

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 19, 1859.

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THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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Devoted to the best interests of Oregon.

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Of Every Variety, executed with Neatness and
Despatch, at lowest rates.

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Will practice in all the Courts of the 2d Judi-
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in the U. S. Dist. Ct.
Particular attention paid to procuring Land
Warrants and collecting claims against the Gov-
ernment. 291y

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Will practice in the various Courts of this Ter-
ritory, and promptly attend to the collection of
claims against the United States, through an
efficient agent residing at Washington. Office
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Particular attention is given to the collection
of notes and accounts, and claims against Gov-
ernment.
Routy Land Warrants bought and sold.
Office, over Starkey's store. 3017

T. VAULT & BURNETT,
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Have formed a partnership in the
PRACTICE OF LAW.
Office, up stairs, over the SEXTON'S Office.
Business entrusted to their care promptly at-
tended to. Jacksonville, Oct. 9, 1858. 3917

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Office, on Main Street, four doors south of the
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Will practice in the District Courts of Jack-
son county, O. T. 2224f

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AND
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FOR
Jackson and Josephine Counties.
Office at Kerbyville, Oregon. 147

THOMPSON & GREER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

Office, # the Jacksonville Drug Store, north
side of California street, third door above the
Linn House.
L. S. THOMPSON, M. D. G. W. GREER, M. D.
July 3, 1858. 2517

DR. L. GANUNG,
Physician, Surgeon and Accoucher,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

Office, on California street, second door from
the Tin Shop.
The largest and best selection of Drugs and
Patent Medicines constantly on hand. 926

PETER BRITT,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
Jacksonville, Oregon.
Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of
the Art, with all the latest improvements. If
do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made.
Call at Funk's Cigar Store, or at the Gallery on
the Hill, and see his Pictures. 1117

WM. HOFFMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC
FOR JACKSON COUNTY, OREGON.
Draws, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, etc.,
deeds up, and Conveyancing generally prompt-
ly executed.
Office, at the Post Office, Jacksonville. 3917

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Attorney and Counsellor at Law, and
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY,
Corvallis, Oregon. 30

W. W. PAGE,
Attorney and Counsellor at Law,
Portland, Oregon. 30

J. A. BRUNNER
HAS Permanently Located in the city of
San Francisco. Any orders sent to him
will be promptly attended to without any
charges whatever. 31

HOTELS.

UNION HOTEL.

Jacksonville, O. T.
Lewis Zigler, Wm. Wilkinson.

ZIGLER & WILKINSON,
HOTEL, at the corner of
and have completely RENOVATED
the same by

Refitting and Painting.
Also, furnished.

New Beds and Bedding.
The House is now in COMPLETE order to
accommodate customers. The proprietors will
spare no pains to render their customers happy
and comfortable during their stay.

Having superior cooks and stewards, with a
well supplied larder, they are authorized in say-
ing that their TABLE shall be abundantly
supplied with all that is necessary to satisfy the
taste and fancy of the greatest of epicures.
Jacksonville, Nov. 5th, 1858. 4217

PLAQUEMINE

Restaurant

AND
Dining Hall,
First Door west of the New State Saloon,
California Street,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

SIFERS & SONHEL,
Proprietors.

The Proprietors having
condensed in their adven-
"announcer to the public,"
that they are now prepared and determined to
give complete satisfaction to all who
may patronize them, either by the
Week, Day, or Meal.

Meals at all Hours, and served strictly and
satisfactorily to order.

Ball Suppers or Extra Dinners will be fur-
nished to order, on short notice.
Terms—Cash, and moderate.

Come one, come all!
From its firm base as soon as I 7 4017
JACKSONVILLE, October 15th, 1858.

SLATE CREEK

HOUSE

BY
OLIVER J. EVANS.

THIS well known stand, situate fifteen miles
from Kerbyville, and thirty-four from Jack-
sonville, has been erected suitable to accommo-
date the Travelling Public. It is always pleas-
ant to the host and hostess to make their guests
as comfortable as possible.

The Table
furnished with all the country affords.

Good Stables, well supplied with Hay and
Grain.

Hopps are entertained that those who call
on, will ride late or stop early to partake
again of the hospitality of the occupants. 1117

EAGLE HOTEL,

Kerbyville, Oregon.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING ERECTED
a large addition to this well known stand,
situated in the town of Kerbyville, on the
road to Ashcroft, Shaler Diggins and Green-
field City, solicits a share of public patronage.

The Table
Will always be furnished with the best the
market affords.
Single Rooms furnished on liberal terms.
G. T. VISING.
Kerbyville, Aug. 14, 1858. 3217

PROSPECT RANCH!

Applegate Creek, O. T.

THE undersigned wishes to inform his friends
and the traveling public that, having im-
proved the above Ranch, (half-way between Ker-
byville and Jacksonville, formerly known as
Barkwell's ranch,) and made arrangements with
a family to take charge of the house, he is now
prepared to accommodate all who may patron-
ize him, in the very best style.

THE TABLE
Will at all times be supplied with the best the
market affords; and combined with good

Stabling, Hay and Grain,
and a careful hostler in attendance, he hopes to
merit a share of public patronage.
HUGH HEAPS,
Proprietor.

HARDY ELLIFF

HAS erected a New and Commodious Tar-
nished Stand at the South End of the Big
Canyon.

DOUGLAS COUNTY, O. T.
Where he is prepared to accommodate the pub-
lic in good style. The long residence of the
proprietor at this point precludes the necessity
of saying that

His Table
will be as well furnished as the country affords.

The Stable
Is supplied with Hay and Grain in abundance.
Animals will receive particular attention.
Every attention paid to render those who call
comfortable and satisfied. 4017

JESSE ROBERTS

HAS ERECTED New Buildings and refitted the
old tavern stand at

Canbyville,
NORTH END OF THE CANYON,
Douglas County, O. T.

Where he is prepared to accommodate the Travel-
ing Public in good style.

HIS TABLE
Will be as well furnished as any in Oregon.

The Stable
Is large, and well supplied with Hay and Grain.
Particular attention paid to animals.
Every attention paid to those who may
favor him with a call. 2-4417

A No. 1

HOTEL

Winchester, O. T.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING

taken this Hotel, with endeavor, to
make it all that its name indicates.

A well furnished Table, clean and com-
fortable beds, and careful stabling, shall induce
the traveling community to patronize the stand.
ALP. SLOOUM.
November 8, 1858. 4317

POETRY.

THE FIRST PRINTED BOOK.

BY W. H. B. DAVIS.

The first printed book, it is said, was produced by
Finch and Schaffer, at Mainz, Aug. 14, 1457.

With musing brow and thoughtful eye,
The printers sat in their secret room—
And the marvellous letters about them lie,
And the mystic press stands apart in the
gloom;

Before them spreads each dainty line
Of the book just born of their subtle thought;
Arise, oh, moon! let thy lustre shine
On the wondrous work their brains have
wrought!

Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

Shine out, oh, moon! on the printed book—
The first-begotten from yonder press—
Into the dusky chamber look,
And gild with thy glow the great success!
Light up the pale waxen brow, and fire
The sunken brow—light up the soul
Of the printer! ay, his brain inspire
With the victor's joy who wins the goal!

Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

Brother! oh, brother! my heart is a light
With burning thoughts! Oh, happy man!
The cloud, and the storm, and the shadowy
sight,
Shall surely vanish. Ha! ha! we plan
A noble work for the coming Time,
To carry the torch from hand to hand;
Methinks, the bells of the Future chime
Triumphal music in every land!

Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

No more shall Wisdom merely lurk
In the scholar's cell—nor poet's strain,
Nor sage's thought in secret work—
Brain shall responsive speak to brain!
The humblest mind in the lowliest cot,
Shall bless the page where genius glows
With a light and a glory unforgot,
And lay his soul in the bravest dreams!

We sow the seed, but, World, take heed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

Oh, God! may our Work be never abated
To speed afar the prolific lie;
For with noble, tender fancies gear,
And generous thoughts, 'twill never die!
Let Truth live sparkling in every line—
Let Virtue brighten o'er each page;
Then shall the Press be a Thing Divine—
The priest and prophet of every Age!

Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

Twill bless with a thousand joys the world;
For when the flag of the free's unfurled,
And when the strong are cowed by the weak,
When Genius dares its crown to seek,
When Poverty gains a helping hand,
When Angels in the silence stand,
And Truth, and Faith, and Hope have birth
Spontaneous on the happy Earth,
All men—all times—shall heartily bless
The Work achieved by the Printing Press!

Oh, World, take heed! we sow the seed—
Oh, World, beware when the millions read!

THE STORY OF LIFE.

He lived and died—the lot of man
In these few simple words is told,
Since time his swift career began,
And worlds around their circuits rolled!

And in this all! From age to age,
Go number back the years gone by,
Turns over history's ample page—
Yes, this is all that meets the eye.

He lived—a feverish, fitful thing,
Through days, or months, or years of care;
A peasant, or, perchance a king—
Titles but faint distinctions are,
He had his pleasures and delights,
His bitter draughts and golden days,
His creaking toils and wakeful nights,
His laurel and his cypress bays.

He died, and o'er his mouldered grave,
With tearful eye his brother trod,
Peace, power, nor titled ranks, could save
—him from the last and lone abode,
And sealed forever from the eye,
His destiny and doom, at last
From the world's cold memory,
His name into oblivion passed!

LORENZO DOW.

Lorenzo Dow was very exact in the appoint-
ments he made, and sometimes arranged them
a long while ahead. He once preached near
one of the small towns in upper Georgia, and
told his congregation "on that day one year he
would preach to them again."

The next season, on Saturday afternoon pre-
ceding the Sunday of the appointed time, the
old man was jogging along the main road in
the direction of his congregation.

He noticed before him a stout little negro
boy, of peculiarly active step and manner, who
carried in his hand a small tin horn, such as
are used to call the people to their meals.

The custom among many in the South is to
allow married men to get their wives' houses,
and children to visit their parents on Saturday
evening, to stay with them on Sunday, and as
the negroes are musically inclined, they carry
a fife, or a horn, or a banjo, to give notice of
their approach, and to beguile the way. In
other cases, they whistle, sing or shout. A
healthy, cheerful negro, of honest intentions,
uses generally some means of association, even
if he is obliged to talk to himself!

Dow, according to his usual manner, entered
into conversation with the boy, and found he
was about to visit the congregation he had
appointed to meet.

If the truth must be told, Lorenzo had an

idea that the character of his flock was that of
a reckless, frolicsome, kind, careless people,
upon whom it was necessary to make a very
decided impression, or his time would be thrown
away among them.

"What is your name, my lad?" asked Dow.

"Gabriel, sir," replied the boy, lifting a new
straw hat, and showing his ivory, while he ac-
tively stepped along to keep pace with the
preacher's horse.

"Can you blow upon that horn?"

"Oh, yes, master, I can toot a little."

"Well, let me hear you."

So the negro inflated his velvet cheeks, and
made the woods resound.

"Do you know a tall pine tree near the stand
at Sharon?" said Dow.

"Yes, that I do very well, master."

Lorenzo then put his hand into his pocket,
and pulling out a silver dollar showed it to the
negro, and told him if he would climb into the
pine tree before the people met at the meeting
and keep there quiet until he called out his
name, and then blow on his horn as he had
just done, he would give him the silver dollar,
if he did not tell anything about it.

The negro expressed himself highly delighted
at such an offer, and promised punctuality and
secrecy.

On Sunday, a large meeting assembled at
Sharon to hear the famous Lorenzo Dow. Se-
rious old men and their wives, wild boys
and their sweethearts, almost all on horseback,
sometimes by twos and threes, besides negroes
from a great distance on foot, being readily
captivated by the natural eccentric, for they
love anything that has a laugh attached to it,
and they knew that Lorenzo was good for a
joke, even if it did hit hard.

Dow selected rather a brimstone text, and
made the application as strong as possible, but
he forced his way slowly among the mercenary,
heartless, honest-hearted people, who were hard
to frighten. He enumerated the enormity of
the vices he thought to prevail, but they were
so used to them that the words did like water
over a duck's back.

At length, he boldly described, in the plain-
est kind of language, the appearance and char-
acter of "the last great day," and what would
be their condition when that day came.

"Suppose," exclaimed the preacher, sud-
denly, and then he paused, "that this were the
day?"

He felt that some of the women became
little fidgety and nudged the fellows into si-
lence and attention.

"Suppose," repeated he, elevating his voice,
"that Gabriel should sound his trumpet?"

"At this moment," the little negro showed he
was a trump," and from the top of the lofty
pine, a loud and clamorous blast overwhelmed
the audience. The women shrieked, the men
rose in great surprise, the horses tied around
the camp neighed, reared and kicked, while
the terrified negroes changed their complexion
to a dull purple color. Never was alarm,
surprise and astonishment more promptly ex-
hibited.

Lorenzo Dow looked with grave but pleased
attention upon the successful result of his ex-
periment, until the first clamor had subsided,
and some began to estimate the character of
the artificial angel, and were about to apply a
little hickory after the pine. But the sugges-
tion was arrested by the loud and solemn tones
of the preacher, who, looking very firmly into
the faces of his disturbed audience, and as he
he leaned over them to finish his discourse, im-
pressively remarked:

"And now, if a little negro boy, with a tin
horn on the top of a pine bush, can make you
feel so, how will you feel when that day does
come?"

YANKEE DOODLE IN EUROPE.

Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, in his address
delivered at the Boston Musical Hall, at the
opening of the grand Musical Festival, related
the following anecdote to illustrate the state
of American music at the time when the treaty
of Ghent was negotiated. The story was told
to Mr. Winthrop by the late John Quincy
Adams:

During the negotiation at Ghent, a festival
or banquet was about to take place, at which
it was proposed to pay the customary musical
compliment to all the sovereigns who were ei-
ther present or represented on the occasion—
"The sovereign people of the United States—
represented there, as you remember, by Mr.
Adams himself, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Clay, Mr.
Jonathan Russell and Mr. Gallatin—were of
course not to be overlooked, and the musical
conductor or band master of the place calcu-
lated upon those Commissioners to furnish him
with our National Air.

"Our National Air, said they, is Yankee
Doodle."

"Yankee Doodle, said the conductor, what
is that? Where shall I find? Can you sup-
ply me with the score?"

The perplexity of the Commissioners may
be better conceived than described. They were
fairly at their wit's end. They had never im-
agined that they should have scores of this sort
to settle, and each turned to the other in des-
pair. At last, they thought them to in a hap-
py moment that there was a colored servant
of Mr. Clay's, who, like most of his race, was
a first rate whistler, and who was certain to
know Yankee Doodle by heart. He was forth-
with sent for accordingly, and the problem was
solved without further delay. The band mas-
ter jotted down the air as the colored boy
whistled it, and before night, said Mr. Adams,
Yankee Doodle was to so many parts that you
would hardly have known it, and it came out
the next day in all the pride, pomp and cir-
cumstance of viol and hautboy, of drum traf-
fery and symbol, to the edification of the Allied
Sovereigns of Europe, and to the glorification
of the United Sovereigns of America.

DAN MARBLE AND THE ENGLISH TRAVELER.

We were once on a steamer along with the
late excellent comedian, Dan Marble. Of
course there was some big "story telling" dur-
ing that trip. Among Dan's auditors was an
English gentleman on the tour of America.—
He seemed particularly wide-awake to all Dan
said, for the tourist's notebook was in frequent
use to catch good things which fell from the
"Live Yankee's lips." Observing this, Dan
"spotted his man," and began the relation of
a series of adventures and experiences which
literally "astonished the natives," these latter
gentlemen seeing the drift of the joke, preserv-
ed serious faces. There were tales of horror,
and of real tragedies, in which the narrator
had played a leading part; there were deeds
and hair breadth "escapes by land; there was
the incident of the mother who devoured her
own child; all of which the astonished traveler
seemed to credit with implicit faith. At length
Mr. Marble apparently tired of rehearsing his
adventures, descended to topics of the day—
He adverted to the fact that alligators had
been found to be very useful animals, and
stated that they were at that very time, actually
employed as mail carriers between St. Louis
and New Orleans. He said a passenger would
see a negro, with a mail bag across his shoul-
ders going up or down the river, at a speed of
sixty or seventy miles an hour—an alligator
bearing the "horse" so docile had the animals
become, that it was probable that they would
be introduced as mail carriers in all the rivers
of the country! All this the audience heard,
with every muscle of the face strained to sub-
jection. The tourist beckoned to Marble at
the end of this narration, and the two went out
together. All were now quiver with "what
was up." Dan returned after awhile, with a
face of radiating smiles. It was evident he
had "won."

He finally exclaimed—"The Englishman
asked if what he had related was a solemn
fact?" Yankee replied "pon honor, it was!—
Englishmen then said, if Yankee would write
down the particulars of the circumstances con-
cerning his use in a work he was preparing on
"American Features under English scrutiny," that
he would pay five pounds for the accommoda-
tion. Yankee replied, an American gentle-
man would disdain from receiving money for
such a service; but said it was customary,
when a courtesy was to be returned, for the
party to stand the champagne suppers. Where-
upon the Englishman had gone to the steward
and ordered such a repast."

Oh, that ovation of Briton to Yankee! It
cost about eighty dollars; the Queen and her
children were toasted!—"Role Britannia" was
sung—and the Englishman was put to bed
drunk, to wake up in port next morning and
find his guests all departed. We have looked
in vain for that promised book and hope it may
be forthcoming.

MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN LAKES.

Lake Erie is only 60, or 70 feet deep, but
the bottom of Lake Ontario, which is 592 feet
deep, is 230 feet below the tide level of the
ocean, or as low as most parts of the Gulf of
St. Lawrence, and the bottom of Lake Huron,
Michigan and superior, although their surface
is so much higher, are all from their vast
depth, on a level with the bottom of Lake On-
tario!

Now, as the discharge through the river De-
troit, after allowing for the full probable por-
tion carried off by evaporation, does not ap-
pear by any means equal to the quantity of
water which the three upper great lakes re-
ceive, it has been conjectured that a subter-
anean river may run from Lake Superior and
Huron to Lake Ontario. This conjecture is by
no means improbable, and accounts for the
singular fact that salmon and herring are
caught in all the lakes communicating with
the St. Lawrence, but in no others. As the
Falls of Niagara must have always existed it
would puzzle the naturalists to say how these
fish got into the upper lakes without some
subterranean river; moreover, any periodical
obstruction of the river would furnish a
very improbable solution of the mysterious flux
and reflux of the lakes.

Upon this the editor of the Scientific Ameri-
can remarks:

"Are salmon and herring found in the lakes
and rivers above the Falls of Niagara? If so,
it affords strong grounds for supposing there is
a subterranean communication between On-
tario and the upper lakes; if not, we can see
no grounds for such a conclusion."

A NEW POCKET REVOLVER.—Mr. Sharpe,
the inventor of the celebrated Sharpe's rifles,
is about taking out a patent for a new pocket
revolver. Besides being much lighter than
those which are in common use, it is made in
such convenient form that it can be very easily
and easily carried in the vest pocket. It has
always been a great drawback with the differ-
ent kinds of revolvers that they are so diffi-
cult of loading. This is remedied in the pistol
of which we make mention; for in place of cap-
ping and loading with powder and ball, it is
loaded by the insertion of a cartridge which
contains the powder, ball, and cap. The barrel
is also grooved, so that it not only possess-
es the advantage of facility in loading, but of
accuracy of aim. This improved revolver will
be manufactured and in the market in the course
of about four months. Notwithstanding its
diminutive size, it possesses considerable effi-
ciency, having thrown a ball across the Con-
necticut river, a distance of three hundred
yards, and having also penetrated a two-inch
board.

PULPIT DANDIES AND PULPIT BULLIES.

A London critic thinks that the difference
between English and American preachers. He
thus portrays the two:

America is the promised land of eccentrics;
there they flourish and become strong; you
search for them in vain within the sound
of Bow bells. The modern Englishman has
not the gift of wonder; he is astonished and
touched by nothing. We are all so much alike
that one knows not a lord from his tailor; and,
out of livery, Jeanes' sometimes looks a pro-
per man that his master. Every now and
then a man is born who claims to think, and
act, and speak for himself; but society snuff
wells him down, and he vanishes; or if he is
worth his money, society buys him up, and
makes of him a useful official—a mighty red
tapist, a judge or a bishop. Who shall say
that society is wrong? Society asks uniform-
ity. Where religion is concerned—where the
interests not of time but eternity are involved
—where the message professes to be not hu-
man but divine, we have a right to expect a
freer spirit, and a language less shackled by
the common modes of utterance and of thought.
Is it so? On