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## Incident of the Revolution.

A circumstance occurred during the gloomy winter of 1776-7, which has not found its way into history, but which we copy from a late number of the *Democratic Review*. It was one among the many during the Revolution, which appeared to be providential allotments in our favor. The writer received the account of it from a son of Richard H. Lee, and from Francis Lightfoot Lee, who were members of Congress, and were in Philadelphia at the time. These gentlemen were accustomed to mention it as an important incident in favor of their country.

When General Washington was retreating through the Jerseys in the winter of 1776-7, and had crossed the Delaware, his lead and bullets had nearly failed, and he would be unable, without a considerable supply, to make the brilliant and successful movements which recovered New Jersey, and re-implanted the country with new hope and confidence in their Commander-in-Chief. In this darkest hour of the war, Congress had made every effort to supply the so-much-needed article. All the lead that could be found in public and private places had been obtained. Lead pipes had been melted and the plates torn from the roofs of houses; but still a small quantity only could be obtained. Just then in the darkest moment of despondency, Robert Morris, who has been called the "financier" of the Revolution, and whose extensive credit and mercantile transactions in Europe, and whose unflinching devotion to his country, has laid that country under never-ceasing obligations, received a letter from one of his ships which had escaped the British cruisers—informing him that the vessel was within the cape, and would reach Philadelphia at such a time, and was ballasted with lead, and amounting to a very large quantity. This letter the patriotic Morris—such we delight to call him—received late in the day, and after Congress had adjourned. He joyously informed the members he could see before morning. Early the next morning, Morris and many members repaired to the wharf anxiously looking out for the expected vessel. For some time she did not appear. The messenger repaired to the hall with saddened countenance, and on the assembling of the House, the letter of Morris was read, and the looker-for supply was eagerly expected. Morris was too anxious to remain in his seat in the House, and he returned to the wharf, straining his eyes down the river. At length the goodly vessel heaves in sight, and her owner recognizes the stars and stripes. The news spreads rapidly through the city and reaches Congress, and a scene of joyful emotion instantly succeeds, and the hearts of these glorious, beloved men, send up to heaven their grateful thanksgiving, for the relief about to be received in the hour of despair.

The ship arrived, ballasted with lead, which the Captain of his own apparent will, (but at our fathers piously believed, by the leading of a good Providence,) had for the first time, resolved to use for that purpose. By God's overruling providence the vessel escaped the perils of storm and capture, and arrived at the exigent moment; a large supply of lead was immediately obtained, and our great Commander re-crossed the Delaware, and saved our country.—*Lass Des.*

**WEBSTER'S REPORTS.**—One evening, not many years ago, while the Supreme Court was holding its session in Somerset court, down in the State of Maine, some of the legal brethren were warming their legs before a blazing fire in a rural tavern, and conversing upon various matters pertaining to the profession, B. J. Bacon, whose long silence indicated that his mind was in travail with some great thought, broke out by asking if any of his brethren could relieve him from his trouble.

"I wish," said he, "to commence an action against a boy who was caught stealing apples. I find no case of the kind in any of our Reports, and I am at a loss for a precedent."

The landlord overheard the question, and informed the verdant youth that he knew a case just in point.

"Ah!" said Bacon, "in whose Reports shall I find it?"

"In Webster's," said the landlord gravely.

"Webster's Reports!" replied Bacon.—"Well, now you speak of it, I think I do remember something like it there. Do you know the volume?"

"Yes, I do; I have a copy in the house, if you would like to see it."

"I would be greatly obliged to you for it, as I have left mine at home."

The landlord stepped out, and soon returned with Webster's Spelling Book! and, turning to the story, "An old man found a rude boy on one of his trees, stealing apples," passed the book to his legal friend, who threw it into the fire, in the midst of roars of laughter, and speedily made his exit.

A man's happiness is said to hang upon a thread. This must be the thread that is never at hand to sew on the shirt button that is always off.

## Fun With the F's.

The following, we think, was published in the *Golden Era* several years ago. No matter; it is worth sending on another journey through newspaperdom. It is certainly the most ingenious specimen of alliteration in the language, and quite throws the "Siege of Belgrade" into the shade. The little folks, and some of the older, will recognize it as a fanciful rendering of the old story of "Beauty and the Beast."

A famous fish factor found himself father of five flirting females—Fanny, Florence, Fernando, Francesca and Fenella. The first four were fat-featured, ill-favored, forbidding-faced freckled frumps, fretful, flippant, foolish and flouting. Fenella was a fine featured, fresh, feet-footed fairy—frank, free, and full of fun. The fisher failed, and was forced by fickle fortune to forego his footman, forfeit his father's fine field, and find a forlorn farm-house in a forsaken forest. The four fretful females, fond of figuring at feasts in feathers and fashionable finery, fumed at their fugitive father. Forsaken by fulsome, flattering fortune-hunters, who followed them when they first flourished, Fenella fondled her father, favored their food, forgot her flattering followers, and frolicked in frize without frowncers. The father, finding himself forced to forage in foreign parts for a fortune, found he could afford a farthing to his fondlings. The first four were fain to foster their frivolity with fine frills and fans, fit to finish their father's finances; Fenella, fearful of flooring him, formed a fancy for a full, fresh flower. Fate favored the fish-factor for a few days, when he fell in with a fig; his faithful *Filley's* footsteps faltered, and foot-failed. He found himself in front of a fortified fortress. Finding it forsaken, and feeling himself feeble and forlorn with fasting, he fed on the fish, flesh and fowl he found, fricasseed and fried, and, when full, fell flat on the floor. Fresh in the forenoon, he forthwith flew to the fruitful field, and not forgetting Fenella, he fleched a fair flower; when a foul, frightful, fendish figure flashed forth: "Felonious fellow, fingering my flowers, I'll finish you! Go, say farewell to your fine felicitous family, and face me in a fortnight!" The faint-hearted fisher fumed and faltered, and fast was far in his flight. His five daughters flew to fall at his feet, and fervently felicitate him. Frankly and fluciently he unfolded his fate. Fenella, forthwith fortified by filial fondness, followed her father's footsteps, and flung her faultless form at the foot of the frightful figure, who forgave the father, and fell flat on his face, for he had fervently fallen in a fiery fit of love for the fair Fenella. He feasted her till, fascinated by his faithfulness, she forgot the ferocity of his face, form and features, and frankly and fondly fixed Friday, fifth of February, for the affair to come off. There was festivity, fragrance, finery, fireworks, fricasseed frogs, fritters, fish, flesh, fowl and ferments—frontonage, flip and fare fit for the fastidious; fruit, fusi, flambeaux, four fat fiddlers and fifers; and the frightful form of the fortune and frumpish fiend fell from him, and he fell at Fenella's feet, a fair-favored, fine, frank freeman of the forest. Behold the fruits of filial affection!

A correspondent in the army is responsible for the following:

"While our army was in Mexico, Gen. T— was walking in the plaza at Tampico, when a Mexican offered to sell him a fine Mustang pony, which the General, who had a keen eye for horses, was desirous of purchasing; but as the owner was ignorant of English, and the General's Spanish did not extend beyond *si* and *camao*, they made slow progress towards a trade. The General called an orderly to him, a genuine Irishman, and asked:

"Orderly, do you speak Spanish?"

"Niver a word, sur."

"Then go and find me some one that does."

Off went the orderly, and soon returned, dragging after him a full-blooded and thoroughly frightened Mexican.

"What are you doing with that man?" demanded the General; "what has he done?"

"He has done nothing as I know of, sur."

"Then why do you bring him here?"

"Wasn't it a man to speak Spanish that the General would have me to bring wid me?"

"Certainly it was."

"Will, thin, I thought him the very man for your honor, for I am sure he can speak nothin' but Spanish at all, at all!"

The General was obliged to admit that the Orderly had obeyed orders to the letter, but it was no help in buying the mustang.

**BREACH OF PROMISE.**—Things get to an awful pass when men in "high places" are reckless to their own engagements! And we are sorry to find that the chief Magistrate of our National Union is charged with such an aggravated offence. An exchange says:

"A young American lady in Paris threatens to sue President Buchanan for breach of promise; she says that dining at her father's table years ago, he said to her—'My dear Miss, if ever I should be President, you shall be mistress of the White House.'"

## Can I Help You?

Can I help you? Just say the word.—There speaks the whole-souled, whole-hearted man—the man whose very shadow is worth more than the whole body, soul and estate, personal and spiritual, of two-thirds of our human race bearing the name. How he lifts the desponding spirit of his brother in trouble! All day he had met with cold eyes, cold smiles, cold words, cold bows and cold sympathy. Men fly him because they have heard he was unfortunate; and—he a villain, a thief, a murderer, says the world in action, but don't be unfortunate. I'll lend you ten thousand if you are worth fifty; if you're unfortunate, I'm poor myself—would help you—could have done so three days ago, or three hours ago—but positively haven't got three cents, nor shall be in possession of that amount while—your misfortune lasts. If your old aunt dies, or your old uncle, or in fact anybody who chooses to leave you a fortune, why, just call on me; I'll manage to have a little change on hand.

But look! yonder comes a broad-shouldered, frank-browed man, who meets a poor brother with a slap on the shoulder, and, Can I help you? just say the word. Don't be afraid now—what's your trouble? Out with it, and if you'd like a little cash, just say so. Don't be down-cast; what if you have failed in your expectations once, twice, or thrice? Haven't some of our most successful merchants, done the same thing? made the same mistakes? And where would they have been if they hadn't found friends? Come, what do you want—how much? He don't clap his hands in his pockets with a Styx-like frown, that says as plainly as if he had brewed it out in your ear, No entrance here. He is not one of those dyspeptic, cross-grained, surly, moneyed machines that squeezes a sixpence till it squeals, and reads a newspaper with a greedy, voracious eagerness, for fear he shall not get his two cent's worth. He lives for something else than man, than gain. His passport to Heaven is written on his face, his religion on the hearts of the downcast and sorrowing—in the homes he has made happy by his benevolence.

"Can I help you?" Write the words in golden letters, for they are only heard on rare occasions. The sneer, the scorn, the doubt, the refusal—they come with every night-fall and sun-rising. Niggards grow like mushrooms, but angels are scarce. Niggards can never look beyond themselves—their own comfort—their own convenience; no matter who starves next door, they scatter curses in discouragements and blight over, God only knows, how many gentle hearts. They never say, "Can I help him?" but, "He's down—let's kick him."

But the angelic ministry of those helpers to humanity—men who believe they were entrusted with the powers the gods might envy, that they might be used to some good purpose—what shall we say to them? how give them the burning praise they merit? Good, whole-souled, generous man, the angels and God himself smile approval when, with beaming eyes and hopeful words, said to the deprived brother, "Can I help you?"—*Exchange.*

A COOL APOLOGY.—They had a ball down at Waverly the other night, which brought out some remarkable experience. Among other events, the following instance of a cool apology took place:

Bill P. is known all over, and Bill was at this ball in all his glory. All of his necessities for pleasure were on hand—good music, pretty girls, and excellent whisky. The evening passed off rapidly, as it always does, and Bill had at about one o'clock, become pretty happy. Stepping up to a young lady, he requested the pleasure of dancing with her. She replied she was engaged.

"Well," said Bill, "are you engaged for the next set?"

She said she was.

"Can I dance with you the next, then?"

"I am engaged for that, also."

"Can I dance with you to-night?"

"No, sir," with some hesitancy.

"Go to Boston," said Bill, highly indignant, and turned on his heel.

After a few moments Bill is accosted by the brother of the young lady, and charged with insulting his sister. Bill denies, but professes himself willing to apologize, if he has done wrong, and accordingly steps up to the lady, when the following conversation ensued:

"Miss L., I understand I have insulted you?"

"You have, sir?"

"What did I say, Miss L.?"

"You told me to go to Boston."

"Well," said Bill, "I have come to tell you that you needn't go!"

they consist in an exhibition of the person, they are liable to be attended with vanity, and to extinguish the blush of youthful timidity, which is in young ladies the most powerful of their exterior charms. And I am also satisfied that, if a young woman cannot partake of the amusements of a ball-room, except at the expense of benevolence, of friendship, of sincerity, of good humor, she has no business there. The recreation of others may be innocent, but to her it is sin."

**ABOUT A CHILD WHO READ A YELLOW-COLORED PUBLICATION.**—Some years ago we knew a beautiful little girl, who was residing with her parents in San Francisco. She was then thirteen years of age—with a face fresh, bright and pure as the budding rose—a form graceful, and instinct with innocent life—hair luxuriant, and golden as the sunlight. Little Mary was beloved by all who knew her—the sweetest flower in the thriving nursery of Mr. and Mrs. —. Every facility of education was afforded her, and she displayed extraordinary capacity. No touch upon the piano sounded so delicate as hers; no voice so pleasant in the simple melodies in which she delighted; and no expression seemed so sweet as hers when she looked up trustfully and confidingly in our face, and smiled or wept as we told her stories of good works accomplished and terrible sufferings endured by brave and good people. Well, we loved little Mary; and one day her father failed, and she was taken away, and we heard no more of her during four years—though we often thought of the child, and wondered whether we should ever know her again as we used to know her.—The other evening we heard of her. We were sitting in our room, and by chance thinking of the little girl, when a note was brought to us—a note directed in a light, trembling hand, as though the writer was under the influence of some strong emotion or settled misery. We opened it; it was blotted with tears, and the scrawl was irregular and almost illegible. We finally made out the contents to be about as follows:

**MY DEAR FRIEND.**—I may call you dear, yet, though I am lost and sunken, now.—Lost and sunken—degraded—Oh! stretched on a bed from which I feel I shall never rise again. Oh! my dear, dear friend, you used to love little Mary when her eyes were bright and her face fair; you will not desert her now, though she is withered and worn—brought down very low by dishonor and shame. Come to me—the bearer will accompany you. Prepare to be shocked—I can't write any more. MARY

On that Monday night we went to a wretched room on one of the streets of San Francisco, and there we found little Mary—how altered, how penitent, we cannot tell; that and the story she told us, must remain a secret to all but one, who is in another land. But this we must say, in a tone of solemn warning to hundreds of dear children and loving parents—that 'her ruin was brought about by one yellow-covered publication. This she said—this she charged us to proclaim. She is buried now.—*Golden Era.*

**A CHARGE AS IS A CHARGE.**—Judge Jonah Joles, a Western judicial dignitary, recently delivered the following charge to the jury, in the case of Elim Crunch, on trial for stealing:

"Jury, you kin go out, and don't show your ugly mugs here till you find a verdict. If you can't find one of your own, get the one the last jury used."

The jury retired, and after an absence of fifteen minutes returned with a verdict of "Suicide in the ninth degree and fourth verse."

Then Judge Jonah Joles pronounced upon Crunch this sentence:

"Elim Crunch, stand up and face the music. You are found guilty of suicide for stealing. Now, this Court sentences you to pay a fine of two shillings, to shave your head with a bagnet in the barracks, and if you try to cave in the heads of any of the jury, you'll catch thunder, that's all. Your fate will be a warning to others; and, in conclusion, may the Lord have mercy on your soul! Sheriff, git me a plat of red-eye! I'm awful thirsty!"

**QUITE A MISTAKE IN AN ELOPEMENT.**—A novel mistake lately occurred in a love affair at Duaneburg. A couple of young persons agreed to elope together, and by some mistake in the preliminary arrangements, the gentleman put his ladder up to the window of the room next to the one in which his sweetheart slept, and which proved to be that in which her anxious mamma, a handsome widow, reposed. She turned the mistake to her own advantage—got into his arms—turned his affectionate embraces—was borne by him to the carriage, and by preserving becoming silence until daylight, kept him blind of his error, and by the potent power of her blandishment, actually charmed him into matrimony with herself. We give these facts on the authority of a respectable correspondent. The old lady evidently thought that marriage was not good for her children—"it might make them sick."