

The Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. III.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, APRIL 17, 1858.

NO. 14.

Independent on all subjects; and devoted to the best interests of Southern Oregon.

Published Every Saturday,
By
W. G. T. VAULT, Editor & Proprietor.

TERMS:
One Year, \$3 00; Six Months, \$2 00;
Three Months, \$1 00.

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January 1, 1858.

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A constant supply of Drugs and
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WILL ATTEND TO BUSINESS IN
the Third Judicial District of Ore-
gon.
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Janua 1858

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And Notary Public for Jackson Co.
Will practice in the Supreme and Dis-
trict Courts of the Territory.
Office—adjoining the Printing Office,
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**D. B. BRENAI,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.**
OFFICE—At his residence, Jack-
sonville, O. T. 43

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

I only know she came and went, [Lowell.
Like troubles in a pool, [Hood.
She was a phantom of delight, [Wordsworth
And I was like a fool! [Eastman.

"One kiss, dear maid," I sighed, [Coleridge.
"Out of those lips unshorn," [Longfellow.
She shook her ringlets around her head,
And laughed in merry scorn, [Stottart.
[Tennyson.

Ring out wild bells, to the wild sky, [Ten'.
You hear them, oh my heart! [Alice Carey.
'Tis twelve at night by the castle clock,
Beloved, we must part! [Alice Carey.

"Come back, come back," she cried in grief, [Ned Campbell.
"My eyes are dim with tears — [Ibid.
How shall I live through all the days,
All through a hundred years? [S. T. Perry.

'Twas in the prime of summer time, [Hood.
She blest me with her hand, [Hoyt.
We strayed together, deeply blest,
Into the dreamy land, [Mrs. Edwards.
[Corwall.

The laughing bridal roses blow, [Patmore.
To dress her dark brown hair;
No maiden may with her compare, [Bayard Taylor.
Most beautiful, most rare, [Brailford.
I clasped it on her sweet cold hand, [Browning.
The precious golden link, [Smith.
I calmed her tears and she was calm, [Coleridge.
"Drink, pretty creature drink!" [Wordsworth.

And so I won my Genevieve, [Browning.
And walked in Paradise, [Harvey.
The fairest thing that ever grew,
Atween me and the skies, [Wordsworth.
[Tennyson.

Insurance.

BY RICHARD COE.

Said Brown to Jones the other day,
"I lost my ship at sea, sir,
While standing on my homeward way,
Well laden with green tea, sir."
"Your fate is sad," said Jones, "indeed,
And hard to be endured, sir."
"Not so," said Brown, "for I took heed
To have her well insured, sir!"

"But sadder still," continued Brown,
"The fate my wife befel, sir;
For with my ship my dear went down,
Oh sorry tale to tell, sir!"
"Ah! that indeed," said Jones, "is bad,
And never can be cured, sir."
"Not so," said Brown, "for know my lad,
I had her, too, insured, sir!"

"The thing which troubles me the most,"
Said Brown, with woful phis, "sir,
Is that since the ship was lost,
The price of tea has ris, sir;
But as to her I called my wife,
I feel full well content, sir,
For I must own, upon my life,
She wasn't worth a cent, sir!"

The Two Brides.

I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet;
One was in her bridal robes,
One in her winding sheet.

The choristers sung the hymns;
The sacred rites were read;
And one for Life to life,
And one to Death was wed!

They went to their bridal beds
In loveliness and bloom;
One in a merry castle,
One in a solemn tomb.

One to the world of sleep,
Lock'd in the arms of Love;
And one, in the arms of Death,
Passed to the heavens above.

One to the morrow woke,
In the world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again.

"Why don't you limit yourself?"
said a physician to an intemperate person;
"set down a stake that you will go so far
and no farther." "So I do," said the toper,
"but I set it so far off that I always get
drunk before I get to it!"

Landlady, (to male boarder).—Mr.
Snooks, what did I understand you to say
about the liver? Boarder.—I was remarking
to Miss Funnycake that I was decidedly fond
of liver for fifty, sixty, or maybe seventy
days in succession, but that I did not like it
as a constant meal.

"Oh, Mr. Grubbs!" exclaimed a
young mother, "shouldn't you like to have
a family of rosy children about your knee?"
"No, ma'am," said the crusty old bachelor,
"I'd rather have a lot of 'yellow boys' in
my pocket."

BREKID'S SOLILOQUY.—"A little stealing
is a dangerous part, but stealing largely is
a noble art; 'tis mean to rob a hen-roost of
a hen, but stealing millions makes us gen-
tlemen!"

A recruit going through the exer-
cise of sword cut, asked how he should par-
ry? "Never mind that," said the old hussar,
"only you cut—let the enemy parry."

"This is a great prospect," as the
prisoner said when looking out of his cell
window.

Whatever may be the reputation of
a man while alive, when dead he is gener-
ally allowed to be a finished gentleman.

The man who minds his own business
was in town last week, but left immediately
—he felt so lonesome.

"Friends at a pinch"—a pair of tight
boots.

The Duty of Congress.

The bill for the admission of Kansas un-
der the Lecompton constitution is now fairly
before the Senate, in connection with the
new State of Minnesota; and it must now
be manifest to every dispassionate mind that
it is the first duty of the Senate and of the
House to pass this measure as speedily as
possible. The conservative masses of the
people of all sections are anxious for peace;
and our commercial and business classes of
all kinds desire above things that this em-
barrassing sectional agitation about Kansas
and slingers shall be brought to an end.

The admission of Kansas under the Le-
compton constitution, conjointly with the
admission of Minnesota, will settle the ques-
tion. Senator Pugh, of Ohio, has given no-
tice of an amendment to the effect that the
people of Kansas may alter or abolish their
form of government in such ways as they deem
proper, so that it be republican and in ac-
cordance with the Constitution of the United
States. The object of this proviso is to re-
move whatever objections may exist to that
provision of the Lecompton constitution
which precludes any amendment of said
constitution until the year 1864. But, al-
though the President in his Kansas mes-
sage has suggested some such proviso, there
is in reality no necessity for it. It can give
no power to the people of Kansas which
they do not already possess, and the simple
act of admission under the Lecompton pro-
gramme can take no right of "popular sov-
ereignty" away. Upon its face the 1864
clause in the Lecompton schedule is a dead
letter; for if the convention could interdict
any amendment of their constitution till the
year 1864, what was to prevent them from
extending their interdict to the year 1874,
'84, or '94?

Admit Kansas as a sovereign State under
the Lecompton constitution, and all these
alleged election frauds, forgeries and swin-
dles, and all this trouble among the section-
al ultras regarding Calhoun's organization of
the Kansas State Legislature will be
speedily and quietly settled by the people of
Kansas themselves; and before the expiration
of six months Kansas, with the consent
of all sections, will be in full blast as a free
State, [if a majority of the people so will
it.] On the other hand, let this Lecompton
constitution be defeated and * * * this
slavery agitation may be re-opened in a
shape which will derange and seriously da-
mage the practical business interests of the
whole country for many years to come.—*N. Y. Herald.*

BALLOON RACE.—Last evening, there was
a balloon race from Place d'Armes, which,
for the time being, created no little excite-
ment. One balloon was that beneath which
Mr. Morant has made so many ascensions,
and the other a new factory cotton concern,
inflated with vaporized alcohol. Morant's
balloon was filled, as usual, with gas, and
was the favorite in betting circles, as it pre-
sented the most approved appearance in the
ribbed rotundity of its silky sides. The
other was under, or rather above, the man-
agement of an Englishman named Wells.—
At the start, alcohol took the lead, as if to
"get high" was natural to it; but when any-
body, human or otherwise, gets high under
the influence of alcohol, he, she, or it, is
likely to have a speedy fall. Such was the
case with the balloon which took up Mr.
Wells. After ascending 800 or 1,000 feet,
it stopped short, and the gas-filled globe
passed it, and sailed off majestically in the
blue ether.

The turning point in the fate of alcohol
was soon reached; cool air condensed the
vapor, and it escaped through the lower
opening of the balloon, which then began
fast and faster to descend. Thousands of
people, animated by an amiable desire of
being "in at the death"—for it was almost
certain that Wells would be killed by the
descent—ran frantically towards the spot
which promised to be the scene of the cat-
astrophe. But the fall was faster than the
rush. The balloon landed on a house just
in the rear of the bank of Louisiana; and
Mr. Wells—thinking, doubtless, that it
would be well to do so—jumped from his
basket and saved his bacon by clinging to
the roof, leaving his intoxicated balloon to
take care of itself. Down tumbled the shape-
less mass into a yard, and Wells looked
about to enjoy the excitement which he had
created. Beneath, every available spot was
crowded by a dense mass of humanity, em-
bracing all sorts of criminality wedged in by
all sorts of masculinity.

One man who, in his excitement, had gone
up to a house-top to see the fall of the aro-
mat, fell himself, and got pretty badly hurt.
He was carried off to a drug-store, and the
rumor ran that Wells was killed. This made
the outside excitement still more intense,
and Wells, from his perch on the roof, fol-
lowed with his eyes the followers of what
they supposed his own mutilated corpse,
which was not a corpse after all, and not
Wells at all. Eventually, Mr. Wells got
down from his refuge, pecked up his bal-
loon and walked, blessing his stars that he
was able to do so.

The other balloon crossed the river, and
made a successful descent in the neigh-
borhood of the Belleville iron works. So ter-
minated the first balloon-race of the season.
—*N. C. Freeman,* Feb. 16.

Following the Fashion.

It has been truly said, that there is not
a greater tyrant upon earth than the tyrant
fashion. At one time it pinches our feet,
at another it cramps the waist, compressing
the lungs into an inability of performing
their functions healthfully. It erects its
shrine, and demands that its deluded votar-
ies shall bow down before the idol it has
set up, with a homage more base and idola-
trous than was ever paid to a Pagan image.
A diseased public opinion reigns over crowds
of people, who are more afraid of violating
some ridiculous rule of fashionable etiquette
than they are of transgressing the commands
of the Almighty.

All arbitrary changes of fashion are pe-
culiarly oppressive to the poor. Dr. Frank-
lin once said:—"It is other people's eyes
that ruin us. If all were blind but myself,
I should neither want fine houses, fine fur-
niture, nor fine clothes." The desire to ap-
pear well in the eyes of others, is rarely
graduated by the depth of the purse. The
servant-girl not unfrequently expends two
months' wages for a bonnet or dress, because
her old one is out of fashion; not because
it is worn, or untidy, or uncomfortable, but
simply because it is unfashionable. This is
one of the worst species of slavery and oppres-
sion that can well be imagined. It is not
to be expected that her nature is so su-
perior to those who move in higher circles
than her own, that she can content herself
with being singled out as an oddity, and
called old-fashioned.

Some of the edicts of fashion are a com-
pound of ridiculous folly and cowardly
weakness. What can be more painfully hu-
miliating to a man of good sense than to
see an American lady sweeping our dirty
side-walks with a long trail of a costly dress,
for no other reason than that Queen Victoria
has such outrageously ugly feet that she
is ashamed to have them seen? So, because
the Queen of England wears long sweeping
dresses, that do the work of street cleaners,
to hide positive deformity, American ladies
must imitate the fashion, even though it
may conceal perfection itself. We know of
nothing more ridiculous than this, unless it
be the prevailing custom of turning the fe-
male face entirely out of doors, whether
pretty or ugly, simply because some one
across the Atlantic had more beauty of
countenance than modesty and propriety of
deportment.

This love of extravagant display, in fol-
lowing the fashion in dress, produces the
most unhappy effects upon the morals of
society. The Superintendent of the Boston
House of Refuge declared, some years ago,
that this was the most efficient cause of the
degradation of the young and inexperienced
females of that city. On this fact, the cele-
brated Miss Sedgwick remarks, with great
justice and truth:—"If this be so, should
not the reformation begin among the educa-
ted and reflecting? How can a lady whose
dresses are teeming with French laces enjoin
simplicity and economy upon her domestics?"

New fashions, and their frequent changes,
not only operate with great hardship and
oppression upon the poorer classes, but they
are also oppressive to those in the middle
walks of life. In a large family, this is felt
to an alarming and ruinous degree. The
rich can indulge in these expensive follies
without apprehension of consequent beg-
gary and destitution. But they seem to
forget that the almost omnipotent force and
influence of their example is felt through
all the ramifications of society; that what
is to them a matter of no consideration, as
it is merely the expenditure of a small por-
tion of their surplus income, is to those of
limited means a matter of life and death—
as to follow the fashion, to them, will be
to deprive their children of a portion of their
daily bread. For a lady to wear a shawl
which costs some hundreds of dollars, is
wicked, even though her husband and father
may possess unbounded wealth.

That we, as a nation, are rapidly losing
the principles of virtue and economy which
were so eminently characteristic of our re-
publican fathers, is a melancholly fact, which
no one will attempt to deny. A love of
show, extravagance, and display, is an infat-
uation that is leading our land to ruin. It
is the whirlpool that will sooner or later
engulf our national glory and prosperity in
its foaming vortex. It is a subject upon
which we have not time to dwell at greater
length to-day, vitally important though it
be. It is not merely the extravagance
which wastes and consumes, that we so deep-
ly deplore, as it is the depravity and cor-
ruption that such habits always bring in
their train. It is this which makes them
such destructive enemies of liberty, virtue,
and public happiness. It was the wise say-
ing of the most remarkable man who ever
filled the Presidential chair, the immortal
hero of New Orleans, that—"True virtue
cannot exist where pomp and parade are
the governing passions." The saying ought to
be written in letters of gold—engraved on
our doors—paste it in vitally conspicuous
places.

Why is it that we are so fond of
show? Why is it that we are so fond of
display? Why is it that we are so fond of
extravagance? Why is it that we are so
fond of waste? Why is it that we are so
fond of ruin? Why is it that we are so
fond of death? Why is it that we are so
fond of hell? Why is it that we are so
fond of damnation? Why is it that we are
so fond of perdition? Why is it that we
are so fond of destruction? Why is it that
we are so fond of annihilation? Why is it
that we are so fond of nothingness? Why
is it that we are so fond of oblivion? Why
is it that we are so fond of forgetfulness? Why
is it that we are so fond of being forgotten?
—*The World makes us talkers, but col-
lects us thinkers.*

Valentines.

There were sold in the United States last
year, says *Harper's Weekly*, over three
millions of valentines, ranging in price
from three cents to thirty dollars. Of this,
one would think that the great bulk should
be common. But the manufacturers assert that
the race is equally divided between com-
mon and sentimental; the actual sale being
about one and a half millions of each kind,
and the sentimental valentines out-valuing
the others very largely. The manufactur-
ers lead the taste of the public in the way
of novelties; but it is curious to trace that
certain parts of the country demand their
wares at certain prices. In the Northern
and New England States, it is stated, the
demand is chiefly for valentines ranging
in price from three cents to three dollars.—
In the South and West, the favorites sell at
from 25 cents to \$20. In the large cities, a
few are sold each year at prices ranging
from \$20 to \$30 each. The valentines which
sell for \$20 upwards, are mostly inclosed
in fancy boxes, which are imported from
Paris for the purpose. Besides these boxes,
the lace paper, gold and silver lace paper,
satin and crape are likewise imported. The
finest lace and embossed paper, curiously
enough, comes from England; the French
being inferior to their neighbors across the
Channel in this branch of mechanic art.—
Paper flowers, gold and silver embossed or-
naments, mottoes, and medallions of differ-
ent kinds, are also imported. The embossed
envelopes, and much of the plainer embossed
papers, are also manufactured in New
York, and the verses, views, heads, &c.,
lithographed in colors, with which valentines
of all prices are decorated, are also prepar-
ed here. Altogether, about one hundred
hands find employment, the year round, in
preparing, assorting, and arranging the ma-
terials, and in embossing, coloring, paint-
ing, and other labors which are necessary to
complete this three millions of valentines
sold yearly. Of these 75 are women, and
25 boys and men. The women receive wa-
ges according to their taste, skill, and speed
in workmanship, varying from three to eight
dollars per week. Milliners are counted
the best hands, as they have some practice
in the arrangement of artificial flowers and
the pleasing combination of flowers, upon
which depends, in a great measure, the suc-
cess of a pattern, as well as greater nicety
in handling the minute specimens of deco-
rative art, which, properly arranged, make
up the high-priced "sentimental Val." Men
are employed to move the embossing press,
and boys to daub the "cheap comics,"
which are to inflame some irritable bachel-
or, or some haughty maiden. Imported
valentines do not succeed. Many of these,
containing figures, are brought from Eng-
land; but even these ingenious contrivances
do not obtain the approval of Brother
Jonathan, whose idea of a joke is evidently
something entirely different from that of
his cousin John Bull.

AARON BURR'S FIRST DUEL.—It was in
the Summer of 1779 that Aaron fought his
first duel. There was a piece of scandal set
afoot in the State of New York to the effect
that, for legislative services rendered, the
Holland Land Company had cancelled a
bond held against Burr for twenty thousand
dollars. A gentleman named John D. Church
had spoken with so much freedom respect-
ing the rumor, as to elicit from the slander-
ing legislator a challenge to mortal combat.
At Hoboken, on the 2d September, the parties
met, attended by their seconds and a
surgeon. A ridiculous incident varied the
well-known routine of the proceedings, and
furnished the town-gossip with a joke and a
by-word for many a day. Before leaving
home, Col. Burr had been particular to ex-
plain to his second, Judge Burke, of South
Carolina, that the bulls were cast too small
for his pistols, and that chamois leather, cut
to the proper size, must be greased and put
round them to make them fit. Leather and
grease were placed in the case with the pis-
tols. After the principals had been placed,
Burr noticed Judge Burke vainly endeavor-
ing to drive in the ramrod with a stone, and
at once suspected that the grease had been
forgotten. A moment after the pistol was
handed to him. With that singular coolness
which he was wont to exhibit at critical
moments, he drew the ramrod, felt the ball,
and told the judge it was not home.
"I know it," replied the second, wiping
the perspiration from his face, "I forgot to
grease the leather; but you see your man
is ready; don't keep him waiting. Just
take a crack as it is, and I'll grease the
next."

Shots were exchanged without effect. Mr.
Church then made the requisite apology, and
the parties returned to the city in the high-
est good humor.

Mary Jane Cribbet brought suit in
Cincinnati against Wm. Mathers for seduc-
tion and breach of promise of marriage. The
jury, in twenty minutes, rendered a verdict
for ten thousand dollars. That was five
hundred dollars for each minute they were
out. Lucky for Mathers that they came in
as soon as they did.

Small People in Michigan.—Two cou-
ples were married in New Baltimore last
week, under peculiar circumstances. Twin
sisters married twin brothers, and the par-
ties were each 14 years old, and their wed-
ding day was the anniversary of the birth-
day of the brides.

How Joe Won the Pencil.

Joe B.—is unquestionably the handsom-
est married man in Cincinnati.
Joe sports a wife, beside several other
creature comforts. Well, he and his wife,
Harry —, John —, and George —,
and their wives, all board at the same house.
A day or two ago, while they were at table,
luxuriating on detached portions of a boiled
turkey which had been stuffed with oysters,
the conversation turned on Christmas names,
when Mrs. Harry contended that she could
name more distinguished men who had borne
the name of Harry, than any gentleman
could of his own name; and concluded by
offering a gold pencil as a wager, against a
suitable equivalent, should she win.

The trial commenced. Mrs. Harry —
started off with "Harry of the West," add-
ing a dozen others.

George — now gathered up on George
Washington, the four Georges of England,
Lord George of Franks, &c.

"Now, Mr. John —, what have you to
say?" said the charming Mrs. Harry.

"Oh! I can give you a hundred—the two
Adams; Lord John Russell; John Tyler;
John; John; John; bring me some water, John!"

"Stop, stop, you can't win. Mr. Joseph
—, now your turn comes," continued the
juicy little gamester.

Now, if ever a bashful man lived it is my
friend Joe. He dared not look up. He had
been racking his brain for an answer, but
to no purpose, and in despair he made one
grand effort, and raising his head, replied:

"My dear madam, I have lost. I cannot
now think of any very distinguished men
who ever bore the name of Joseph, except
the gentleman we read about in the Sacred
Scriptures—he was such a favorite
of Mrs. Potiphar; but I will not offer him,
for I think he was the cussedest fool I ever
did hear of."

"Here's the pencil," said Mrs. Harry,
tossing it over to him, as she and the other
ladies scud out of the door.

Don't Die Till You Tell Who Did It.—
Bill Kingston was an eccentric old fellow.
One night he told his room-mate, named
Shryack, that he was going to kill himself.

Kingston had, as the last eccentric act
of his life, taken a chisel and mallet to bed
with him, and now, with a desperate resolve,
he seized the extraordinary tools of death,
and in an instant drove the blade of the
chisel into his breast.

The hair rose upon Shryack's head, and
fright spread like a sheet of snow over his
face.

"Kingston! Kingston! my dear fellow!
you rascal, Kingston! do you want to have
me hung? Hold on! don't die till I call
somebody!"

Shryack ran to the door and called like a
madman to some people across the street.

"Hallo! here! say! you, mister! all you
stupid people! make haste over here, or
there will be a murder!"

The people crowded into Kingston's
house.

"Don't die, Kingston! Don't chisel that
way! Don't die till you tell who did it!"

"I did it myself," said Kingston, faintly.

"There, that'll do; now, my dear fellow,
you may die," replied Shryack, taking a
long breath, and wiping the perspiration
from his forehead.

And Kingston did die in that extraordi-
nary manner, leaving his fate to be recorded
as a suicide, that was almost a murder.

A SCRAP FOR MODERN PHILOSOPHERS.—An
Atlantic exchange says: Panic and hard
times have forced men to many singular
contrivances for the purpose of raising the
"spandulix" but, of all the schemes we have
heard of, the following seems to us the most
remarkable for its ingenuity and wicked-
ness: we shall, however, let the victimized
lady tell her own story:

"This reminds me, dear Rose, our duck of a
preacher,
He's cousin, you know, to the famous Ward
Becherer.

Brought to me last week such a duck of a
nigger,
Such eyes, teeth and hair—such a noble-
man's figure—

Poor fellow—he was—yes, a fugitive slave,
And wanted a trifle—fifty dollars—to save
This Noble of Nature from that horrid Turk
Called a Planter—who really would make
niggers work!

My feelings were touched—I paid him the
cash,
While a tear trickled down from the dark-
ey's eyelash;

So I gave him my cambric, embroidered with
lace,
To wipe it away from his beautiful face;
And in the dear Tribune next morning I
found

My name and donation were amply re-
nowned.
Now what do you think the vile people say,
That our parson had hired him at so much
a day,
And that he's a white-washer not far from
Broadway.

And that Greeley and Beecher, Neal Dow
and Le Roy,
With those fugitive niggers will feather
their nest.