

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

\$5 PER ANNUM.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 12, 1859.

VOL. IV.—NO. 8.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS.
Devoted to the best interests of Oregon.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
BY
W. G. T'VAULT,
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
(IN ADVANCE.)
One Copy, One Year, \$5 00
One Copy, Six Months, 3 00
One Copy, Three Months, 2 00

ADVERTISING RATES:
One Square, of Twelve Lines or less, First In-
sertion, \$3 00; and for each subsequent In-
sertion, \$1 00.
Professional or Business Cards, Each Square,
per Annum, \$20 00; for Six Months, \$12 00;
for Three Months, \$7 00.
A liberal discount will be made to persons who
advertise to the extent of four squares.
The number of insertions should be marked on
the margin of advertisements.

JOB PRINTING.
Of Every Variety, executed with Neatness and
Dispatch, at lowest rates.

PROFESSIONAL.

Law and Collection Office.
GEO. H. WILLIAMS, A. C. GIBBS,
(late Chief Justice.)

WILLIAMS & GIBBS.
Portland, Oregon.
Will practice in the Courts of Oregon and
Washington Territories.
November, 1858. 2216c

B. F. DOWELL,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Jacksonville, Oregon.
Will practice in all the Courts of the 3d Judicial
District, the Supreme Court of Oregon, and in
Yreka, Cal.
Particular attention paid to procuring Land
Warrants and collecting claims against the Gov-
ernment. 201y

W. S. BROCK,
Attorney and Collector at Law, and
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Eugene City, Oregon.
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
in Eugene City, Lane County, O. T. 341f

BARNUM & WILSON,
Attorneys and Counselors at Law,
Salem, Oregon.
Particular attention is given to the collection
of notes and accounts, and claims against Gov-
ernment. Land Warrants bought and sold.
Office, over Starkey's store. 301f

T'VAULT & BURNETT,
Jacksonville, Oregon.
Have formed a partnership in the
PRACTICE OF LAW.
Office, Up stairs, over the SENTINEL Office.
Business entrusted to their care promptly at-
tended to.
Jacksonville, Oct. 9, 1858. 201f

R. B. SNELLING,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Yreka, California.
Office, on Main Street, four doors north of the
Post Office.
Will practice in the District Courts of Jack-
son county, O. T. 2219f

R. HAYDEN,
COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
AND
Prosecuting Attorney
FOR
Jackson and Josephine Counties.
Office at Kerbyville, Oregon. 11f

TROMPSON & GREER,
PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS,
Jacksonville, Oregon.
Office, at the "Jacksonville Drug Store," north
side of California street, third door above the
Union House. 251f

DR. L. GANUNG,
Physician, Surgeon and Acupuncturist,
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. 191f

PETER BRITT,
PHOTOGRAPHIC ARTIST
Jacksonville, Oregon.
Is prepared to take Pictures in every style of
the art, with all the latest improvements. If
you do not give satisfaction, no charges will be made.
Call at Frank's cigar store, or at the Gallery on
the Hill, and see his Pictures. 111f

W. N. HOFFMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC
For Jackson County, Oregon.
Deeds, Mortgages, Powers of Attorney, etc.
drawn up, and Conveyancing generally prompt-
ly executed.
Office, at the Post Office, Jacksonville. 201f

I. N. SMITH,
Attorney and Counselor at Law, and
SOLICITOR IN CHANCERY.
Corvallis, Oregon. 2-341f

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

DR. D. S. HOLTON,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
Has permanently located at
NAPOLSON, JOSEPHINE COUNTY.
Where he keeps constantly on hand a complete
assortment of Drugs and Patent Medicines, for
sale cheap for Cash.
Napolson, O. T., Feb. 17th 1859. 31f

HOTELS.

UNION HOTEL.
Jacksonville, O. T.
Lewis Ziegler, Wm. Wilkinson,
ZIGLER & WILKINSON,
HAVE TAKEN THE "UNION"
HOTEL, 22 Jacksonville, O. T.,
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 epicures.
Jacksonville, Nov. 6th 1858. 421f

PLAQUEMINE
Restaurant
AND
Dining Hall,
First Door west of the New State Saloon,
California Street,
Jacksonville, Oregon.
SIFERS & SONHEL,
Proprietors.

The Proprietors having
confidence in their ability
to announce 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 on short notice.
Ball Suppers or Extra Dinners will be fur-
nished to order, on short notice.
Terms—Cash, and moderate.
Come one, come all!

"This rock shall fly
From its firm base as soon as I"
JACKSONVILLE, October 14th, 1858. 401f

SLATE CREEK
HOUSE
BY
OLIVER J. EVANS.

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

The Table
furnished with all the country articles.
Good Stables, well supplied with Hay
and Grain.
Hops are entertained that those who call
on us, will not fail to stop early to partake
again of the hospitality of the company. 11f

EAGLE HOTEL,
Napoleon, Oregon.
THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING ERECTED
a large addition to this well known stand,
situated in the town of Kerbyville, on the
road to Ashland, Sailer Digging and Green-
City, solicits a share of public patronage.

Will always be furnished with the best
market affords.
Single Rooms furnished on liberal terms.
Kerbyville, Aug. 14, 1858. 311f

PROSPECT RANGE!
Applegate Creek, O. T.
THIS and adjacent ranges to inform his friends
and the traveling public that, having im-
proved the above Range, (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
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 BEARS,
Proprietor. 151

HARDY ELLIFF
HAS erected a New and Commodious Tavern
Stand at the South End of the Big
Canyon.

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. 401f

JESSE ROBERTS
HAS ERECTED New Buildings and refitted the
old tavern stand at

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

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

Will be as well furnished as any in Oregon.
His Table
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. 2-341f

A No. 1
HOTEL
Winchester, O. T.

THE SUBSCRIBER HAVING
taken this Hotel, will endeavor to
make it all that its name implies.
A well furnished Table, clean
and comfortable beds, and careful standing dis-
patch induce the traveling community to patronize
the stand.
A. P. SLOCUM,
November, 1858. 131

POETRY.

Slander—A Fragment.
Hast thou not seen, as thou hast wandered thro'
The chequered maze of the world, a bag
Of horrid person, and a hideous look?
An eye that flashes with the fire of hell,
And lores to gaze on scenes of mortal woe?
An ear that listens to Detraction's voice
As she proclaims some new yet false report
Of fallen worth? And a tongue that's busy
In spreading Detraction's coil of lies?
She loves to feed on others' wretchedness,
And takes delight in scenes of strife
Herself has made. She plants the sword of strife
In bosoms that were formed for joy and love—
Infuses poison in the cup of bliss.
Just raised to Friendship's lips, O, I could curse
The hateful venom, who swallowing all the dregs
Of hellish wrath, delights in naught but woe.
Wouldst know her name? 'Tis Slander. She
is found
In Falshood's temple, and she ministers
At Envy's altar; there she feeds the flame
That withers human comforts, and consumes
Those joys which we do love to prize.
Ye need not travel far to find her shrine;
She has her numerous votaries in this world
Of falsehood—and they're found in all the walks
Which men inhabit—in the courts of kings
As in the cottage of the poor, whose wealth
And fashion lead the maze round of mirth,
As well as in the retired abodes of humble life.
You'll find her in the courts of justice;
And even in the sacred dock
She is no stranger. The lawyer and the priest
Have felt her influence, and have drunk
Of her fell poison. RINALDO.

Tripp Lightly over Trouble.
Tripp lightly over trouble,
Tripp lightly over wrong;
We only make grief double
By dwelling on it long.
Why chafe Wood's land so tightly?
Why sigh o'er blossoms dead?
Why cling to forms unrightly?
Why not seek joy instead?
Tripp lightly over sorrow,
Though this day may be dark;
The sun may shine to-morrow,
All gaily sing the lark;
Fare hope has not departed,
Though roses may be dead;
Then never be down-hearted,
But look for joy instead.

Moscow.
The following strikingly beautiful descrip-
tion of a bird's-eye view of Moscow forms the
conclusion of one of Henry Taylor's recent
letters from Russia. Nobody has such a fan-
tasy for seeing as Taylor, nor such a graphic
manner of picturing what he sees. He is look-
ing at the city of domes and minarets from the
Sparrow Hills, and says:
"You are enclosed with a belt of birch and
pine woods. Under the pine reflects the
sky, and beyond it sweeps blossoming mead-
ows up to suburban gardens, over which rises
the long line of the gilded city, whose nearest
domes seem to dash in your very face, and
whose arches tower far a point the sky."
I counted between five and six hundred, one-
third of which were either gilded or silvered.
The dome of the new cathedral, as large as
that of St. Paul's, London, burned in the cen-
tre like a globe of flame—like the sun itself,
with stars and constellations sparkling round
it far and wide. From this point the advanced
guard of Napoleon's army first saw Moscow
—a vast, silent, glittering city, first by the
sunlight, and with the glittering sky, and send-
ing to her heart. No wonder that the soldiers
stood still, by a spontaneous impulse, gazed
at their arms, and exclaimed, as one man, "Mos-
cow! Moscow!"
"Saw this wonderful picture on a still sultry
afternoon. The woods and meadows, the thou-
sand towers of the city, were bathed in bright
sunshine; but beyond the latter lowered black
as ink, a pile of thunder-clouds. The threaten-
ing background rose, letting fall a shiffling
curtain of dark gray, from the foot of which
whirled clouds of tawny dust, veiling the splen-
dor of the distant domes. As the storm ad-
vanced, columns of dark arose, here and there,
all over the city; as shadows, as of night crept
along it, leaving only the nearer spires to
blaze with double splendor against the black
chase. Presently the more distant portions
of the city were hid out. The brighter tow-
ers remained for a time visible, shining spec-
trally through the falling clouds, and sending
to her removal far back into the depths of the
atmosphere. The sound of ball and rain, crash-
ing on the metal roofs, revealed our ears; the
last golden dome stood yet a moment in the
sunshine, and then everything swam in the
chase of dust and storm. So veiled by fell
fog of the magical scene, and as the whirlwind
reached us, a void, black and impenetrable
hid it from our eyes. We had again witnessed
the destruction of Moscow!"

BANKS OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK.
The annual report of the Superintendent of Banks
in New York, states that only five banking
associations have been formed during the fiscal
year; and no individual banker has entered
upon the business. Nevertheless, the aggre-
gate bank capital has been increased \$2,486,
871, although fourteen banks have ceased ex-
istence. The Superintendent thinks the
multiplicity of small banks an evil, but that
the increase of the capital of the present insti-
tutions is to be encouraged.
The total amount of circulation issued to
free banks and outstanding Sept. 30th, 1858,
was but \$24,603,194, and the reduction of cir-
culation (of both free and incorporated banks)
during the year was \$5,636,742.
The highest point touched by the bank cir-
culation was \$30,019,623, in September, 1856.
A steady contraction reduced it to the present
figure, \$22,710,158 in March last. It has
since increased to \$26,605,407.
The bank note circulation forms but a com-
paratively small part of the business transac-
tions of the country. As an illustration, it is
remarked that all the bank notes in the State
would hardly suffice to pay the fare of each
citizen over the railroad from Albany to
Buffalo.
Bonds and mortgages have been found in-
ferior to stocks for securing the circulation.
Although furnishing ultimate security, they
lack immediate convertibility.
It is a noticeable fact that while the amount
of bank capital has risen, in round numbers,
from \$45,000,000 in 1849, to \$110,000,000 in
1858, currency has presented a slight com-
parative increase, with occasional fluctuations,
until it has fallen back to within nearly
\$3,000,000 of the amount in 1849.

Diggs saw a note lying on the ground, but
knowing it was a counterfeit, walked on with-
out picking it up. He told Smithers the story,
and the latter said:
"Do you know, Diggs, you have committed
a very grave offense?"
"Why, what have I done?"
"You have passed a counterfeit bill, know-
ing it to be such," said Smithers without a
smile, and he'd.

The arms of a pretty girl wound tight round
your neck has been discovered to be an infalli-
ble remedy for sore throat.

Farewell to the Old U. S. Senate Chamber.

Vice President Bessie, at the last
meeting of the Senate in the old hall, delivered
an eloquent speech. We have only space for
the concluding paragraph:
"The Senate is assembled for the last time
in this chamber. Henceforth it will be con-
verted to other uses; yet it must remain fore-
ever connected with great events, and sacred
to the memories of the departed orators and
statesmen, who were engaged in high debates,
and shaped the policy of their country. Here-
after the American and the stranger, as they
wander through the Capitol, will turn with in-
sistive reverence to view the spot on which
so many and great materials have accumulated
for history. They will recall the image of the
great and the good, whose renown is the com-
mon property of the Union, and chiefly, per-
haps, they will linger around the seats once
occupied by the mighty three, whose names
and fame, associated in life, death has not been
able to sever; illustrious men, who in their
generation something divided, sometimes led,
and sometimes followed, public opinion—for
they were of that higher class of statesmen
who seek the right and follow their convictions.

There sat Calhoun, the Senator, indelible,
auster, oppressed, but not overwhelmed, by
his deep sense of the importance of his public
functions, seeking the truth then fearlessly fol-
lowing it—a man whose unswerving intellect
compelled all his emotions to harmonize with
the dictates of his vigorous logic, and whose
non-stuntable indignation were the expres-
sion of one engaged in the performance of high
public duties.

This was Webster's seat. He, too, was
even such a Senator. Conscious of his own
vast powers, he reposed with confidence on
himself; and scoring the contrivance of
smaller men, he stood among his peers all
the greater for simple dignity of his Senatorial
demeanor. Type of his Northern home, he
raised the imagination, in the grand and
graceful outline of his form and intellect, like a
great New England rock, repelling a New
England wave. As a writer, his productions
will be cherished by statesmen and scholars
while the English tongue is spoken. As a
senatorial orator, his great efforts are histori-
cally associated with this chamber—whose
very air seems to vibrate beneath the stroke
of his deep tones, and his weighty words.

On the outer circle sat Henry Clay, with
his impetuous and ardent nature undated by
age, and exhibiting in the Senate the most
valiant patriotism and resolute eloquence
that ever electrified the House of Represen-
tatives and the country. His extraordinary
personal endowments, his courage, all his noble
qualities, invested him with an individuality
and a charm of character which, in any age,
would have made him a favorite of history.
He loved his country above all earthly objects.
He loved liberty in all countries. Illegitimate
man! erator, patriot, philanthropist—his
light shined in the Senate as a bright star
in the constellation of the civilized world; and
his defining sun, as it hastened down the west,
threw back its level beams in lux of mellowed
splendor, to illumine and cheer the land he loved
so well.

All the States may point with grateful
pride, to the services in the Senate of their
patriotic sons. Crowning the memory come
the names of Adams, Hayne, Mason, Otis,
Mason, Pinkney, and the rest. I cannot re-
member them—who, in the record of their acts
and utterances, appeal to their successors to
give the Union a destiny not unworthy of the
past. What models were these to emulate
or emulate in despair! Fortunate
will be the American statesman who in this
era, or in succeeding times, shall contribute to
invest the new hall to which we go with his
heroic memories the those which center here.

And now, Senators, we leave this memora-
ble chamber, bearing with us, unimpaired,
the reputation we received from our benefactors.
Let us cherish it with grateful acknowledg-
ments to the Divine Power who controls the
destinies of empires, and whose goodness we
adore. Structures reared by men yield to the
corroding tooth of time. These marble walls
must moulder into ruin; but the principles of
constitutional liberty, guarded by wisdom and
virtue, unlike material elements, do not decay.
Let us devoutly trust that another Senate in
another age, shall bear to a new and larger
chamber this constitution vigorous and invic-
tate, and that the last generation of posterity
shall witness the deliberations of the Represen-
tatives of American States still united,
prosperous, and free.

In execution of the order of the Senate, the
body will now proceed to the new chamber.

Eight between Eleven Hundred Horses.
Southey, in his History of the Peninsular
War, relates the following:
Two of the Spanish regiments which had
been quartered in Famen were cavalry, mounted
on fine black, long-legged Andalusian horses.
It was impossible to bring off these horses—
about 1100 in number—and Romo was not
a man who would order them to be destroyed;
he was fond of horses himself, and knew that
every man was attached to his beast, that had
carried him so far and so faithfully. The
horses were therefore taken off, and they were
turned loose upon the beach. A scene ensued
as was never before witnessed. They could
sense sensible that they were no longer under
the restraint of any human power. A general
conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline
they had learned, they charged each other
in squadrons of ten or twelve together, and
then closely engaged, striking with their fore
feet, and biting and tramping each other with
the most ferocious rage, and trampling over
those who were beaten down, fill the shore, in
the course of an hour, was strewn with the
dead and disabled. Part of them had been
set on fire on being ground at a distance. They
no sooner heard the roar of battle, than they
came thundering down over the intermediate
ridges, scattering the contagions madows, and
plunged into the fight with equal fury. Such
was the scene as it was too horrible to
be long contemplated, and Romo, in mercy,
gave orders to destroy them. But it was
found too dangerous to attempt this, and after
the last boat quitted the beach, the few horses
that remained were still engaged in the dread-
ful work of mutual destruction.

Up a Stump.—A few years ago while the
Miller excitement was at its height, Elder
Cole, a somewhat noted preacher in Low-
ell, was holding a series of meetings in Low-
ell. One night a party of shop boys were on a
spree, and proposed going to this meeting
and making a row. One of the boys, whose name I will
call Tompkins, agreed to "speak" if they
would pay the drinks. Arriving at the latter
place, services were about half concluded; so
they passed up about half the length of the
broad aisle before they could obtain seats.
Such was there an opportunity, up jumped
Tompkins, and commenced:
"My brethren, I feel—"
"They stopped, thinking what to say
next, but the next word not coming, he com-
menced over again:
"My brethren and sisters, I feel—"
"And he again got stuck. Casting his eye
to his companions, he saw their cheeks were
swelling out, and in utter despair he began
again:
"My brethren and sisters, I feel—"
"Up on, brother, and tell us how you feel,"
said Elder Cole.
"Feel like a d—d fool," shouted Tompkins,
striking a tree limb for the door, followed by
the whole gang.

Negro Eloquence in Burlington, N. J.

The True Press says it was not many moons
ago that the noble sons and daughters of Af-
rica in this quiet city by the Delaware, were
stirred up to their darkest depths by the ex-
pected advent of a distinguished African pul-
pit orator from Pittsburgh. On the day ap-
pointed for the holding forth, the pulpit-stair,
erected in a Druid-like grove near the city,
between two venerable oaks, was crowded with
the colored heralds of glad tidings, belonging
to the Mesodid Piscalp church. Beneath
and around it lay a *sovereign* which, like that
of Egypt, might have been *of gold*, and I may
add, unlike it, *small*. After the opening
prayer by a venerable preacher, upon whose
black sash the white wool lay in patches
like hair frost, a young athletic negro, with a
face shining like polished ebony, and the crisp,
short cut of the wool only to be seen in the
red Guinea broad, advanced to the pulpit
desk. He evidently felt that his fame had gone
before him, as he looked over that dusky mass
now hushed to admiring silence at his pres-
ence. The sacred orator then announced
his text, which came forth sonorously and strong
through the ivory gateway of the whitened
teeth that ever opened for the admission of
honor and glory. "My text, my brethren,"
said he, "may be found in de sixth verse of de
gospel for de day—'Put not your trust in
princes.'"
In a most glowing exordium, he
explained the meaning of the word princes as
having reference to "de profane princes of de
world," he said he "dare are but two kinds
of great men in de Holy Book, dat are men-
tioned—de profane princes and de profane prin-
ces. In de last, my brethren, de world must
never put its trust. Why? Because, their ways
have become corrupted on de earth, and dey
had no faith. Dere was Hannibal, one of de
greatest generals and princes dat ever libbed
in de globe of times, and a colored pansen at dat.
Why, I'm told he understood *de facta* better
dan any general dat ever libbed before or
since. 'Noble could stop dat man. He libbed
at de Alps when dey showed deir frowning
brow at him, and he and his soldiers walk
right over 'em easy as mofin. But nobody
could put any faith in him; he cheated ebbery
body as soon as he got a chance; and when
de indignant Cartaginians got up a mass
round his house, he took *solium* in his despair.
An den when was all his glory, when de Lord
struck him down? Of my brethren, it was
nowhere. And dere was Julius Cesar, after
whom, I'm sorry to say, so many niggers have
been named, one of de greatest of de earthly
profane princes. He, de stamp of whose foot
made de whole yearth to tremble. Dey thought
he was a friend of de people, and yet he was
always deir greatest enemy. He was perfid-
ous—a beast without de heart; as one of de
Roman senators hath it. And how did de
Lord punish him? Let dat awful deed dat
went up from de foot of Pompey's statue an-
swer dat question, when Brutus and Cassius
did, as de sweet song of Avon sings:
"Baths of de hands in Cesar's blood
Up to deir elbows."
And den coming down to dese more modern
times, dere was General Taylor, dat great
American prince, dat great hero, who wade
waste deep in blood on de Mexican battlefields.
Why, dey made de man of de President
deir great nation, and his heart swell like
wid pride, and like Xochitlan, dat de
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
bough above our heads—dis man, dat Santa
Anna, dat great man, was killed by de centry-
piece instrument of de too much elevated an-
dignity, and deir names, dat de Lord
said: "Is not dis de great Babylon dat I have
built? Now, my brethren, could de people
trust him? Let de disappointed applicants
to office, to whom he promised everything, and
deir own notes, answer dat pregnant question.
And how did de Lord serve him? In all his
pride of place, towering like dis here oak, dat
stretch its heavy arms and spreads its leafy
b