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REDIGAT. DR. L. GANUNG. Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher,

From the Missouri Republican.] Sut Lovegood at Sicily Burns' LINES Suggested upon hearing of the Illness of Thomas Hart Benton,

Of limouri. BY 5, R. SMITH.

He is dying, he is dying ! That proud head will rise no more. Hear ye not the waves replying. As 'tis borne from shore to shore ? E'en the balmy evening verbyrs, As they quickly hasten by. Catch the sound and hear is upwards With low music to the sky His is dying had a dying Benten lays him an

Out upon life's fitful Where the storm fit Lies a bark whose for Fills the nation's h While above the fiel Of the wild and a Comes a cry of deeper He is dying, he last God is ruler of the

He is dying, he is dying, E're his noble cause was won, Valaly praying Death to tarry, While his magic pen flew on ; But the Angels had recorded That bright name beyond the sky, And with one last blow for Freedom, Denton laid him down to die. He is dying, he is dying, Benton lays him down to die.

[No more beautiful lesson has been taught by a modern poet than in the following stanzas by Whittier. Adam and Eve, exiled from the Garden, had sat down disconsodise, and there an Angel found them bewailing their fate ; thereupon the radient presence spoke] :

Why Look Behind?

"Arise !" he said, "why look behind When hope is all before, And patient hand and willing mind Your loss may yet restore

'I leave with you a spell whose power Can make the desert glad. And call around you fruit and flower, As fair as Eden had

"I clothe your hands with power to lift The curse from off your soil ; Your very doom shall seem a gift, Your loss a gain through Ton.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming bees, To labor as to play." While gleaming over Eden's trees, The Angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth dient to the word, And found where'er they tilled the earth, A garden of the Lord

Once more, oh, white-winged Angel stand, here man still es and grieve And lead through Toil to Eden-Land, New Adams and new Even !

Weddlug. BY 8---- L-----, OF TENSEAREE

"Hey, Georgee !" rang among the moun tain slopes, and on looking up to my left. I saw "Sut" tearing along down a steep point. hending me off,' in a long Kangaroo-like lope, holding his flask high above his head. and hat in hand. He brought up near me, still banteringly shaking the ball full tickler within an inch of my face, until the bead rose to the corn-cob stopper.

"What we givine ! tony a sole tone mck's old. I kotch hit mysef hot rum the stillwurm. Narra rike-nine in hit-I put that dried peach in mysef to er nor ele Bullin's plan ; in what he sells, an when he mixes a leetle ove the a pond below his barnrful natral culler, but don't any. Then he korrects that Hits an orful mlxiry, shell whisky ove ole Bullin's. dui onto three-quarters ove the belevin part ove his congregashun with hit, and tuther quarter's a gwine the same road, of his still-house don't burn down

soon, ur he peg out hissef. Halnt he the durndest speciment ove a walking barrel ove g-s ye ever seed eny how ? Say, Georgey, dy'e see these here well-

poles, what I uses fur laigs? Well, I passed em by each other purty peart tather day .lately on the outer side of the wall of Para- I put just wun out so, an then tather, say nine feet beyant, an then kep a doing hit. I'll just gin ye leave to go to the devil haf hammo, of I didn't make fower tracks to the mile, an more to the minit, than wur ever made by cny human manbody, without the help ove a hose, since Bark Wilson beat the saw-log from the top ove the Frog Mountain inter the Ococe ruver, and dove an dodged hit at last. Every thing what talks an cries, hes a pint of sum sort. Ole Bullin's pint is a durned, fust rate, three bladed, double-barreled, water-proof hypockricy. an a onquinchibel appetite fur baid face .--Sielly Burns' pint is thru her fectors, an ways tu drive men folks crazy. She gins them a fever, jist es sartin es a week at New Orleans in August would. Durn her, she's down on her heels now, and walks flat footed at that. Dad's plut, an hits the only pint hes got, is to be the king ove all durn'd fools, sence the days ove that feller, the bibil reads about, what housed so much corn in Egypt, and lost his coat by runnin outen hit. Hit tells us who was the strongest man' and who was the meckiest man, and who wus the best man, but leves ve tu ges who wus the biggest fool, an et thar's a bull nigger in Tennessee, what cudent tell the fust pop arter bearin red. I wudent gin fifty cents fur him sartin. He basent sense cnuff tu run into the house, ef it wur rainin ded cats, that's all. My plut is in beatin eny body suckin in a big skeer, an then in beatin enybody's hoss ur skared dog runnin outen hit again. I used to think my pint wur like dad's, onmixed fool ; but when he acted hoss, I gin in. Maybe when I gets his spevience, and am cs obl. I ken nock the hone ofen him, an be king fool mysef on his pint. But its mity ousartin, for he has never ban beat yet, by enything that cud talk. Now woolsack and the bar in the flouse of Lords, of a feller knows what his pint is, he ken get along, allers purvidin he don't swar away his liberty tu a temprance society, ur liv tu fur from a still-hous, an tu ni onio a church ur a jall. Them's my sentiments, arf I'll gin ye anuther ove them : Men folka wur made jist tu drink, eat, and fur stayin awake in the yearly part ove nites ; an the wimin to cook the vittils, mix the liquor, an help the men tu do the stayin awake,-That's hit, an nuthin more, onless hits fur the wimin to raise the devil atween meals, an the men tu play short herds atween drams, swap hosses with fools, an fite fur exercise at odd spells. Yer don't understand life, George, yet. But about my swappin these yere laigs so fast ; I hed got about a fox squirrill akin full ove biled corn juice under my shut, an wur aimin fur Bill Kar's on foot, an when I got in site ove ole Burns's I seed ni onto fifty horses an mules hitched onto his fence. It wur Sicily's weddin. She married Clapof "extras" for their own company. Her ish - the subit rider the same fellow he faith gin out when he met me makin soda .--Now, I'll tell you two things nobody ever seed ; wun is a ded mule-I means a mule what list died far, without any help; and tother is a sucket rider's grave. Caze why, he he mules all turn inter strong minded amen, an then they dies like any other human. And the suket riders, them what marries money, turns inter store keepers ; and them what marrys fur it, but gets hit, turns inter politicians, and then they dies sorter like humans too. I'll tell yn an other thing about the varmints ; they cat chickens round the sakit till they skares up a rich gall, and of over one ove em lowers his sites onto a gall, why she is a gall no longer, no more nor he stays a sukit rider. They just high homes, an then good bye gall. good bye old sedge field, pine thicket, sukit, an look out for a team of shuttail children, will just lend me the roof of his house. I a pale oman, sharp hose tradin, and stavin only want the shingles to make the tea-ket- at home on kelection Sundays. Now ele that long lane. A monstres cloud ove dust, gle-minded race. He had lived he said round the center displaying a flag of truce

a ring in his nose an the rope tied up round hosses ; an away abuy hit yh cud see hosse like with a maidil made outen dog-wood forks and mp boards, and hivered with ole ed him, hal jest got back from mill, an wur turned in fr the yard, sadil an all, tu pick | terin ove runnin hoofs, an a monstrout ove all the beasts, (allers ceptin ove the thing belongin tu a ridin hoss. Lovegoods) fur when they gets inter tribulashun, they knows nothin but to shut thur eyes, beller, an back, an keep a backin .--Well, when ole Sock found hissef in darkness when he raised his head, he made one lunge agin the house, that shook the daubin out ; then he fotch a beller what mout been hearn a mille, an then sot inter an opendin systim ove backin-a hig crawfish wur no whar ! -fust agin wun thing, then over anuther, among which was the bee bench an a dozen stands ove bees. This knokin down thar bench fotch out all the' bees, fitin mad The whole ar wur full ove them, roldy to pitch inter enything what moved. The hous sot onter slopin groun, and the yard dore wur even with it ; so Soch jist backed in onder a double hed ove steme, a blowin and a

bawlin, an the locder ove the biggest army a chuff pile in the barn, and tuck it out in ove bees ever seed out at wun time ; they filled the baskit, they lodged onto his tail till his wur-as thick as a woggin tung, and strate up in the ar at that, lookin sorter like a ded pine kivered with ivy. They wur in fac all over him, and at work with all their mites, a makin im feel good an hot, an improvin his temper mitely. Ove all the durned times ye ever hearn tell ove, wur thar an tharabouts. He cum tale fust agin the ole two story Dutch clock, an fotch hit, bustin the innards outen hit ; the lectle wheels wur all over the flore ! Nex pass he fotch up agin the fut ove a big dubbil injine bedstead, an rared hit onto alud, an punchin one ove the posts thru the glass winder. The nex tale fust experdishun wur agin a katakornered cubbard, what sune kotch darnation. He smashed the glass dores in, upsettin hit, an then stomped everything inter the shelves all to jiblets, a tryin to back further in that direcshun. Pickil krocks, presarve jars, vinegur jugs, seed bags, yarb bunches, paragorik bottils, aig baskets and delf wur all mixt durnd permiskusly, and

his horns. They rid him to mill and sich | fulls, an ends ove fence rails a flyin about an now an then a par ove brite bine shoes wud flash in the sun like two sparks, and their superiors. I have an idea that he carpit, ro girth and stirrip leathers, with away ahead wur the baskit, eircling round a loop for he foot. Ob Sock, es they call- and about at randum. A heap ove brayin. sum nickerin, the bellerin ove the bull, clat grans. I bur slurgin roun too, outside the rushin soun made up the nise. I swar ole house, for they halfest axed me in when they sot lows to cat. Sock need roun till be foun a hig basket what hilt a little shat ove a mud bull and let that be a plenty ave tered cor at he put in his hed to get it. I news so es to chaite the ole mat. Stray hus-slip d sta defined the be fill over his horns. Now, George, duyu know the nater county, an ye cudent go a mile enny cours county, an ye cudent go a mile enny cours ove a cow brute ? They's the durndest fools an not find buckils, sturrups, straps, ur sum-

inter the management of the second

Now about that hous ther wur a good time ginerly. Fellers an galls leped outen winders, they rolled outen the dores in bunches, they clom the chimleys, they hid onder the hous, they tuck to the thicket. they rolled in the wheat field, lay down in the krick, an som tuck hit out in good old runnin tourds home. Skilly, she squatted in the spring up tu her years, an while she wor a drowndin the mess ove bees onder her coats. I went to her, sez I, "you've got auather new sensashun, haint ye ?"

"Oh, Sut, these hominable insex, they're jis burnin me up!" "Gin em sam sody," sez I, "in brokin do-

ses-that'll cool em off."

She shot fire at me outen her eyes, and 1 thot I'd best go. Clapshaw crawled onder sighin an groanin. Sicily and him didn't sloop tugether fur ni onto a week, an all becase of them ar hot-footed bominable insex. Thar warnt an 'oman or gall at that ar weddin but what thar stockins an frocks wer too tite fur two or three days. Bees am wus on wimmen than men folks, eny how, they how a farer chance at em. Ove all the durn'd misfortinat weddins that happened since Adam married that old helfer that wer so fond ove talking to snaix and eatin appils, doun till now, that wun ove Sicily Burns and Passon Clapshaw, was the durndest wust wun, for noize, disappintment, breaking things, skare, trubbil, hurtin an vexashun ove spirit. They wont gee tugether, mine that ; got too bad a start.

You haint got time to listen now how of Burns finished his bull ride, and how I cum tu do that lofty speciment ove runnin. I'll tell that agin. Ef eny body axes arter me, tell em I'm over in Fannin, on my way tu Dahlonega, fur sum on em will kill me ef they ketch me. Hits an orful thing, Georgy, tu be a natral born durned fool. You've not with assortin by about a dollar and a never sperienced hit, hey you ? Hit hes half. Nex he got a fair back against the made powerfully agin our family, and all rume, agin the bord pertishun. He went owin tu dad. I orter jist bust my hed open thru like hit hed bin paper, an tuck about agin a bluff ove rocks, and wud du it ef I six fut square ove bit in splinters an skrays warnt a cussed coward. All my pendence is in these yere laigs-d'ye see em ? Ef they eatin ; an now the fitin ove bees, an dancin, | don't fail, I may turn human yet sum day ; that is, sorter human; enuf tu be a squire, ur skool cumishiner. Ef I wur list es smart es I'm mean an ornery, I'd be President ove a Wild Cat in a week. Hez liquor rin whar vuve bin ? Much on han?

old woman for an attendant, and could bear witness to many virtues in the humbler classes, which could not be said to belong to composed his little works with exceeding care and great slowneys. He has since retired to a vills on the shores of the Hudson, to that state "when piece and quict lave to dwell"-so desirable in age-that kind of "retreat from care," which Goldsmith in-mented never could be bis. May be con-Linup long to onjoy it. The last time I aw Insing tiff received right of was remerin-tie for the Siddons ; Campbell and Lockhart, too, were of the number. What have death has made since! while Irving, scothing the descent of existence with the best of comfort-

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ers. (his books.) leads the life of a philoso pher. He has seen enough of the world to know its value-a thing soldom known until we learn, too late, the dear price of the time we have wasted in pursoing its frivolties, and over estimating its worthleseness. Irving cannot but be happy to have escaped from the intrigues of State affairs, and the class of those whose polished manners only add a grace to the unseculiness of convenlence. There was nothing striking in the physiognomy of Irving-it was reflective in expression. His stature was about the middie height ; he was sullow of complexion. with dark eyes, while his countenance impressed the observer rather with amiability than intellectual power. America may well he proud of him, as she justly is of her Bryaut and Channing, amidst the crowd of upstarts whom cupidity statops with a superstitious renown on both sides of the Atlant.c.- Cyrus Redding's Fifty Years' Reminiscences of Cotemporaries.

Coming it over "John."

But a few days since, says the San Francisco Morning Call, we were informed of a piece of sharp practice, that puts overy other species of practical swell to the blush. A 'man about town," who had made a trip to the States a year or two ago, found that it was more economical to buy the common paper collars, which were in vogue at the time, than to purchase the regular dickeys. and pay for their washing. Having tried the papier mache article, and concluding that they were the most fashionable, as well as the most pretentious collar to be had, he determined to take a dozen of them with him to San Francisco, and astonish all old Californians with the style of his "phiz" pearing over a couple of paper wings. Before he arrived here, however, our "man about town" became troubled with the shorts," and was obliged to make extraordinary shifts to make both ends meet. Findlug his fine linen bosom shirts one morning sons collars, he conceived an ingenuous plan to replenish his "dickeys." Taking a dozen of the paper collars which he had irretrievably soiled en route, he went into the laundry of one of our Chinese washermen, and asked :

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O'FICE-At his residence, Jackson-

1.0

A Pretty Picture.

The room was filled with fashion, The warm air throbbed with sound, And music, like a passion, Sped the merry dancers 'round.

Soft, silk, fair forms a-dancing, Prismatic-hued swept by, And looks of love entrancing Graced many a lip and eye.

THE GOUT .-- Lord Chancellor Northington suffered much from the gout, and once after some painful waddling between the he was heard to mutter, " If I had known that these legs were one day to carry a Chancellor, I'd have taken better care of them when I was a lad."

Earl Chatham was a martyr to gout in his feet. To protect them they were swathed in flannel and in socks made expressly to cover the flannel. He wore shoes large enough to cover this mass of wrapping. One day his residence at Hayes was broken into. and among other things stolen were these shoes. In the morning his valet in announcing the robbery, said, "He has taken your shoes, my Lord." "What I my goaty shoes?" "Yes, my Lord."

"D --- n the rascal, I hope they will fit him.

gar Randolph says that once upon a time a colored cook expected company, of her own kind, and was at a loss how to entertain her friends. It was at a time of the year when eggs and butter were high, and the colored folks generally are at the expense fotress said-

"Chloe, you must make an apology." "Good Lord ! missus, how can I make it ! I got no eggs, no butter, nor nothing to make it with."

20" 'Mr. Smith, you said you once o ciated in a pulpit-do you mean to say yo preached ??

' No, sir ; I held the light for the man who did preach.

Ab, the Court understood you differently. They supposed that the discourse came directly from you."

'No, sir, I only throwed a little light on it."

gan" Mister, you just lend pa your newspaper ? he only wants to send it to his nncle in the country.'

"Oh, certainly ; and ask your father if he the boil.

with him inter the room whar they wur a an dodgin begun.

Clapshaw's main wur deaf as a degiron. and sot at the aind of the tabil nex to whar Sock busted thru the wall ; tail aind on be cum agin her cheer, histin hit and her onto the tabil. Now the squakin an cussin, and the smashin uv things, an the mixin uv vittils began. They had sot several tabils together tu make hit long enuf, so he jist rolled em up a top ove one another an thar sat ole Misses Clapshaw a straddil ove the top ove the plie, a fitin bees like onto a mad wind mill, with her kallker cap in one hand fur a wepun, an a cruet frame in tother, an a kickin like she wur ridin a lazy hose arter a doctor. Taters, cabidge, meat, supe, son. dumplins and the truck ye waller em in ; milk, plates, ples an every durn fixin ye cud think ove in a week, wur thar mixed and mashed like hit had been thru a thrashin masheen. Ole Sock still kep a backin, an no idea, either in person or conversation, of backed the hole pile, ole 'oman an all, with five ur six uther bee fiters an a few cheers outen the big dore an down seven steps inter the lane; and then he turned a fiftcen hundred pound summerset hissef arter 'em,

an lit a top uf all the mixed up mess flat on to his back. About the time ye got to his fect, ole man Burns-ye no how fat, stumpy and cross grained he is eny how-made a mail snatch at the baskit an kotch hit, but cudent let go quick enuff, fur ole Soch jist blowed, bellered an histed the ole stud heels fust up into the ar, an he lit on Sock's back no bed the baskit in his hand. Jist es soon es ole blackey cud see, he tore off down the lane, (tryin to out run the bees,) so fast that ole Hurns was feared to try to get off, so he fiat socked his fut inter the rope stirups an prepared hissef fur the durndest fast bull ride mortal man ur 'oman ever had. Sock tuck down atween the hitched hosses an the rail fence, and ole Burns a fiting him over the hed with the baskit turstop him, an then fitin the bees. I tell ye he kep that ar bakit a movin. I'll jist be durnd of I didn't think he hed four ur five baskits. I cud see that meny sumtimes, at onst. Well, Burns, baskit an bug scared evry durnd hoss an mule loose frum the fence, sum obsarving bees a stoppin on each wan tu help him start fast frum that enquick an trublesum place .---Most on em, too, tuck a fence rail with em, fast onto the bridil rein. Now, I'll list gin with Spain, where he wrote his "Take of day." yu leve tu kiss sister Sall of over sich a site the Albambra." He had found the common wur seed ur sich noises hearn as ware in people and peasantry a well disposed, sin-

Washington Irving in England.

Washington Irving, now, I think, seventy-four or seventy-five years old, was in England. An acquaintance with the author of . Knickerbocker ! and . Salmagundi could not but be agreeable. I forget whom I was indebted to for the introduction, but I used to meet him frequently, as well as the American Minister, Dr. MeLane, There was a pleasant breakfast given at Campball's, one Sunday, when I was present. Irving, more than commonly serious and sedate, gentlemanly and mild in manner, gave a writer of works of humor. I mean not the humor that is at present in fashion, consisting of a bad pun, or some light sentence. with a point sometimes blunt enough, or perhaps some ridiculous image, but that real wit in which Sidney Smith excelled, and which runs through a whole work, pervading every line. He was somewhat taclturn. At evening partles, or after dinner, when the wine circulated freely, I never heard a jest from his lips. He was made a lion of at times, by some who looked at a republican as a creature that had come into the world among the superfluities of mortal itics. His sketches of scenes remarkable in English history, his pictures of the manners of the old country, and not a single censure cast on the mad monarch who separated the English family forever, made him tolerated by the exclusively loyal, with a 'who would think 11?

When my friend Andrews was in Tecuman, where an Englishman had never been before, the people thought the English Lad tails -- a notion once inculcated by the Spanish padres, to make the Protestants dialiked. So a flery son of exclusive loyalty once looked upon a republicau. He did not give him a tail, indeed, but thought him a Jacobin-a being much worse than a lusus natura with such an appendage.

Irving told me that he was much pleased Barns had a big black and white bull, with like a berykane had cum along bid all the some months in the Albamira with only an

"How muchee, washee, John !" John looked at the solled collars, and after eyeing them awhile, said :

"Welly dirty-one dollar hap."

"Welly well," replied our friend, assuming the Celestial-Anglo dialect, "you washes good, me give you dollar hap."

The terms were rather satisfactory, and our "man about town" left his paper dickeys to be washed, and took a Chinese receipt for the same.

In about a week the collar man returned for his "stand-ops," and was received in high dudgeon by his Colostial friend, who met him with :

"Your collar no good-welly bad-all go -no collar you have."

"What !" returned the hombre minus dickey; "do you wish to cheat me out of my property ? you can't do it. I've got your receipt, and you'll have to furnish me with my own articles."

At this stage of the contraversy, a Chinaman entered, who was familiar with the English language, and having conversed with the collarless individual, was shown the washerman's receipt. He tried to explain that the collars had all disappeared in the washing ; but the "man about tows" was inexorable. He was bound to have his collars, or the Sciential should go to prison. When the imporative answer was interpreted to the washerman, a dozon fine-looking collars were passed out, and taken possesion of by the dickeyless individual. Since that time, we have noticed that our "man about town" has always appeared in a most fartidious-looking shirt-collar ; and were we to venture an opiulon, we should say he now procures his washing gratis.

me, Said old Mrs. Philauthropy the other day, accosting a precoclous urchin in the street, with a wardrobe remarkable for its ventilating advantage, ' Bubby, why don't you go home and have your mother sow up that awful hole in your trowsers "

"Oh, you git out old 'oman," was the respectful reply, 'our folks are economising. and a hole will last longer than a patch any

The old lady's honcatsympathy was wasted, while the youngster beat a hasty retreat in the rear.