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VOL. III.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1858.

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BY
W. G. T'VAULT, Editor & Proprietor.

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January 1, 1858.

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A constant supply of Drugs and
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R. B. SNELLING,
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OFFICE
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January 1st, 1858

W. G. T'VAULT,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
And Notary Public for Jackson Co.,
Will practice in the Supreme and Dis-
trict Courts of the Territory.
Office—adjoining the Printing Office,
Jacksonville, O. T.

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

The Finest
DAGUERREOTYPES
AND
AMBROTYPES
Are taken by
PETER BRITT,
On the Hill, near the old Parsonage,
JACKSONVILLE, O. T.

[Written for the SENTINEL.]

ECHO.

Once there through a forest strayed
A nymph of beauty rare,
Whose heart was all in grief array'd,
For one who was not there.

Yet one who had in other days
Gather'd sweet flowers for her,
And who had sung love's tender lays
Beneath the dark green fir.

But like the summer breeze had flown
His love, so oft avow'd,
And left her as a rose in bloom,
Beneath a shower bow'd.

Sad were to her the summer days—
The sun shone clear and bright;
But not within its sparkling rays
Saw she one gleam of light.

Though with his image in her mind,
Of him she never spoke;
But pale with grief, she long did pine
Beneath the fatal stroke.

Till thought of her could there be seen—
Not e'en a shadowy light;
But through the forest and the glen
Her voice sounds clear and bright.

KERBYVILLE, Feb. 6th, 1858.
GERALDINE.

What's Trumps.

There are so many cards to play,
So many ways to choose,
In Love and Politics and War,
In forwarding our views,
With ladies fair and statesmen wise,
Or men of lesser bumps,
Before you lead your strongest suit
'Tis well to know what's trumps.

Once, worshipping at beauty's shrine
I knelt in bondage sweet,
And breathed my vows with eagerness,
And offered at her feet
My soul, well stored with Cupid's wealth,
A love-cemented lump;
A king of diamonds took the trick—
My heart was not a trump.

Having to see my rival win
Upon a single rub,
As he played the *deuce* with me,
I followed with a *club*.
Two days within a station-house
Reflecting on my sin,
I found, as others may have done,
Clubs very seldom win.

Grown wise by sad experience,
I cease to deal with maids;
I shuffled youthful follies off,
And turned up Jack of spades;
Yet still I find as "dust" is scarce,
And smaller grow the "umps,"
That though the Spade's an honest card,
It is not always trumps.

But in a world of outside show,
Where shamons rule for throng,
To see the little, jolly of life,
And smile and pass along—
To find an antidote for care,
And show misfortune's thump,
One card is very sure to win—
Diamonds are always trumps.

"What are wages here?" asked a la-
borer of a boy. "I don't know, sir." "What
does your father get on Saturday night?"
"Get," said the boy, "why he gets as tight
as a brick."

"Why men mingle innocent with
with their own as a hope either to forgive
overcome them; but to resort to intempera-
tion for the sake of your soul is to sure
melancholy with madness.

The following sentiment was given
at a recent railroad festival in Cleveland,
Ohio:—"Our Mothers—The only faithful
tenders who never misplaced a switch."

If you want to know whether an editor
is wicked enough to swear, just steal his
exchanges some day, and you will know
about it.

Why are the United States colors
like the stars of heaven? Because it is be-
yond the power of any nation to pull them
down.

"Well, Pa, Jim didn't quite kill you
with that brick, did he?" "No, I was
beaten." "Well, Pa, I could see
black and blue."

"All would only 'look up.' But
some never hear the cheering words. Some
despise them. Of the thousands who have
fallen utterly in life, or met only a second-
day success, the majority owe their mis-
fortune to not 'looking up.' In sorrow
or disaster, remember the boy upon the
dizzy mast, and 'look up.'"

FIGHTERS ON THE WRONG SIDE.—In the
Creek war, a portion of those Indians were
friendly to the whites, and have received
Bounty Land Warrants for services, but oc-
casionally one of the wrong side of the
question puts in his claim, most ignorantly,
but with great faith in getting it.

A short time since a renowned Hajo of
the Creek nation, requested the services of
one of our attorneys while traveling in the
Indian country, procuring his warrant from
the Department. The lawyer was delighted
at the prospect of a good fee; the Indian
promising him half the worth of the war-
rant, in the event of it being obtained. The

Look Up.

A ship, becalmed at sea, lay rocking lazily.
A sprightly lad, the captain's only
son, not knowing what to do, began mis-
chievously to climb the mast. He had got
half way to the top, when, turning his eyes
below to see how far he was from the deck,
he suddenly grew dizzy.

"I am falling, I am falling," he cried.
"Look aloft!" shouted his father, who at
that moment was leaving his cabin.

The boy, accustomed instantly to obey
that voice, looked up to where the main
truck swung against the sky, recovered
heart, went on, was saved.

We do not give the anecdote as new.—
Doubtless every one of our readers has
heard it before. But the story has a signifi-
cance not always noticed. Others, beside
the captain's son, have been saved by look-
ing up. In the dizzy ascent of life many a
man has been on the point of falling, when
some sudden thought has hidden him "look
up," he has taken courage, has persevered,
has won the prize. Bruce, when he saw the
spider fall six times, yet succeed at the seventh,
was of this class. So was Washington,
when Corwallis had driven him across the
Delaware, and when, instead of giving up in
despair, he suddenly collected all his resources,
fell on the British lines and achieved the
victory at Trenton.

There are times in the experience even
of the bravest when the heart is ready to
give up. Affliction after affliction, for ex-
ample, has assailed him till hope itself de-
spairs. Perhaps a favorite child has been
suddenly stricken down. Perhaps a terrible
epidemic has destroyed more than one
little one. Perhaps the wife of his bosom
is no more. Perhaps, by one of those awful
catastrophes which occasionally occur, his
entire family has been swept into eternity
in a moment of time, in the twinkling of an
eye. He feels as if there was no longer any
object for him in life. In the first shock of
his agony he would not care even if news
was brought to him that he was a disgraced
beggar. But, by and by, a still, small voice
within whispers "look up." He sees that
the sky is as bright as ever, the breeze as
blessed the trees as beautiful. He hears
the waters run, leaping and laughing, down
the hill side, glistening in silver as they go.
The earth is not less lovely than before, the
stars are as numberless, the ocean and
mountains as sublime; his fellow creatures
have the same kindly hearts towards him.
He sees them the same old duties. Gradu-
ally he realizes that he has much yet to live
for. In time even he regains a subdued
and quiet happiness. He has learned "to
look up."

A great financial crisis overtakes the
strong man in the midst of his schemes. He
gathers up all his resources, contending
gallantly, and desperately long after hope
is over; struggling for his family rather
than for himself; fighting, agonizing, like
Jehannes in the serpent's folds. It will not
do. The mighty whirlwind, whose outer
shell he has been striking to resist, wheels
down upon him in all its power; he is torn
up in an instant; he is hurled on the ground;
he is left breathless; bruised and seemingly
dead. As time when he regains sensation
after the overwhelming shock, he is without
hope. He has neither strength nor wish to
resume his work. He is willing that the
tempest shall sweep the wrecks of his for-
tune out of sight forever. It is useless, he
says to himself, even to try to regain what
he has lost. At last, a gentle wife or sym-
pathizing friend bids him not to despair;
"look up," they say. He looks at once, he
is a new man. He recovers his name and
fortune.

In every circumstance of life, "look up."
Are you about to enter a profession? Aim
at no secondary success; fix your mark
high; "look up."

Are you a merchant? Become leader in
your business; and to do this, first "look
up." Are you ambitious of political dis-
tinction? Seek to be a mere demagogue;
resolve to be a statesman, "look up." Is
ambition your wish? Endeavor to take
hold among the classics of your language
in a sturdy manner as well as matter; as-
pire to triumph greatly and permanently,
rather than prematurely; in a word, "look
up."

Are you all would only "look up." But
some never hear the cheering words. Some
despise them. Of the thousands who have
fallen utterly in life, or met only a second-
day success, the majority owe their mis-
fortune to not "looking up." In sorrow
or disaster, remember the boy upon the
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promising him half the worth of the war-
rant, in the event of it being obtained. The

lawyer wished to know of his employer the
service he had performed.

"Don't know talk like this," said the In-
dian.

"Well, who did you fight under?" asked
the lawyer.

"No fight under log," said Hajo.

"No; but who was your captain?" the
lawyer inquired.

"Me big man; me captain, too," answer-
ed the Indian.

"I want to know where you fought," said
the lawyer; "at what battle?"

"Me fight heap; me shoot hind tree; me
shoot under bank river; shoot gun head,"
said the Indian.

"What did you shoot at?" asked the law-
yer, thinking that he would defer further
questions till an interpreter could be pro-
cured.

"Me shoot at General Jackson three, four
times," replied the warrant-wanter.

Eloquent Appeal.

The following is the conclusion of Mr.
Calob Cushing's eloquent speech, lately deliv-
ered at Faneuil Hall, in Boston:

Merchants of Massachusetts, with your
superb galleons, from the shipyards of East
Boston and Newburyport, moving over the
sea in the pride of their beauty and their
strength, freighted with the rich agricul-
tural productions of Carolina and Louisiana,
you have been told here that your interests
are in conflict with those of the South!

Manufacturers of Massachusetts! you, with
your palatial manufactories to weave into
apparel, for the world's wear, the agricul-
tural productions of Georgia and Alabama,
have been told here that you must surren-
der yourselves to the evil spirit of jealousy
of the South!

Citizens of Massachusetts! and especially
of the industrial classes, who wear the
cotton, eat the corn and sugar, and drink
the coffee of slave labor, and who provide
objects of art for the use of slave labor, and
of those who own it—you also have been
told that slave labor is the irreconcilable
antagonist of free labor, and that therefore,
leaving all other things, you must betake
yourself to hating the South, with a sworn
hatred, like that of Hannibal for Rome.

Men of Massachusetts! you are exhorted
to cultivate amicable relations with Cuba—
slave colony though it be—to supply it with
lumber, food and other objects of value, and
to buy and consume its products, and thus
to sustain and perpetuate slave labor there,
and love slave owners, while you are called
upon to sacrifice the peace and honor of the
State, and dedicate yourself, from reprobation
of slave labor, to unceasing hostility
against your own countrymen of the Southern
States.

When I hear such counsels darkly intima-
ted, under specious disguise of speech, to
the State of Massachusetts, it seems to me
that the first Tempter, as depicted by Mil-
ton, is before my eyes—

"Cloak at the ear of Eve,
Assaying by his devilish art to reach
The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams.
Or, if, inspiring venom, he might taint
The animal spirits that from pure blood arise
Like gentle breaths from rivers pure thence
raise

At least disarmed, discontented thoughts,
Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
Blown up with high conceit engendering
pride."

I say down, down to the infernal pit
where they belong, with all these dæm-
oniac inspirations of malice, hatred, and unchari-
tableness! You, the people of Massachu-
setts, do not, in the inner chamber of your
heart, approve and will not, on considera-
tion, adopt this abominable theory of sec-
tional spite and hate. You will in the end,
if not to-day, repel that policy with scorn
and horror. Before that time of sober
judgment comes, I who stand up for the
Union, in its letter and spirit—who will
die in the breach rather than "let it slide"—
I may be struck down by the tempest of party
passion, but others, better and more for-
tunate, will rise up and fill the gap in the
ranks of the sacred phalanx of the soldiers
of the Constitution. Man is feeble, mortal,
transient; but our country is powerful, im-
mortal, eternal. In the long ages of glory
which lie before us rolling onward, one after
another, like the ceaseless rote of the sur-
ging waters on the sea shore, wave upon wave
rushing on to fill the place of that which
sinks into the main, generations of men will
come and go, with their joys and sorrows,
their conflicts and their reconciliations.—
Then it will be seen that he who was the
highest had been but an atom of the great
whole, and he who was humblest had been
as much. We are alike in the hands of the
Almighty, and but the instruments of His
will in the doing of the great work com-
menced by our fathers at Jamestown and Ply-
mouth, continued by them at Saratoga and
Yorktown, carried on by us at Monterey
and Mexico—the great work of reducing to
cultivation and civilization the savannahs
and forests of our country. Massachusetts,
once the banner State of the Union, will not
be found backward, at the hour of need, in
performing her appointed part of that work
of the Lord God in the New World.

The Wife at Home.

It is within the circle of her domestic as-
sidity that we must go to judge of the true
worth of a woman—to make a correct esti-
mate of her forbearance, her virtue, and her
felicity. There are displayed all the finer
feelings of which the pure heart of woman
is susceptible. It is in the midst of trial
and suffering, misfortune and anguish, that
the nobler traits of the true wife are dis-
played in all their characteristic grandeur.

Adversity only increases the ardor of her
attachment; and the constancy and intensi-
ty of her devotion are such as no changes or
chances can estrange or subdue. There are
no recriminations to drive love away, no
violence to alienate the heart, no neglect to
impel to desperation. All is love, kindness,
and persuasion. Oh, what is more sweet,
more calculated to enhance the value of do-
mestic relationship, than for a man, cast
down, worried, almost driven to despair, to
turn his footsteps away from the busy
world, and mingle with the loved ones at
home!—to have a place where feeling and
sympathy are manifested, where glance re-
sponds to glance, and heart to heart—where
the sweet musical voice of one nearest and
dearest to the soul, life-inspiring, yet unob-
trusive in its counsel, sends him forth again
with a stronger determination to stem the
tide of adversity!

Few secrets are so important as that of
knowing how to make home happy. Beauty
of features is not all that is necessary. Or-
dinary features, when lit up with the warm
sunbeams of sensibility, generally excite the
same ardent passions which they im-
press; and the winning attraction of their
smile invests them with peculiar and loving
charms, like the variegated hues with which
a brilliant rainbow tints the gloomy clouds.

The proud and dangerous gift of genius is
not necessary. Let a woman possess what
is infinitely more value—good common
sense, and intellect sufficient to direct it in
the most appropriate manner to all the
practical purposes of life. Let there be
truthfulness and integrity in her nature,
strengthened by a thorough course of men-
tal discipline; and it will not fail to give
beauty and power to her thoughts and char-
acter.

A lady with ordinary features and ordi-
nary abilities may make home very pleasant
and agreeable. And one who would not
prefer such a one to her who—no matter
how beautiful or bewitching—puts on her
smiles like her ornaments, and dresses her
mind like her person, for company, in paint-
ed colors, fictitious charity, and pinchbeck
benevolence?

The true secret of making home happy is
to have the heart in the right place, to have
the charity to overlook follies, to learn to
forgive and to forget, and never to be too
proud to make generous concessions—ever,
as it were, intuitively, with a blind man's
instinct, detecting those thousand little
things that evince, in silence, a devotion and
affection unspeakable. The useful attain-
ments of life should be blended with the
lighter accomplishments; and the attractive
amusement of her manners should spring less
from the polish of intercourse, than from
the inherent sweetness of her disposition.—
She must be a woman true to herself, her
nature, and her destiny—one daring to break
away from the slavery of fashion and the
allurements of pleasure, and to seek her
happiness in the path of duty alone. She
must be sensitive in her organization, ar-
dent in her feeling, whole-souled in her at-
tachments, calm and gentle in her wisdom,
tender in her sympathy, firm, yet not exten-
sive in her piety—a woman self-possessed,
having the tranquil air of one conscious of
her own moral strength, and of the exist-
ence of impulses and feelings too sacred to
be lightly displayed to the world which has
nothing in common with them, and which,
therefore, in the ark of love at home, gush
forth, like a leaping fountain, in all their
fulness and their glory. She can be strong
in the very reserve and shrinking delicacy
of her character, and, even while appearing
to waive, diffuse a tranquillizing influence
over all around her, like the falling of the
pure, soft light felt, but not heard, swaying
all by the magic census of her sweet love.

The pains the wife took to charm her
husband before marriage should be doubled
afterwards. From that period, they be-
come a world of their own. The tie that
binds them should be immaculate strength—
strength impossible to be withered by the
false refinement of vitiated society.

To a husband wearied with toil, dejected
in body and spirit, there is nothing so sweet
as a look, a word, an act of kindness dicta-
ted by a good disposition. It is like dew to
the flowers, like water to the parched lips
of a weary traveler over Asiatic deserts, like
the soft, cool hand of friendship on the fe-
vered brow of the convalescent. How rich
a man must feel in the consciousness of pos-
sessing a woman's love that cannot be wear-
ied or exhausted; that cannot be chilled
by selfishness, weakened by unworthiness,
nor destroyed by ingratitude—a love that
rises superior to the afflictions of misfor-
tune, leaping from the heart of a woman
who, when all the world forsake him, will
be all the world to him!

AN OLD MAN'S VISIT TO HIS EARLY HOME.

Ex-Governor Reynolds, of Illinois, has re-
cently written a work entitled, "My Own
Times, including a history of My Life." In
an early chapter occurs the following touch-
ing passage:

In 1833 I paid a visit to the State of Ten-
nessee, and I made a pilgrimage to the home
of my infancy and childhood, the place
where once stood the frontier cabin of my
father. I now revisited the spot for the first
time since we made it when in 1808; and
removed to Illinois. I had left it a mere
boy—a careless, happy child. I returned
to it in the waste of life. More than half a
century stood between those two points of
time. During that long period of my hum-
ble, yet eventful history, the home of my
early years lived fresh and green in my
memory, just as I had seen it in childhood.
I had expected to find the whole appearance
of the country much changed, and was not
surprised that highly cultivated farms with
their elegant mansions, occupied a region
which I had seen covered with an almost
unbroken forest. But the most striking
features of the landscape remained unchang-
ed. The mountains were the same. Their
lofty summits rose to the heavens with the
same sublime grandeur that excited my awe
and admiration when a child. I knew the
place where our cabin had stood, though
every vestige of its walls and roof had dis-
appeared for more than a generation ago.—
Nothing now remained to mark the spot,
except a slight elevation of the ground
where the chimney had been, and a few flat
stones that were once our hearth. I visited
that hallowed spot alone. I stood upon the
hearth-stone of my childhood. The mem-
ory of early days thronged around my heart.
It almost seemed as if I was once more a
child, listening to the stories of my mother
told me in the long winter evenings, around
that very hearth. How well did I remem-
ber telling her all my childish griefs, and
with what gentleness she child my wayward-
ness, banishing every sorrow with her affec-
tionate, soothing words. I almost fancied
that I could again feel her gentle hand pat-
ting the luxuriant hair that shaded my youth-
ful brow, and her warm kiss upon my fore-
head and lips. I care not who may sneer
at the confession—I wept like a child as I
stood alone upon that hearth-stone, and
thought of my fond, affectionate, my saint-
ed mother of yore.

STUBBS SEES REVENGE.—"Pappy, old
Mr. Smith's gray colt has broken into our
cabbage patch again."

"He has, has he? Well, just load my rifle
my son, and we will see if an ounce of
lead will not learn Mr. Smith's colt to re-
form his habits."

This colloquy passed between Mr. and
Master Stubbs just after tea. As soon as
dark came, Mr. Stubbs takes his rifle, march-
es over towards old Smith's farm, and when
within about thirty yards of old Smith's
barn, he raised the "deadly tube," took aim,
pulled the trigger, and dropped "one of the
finest looking colts in the country."

Stubbs having fulfilled his mission, re-
turned home, went to bed, and slept with a
lighter conscience than he had enjoyed for
the last eight months. The next morning,
while seated at breakfast, who should be
seen striding towards the domicile of Mr.
Stubbs but old Mr. Smith. Smith entered
the house—Smith was excited—Smith for a
moment lacked words to express himself.

"Mr. Stubbs, I've come over to tell you
that a horse was shot near my barn last
night."

"Sorry to hear it, Mr. Smith, although
not much surprised, for the gray colt of
yours was not well calculated to make
friends."

"But it wasn't my colt that got shot."

"Wasn't your gray colt? Well, what
horse was it?"

"That gray colt you purchased last week
from the widow Dubois. He broke into my
pasture last evening; I intended to send
him home this morning, but it's no use now,
his brains lay scattered around the barn-
yard."

Mr. Stubbs was thunderstruck. The idea
that he had killed the wrong horse drove
him to desperation, and caused him to seek
relief in a direction that rather astonished
his household. The last seen of Stubbs, he
was chasing his eldest son Jim down the
turnpike with an eight foot sapling.

There is nothing on earth so beauti-
ful as the household in which Christian
love forever smiles, and where religion
walks a counsellor and friend. No cloud
can darken it, for its twin stars are centered
in the soul. No storms can make it
tremble, for it has heavenly anchor. The
home circle surrounded by such influences,
has an ante taste of the joys of a heavenly
home.

The gossip at Washington say that
two among the best of the repertorial seats
in the House, are to be assigned to the lady
correspondents of the Charleston Courier
and Boston Post, Miss Harriet Fairing and
Miss Winkle.

To be able to bear provocation is an ar-
gument of great reason; and to forgive is
of a great mind.