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W. G. TVAVULT, Editor & Proprietor.

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Three Months, \$2 00.

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BILLIARD SALOON,

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OFFICE—"Jacksonville Drug Store"—

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A constant supply of Drugs and

Patent Medicines always on hand.

J. B. HARMON, H. J. LABATT,

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HARMON & LABATT,

LAW OFFICE,

Corner of Montgomery and Commercial

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nov25n46f

R. B. SNELLING,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,

OFFICE—On Main Street, four doors

south of the Post Office, Yreka.

Will practice in the District Courts

of Jackson County, O. T. 2 29f

R. HAYDEN,

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WILL ATTEND TO BUSINESS in

the Third Judicial District of Oregon.

OFFICE

At Kerbyville, Oregon. 1 1f

D. B. BRENNAN,

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

OFFICE—At his residence, Jacksonville, O. T.

Mother's Grave.

BY GEO. D. PRENTICE.

The tender dew drops fall
Upon the shutting flowers; like souls at rest
The stars shine gloriously, and all
Save me are blest.

Mother, I love thy grave:
The violet, with its blossoms blue and mild,
Waves o'er thy head: when will it wave
Above thy child?

'Tis a sweet flower, yet must
Its bright leaves to the tempest bow—
Dear mother, 'tis thine emblem; dust
Is on thy brow.

And I could love to die;
To leave untasted life's dark bitter streams.
By thee, as erst in childhood, lie
And share thy dreams.

And I must linger here,
To stain the plumage of my sinless years,
And mourn the hopes to childhood's dream,
Which thou hast left.

Aye,
A lonely bough here,
Whose last frail leaf withered tree,
Went down with timely care.

Off from life's withered bough,
In still communion with the past, I
And muse on thee, the only flower
In memory's urn.

And when the evening pale,
Howe'er a mourner on the dim blue wave,
I stray to hear the night winds wail
Around thy grave.

Where is thy spirit flown?
I gaze above—thy look is mingled there;
I listen, and thy gentle tone
Is on the air.

O come, while here I press
My brow upon thy grave, and in these mild
And thrilling tones of tenderness,
Bless, bless thy child.

Yes, bless your weeping child,
And o'er this urn—religion's holiest shrine,
G. give his spirit undisturbed,
To blend with thine.

A Narrow Escape.

Three long and weary years, had been
In ardent courtship spent,
And now at last my darling Jane
Had given her consent
To marry with me—and so
I posted off to see
My dear friend Brown—John Brown—and
learn
If he would bride man be.

He had opposed my courtship—
And now, into my ear,
He whispered that 'twas folly—
That it would cost me dear—
That married life was dreadful
When no longer it was new—
That I would be a hen-pecked man,
And wife would be a shrew.

I own his words perplexed me;
I knew not what to do;
So I went into the country
To stay a week or two,
And think the matter over—
But ere a week had sped,
I formed the resolution
To hasten back and wed.

I hurried to the city,
Without an hour's delay,
And called at once to see my love
And fix the wedding day:
Alas! I found that from one,
That Jane had married Brown—John
Brown!

And left the day before.
The honeymoon is over,
And they are back again;
I pardon Brown's vile perfidy,
Which caused such grievous pain;
I met him in the street to-day,
He looked tremendous "blue,"
And I have learned enough to know
That Jane has proved a shrew.

During a lesson on the animal kingdom,
The teacher put the following question:

"Can any boy name me an animal of the order edentata—that is, a front-toothless animal?"

A boy, whose face beamed with pleasure at the prospect of a good mark, replied:

"I can."

"Well, what is the animal?" asked the teacher.

"My grandmother!" replied the boy, with glee.

A clergyman was rebuked by a brother of the cloth, a few days ago, for smoking. The culprit replied that he used the weed moderately.

"What do you call moderately?" inquired the other.

"Why, sir," said the offender, "one cigar at a time."

Suspicious tailor to a suspected customer:

"Make me a coat, sir?"

"Oh yes, sir, with the greatest pleasure. There, just stand in that position, please, and look right upon that sign while I take your measure."

Sign reads "Terms Cash."

"Now, George, you must divide the cake honorably with your brother Charles."

Northern View of Disunion.

The Hon. Mr. Dawson, as President of the Democratic Convention of Pennsylvania, says the Charleston Mercury, takes the most sensible view of the capacities of the North and the South, for separate and independent government, that we have yet met with from that quarter:

"The only hostility which England has to the American people is to our republican example. She hopes to see disunion effected through the agitation of the slavery question. This would at once follow with the Southern section. This would suit England, while it would be fatal to us."

Nor would the line of separation deprive the South of many advantages of locomotion or transportation which she now enjoys. Cast your eye over the map of the States, and you see that every river west of the Hudson to the Rio Grande, has its outlet to the Atlantic and the Gulf of Mexico through the slave territory.

On the other hand, in the event of the dissolution of the Union, what would be the position of the North? Could she as readily unite in the formation of a new government? There are numerous considerations which forbid the idea. An insuperable barrier to the formation of a common government would present itself in the want of fellowships, which would be found to exist between the States of New England and those of the Ohio valley and of the upper Mississippi. The New England character, intellectual and enterprising as it is confessed to be, by its constant inclination to novelty in politics, morals and religion, and its morbid love of arms, has ever since the landing of the Mayflower, been invested with a peculiarity rendering it alien to the tastes of the more Southern neighbors. Then, what would be the proportion of influence assigned to New England in the new government? Would her six little States—comprising altogether a territory and aggregate population no greater than that of Pennsylvania—be allowed a representation by twelve Senators? Or would not Pennsylvania and New York, and the rest, insist that two Senators should be the fair allotment for all New England?

Then, again, how will you reconcile the interests of New England, which are manufacturing, with the commercial interests of New York, and the agricultural interests of the West?

SLANDER.—Of all the monsters of human birth, open or masked, that go up and down the earth, slander is the chief. Oftener hatched of idle depravity than of active malice, it is in every form an assassin's dagger. Perchance no living soul has escaped its thrust—no universal is it. It fears not the high and scorn not the low. Everywhere its withering venom spreads, embittering the world's heart, and enkindling hate and feud. Devilish child of the unbridled tongue, what pangs, what agonies, what remorse hast thou begotten! O, tongue! that canst whisper so sweetly of love—that can burn with the fire of friendship, flame with the eloquence of mercy and truth—that canst thrill the soul with delights, and consecrate it to all that is beautiful and holy, why wilt thou ever defile thyself with the demon's curse, the serpent's hiss? Angel one moment and vampire the next! O, tongue! that art so capable of good, and yet so prone to evil—that canst bid live, and yet must kill! But for the slander, peace might dwell among men—the living happy, and the dead unharmed. But for slander—ah! the poet named thee well—

"Slander, thou foulest whelp of sin!"

"Gossip," art thou in thine infancy, stirring up rancor and bitterness in neighbor-hoods? In thy fullness, thou art a black, blasting "lie." All men hate thee and scorn thee, and yet to all thou art "a sweet morsel on the tongue." Who can answer for this anomaly—who explain it? Blessed be the tongue that speaketh praise and truth; accursed forever be the tongue that uttereth falsehood and slander!

A FATHER'S ADVICE.—Many years ago, I remember of a young man leaving his paternal roof to look out for himself. On the eve of quitting his native village, his father placed a roll of bank bills in his hands, with this advice: "Josiah, you are now about to go out into the wide world, where 'tis a good deal wider than it is here, and no fence round it, neither. Take them bills; and, mind ye, keep yer fingers onto 'em tight, for the wind is mighty apt to blow 'em whar you'll never see 'em again. You hain't got a hard-finish education, but I tell ye, Josiah, common school larnin' is just as good as the hard-finish, if ye only know how to use it. Don't swear—don't throw the dups—don't play the cards—don't hang about taverns—but yer may chaw terbakker some, 'cause yer dad does. Don't cheat anybody what can't afford to stand it; them as can, you may put the hard-finish onto as thick as yer like. Keep a stiff upper lip, Josiah, and don't let nobody impose on ye. If they do, just bring out them hard-finish licks what yer old dad has giv' ye fur a 'heritance."

The last excuse for criminality is, that the "weaker vessels" need much booping.

Lola Montez.

The New York correspondent of the Sacramento Union, under date of April 12th, says:

Lola Montez has closed her amusing lectures in this city, by giving two evenings to her own history, and to full houses. The ex-Countess told her hearers that she was born in Limerick, Ireland, in 1824; that her father was Sir Edward Gilbert, and that her family name by her mother's side was Montez, originally of Mexico. She had Irish, Spanish and Moorish blood in her veins. Her father was married before he was twenty, to her mother, fifteen, and little Lola arrived almost in the middle of the honeymoon. [For the definition of "honeymoon" see Webster, who says, "the first month after marriage."] She was christened Maria Dolores Eliza Rosanna Gilbert—the diminutive of Dolores being Lola or Lolita. At the age of fourteen, she requested Capt. James to run away with her, that she might escape marriage with an old man named Lumley, a Judge of the Supreme Court. Capt. James, aged 27, made Lola his wife, and she repented the bargain immediately after, for she found she had secured only the shadow of a husband.

The lecturer here related some curious anecdotes of life in India, which made the male portion of the audience laugh, and the ladies blush. After living with Capt. James eight months, she eloped with another lady, and she felt no sorrow at the result. She appeared soon afterwards in London, where her step-father presented her with \$20,000 and a house to live in. Miss Fanny Kelley tried to make of her an actress, but failed; she was made a danseuse, and first appeared with Mr. Lumley, at Her Majesty's Theatre, when her mother put on mourning, as if her child was dead; but her debut was successful, and was brought to a sudden close by the measures of Lumley. She then got an engagement at Dresden, where she was a general favorite. Afterwards she appeared at Berlin, and the King and Queen of Prussia were charmed with her, and Her Majesty wished to make a match for her. While here, also, the Czar Nicholas was attentive to her; Prince Alexander wished to marry her, [over the left] and Prince Demetrius, Viceroy of Poland, fell "disgracefully" in love with her, although he was an old man.

For the reason that Lola's impregnable virtue withstood all his offers, the Prince caused her to be hanged at the theater one night, when Lola advanced and informed the audience that those hanged were ordered for her because she had refused certain propositions from the Prince. The audience applauded her for her bravery, but she was ordered to be arrested next day, and sat with a loaded pistol several hours, threatening to shoot the first officer who should attempt to enter her room. At length the French Consul claimed her as a subject, and she was compelled to quit Warsaw. She then described an interview she once had with the Emperor Nicholas, who, when some officers came to visit him, thrust her into a closet, and on releasing her, gave her 750 roubles, saying he would always do that when he imprisoned any of his subjects unjustly. This closed the first lecture, and on Monday last Lola delivered the concluding one. After leaving St. Petersburg, she went to Paris, and was "affiliated" [?] to the editor of La Presse, who was soon after killed in a duel by M. de Beauvillon. Lola hastened to the dueling ground "for the purpose of taking the place of her lover, but was too late."

On the trial of the "murdered," at Rouen, she was examined at the same time with Alexandre Dumas. After this unfortunate affair she went to Bavaria, where she was a dancer, and King Louis feeling a "fatherly affection" for her, he became warm friends, and she taught him how to rule. By her counsels to the King, she broke down the influence of the Jesuits, and of Austria, and in spite of them she was made Countess of Lansfeld, and was presented with an estate of the same name, containing three thousand souls under her own rule. She influenced the King to dismiss his Cabinet, and this roused the enmity of the Jesuits and of Austria to new efforts. She was pronounced a fiend, a she devil, and a dozen other hard names were applied to her. The priesthood denounced her from the pulpit, saying there was no longer a Virgin Mary to be worshipped, for that "Venus" (meaning Lola) had usurped her place. [Tremendous applause from the audience.] She was often shot at, once poisoned, and was finally obliged to flee to Switzerland, disguised as a "party" peasant boy, and afterwards secretly revisited King Louis in the same dress. Before coming to America, she married Captain Heald, from which match nothing but sorrow resulted. Notwithstanding all the stories about her horse-whipping men, she had never handled a cowhide in her life, and other slanders about her were equally unfounded. Her adventures since she came to America were lightly passed over, from which you may correctly infer that she has not related her full history.

An exchange has discovered that Schottisch is a corruption of the words "Scotch litch," and that the famous dance owes its name to a person afflicted with the Scotch plague aforesaid. Awful, indeed!

A Curious Document.

Washington, as everybody knows, was very methodical; and he was particular to have matters about which a dispute might arise, "put in writing." The article below is copied from one of his "papers," and is both characteristic and amusing. It is an agreement with his gardener, who it appears, was in the habit of getting "tight."

"Articles of agreement made this 11th day of April, Anno Domini, one thousand two hundred and eighty and five, between George Washington, Esq., of the Parish of Truro, in the county of Fairfax, State of Virginia, on one part, and Philip Bator, Gardener, on the other. Witness, that the said Philip Bator, for and in consideration of the covenants hereinafter mentioned, doth promise and agree to serve the said George Washington for the term of one year as a Gardener, and that he will during the same time, conduct himself soberly, diligently and honestly—that he will faithfully and industriously perform all and every part of his duty as a Gardener, to the best of his knowledge and abilities, and that he will not at any time suffer himself to be disguised with liquor, except on times hereafter mentioned.

In consideration of these things being well and truly performed on the part of the said Philip Bator, the said George Washington doth agree to allow him (the said Philip) the same kind and quality of provisions as he has heretofore had, and likewise, annually, a decent suit of clothes, befitting a man in his station; to consist of coat, vest and breeches; a working jacket and breeches of homespun, besides; two white shirts; three check do; two linen pocket handkerchiefs; two pair of linen overalls; as many pair of shoes as are necessary for him; four dollars at Christmas, with which he may be drunk four days and four nights; two dollars at Easter to effect the same purpose; two dollars at Whitsuntide, to be drunk two days; a dram in the morning, and a drink of grog at dinner at noon.

For the true and lawful performance of these things, the parties have hereunto set their hands this twenty-third day of April, Anno Domini, 1785.

PHILIP BATOR, his X mark.

GEORGE WASHINGTON.

Witness:

GEORGE A. WASHINGTON,

THOMAS LEAR.

STRANGE.—One of the strangest features of the politics of the present day, is the fact that all the old enemies of the Democratic party have suddenly turned Democrats (?) Men, like Carlisle of the Journal, who have grown gray as badgers in abuse of the Democratic party, now assume to be Democrats and arrogate to themselves the right to dictate to Democrats what is Democracy and the duty of Democracy. The gray-headed old federalist of the Journal, is now abusing Democrats for having written a letter to Hon. W. E. Niblack, our representative in Congress, congratulating him upon the course he has chosen to adopt on the Kansas question. He finds fault with Mr. Niblack for this course, and charges that he misrepresents the Democracy of the district. Now, who ever expected the Journal or any other Know Nothing or Black Republican organ to approve of anything done by a Democrat? Certainly no one with half sense would expect anything so honest from such a party.

After opposing the election of Democrats with might and main, these hoary-headed old hypocrites come in and claim the right to direct Democrats on their road to duty. Every old Know Nothing and Black Republican in the State, together with many new converts to Democracy, are now Douglas Democrats.—*Essexville Enquirer.*

MAKING AUGER HOLES WITH A GIMLET. There is a good deal of Dr. Franklin's "Poor Richard" style about the ensuing paragraph, upon "making auger holes with a gimlet."

"My boy, what are you doing with that gimlet?" I asked of a flaxen headed archer, who was laboring with all his might at a piece of board before him.

"Trying to make an auger hole," he said, without raising his eyes.

Now this is precisely the way with two thirds of the world—making auger-holes with a gimlet.

There, for example, is young A——, who has escaped from the clerk's desk, behind the counter. He sports a moustache and imperial, carries a rattan, drinks champagne, and talks largely about the profits of banking, shaving notes, &c. He fancies that he is really a great man; but everybody around him sees that he is only "making auger holes with a gimlet."

Miss C—— is a "nice," pretty girl; she might be very useful, too, for she has intelligence enough, but she must be the "ton." She goes to plays, lounges on sofas, keeps her bed till noon, imagines she is a belle, disdains all labor, forgets (or tries to forget) that her father was an honest mechanic; and all for what? Why she is trying to work herself into the belief that an auger hole can be made with a gimlet.

When a miser was asked what he gave to the poor, he testily replied:

"What I give is nothing to nobody."

Romance of California.

No country in the world can offer equal tests to character as California. We are in our midst every phase and variety—in our society exhibits a perfect kaleidoscope of mankind. An incident exhibiting the reckless intemperance of a few days since. A gentleman, residing in Marysville, on visiting a married lady of that city, was shown the daughter of a certain family, a beautiful and fascinating young woman, who, after a moment's conversation, requested that she might be sent for, at the same time advancing \$300 to defray the necessary expenses. The request to visit California, accompanied by the material aid was duly dispatched, and in response thereto the young lady undertook the journey. On the voyage hither a certain dashing young man, whose sobriquet will be the Major, paid assiduous court to the young lady, and like many others found it an easy task to woo and win. She, with great candor, informed him the full circumstances of her voyage, and in reply to his urgent proposals stated she was willing to be his, but it would not be honorable to accept the money sent out to her, and he must refund the same. The proposal acted rather as a damper on the would-be swain who, perhaps thinking it paying rather dearly for the bargain, or from the fact that his purse would not bear such an inroad, refused, and the consequence was that the girl escaped his snares, and lives to bless the confiding lover in the interior. We give this incident simply as an example of the temptations which beset the female sex in voyaging to this country. Here an adventurer wooed and won the affections of a young heart, whose beatings responded so truthfully to the dictates of honor that she explained her position, and the refusal to disburse her sum requisite to render her free, branded him the villain.—*Cal. Spirit of the Times.*

We remember to have read many years ago an amusing story of a young American officer in the Revolutionary war, who, being for life from half a dozen lory years, was the object of the passion of a young widow, who was known to be true to her American cause, and whom the said officer afterwards married. The house afforded no possible place of concealment, the life of the young officer was at stake, and not a moment was to be lost. In such an exigency the young widow, who was robbed somewhat in the style of our modern belles, invited him to crouch under the ample protection of her dress. Without a moment's hesitation (as how could he be expected to hesitate?) he sought the friendly shelter just as his enemies were entering the door, and she stood guard over him till they searched the house and went away disappointed.

Probably the only moral of this story is, that each of the fashionably dressed women of the present day might, in such a case of life and death, hide a couple of patriots instead of one.—*Lou Jour.*

An old member of the Pennsylvania Legislature, who maintained his seat and popularity for a number of years, always voted "no" when a vote was recorded.—"For," said he, when asked his reason, "when a good law passes, no one looks for the years and nays on it—when a bad one does, they do!"

Gen. Jackson's Administration was assailed over the Bank question, and many men of our party deserted him, and prophesied that he had ruined the party. The result was, that these men sunk into oblivion, and Jackson and the party lived. Such will be the case with Buchanan and the party.—*Paoli (Ind.) Eagle.*

THE WAY HE DIED.—The ne plus ultra of ludicrous epitaphs is to be found on a grave stone in Oxford, New Hampshire, as follows:

"To all my friends I bid adieu;
A more sudden death you never knew;
As I was leading the old mare to drink,
She kicked and killed me quicker'n a wink."

"Ma, pa is getting very rich, isn't he?"

"I don't know; why, child?"

"Cause he gives me money. Almost every morning, after breakfast, when Sally is sweeping the parlor, he gives me six pence to go out and play."

Sally received short notice to quit.

A country poet, after looking about over life, has come to the following rhyming conclusion:

"Oh, I wouldn't live forever; I wouldn't if I could;
But I need not fret about it, I couldn't if I would."

"Well, my little son, ain't you lost?" Little boy, stepping back, says:

"Look here, mister, don't be so familiar, if you please; I am not unprotected, laying his hand on a revolver."

When the Princess Helena was born, it was told the Princess Royal that she had got a young sister. "Oh, that is delightful," cried little innocent royalty; "do let me go and tell mamma!"

"Samba, why am your legs like an organ grinder?"

"Dunno; gub it up." "Casc day carry a monkey 'bout de streets!"