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D. B. BREMAN, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. OFFICE—At his residence, Jacksonville, O. T. 43.

[From the Missouri Republican.] **LINE'S** Suggested upon hearing of the illness of Thomas Hart Benton, Of Missouri.

BY S. 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? 'Tis the balmy evening zephyrs, As they quickly hush by, Catch the sound and bear it upward, With low music to the sky.

Out upon life's fitful ocean, Where the storms of fate are blown, Lies a bark whose keel is broken, Fills the nation's bosom, While above the fetters, Of the wild and angry sea, Comes a cry of deep emotion, "Is there yet no hope to be?"

He is dying, he is dying, Ere his noble cause was won, Vainly 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, Benton laid 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 disconsolately on the outer side of the wall of Paradise, and there an Angel found them bewailing their fate; thereupon the radiant 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 roll; Your very doom shall seem a gift, Your loss a gain through Toil."

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

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

Once more, oh, white-winged Angel stand, Where man still pines and grieves, And lead it through Toil to Eden-land, New Adams and new Eves!

A Pretty Picture. The room was filled with fashion, The warm air throbb'd 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, Graec'd many a lip and eye.

THE GOVT.—Lord Chancellor Northington suffered much from the gout, and once after some painful waddling between the woolpack and the bar in the House of Lords, 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! my gundy shoes?" "Yes, my Lord."

"D—n the rascal, I hope they will fit him!" 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 of "extras" for their own company. Her distress 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."

"Mr. Smith, you said you once educated in a pulpit—do you mean to say you 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."

Sut Lovgood at Sicily Burns' Wedding. BY S. R. SMITH, OF TENNESSEE.

"Hey, George!" rang among the mountain 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 lunge, holding his flask high above his head, and hat in hand. He brought up near me, still hantingly shaking the half full tucker within an inch of my face, until the lead rose to the corn-cob stopper.

"When ye get in," I hear a voice, "I'll be there." "I'll be there," I hear a voice, "I'll be there." "I'll be there," I hear a voice, "I'll be there."

Say, Georgey, dy'e see these here well-poles, what I uses fur laigs? Well, I passed em by each other party peart tather day—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, ef I didn't make fewer trucks in the mile, an more to the mulit, than wun ever made by any human manbody, without the help o' a hose, since Bark Wilson beat the saw-log from the top o' the Frog Mountain into the Ocoee river, and dove an dodged hit at last. Every thing what talks an cries, has a pint of sum sort. Ole Bullin's pint is a durned, fast rate, three bladed, double-barreled, water-proof hypocricity, an an onquishibell appetite fur bald face.

Sicily Burns' pint is thru her feeters, an ways to 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 pint, an his the only pint hes got, is to be the king o' all durn'd fools, since the days o' that fellar, the bibl reads about, what housed so much corn in Egypt, and lost his coat by runnin outsp hit. Hit tells us who was the strongest man and who was the meekest man, and who was the best man, but leve ye to guess who was the biggest fool, an ef that's a bull nigger in Tennessee, what ent that's the fust pop arter hearin red, I wudent gin fifty cents fur him sartin. He hasent sense enuff to run into the house, ef it wur rained ded cats, that's all. My pint is in beatin any body suckin in a big skeer, an then in beatin enybody's boss ur skared dog runnin outen hit again. I used to think my pint wur like dad's, omized fool; but when he acted hose, I gin in. Maybe when I gets his experience, and am es old, I ken nock the bone o'fen him, an be king fool myself on his pint.

But its mity onsartin, fur he has never been beat yet, by any thing that cud talk. Now ef a fellar knows what his pint is, he ken get along, allers purvidin he don't swar away his liberty to a temprance society, ur liv in fur from a still-house, an tu ni onto a church ur a jail. Them's my sentiments, an I'll gin ye another o' them: Men folks wur made jist to drink, eat, and fur stayin awake in the yearly part o'v nites; an the wimin to cook the vittils, mix the liquor, an help the men to do the stayin awake.—That's hit, an anthin more, onless hits fur the wimin to raise the devil atween meals, an the men to play short herds atween drams, swap hoses with fools, an ste fur exercise at odd spells. Yer don't understand life, George, yet.

But about my swappin these here laigs so fast; I hed got about a fox squirrell skin full o'v billed corn juice under my shut, an wur aimin fur Bill Kar's on foot, an when I got in site o'v ole Burns' I seed ni onto fifty hoses an moles hitched onto his fence. It wur Sicily's wedding. She married Clapshaw, the sukitt rider; the same fellow hed hed the sukitt in his hand. Jist es soon es ole blackey cud see, he tore off down the lane, (tryin to cut run the bees,) so fast that ole Burns was feared to try to get off, so he jist socked his fut into the rope strups an prepared hiself fur the durndest fast bull ride mortal man ur 'oman ever had. Sock tuked down atween the hitched hoses an the rail fence, and ole Burns a fitting him over the hed with the sukitt (wrestop him, an then stin the bees. I tell ye he kep that ar bakitt a movin. I'll jist be durnd ef I didn't think he hed four ur five bakitts. I cud see that meny sumtimes, at onst. Well, Burns, bakitt an bull, scared evry durnd hose an mule loose from the fence, sum-observing bees a stoppin on each wun to help him start fast from that equick an trubelsum place.—Most on em, too, tuked a fence rail with em, fast onto the bridid rein. Now, I'll jist gin ye love to kiss sister Sall ef ever sich a ste wur seed ur sich noises barn an wore in that long lane. A monstrous cloud o'v dust, like a berykane hed cum along, bid all the

hoses; an away shuv lift ye out see hoses falls, an ends o'v fence rails a flyin about, an now an then a par o'v brite bine shoes wud flash in the sun like two sparks, and away ahead wur the bakitt, circling round and about at random. A heap o'v layin, sum quickin, the bellers o'v the bull, elst lerin o'v runnin hods, an a monstrous rushin soon made up the mine. I swear ole Burns hed beat any man on yearth a fitn bees with a bakitt. Jist set him atradly o'v a moid bull and let that be a plenty o'v bees so es to elstite the ole man. Stray hoses and mules, wur lookin all over the county, an ye cudnt go a mile enny soors an not find bakitts, strups, straps, ur sum thing belongin to a ridin hose.

Now about that hose thar wur a good time ginerly. Fellers an galls leped outen widders, they rolled outen the dore in lanches, they elom the chimney, they hid outen the hose, they tuked to the thick, they rolled in the wheat field, lay down in the krick, an sum tuked hit out in good old runnin touris home. Sicily, she squatted in the spring up in her years, an while she wur a drowndin the moss o'v bees on her coat, I went to her, sez I, "you've got another new semashun, haint ye?"

"Oh, Sut, these hominable inces, they're jist burnin me up!" "Gin em sum sody," sez I, "in brokin dorees—that'll cool em off."

She shut fire at me outen her eyes, and I thot I'd best go. Clapshaw crawled under a chaff pile in the barn, and tuked it out in eight an groasin. Sicily and him didn't sleep together fur ni onto a week, an all beca of them ar hot-footed hominable inces. Thar wurnt an 'oman or gull at that ar weddin but what thar stockings an frocks wur too tite fur two or three days. Bees an was on wimmen than men folks, eny how, they hev a farser chance at em. O'v all the durn'd misfortin weddings that happened since Adam married that old helfer that wer so fond o'v talkin to snax and eatin apples, doun till now, that wun o'v Sicily Burns and Passon Clapshaw, was the durndest wun wur, fur noise, disappointment, breakin things, skare, trubill, burtin an vex-shun o'v spirit. They went get together, mine that; got too bad a start.

You haint got time to listen now how ole Burns finished his bull ride, and how I cum to do that lofty speeciment o'v runnin. I'll tell that agin. Ef eny body axes arter me, tell em I'm over in Fannin, on my way to Tallonega, fur sum on em will kill me ef they ketch me. Hits an erful thing, Georgey, to be a natral born durned fool. You've never experienced hit, hev you? Hit has made powerfully agin our family, and all owin to dat. I orter jist bust my hed open a bluff o'v rocks, and wud du it ef I wurnt a cussed coward. All my pence is in these here laigs—dy'e see em? Ef they don't fall, I may turn human yet sum day; that is, sorter human; enuf to be a squire, ur skool cumshiner. Ef I wur jist es smart es I'm mean an ornery, I'd be President o'v a Wild Cat in a week. Hex liquor rit whar yuve bin? Much on han?

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 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. McLane. There was a pleasant breakfast given at Campbell's, one Sunday, when I was present. Irving, more than commonly serious and sedate, gentlemanly and mild in manner, gave no idea, either in person or conversation, of 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 taciturn. At evening parties, 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 mortalities. His sketches of scenes remarkable in English history, his pictures of the manners of the old country, and not a single obscure cast on the mad monarch who separated the English family forever, made him tolerated by the exclusively loyal, with a "who would think it!"

When my friend Andrews was in Tecumseh, where an Englishman had never been before, the people thought the English had tails—a notion once inculcated by the Spanish padres, to make the Protestants disliked. So a fiery son of exclusive loyalty once looked upon a republican. He did not give him a tail, indeed, but thought him a Jacobin—a being much worse than a human nature with such an appendage.

Irving told me that he was much pleased with Spain, where he wrote his "Tales of the Alhambra." He had found the common people and peasantry well disposed, single-minded race. He had lived he said some months in the Alhambra, with only an

old woman for an attendant, and could bear witness to many virtues in the humbler classes, which could not be said to belong to their superiors. I have an idea that he composed his little works with exceeding care and great slowness. He has since retired to a villa on the shores of the Hudson, to that state where peace and quiet love to dwell—so desirable in age—that kind of "retreat from care," which Goldsmith lamented never could be his. May he continue long to enjoy it. The last time I saw Irving (he's recalled right) it was some time ago.

Siddons; Campbell and Lockhart, too, were of the number. What havoc death has made since! While Irving, soothing the descent of existence with the best of comforts, (his books,) leads the life of a philosopher. He has seen enough of the world to know its value—a thing seldom known until we learn, too late, the dear price of the time we have wasted in pursuing its frivolities, and over-estimating its worthlessness. 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 unbecomingness of conceit. There was nothing striking in the physiognomy of Irving—it was reflective in expression. His stature was about the middle height; he was sallow of complexion, with dark eyes, while his countenance impressed the observer rather with amiability than intellectual power. America may well be proud of him, as she justly is of her Bryant and Channing, amidst the crowd of upstarts whom cupidity stamps with a supercilious renown on both sides of the Atlantic.—*Cyrus Redding's Fifty Years' Reminiscences of Contemporaries.*

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 every 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 dickeres, 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 "hair" peering 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. Finding his fine linen bosom shirts one morning sans collars, he conceived an ingenious plan to replenish his "dickeres." 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:

"How manchee, washee, John?" John looked at the soiled collars, and after eyeing them awhile, said: "Welly dirty—one dollar hap." "Welly welly," replied our friend, assuming the Celestial-Argo dialect, "you washee good, me give you dollar hap."

The terms were rather satisfactory, and our "man about town" left his paper dickeres to be washed, and took a Chinese receipt for the same. In about a week the collar man returned for his "stand-ups," and was received in high indignation by his Celestial friend, who met him with:

"Your collar no good—welly bad—all go—no collar you have." "What?" returned the hombre minus dickeres; "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 controversy, 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 town" was inexorable. He was bound to have his collars, or the Celestial should go to prison. When the imperative answer was interpreted to the washerman, a dozen fine-looking collars were passed out, and taken possession of by the dickeresless individual. Since that time, we have noticed that our "man about town" has always appeared in a most fastidious-looking shirt collar; and were we to venture an epilogue, we should say he now procures his washing gratis.

Said old Mrs. Philanthropy the other day, accosting a precocious urchin in the street, with a wardrobe remarkable for its ventilating advantage, "Bubby, why don't you go home and have your mother sew up that awful hole in your trousers?" "Oh, you git out old 'oman," was the respectful reply, "our folks are economizing, and a hole will last longer than a patch any day."

The old lady's benevolence was wasted, while the youngster beat a hasty retreat round the corner, displaying a flag of truce to the rear.