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D. B. BRENNAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, OFFICE—At his residence, Jacksonville, O. T. 43

[Written for the SENTINEL.] Lines—To Rose.

BY W. HENRIE ARATILLY. 'Tis like a dream that I recall The happy hours we've passed, Where stands the giant hickory tall, And nods beneath the blast.

Where many a day, in weary gloe, With basket we have strayed To our old favorite walnut tree, And "Amid" beneath its shade.

Where we were wont to build of moss, Bird nests in all the bowers, And rob each one we "came across" To get "nest-eggs" for ours.

And when the meadow, ripening fast, Its pleasant odors shed, There is a sacred spot, Where stands the gray, old apple cell, Within the orchard lot.

And not the least affecting scene Is—well, what would you guess? 'Tis near the orchard, blest machine! The mill and cider press.

Then next, since I bethink so well, There is a sacred spot, Where stands the gray, old apple cell, Within the orchard lot.

'Tis long ago—it seems an age, Since that bright vision fled, Tho' it hath left on memory's page, A record often read.

That youth of ours was blest indeed, But I was unprepared To give one-half its pleasures heed, Which we might then have shared.

And now, that care's dull load I feel, I ask in wistful tone, "Whence are these thoughts which o'er me steal, For happy moments flown?"

I'm roaming, Rose, and none can know The worth of friends and home, Until from both afar they go, To have, like me, a room.

My mind is roaming too—it soars Far 'o'er the deep blue sea, And there, on murmuring Wabash' shores Contemplates home and thee.

Hillsdale Valley, O. T., April 25, 1858.

Fault Finding. What are another's faults to me; I've not a venture's bill To peck at every flaw I see, And make it wider still.

It is enough for me to know I've follies of my own, And on my heart the care bestow, And let my friends alone. ANON.

Marriage. It is the happiest and most virtuous state of society, in which the husband and wife set out early together, make their property together, and with perfect sympathy of soul, graduate all their expenses, plans, calculations, and desires with reference to their present means, and to their future and common interests. Nothing delights me more than to enter the neat little tenement of the young couple, who within perhaps two or three years, without any resource but their own knowledge of industry, have joined heart and hand and engaged to share together the responsibilities, duties, interests, trials and pleasures of life. The industrious wife is cheerfully employing her own hands in domestic duties, putting her house in order, or mending her husband's clothes, or preparing the dinner, whilst, perhaps, the little darling sits prattling upon the floor, or lies sleeping in the cradle—and everything seems preparing to welcome the happiest of husbands and the best of fathers, when he shall come from his toil to enjoy the sweets of his little paradise. This is the true domestic pleasure, the "only bliss that survived the fall." Health, contentment, love, abundance and bright prospects are all here.

But it has become a prevalent sentiment that a man must acquire a fortune before he marries—that the wife must have no sympathy, nor share with him in the pursuit of it, in which most of the pleasure truly consists; and the young married people must set out with as large and expensive an establishment as is becoming those who have been wedded for twenty years. This is very unhappy.

It fills the community with bachelors, who are waiting to make their fortunes, endangering virtue and promoting vice—it destroys the true economy and design of the domestic institution, and it promotes idleness and inefficiency among females, who are expecting to be taken up by a fortune, and passively sustained, without any care or concern on their part—and thus many a wife becomes, as a gentleman once remarked, not a "help meet," but a "help-out."

SINGULAR PROOF OF ATTACHMENT.—A few days ago, a woman, who cohabited with a man, cut off his finger while he was asleep. She placed the finger upon a stone, and applying the knife, struck it with another stone, severing the finger, which hung only by a piece of skin. The man subsequently received surgical treatment at the North Dispensary, but is maimed for life. It appears that the man threatened to enlist in the army, and the woman, from the strong affection she entertained for him, committed the act in order that he might not carry out his intention, which would result in their separation. —Liverpool Mercury.

[From the Savannah Republican.] Escape of the Adriatic.

The American bark Adriatic, which became famous from her disastrous collision with the French steamer Lyonaie, in November, 1856, and still more an object of interest from her recent seizures by the French authorities at Marseilles, her condemnation by the Court of Admiralty, and her subsequent escape, arrived safely at this port at an early hour yesterday. We have had a long interview with her commander, Captain Durham, and with the facts connected with her escape are matters of national interest, we proceed to state them as briefly as the nature of the subject will allow.

The circumstances attending the collision with the Lyonaie are already familiar to the public. Captain Durham is very positive that it grew out of no fault on the part of his own vessel, but resulted, as he alleges, from culpable mismanagement by the officers of the steamer. The judgment of confiscation was rendered by the Imperial Court of Aix, in December last, and as soon as a copy was served on Captain Durham, believing that it was impossible, in the excited state of the public mind in France, to obtain justice, he resolved to make his escape if possible, and place the whole matter in the hands of his Government.

Of course he had to resort to stratagem to accomplish his purpose. Learning that the Adriatic would not be taken possession of until the full extent of loss by the Lyonaie could be ascertained, he improved the interval in devising the means of escape. He engaged a caulker and had her caulked all round for about five feet above the water's edge, under the pretext that she was open, when the ministers should set in, she would sink right there in the harbor. Captain D. thinks there was no suspicion from this movement, for in the "noise and confusion" of the caulker's operations he and his assistant were quietly weaving and running rigging on board, and getting ready for sea.

They worked at this business about three hours every night, say from 9 o'clock till 12, when there was much noise and it was so dark no one could either hear or see what they were doing. What provisions they got were put on board another vessel and from thence transferred to the Adriatic during the night. The crew was also shipped for another vessel, and subsequently taken on board the Adriatic, when they were so much intoxicated as not to be conscious of what was going on.

Capt. Durham commenced getting ready to haul out about 9 o'clock on the evening of the 8th January, his force consisting, besides himself, of Capt. —, the two mates and a boy. The vessel lay in the middle tier, about half way up the harbor, with both anchors ahead and moored with a hawser astern. They bent the two topmasts and main topmast stay-sail where she lay. The vessel ahead of the Adriatic was made fast to the chain, and when the Adriatic slipped they let go the fast of the other vessel and hove her right into the middle of the harbor ahead of her. When the captain awoke and found out his situation, and that his vessel was adrift, there was no end to his imprecations against the "d—d Yankees." Capt. D. had no time to spare to his "seecers," but got clear of him as soon as he could, and hauled down the harbor, nearly to the guardship, when he stopped to take on his crew and to make sail. The crew were got on board by 3 o'clock on the morning of the 9th; they then set the topmasts, and putting four oars in the boat, put her ahead until the vessel got steege way.

When the Adriatic got abreast of the guardship, her boat came off and demanded the fort pass of the former. Capt. D., when asked for his pass, replied "prenez garde Ja," and threw the officer a small bit of paper with two sous wrapped up in it. The paper and money however—whether by accident or design the Captain does not say—went over the boat and into the water, sinking to the bottom. The officer of the guard ship then inquired for the name of the vessel, when Capt. D. sung out that she was the American ship Luna, that had cleared the day before. Nothing more was heard from the official, and the Adriatic proceeded on her way.

As soon as the fugitive got clear of the harbor, a fine breeze sprang up from the eastward, and at daybreak she was abreast of Plainier, and three good miles off the French coast. The Adriatic then took her course for Spezia, in Sardinia, the Captain expecting to find his ship's papers there, and also some American man-of-war, who might supply him with an anchor and such other articles as he stood in need of. She arrived at Spezia on the morning of the 19th of January, and anchored with the keel, having cut loose both anchors and left them at the wharf in Marseilles. There was no man-of-war in port, and her papers had not arrived. Having no bill of health, the Sardinian authorities would not permit her to land.

Capt. D. then went ashore himself to the pratique office, where he met the American Consul, who informed him that intelligence of his escape had reached there, and that the French Government had telegraphed to all the ports in the Mediterranean to stop

the vessel in whatever port she may be found. Soon after her arrival orders came from Turin to seize the vessel, and the officers actually placed a gunboat under her stern, with two guns mounted, having received orders to fire, should any attempt be made by the captain of the Adriatic to move from the spot. The next orders received were that the vessel should not be molested, but that none of her men were to be allowed communication with the shore, nor was anything to be sent on board of her—not even water, nor any other kind of assistance offered.

In a few days, upon further reflection, all these orders were withdrawn, and Captain Durham allowed to take whatever he desired of his vessel; or rather, as he states, whatever he was able to pay for, which was very little.

Col. Long, the United States storekeeper, at Spezia, kindly furnished the vessel with all she wanted. Just as she got her provisions and water on board, there came on a fresh blow from the northward, and the vessel was riding by the keel and forty-five fathoms of chain, with one of the chain boxes filled with stones, to back it, and a hawser bent to the other chain box. She lay then in what is called Ponsaglia Bay, with the wind blowing right on shore.

About two o'clock the vessel commenced dragging; all hands went to work and got sail on as soon as possible, cutting away one chain box and dragging the other by the point, which she neared so closely that one might have jumped ashore from the deck. The vessel kept drifting until Capt. D. was compelled to run a hawser ashore to the lazaretto, where he made out to hold her, until he went to town and got his papers—returning to the bark, he put to sea.

The day following the Adriatic boarded the ship Elizabeth Denison, from whom she got more provisions and an anchor. She then had a beautiful passage of eleven days to Madeira, after first beating about for some time in order to put certain parties ashore who had no desire to take a trip to America. The voyage from Madeira to the United States was a long and tedious one, she having encountered, alternately, calms and head winds nearly throughout the passage. The crew finally exhausted all their provisions, except a small quantity of beef, and it became necessary for the ship to make the nearest American port, Savannah, which she reached in safety, as before stated.

Upon the whole, the movements of the Adriatic have been truly eventful, and it remains to be seen what effect they are to have upon the interests of her owners and the relations of the two governments, should our own sustain the vessel in her escape from the authorities of France. We have little thought of any serious results so far as the international aspects of the question are concerned.

Capt. Durham informed us that his freight from here to La Ciotat was about five thousand dollars. He has received only about one-half of this amount; the balance is still held by the "Messagerie Imperial" Company by an attachment made by the agents of the steamer Lyonaie.

A FAST FRIGATE.—David Constable says there is one advantage about off-fashioned frigates. They drag so much dead water behind, that if a man falls overboard on Monday, you need not stop till Friday to pick him up again. He never gets beyond a few yards from the sternpost. In confirmation of this opinion, he refers us to a well-known anecdote connected with Capt. Pompos, of the frigate "Wash Tub." One evening, while running up the Mediterranean under a one-horse breeze, Pompos came on deck just before sundown, and entered into the following conversation with Mr. Smile, the first lieutenant:

"I heard a little noise on deck just now, Mr. Smile; what was the cause of it?"

"A man fell from the fore-yard."

Without saying another word, Capt. Pompos entered the cabin, and was not seen again until the next morning after breakfast, when he once more refreshed the deck with his presence, and again entered into conversation with the first lieutenant.

"I think you told me, Mr. Smile, that a man fell overboard from the fore-yard last evening?"

"I did, sir."

"Have you picked him up yet?"

"No sir."

"Well, you had better do it some time during the morning, or the poor devil will begin to starve."

The lieutenant obeyed orders, lowered a boat about noon, and found the gentleman who disappeared from the fore-yard, but eighteen inches further astern than he was fourteen hours before. He was lying on his back fast asleep.

We get this from "an eye-witness."

The Philosophy of Hunger.

What is hunger—its cause and effect? A writer in *Blackwood's Magazine* answers this question in an interesting and instructive manner. Hunger, he says, is a sensation having its seat in the stomach, but principally caused by the state of the whole system. It is therefore related to the general state of the system, and to the particular state of the stomach. The primary cause is the want of food to repair the waste of tissue. In every living organism there is an incessant and reciprocal activity of waste and repair. We cannot wink an eye, move a finger, or think a thought, but some part of our substance must be sacrificed in doing so. The heat of our bodies is also derived from the combustion of their particles. The human body is a furnace which is momentarily yielding up itself to destruction, to feed its own fires. We are all consuming, and unless we keep up the supply of fuel, the fire of life goes out in death and dissolution. It is not, however, the food we eat that burns, but tissue. Food forms tissue, and tissue is consumed in the act of breathing—the combustion of life. Thus when there is an abundance of tissue, or fat, life may be supported for a considerable time without food. The dormouse begins its winter sleep well clothed with fat, which is all used up in the simple act of breathing while it lies dormant, and in the spring it comes forth lean and hungry. The camel carries in the hump upon his back, a supply of food to be consumed in the long and hungry march through the desert.

Yet man can subsist but a brief period without food. Death usually occurs on the fifth or sixth day of total abstinence from food and drink. The longest period of absolute fasting, it is thought, cannot reach beyond three months. Yet many remarkable cases are stated, where persons have apparently abstained from food much longer than this. A story is now going the rounds of the press, of a Mrs. Hayes, of Warren county, New York, who is said to have existed without food or drink for more than eighteen months. She is emaciated to a skeleton, and the sight of food throws her into convulsions. Other remarkable stories are told by various writers. Mackenzie tells the story of a young girl who had locked up for sixteen years, and had taken no food during four years. A Scotch woman is said to have lived eight years without taking anything except a little water on one or two occasions. But all these stories are surpassed by that of a woman who remained fifty years without food; it is added, however, that she sometimes took a little skimmed milk.

If we could believe all these stories, the possibility of living without eating would seem quite attainable. But the chances of deception and exaggeration are so great that we are tempted to reject almost every one of these cases rather than reject all physiological teachings. If the persons fasting remained perfectly motionless, they must still breathe, and every breath draws upon the substance of the body. The animal heat is maintained solely by the combustion of the body, and it seems impossible that it should go on consuming itself for years without repair. The truth is, the man who takes no food, lives like a spendthrift on his capital. We cannot say precisely how long such a spendthrift life may continue—how long starvation will be in effecting its fatal end, but we can say how much waste is fatal. Experiments prove that death arrives whenever the waste reaches an average proportion of four-tenths. That is to say, supposing an animal to weigh one hundred pounds, it will succumb when its weight is reduced to sixty pounds. Death may of course ensue before that point is reached, but cannot be prolonged after it. Curiously enough, insufficiency of food causes death at precisely the same point, that is, as soon as the original weight is reduced four-tenths. Men, therefore, reduced to an insufficient allowance, whether from famine, shipwreck, or siege, will inevitably perish unless the allowance be increased, just as if they had received no food at all, only they will be longer before they succumb. An important lesson is contained in this fact, and one which should never be forgotten in the management of prisons, schools and workhouses.

WHY COUSINS SHOULD NOT MARRY.—In the Annual Report of the Superintendent of the Kentucky Institution for the Deaf and Dumb we find the following conclusive argument against the marriage of cousins:

From ten to twenty per cent. of deaf mutes are the children of cousins. It is greatly to be regretted that the bill forbidding the marriage of first cousins did not pass the recent Legislature. These marriages are a violation of a law of nature, as is evidenced by the afflictions visited in almost every case upon their offspring, in deafness, blindness and idiocy, and ought to be a violation of human law also. The commonwealth has the clear right to protect itself against these ill-starred matches, whose offspring it has to sustain for life. It may be hoped that this important subject will not escape the action of our legislators many years longer. It is confidently believed that by forbidding marriages of this kind, and by proper attention and care of infants laboring under the disease, the number of deaf mutes in the community might be diminished one-half in a generation.

Vingt Un.

We had a friend—or, with the emphasis of the inimitable Toodles, we have a friend, who, for the nonce, we shall call "the Major," though his right to the prefix is somewhat questionable. Now the Major has had, through life, one besetting sin, and that is an unconquerable love of a certain game of cards known as vingt un, which is French for twenty-one. This well-known game, a fat wife and a large family are about the only weaknesses that can be laid to the Major's charge. How often he has been married the record says not, nor is it important. Suffice it that during over thirty odd years of the Major's wedded life, as his wealth increased and his hairs became gray, one after another, in regular succession, his board was honored with the presence of miniature additions of himself, until the number had reached twenty, when the Major concluded things had gone far enough, and should be stopped. But they didn't, as the Major in due time found out, for he had calculated without consulting his wife. There were indications of another bond of union and well spring of happiness.

The Major became nervous, for his nomenclature was exhausted. In his desperation, he finally declared that the coming heir to his name and fortune, whether boy or girl, should be named *Vingt un*. In vain the old woman remonstrated. The Major was inexorable. The new comer, being the twenty-first, should wag his way through life with that appropriate title. In the ante room, the Major awaited the announcement of the little stranger's sex. The nurse appeared, and, to the Major's horror, whispered the terrible words—*twins!*

"Busted, by thunder!" yelled the Major, "why didn't I stand on twenty?"

AN INCIDENT IN THE LIFE OF A SOLDIER.—The funeral of Nathaniel B. Stokely, which took place last week, was well attended. When Company H. (now Cadwallader Greys, Captain Breeze,) left this city for Mexico, Stokely, failing to get enrolled in the ranks, in consequence of size alone, resolved to accompany the volunteers at all events; and being of an active, useful disposition, the company took him with them. During his absence, poor Stokely was found a necessary adjunct, rendering good and efficient service to all. An incident in the life of the deceased should not be forgotten. It is one which goes far to show the character of the American volunteer. When the army had left Plan Del Rio, their encampment previous to the battle of Cerro Gordo, "little Natty," as he was familiarly called, was left with many others to guard the camp, and see to the sick and wounded from below. Word reached the camp that the Pennsylvania regiments had been cut to pieces, and the men were dying from want of water, the day being intensely warm. Stokely, with a spirit and zeal scarcely ever exceeded, seized upon the "canteens" belonging to the sick, filled them with fresh water from the beautiful stream at the "Del Rio," and, throwing them on his shoulder, walked a distance of three miles to the field of bloody strife, with the view of allaying the thirst of his brother companions. His mission was of mercy—it was received and hailed with joy by those who participated in it. Such was "Natty Stokely." —Philadelphia Paper.

CURIOUS REVOLUTIONARY VERSES.—The following ingenious composition appeared in a Philadelphia newspaper many years ago. Who the author was I am unable to ascertain. Its peculiarity consists in the manner in which it may be read, viz: in three different ways. 1st. Let the whole be read in the order in which it is written.—2d. Then the lines downward on the left of each comma in every line. 3d. In the same manner on the right of each comma. By the first reading, you will observe that the Revolutionary cause is deprecated, and lauded by others:

Hark! hark! to the trumpet sounds, the din of war's alarms
O'er seas and solid grounds, doth call us all to arms;
Who for King George doth stand, their honours soon will shine,
Their ruin is at hand, who with the Congress join;
The acts of Parliament, in them I much delight,
I hate their cursed intent, who for the Congress fight,
The tories of the day, they are my daily toast,
They soon will sneak away, who independence boast;
Who non-resistance hold, they have my hand and heart,
May they for slaves be sold, who act a Whigish part;
On Mansfield, North and Brute, may daily blessings pour,
Confusion and dispute, on Congress evermore;
To North, that British lord, may honors still be done,
I wish a block or cord, to General Washington. [Historical Magazine.]

A lady, not remarkable for good temper, came for advice to Mr. Arnold, as to how she could get rid of a troublesome squint.

"Oh marry him—marry him," advised Mr. Arnold.

"Nay, I would see him hanged first," said she.

"No, madam, marry him, as I said to you and I'll assure you, it will not be long before he hangs himself."