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Building on the Sand.

BY ELIZA COOK.

'Tis well to win, 'tis well to wed, As well as hand for hand, Since myrtle grew and roses blew, And morning brought the sun.

But have a care, as young and fair, Be sure you pledge with truth; Be certain that your love will wear Beyond the days of youth.

For if ye give not heart for heart, As well as hand for hand, You'll find you've played the 'unwise' part, And "built upon the sand."

'Tis well to save, 'tis well to have A goodly store of gold, And hold enough of shining stuff—For charity is old.

But place not all your hopes and trust In what the deep mine brings; We cannot live on yellow dust Unmixed with pure things.

And he who piles up wealth alone, Will often have to stand Beside his coffer chest and own 'Tis "built upon the sand."

'Tis good to speak in kindly guise, And soothe where'er we can; Fair speech should bind the human mind, And love link man to man.

But stay not the gentle words, Let deeds with language dwell; The one who pities starving birds, Should scatter crumbs as well.

The Mercy that is warm and true, Must lead a helping hand, For those who talk, yet fail to do, But "built upon the sand."

Happiness.

Wing-footed! thou abid'st with him That asks it not; but he who hath Watched o'er the waves thy fading path Will never more on ocean's rim, At morn or eve, behold returning Thy high-headed canvas shoreward yearning.

Thou only teachest us the core And inmost meaning of No More, Thou, who first showed us thy face Turned o'er the shoulder's parting grace, And whose ad footsteps we can trace Away from every mortal door!

Paddy's Valentine.

The New York Mercury publishes the following epistle from Paddy Murphy:

Sir—I received this swate pledge of affection from a little gurl forin St. Patrick's Cathedral, and it's darin a jig me heart was when I upend the dallyshus pistol; I don't say I know the swate orator as muther in the ould country; but be the soul of St. Pater, and Mrs. Pater, and all the little Paters, I think it's the gurl I danced wid at the charity ball in Fifth Avenue. We danced in the kitchen, by reason of its bein too hot in the parlor. Joost look at the darin heart, wid a clothes pole run right throo it, to show the coat of my coat made an impresshon on her darin swate soul. Och! Erin-go-bragh! swate illegant pesty!

Och, Paddy! swate Paddy, If I was yer daddy, I'd kill ye wid kisses intirely; If I was yer muther, And likewise yer muther, I'd see that ye went to bed airly. To taste of yer breath, I wud starve me to death, And have off my hoops altogether, To joost have a taste Of yer arm on me waste, I'd lauf at the manest of weathur.

Dear Paddy be mine— Me own swate valentine— Ye'll find me both gentle and civil; Our life we will spend, To an illegant ind, And have may go dance wid the divil."

"PITCH IN."—The greatest of all nuisances, to a respectable editor, are those small-minded gentry who believe that the mission of a journal is not to disseminate news, aid buyers and sellers by advertisements, but to be perpetually "pitching in" to this or that subject, more generally into this or that individual. Such characters are generally very loud and talkative specimens of the genus veritable, prone to hint that his miscralt details, much better than anybody else in the country; that they would "stir up things," and that their firm belief is, that all a paper needs is "pepper," to make it excellent. We can imagine, as we write, that we even now hear the familiar accents: "Now I just want you to write an article and give so and so tis"—for men of this description are gifted with a degree of assurance which respects no duty or dignity, and suffers the possessor to believe that his miscralt fancies will actually receive consideration. And yet we can say with truth that we never met with one of these advocates for indiscriminate "pepper" and abuse, who would not write with agony at the faintest allusion to himself in type which fell short of flattery, or who was not in fact a coward.—Valley Yeoman.

"Be it to live, be ready to die!"—Never can I perseu these words without agitation. What has been undergone, what has been suffered, what struggles have been made before we be fit to live. And this point is scarcely attained ere we are to be ready to enter into a state totally unconnected with life.

Perils of Sea-Diving.

We had a terrible excitement one day last week, says a correspondent writing a private letter home from one of the vessels of the American exploring expedition in Sebastopol harbor. One of the divers, Harris, the English marine, a first rate fellow, and bold as a lion, goes down examining the outside of the ship on which they were at work. He had been forward and was going aft, along the bottom, in sixty feet of water, when he suddenly signaled for more air, and though the pressure was instantly increased, two more signals for "air," and to "come up." followed in rapid succession, and then ceased all reply to signals given. Thinking the fault was in the air pump, the speed was increased until a pipe bursting near the engine showed that the hose was foul. Then they shouted to the other diving party, in a row boat, at a little distance, to come to the rescue. That diver was brought up by his tenders, and they recommenced rowing for the steamer. Meanwhile, poor Harris made no more response to the anxious signaling of his tenders, and they had tried in vain to haul him up—the "life-line" was also foul. The pump was kept slowly in motion, and we know that no air was reaching him.

The row boat was coming as fast as possible, but I thought it never would arrive.—At last, they came alongside. The diver's helmet was closed, strong hands worked rapidly and silently, and in an instant he was lowered out of sight, the hose of his suffocating companion in his hand; there was an interval of two or three minutes of fearful suspense, in which no word was spoken by any of the score of men who gathered there, save the whisper—"It must be too late."—Suddenly a second column of rising air bubbles appeared. "The hose is cleared—he has air," several voices spoke eagerly.—Then followed the signal for rising, and up they came, poor Harris all stark and motionless. "Stop the pump, he is dead," said one, unceremoniously the eye-glass thro' which he saw the ghastly countenance and frothy lips. But the cold air striking his livid face, the eye-lids half opened and closed again. "He is alive!" they all cried, joyfully, and removing the unsightly helmet and dashing water on his head and breast, he presently began to breathe perceptibly, and after an hour's diligent rubbing from as many strong and willing hands as could get around him, he began to come to consciousness. He suffered great pain for hours in the head and breast, but is now altogether recovered, and diving as usual.

On the whole, it was such an occurrence as I hope may not happen here again; that ten minutes, in which we had the consciousness that a man was dying for want of help which we could by no means give, I cannot think of without a shudder. The hose had got fast under a port-cover in such a way as to cut off the air suddenly and entirely. The life-line was fast on some old rigging down in the mud under the bottom of the ship, where he had crawled in his zealous search after holes or injuries. He owes his life to the coolness and dexterity of the other diver, who providentially followed the hose and cleared it before descending to him, thus giving him air two minutes sooner than he could otherwise have received it; and it came late enough. The diving dress is of gutta percha or rubber cloth, large and loose, in one piece, pants, boots, waistcoat, and sleeves, into which the diver is inserted from the top by his tenders, after substituting heavy bannel drawers, socks, &c., for the ordinary apparel.

Once tucked into this ample casing, the head is covered with a close-fitting woollen cap, the breastplate and helmet of iron put on the latter, a hollow globe, much larger, of course, than the head, and provided with three little windows, grated and glazed, called eye-glasses; the front one is always open while dressing. The upper part of the dress is now fastened to the breastplate, being placed between its edge, and a covering metallic rim, which is then firmly screwed to its place by means of a wrench, making the connection water-tight. Heavy cowhide brogans, with soles of lead three quarters of an inch thick, strong rubber rings for the wrist, which prevents water from entering the sleeves, and the girdle of shot, weighing some seventy-five pounds, complete the tiring. The life-line is tied round the waist, the sheath-knife placed in his belt, the pump is started, eye-glass screwed in, and he is ready to descend. The dress being now filled with air, the shapeless body and limbs of the monster swelling to a size fitting that of his head, make altogether a hideous figure, which you are not sorry to see vanish out of sight, wondering what sort of reception the mermaids will give him if he falls in their way. The fish are not afraid of them—they sometimes bring up a pocket full.

The hose which supplies his air is of gutta percha, of half-inch bore, and attached to the helmet just at the bump of self-esteem. The escape-valve is below it. The life-line, by which signals are transmitted, is passed through a loop on the right eye-glass, so that the slightest motions are felt. He usually descends part of the way, at least, on a rope ladder, but is sometimes lowered by the life-line from the first. The pressure of air is gradually increased as he goes lower, more

force being required, of course, to supply the air. If the pump is worked by hand, it requires four men to tend it—two of them turning at once, and frequently changing. Two "tenders" stand by—one holding the hose, and the other the life-line; the latter literally holding the diver's life in his hand, as any inattention to the signals frequently might cause his death. Once on the bottom or on the ship, our merman walks about or works as elsewhere.

Our divers for months past have averaged, perhaps, four and a half hours under water, and hard at work, per diem. They have frequently, however, been down six, and even eight hours, in water from thirty to sixty feet deep. They can descend in water one hundred and fifty feet, but do not like to work deeper than one hundred feet—the increased pressure sensibly affecting the head at a greater depth. The large pay which divers receive, and the extra accommodations which they have on board here, made all the forecaine men anxious to enlist when a recruit was required; but very many were obliged to give it up on a single trial, while others, (like Harris,) went regularly to work from the first day. They all have state-rooms to sleep in, and a place at the mate's table; and, for some of them, who have always been sailors before the mast, at ten or fifteen dollars per month, with fore-castele fare, the change, including triple-pay makes quite a favorable turn of fortune.

Mrs. Gwin's Fancy Ball.

The Washington correspondent of the Sacramento Union, under date of April 10th, says:—I mentioned in a former letter the anticipated fancy ball to be given at the residence of one of your Senators. What shall I wear? burst from the lips of many belles, and as many beaux echoed it back. Diplomats became anxious over this momentous question; members of Congress forgot Kansas while musing upon it. Every one knew that Mrs. Gwin could, and would, make this fancy dress ball magnificent, and as the invitations rendered costumes obligatory, no little trouble and expense was necessary for the hundreds of guests to clothe themselves in styles which fashion had made obsolete, and history famous.

But this is the national metropolis, and if a world was made tributary to Rome, why should not Uncle Sam's dominions be called upon to supply the wants of Washington.—The evening arrived, and as "Night, sable goddess, from her ebony throne looked down" upon this city, society was in a perfect ferment. Carriages were hurrying towards the "West End," where Senator Gwin's elegant mansion is situated, and your own correspondent, "armed and equipped according to rule," was among the motley and disguised crowd. First we espied Robin Hood, then Coeur de Lion—afterwards Sir Roger de Coverly, Rob Roy McGregor, and a host of famous individuals. We touched glasses with a Monk of the order of St. Dunstan, and a disciple of Mohammed, and then entered the grand reception room, where we found the hostess dressed as a Baroness of the Court of Louis Quatorze. The grace and ease with which she received her numerous guests would have done honor to the most courtly dame of the courtly age she represented. There stands a Mexican Hidalgo—here passes an English hunter. At one step we bow to a cavalier of the Court of Charles I, and at the next we receive a cordial greeting from the President of the United States. Flower girls, looking more lovely than the flowers they carried; Swiss maids, fresher than the Alpine air; Senoritas, as entrancing as the breeze of Spain; and maids of honor in the style of the Court of Queen Elizabeth, fair enough to fill the pages of another Keatsworth, met our trance and wondering gaze. The "White Lady of Avenel" glided by us like a specter; "Aurora" broke upon us like a thing of glory, and "Columbia" filled our heart with love not altogether patriotic; "Night" stole upon us like a sweet dream. Sir Lucius O'Trigger asked us to take a drink; and Rhoderick Dhu requested us to be his vis a vis. We paid our homage to Queen Isabel, and shook hands with Charles II; he was accompanied by Buckingham. Mr. Partington was of course in her own peculiar character, keeping a crowd in a roar of laughter. Sam Slick, from the State of "Vermount," was whittling away, while Major Jack Downing was enlisting soldiers for the Utah service.—"Fourteen dollars a month, the best medical attendance, and divide the women after we get there." Such were the inducements held out by the gallant Major to enlist.—But I must close. Suffice it to say that Mrs. Gwin's fancy ball was the finest party ever given in this country and the hundreds who were charmed into a forgetfulness of every care for one night at least, will remember it even when time has wrinkled their brows, and cast his silvery mantle over their locks.

Trust not the flatterer. In thy days of sunshine he will give thee pounds of butter, and in thy hours of need, deny thee a crumb of bread.

Gently o'er me the dews are stealing," as the man said when he had five bills presented to him at the same time.

A Parable for Business Men.

There was once upon a time a man that kept a store and sold goods wholesale and retail.

And he became melancholy, because customers were shy and times hard.

And he said: Lo! I am ruined, and the sensation is disagreeable.

And my ruin is the most painful to bear, because it is slow in progress, even as water doth gradually become better in the pot wherein the lobster bolleth, until the crustacean creature shrieketh out his soul in anguish.

Lo! it is better to be ruined quickly than to endure this slow torture.

I will give my money away to the poor man—even to the poorest, which is he who printeth newspapers, and I will shut up my shop and wrap myself in the sackcloth of desolation, and pass my days in the purities of broken banks, cursing the hardness of the times and rending my garments.

And the howlings of Rome shall be as the dulcet sound of dulcimers, and they who blow the flutes and instruments of music, compared to the din I will make in the ears of the wicked—even the ears of the bank directors.

And even as he said, so did he; for he was not like other men's sons who are foolish and know it not, and they say they will do so and so, performing that which is contrary.

For the sons of men are fickle, and he that is born of woman doth spite his face by diminishing the length of the nose thereof.

And lo! the printer—even he who did publish newspapers—was made glad by the bounty of him who sold wholesale and retail; and he did sound his praise and print them moreover, and did blow the trumpet of fame respecting that man's dealings, from the rising of the sun even to the going down of the same.

And he—even the printer of papers—did magnify and enlarge upon the stock of goods which the trader had in his store, and did publish the variety and the excellence, and the newness and the beauty, and the cheapness thereof, till the people—yes, all of them, far and near, were amazed.

And they said, lo! this man hath gathered from the east and the west, costly merchandise and wares of wondrous value—even the workmanship of cunning artificers—and we knew it not.

Go too, then. We will lay out our silver and our gold in those things which the printer printed of, and that what he doth publish shall be ours. For this man's merchandise is better than the bank notes of those who promise to pay, and therein lie, even banks of deposit which beguile us of our money and swindle us like sin.

But the trader was still dead, and he said the money that those people bring me for the goods in my store, will I still give to the printer, and thus I will ruin myself; I will do that which no man hath yet done in my time or before me. I will make the printer man, whom all men scorn for his poverty, rich; and he shall be clad in fine linen, and he shall rejoice.

And the sons of men shall meet him in the market place, and the sheriffs shall shun him, and the seofers shall be rebuked, and shall take off their hats to him that was poor.

And he shall flash the dollars in the eyes of the foolish, and shall eat bank note sandwiches.

Yes, even shall he light his pipe with railroad scrip and cast his spittle on the boards of other men.

For I will ruin myself, and he who advertises me shall enjoy my substance.

But lo! the trading man—even he who sold merchandise became rich, and even as the ancient beast lieth in the mire, so stirred he not by reason of much gold.

And the people flocked to his store from the North.

And from the South.

And from the West.

And from the East.

And the printer rejoiced, and his phat did abound.

But the trader could not become poor; and his melancholy ceased, and the smiles of happiness were upon his face.

but, like the faded rose, the perfume of her love is richer than when in the full bloom of youth and maturity. Together we have placed flowers in the casements, and folded hands of the dead; together wept over little graves. Through sunshine and storms we have clung together; now she sits with her knitting, her cap quaintly frilled, the old style kerchief crossed, white and prim, above the heart that has beat so long and truly for me, the dim blue eye that shrinking fronts the glad day; the sunlight, throwing her a parting farewell, kisses her brow, and leaves upon its faint tracery of wrinkles, angelic radiance. I see, though no one else can, the bright, glad young face that won me first, and the glowing love of forty years thrills my heart till the tears come. Say not again I can no longer be a lover. Though this form be bowed, God implanted eternal love within. Let the ear be deaf, the eye blind, the hands palsied, the limbs withered, the brain clouded—yet the heart, the true heart, may hold such wealth of love, that all the power of death and the victorious grave shall not be able to put out quenchless flame."

How a Church was Cured of Fremontism.

The Hartford Times relates the following: A congregational Church in a neighboring State got so completely enlisted in the Presidential contest, for Fremont and Jessie, that little attention was given to religious questions. The minister was constantly preaching, praying, exhorting upon political issues; and his deacons and the laymen followed suit at the prayer and conference meetings. Finally, a worthy old farmer, one of the staunchest and best members of the church, and a firm, undeviating Democrat, was called upon to offer a prayer. He said:

"O Lord, uphold the old Democratic party, which has received thy protecting sympathy ever since the great Jeffersonian struggle. Continue to bless that old party which has, under thy protection and providence, brought great blessings on this Republic.—If it be thy pleasure, and I believe it will be, O carry that party through this struggle to a complete triumph. Bless James Buchanan, the tried and honest statesman, and guide him safely to the Presidential chair.—Bless John C. Breckinridge, the young and zealous Democrat, and open to him the path of duty as well as that which leads him straight to the Vice Presidency. Give them victory. O, bless the opponents of Democracy, but utterly destroy their fanatical and injurious political schemes, if it be thy will to do so, as I verily believe it is. Be on the side of the Democracy, O Lord, as thou hast been for the past fifty-six years, and on the 4th of March next we shall witness the inauguration of Pennsylvania's favorite son, and the people of this country will once more settle down in their peaceful pursuits, instead of warring wickedly, section against section, interest against interest, and man against his brother. And O, I beseech thee, especially free the Christian churches from the political strife and bitterness which are rending asunder, destroying their usefulness, and turning them, unhappily, into mere political associations. Let us hear something of thy word and mercy on the Sabbath. We have already been pilled to fullness with political fanaticism, and our minister has become a stump orator against the good old party which thou in thy wisdom hast upheld so long, and so repeatedly guided to victory and sustained in the establishment of sound measures. O, turn his mind from these things, and direct his attention to his legitimate religious duties, or turn him over directly into the hands of the federal or abolition party, and let them take care of him, and provide us with a true minister of the gospel. At any rate, the present state of things cannot last. If politics are to rule, I shall claim one-half of the time in behalf of the Democratic party, so that there may be fair discussion within these walls. Amen."

This was a stumper. It was the first prayer publicly offered in that church for the success of the Democratic party and its nominees, though hundreds of prayers and exhortations had been made against that party. When the old man had finished, there was a silence for half an hour, and the meeting then adjourned.

MAJOR JONES' PRIDE.—Major Jones is known as one of the proudest "critters" in the whole city. A short time since, a highwayman undertook to rob Major Jones.—He met Jones in a piece of woods over in Jersey. He asked Jones for his pocket-book. Jones refused to yield. Highwayman then took Jones by the neck and undertook to "chock him down." Jones made fight and kept it up for half an hour. At the expiration of that time Jones caved, and the highwayman commenced rifling his pockets.—The contents were eighteen cents.

"Is that all you've got?"

"Every darned cent."

"What made you fight so long?"

"Didn't want to be exposed. Bad enough to have only 18 cents, but a great deal worse to have the world know it."

The highwayman was so pleased with Jones' pride, that he made him a present of a tip of "red eye," and a cracker to wash it down.

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