel sheepish, but then there is no wool about you. You, by a rare accident, blundered on to the truth when you told us that we had no wool; and if you should ever come to yourself, which is doubtful, you will find that you are not so woolly after all. It seems that old man Ralls cleared the wool from your eyes when he got after you. It took you no time to sling your fleecy locks to one side and see a clear dodge for your filthy carcass behind that counter.

Track you! Why there is not a man in Southern Oregon but what could track you through the thickest tangled cyprus swamp that ever smothered the earth. You have got too many claws to your hoof to try to imitate a human being. And when you have a little leisure, we recommend that you study Webster's picture of a Mataco, so that you may have some idea how your spotted life looks to others; but don't you flatter yourself that you have got as good a looking head as the Mataco, or you will be deceived again. You secrete yourself in the dark and use the editorial chair to crush the already broken heart of a defenceless girl, will you? Have you got to be such a cursed fool as to think that you can sit in the editorial chair and swing your quill, and talk about the Hon. James D. Fay in the third person, and gail the people of this community? It is played out. You praise yourself with one sentence, and accuse this girl of being guilty of actions that would disgrace the denizens of the Barbary Coast in the next, and in the next talk about being a slandered and abused man. My God! If you had the feeling of the wildest chimpanzee of Africa, who have not yet decided whether to go on two feet or all fours, you would wither with shame.

FIRST PAGE.—Read "Pitiless Night" on the outside. It illustrates an incident in the life of Honorable J. D. Fay, that happened in the chapparal back of his house last February.

Republican State Committee.

A call for a meeting of the Republican State Central Committee is published in yesterday's *Oregonian*. We believe that Hon. T. B. Odeneal, of Benton, is Chairman of the Committee. The remaining members are C. M. Foster, of Baker; F. O. McCown, of Clackamas; Jas. Welch, of Clatsop; D. Blanchard, of Columbia; S. S. Mann, of Coos; T. W. Crooks, of Curry; David Bushev, of Douglas; W. M. Wilson, of Grant; W. M. Turner, of Jackson; W. M. Gibbens, of Josephine; John Barrows, of Linn; T. W. Davenport, of Marion; C. P. Crandall, of Multnomah; B. F. Nichols, of Polk; J. C. Franklin, of Umatilla; W. J. Spodgrass, of Union; T. R. Cornelius, of Washington; Z. L. Moody, of Wasco; J. W. Watts, of Yamhill; W. H. Haley, of Lane, has deceased. The meeting is called at Salem for the 1st day of February, 1872. A full meeting of the Committee is desired.

It Don't Win.

Our friend Prim has rushed into print and denied something he never was accused of. We are a little sorry that our friend made such an unfortunate start in literary fame.

The correspondence between these two old friends, reminds us of the fable between the spider and the fly. Mr. spider says: "Do you see my pretty parlor Mr. Fly, walk in, walk in." Mr. Prim walks in. All right Mr. Prim, if Fay's parlor gives you consolation, stay there.

Prospectus of the "Umpqua Ensign."

On Saturday, January 6th, 1872, the Umpqua Ensign will be issued over the ashes of the Roseburg Ensign, destroyed by fire in September last. The publishers, Gale Bros., have by incessant work, succeeded in procuring a complete office. The Ensign will be, as it was, an uncompromising Republican Journal, promulgating the policy of the present Federal Administration. It will be enlarged, and with an increased circulation, furnished to subscribers at \$2.50 a year, invariably in advance.

Address, GALE BROS., Roseburg, Douglas Co., Oregon. December 16th, 1871.

WHERE IS TRIBBLE?—The nice young man, George Tribble, who was a witness for the defense in the Ralls-Fay seduction case, and who was so "shockingly outraged" by being bound over by Justice Kahler, in the sum of \$500, on a charge of perjury, was booked in the stage office at Yreka for Red Bluff, under the name of G. Williams, and cheated the company out of three dollars besides. It is probable that he is gone from our gaze, and the places that knew him too well will know him no more forever. Was any one afraid he would turn State's evidence, as he is an old hand at it?

SENATOR Fay's performance in Clatsop is too filthy for this paper. We ask the *Times* to publish it.

NEW TO-DAY.

JOS. & H. C. PERKINS, NURSERYMEN, Roseburg, Oregon.

Will send one hundred first class Yearling Apple Trees, securely packed in moss, to any part of Jackson county, accessible by express, on receipt of \$25 in coin. Persons wanting orchards would do well to embrace this extraordinary opportunity to supply themselves with nice young trees.

J. & H. C. PERKINS.

Dec 30th

ASHLAND HOUSE, Ashland, Ogn.

JESSE HOUCK, --- Proprietor.

THIS HOUSE HAS LATELY BEEN NEWLY furnished and refitted throughout, and is now open to the accommodation of boarders and the travelling public.

The table will always be supplied with the best the market affords. A commodious stable is connected with the establishment.

Ashland, Ogn. Dec. 9, 71-72

NOTICE.

U. S. LAND OFFICE, ROSEBURG, OREGON, Nov. 22, 1871. COMPLAINT HAVING BEEN ENTERED by this Office by M. Colwell and J. T. Rainey against Franklin Vincent for abandoning his Homestead Entry, No. 1352, dated June 24, 1871, upon the E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 and N. W. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 Sec. 17 and N. E. 1/4 of N. W. 1/4 Sec. 18, Township 25 S. Range 1 West, in Jackson County, Oregon, with a view to the cancellation of said entry, the said parties are hereby summoned to appear at this Office on the 31st day of January, 1872, at 1 o'clock P. M., to respond and furnish testimony concerning said alleged abandonment.

Wm. R. WILLIS, Register. BINGER BERNAN, Deceit.

J. B. WHITE. ALEX. MARTIN.

WHITE & MARTIN.

(SUCCESSOR TO JAS. T. GLENN.)

DEALER IN

GENERAL MERCHANDISE

CALIFORNIA STREET,

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

NEW FIRM, NEW GOODS,

AND...

NEW PRICES!

LOW PRICES WILL WIN!

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES PLEASURE

in notifying his friends and the public

generally, that he is now receiving and opening a very large and extensive stock of

STAPLE DRY GOODS,

READY MADE CLOTHING,

HATS AND CAPS,

CALIFORNIA AND SALEM

CLOTHS,

BLANKETS,

HOOP SKIRTS

ETC., ETC.

BOOTS AND SHOES,

Ladies', Misses' & Children's Shoes.

I have, also, in connection with

the above, a very large and

extensive stock of choice

Groceries, Hardware,

Queensware,

Glass

ware, Cutlery,

Paints and Oils; also,

Window Glass, Nails, Iron

and Steel, Cast and Steel

Plows, Wooden and Willow ware,

I am ready to sell anything in my line at

the LOWEST CASH PRICE. Persons wishing

to buy goods, will find it greatly to their advantage to examine my stock before purchasing elsewhere, as I am determined not to be undersold by any house in Jackson county.

Give me a call, and then judge for yourself as to my capacity to furnish goods as above.

WHITE & MARTIN.

Jacksonville, November 18, 1871-72.

THE TEMPLE

OF

FASHION!

1871. 1872.

PRODUCTIONS OF

Sachs Bros.

THE TEMPLE OF FASHION cannot be beat—

There everything is kept nice and neat;

The latest fashions make a grand display—

Something new can be seen every day.

Dry Goods for Winter, Spring, Summer and

Fall;

Anything, everything, for which you may call,

Come in now and bundle up warm.

At least take a look. It will do you no harm.

Groceries, all kinds—we keep the best—

Please call in and give them a test.

Hardware, also, from a pin to a spike.

Queensware, all kinds, whatever you like.

Merchandise, in great variety and price,

Clothing, boots, shoes, all very nice.

Liquors, customers will not let waste.

Tobacco, such as will suit every taste.

Good syrup, just the thing for hot cakes.

You will eat so much your sides will ache.

Fine pickles, you may nip at by degrees.

And then a big bite of Limburger cheese.

But we say no more, come see for yourselves.

The fine stock of goods we have on our shelves.

The people all know it and say to each other,

If you want something good go to the store of

SACHS BROTHERS.

Jacksonville, Ogn. Nov 4-71.

LATEST FROM EUROPE!

WESTROP & PEACOCK.

FRESCO,

HOUSE,

SIGN,

CARRIAGE &

ORNAMENTAL

PAINTERS & GRAINERS.

HAVING PERMANENTLY LOCATED AT

Jacksonville, we will be pleased to receive

Orders in any of the above branches of the

business.

Orders left at the New State Saloon will

receive prompt attention.

WESTROP & PEACOCK.

Jacksonville, Ogn. Dec 1-71



A FULL AND COMPLETE STOCK AL

ways on hand at the

City Drug Store.

BOOKS,

STATIONARY,

TOILET ARTICLES

etc., etc.

AGENCY FOR THE

AGUE KING.

W. L. COWAN, Druggist.

GASOLINE OIL & LAMPS

AT THE

City Drug Store.

Jacksonville, Sept. 10, 1870.

SADDLE & HARNESS

MANUFACTORY.

HENRY JUDGE

HAS resumed his former business in Jack-

sonville, Oregon, on California street, next

door to A. Fisher & Bro., and will keep con-

stantly on hand a general assortment of

SADDLES, HARNESS,

BRIDLES, COLLARS,

HAMES, Horse BLANKETS,

WHIPS, LINEN SHEETS &

SPURS, HOODS,

CURRY COMBS & HORSE BRUSHES

TRACE,

BREAST,

HALTER &

DOG CHAINS

and a large stock of

SADDLERY HARDWARE & FINDINGS

All orders from a distance promptly at-

tended to.

Manufacturing to order, and repairing done

on short notice, and with the Best Material.

All articles in my line will be sold at a lower

CASH PRICE than ever before offered in Jack-

sonville.

Please Call and examine my STOCK

before purchasing elsewhere.

HENRY JUDGE.

Jacksonville, Ogn., Oct. 7, '71-72

JOHN NEUBER

HAS JUST RECEIVED

A LARGE ADDITION TO HIS AA

ready well Selected Stock of

JEWELRY & SILVERWARE.

GOLD WATCHES & CHAINS, SILVER

WATCHES & CHAINS, from the most cele-

brated MANUFACTURERS of America

and Europe, which is offered to the TRADE