

# THE OREGON SENTINEL.

SATURDAY MORNING, July 3, 1869.

## Justice Overreaching Herself.

Several months ago a stranger committed a slight breach of the peace in this town, and instead of being fined, was bound over to await the action of the Grand Jury. As we predicted at the time, the charge was treated with contempt, and no bill found. This week a similar case occurred, only that the offence was more trivial, and the offender was, with great judicial gravity, bound over to appear at the next term of court. We predict again that this case will meet with the same contempt that the first mentioned did, and suggest that a fine for slight offenses would be a surer punishment, and more advantageous to the treasury, than the farce of binding offenders over only to be discharged by the Grand Jury. As a humble seeker after information, we would like to know when our "Dog-berrys" will learn common sense, and find out that justice can over-reach herself badly at times? And why are these cases not taken before the Recorder, as they should be?

The following "notis," evidently written by an Oregon Senator which was sent us from Cow Creek induces us to suggest that the good people of that locality had better let the celebration rip and save their money to start a school with:

"Notice is hereby given to the citizens of Cow Creek and vicinity that there will be an Olde fashion Barbecue in the grove near Hardy Elliott's house on Cow Creek on the 5th day of July 1869 for which will Bee Conduced in the Olde style the reading of the declaration of independence and an oration and toasts and firing of guns the dinner is to be free for all that wishes to join in with us a general invitation is extended to all and after the exercises of the day those willing the stay and tip the fantastic toe can do so the Beste of Music engaged for the occasion the party will be given by C M Caldwell and we hope the people will turn out generally and we will have a good time Come one Come all.

A short time since we denounced the practice of whipping men and women, which is still in vogue in the Democratic State of Delaware. The Portland *Herald* took exception to our "style," and called attention to the fact that it lets, and other reservations. In reply we have to say that there is no language too beautiful to be employed in the defense of right—none too severe or forcible to be used in condemnation of inhumanity and cruelty. Two wrongs do not make one right, and the occasional whipping of Indians on a reservation is but a poor plea for the systematic scourging of men and women by Delaware courts of justice.

The Democratic papers of Oregon are still harping on the danger of "nigger" equality. How much better would it be, were the time and breath wasted on this favorite theme, applied to the elevation and advancement of the white race. This is an intellectual, not a muscular age, and if any race would win it must do so by virtue of its own superiority, not on account of the inferiority of another. Instead of fostering prejudices against distinctions made by the hand of God, it is our duty to accept things as they are, and elevate ourselves rather than degrade others. Life is a race free for all depend upon it, if the Caucasian race be not the fastest, no amount of jockeying can make it reach the goal first.

The *Herald*, speaking of the large number of bad boys in every town in this State, suggests a house of correction as the proper remedy. We are sorry to say that the day is fast approaching when such an institution will be an absolute necessity and we know of parents who should blush and tremble at the bare suggestion. There are too many parents who fail to exercise proper parental authority and who allow their children to associate with vicious companions until they are beyond control. Let them awake to their responsibility, keep their children off the streets at night and watch them sedulously or they may reap a crop of shame and bitterness, such as they little dream of.

ELECTIONS.—election for State officers and Congressmen is to be held in Virginia on Tuesday next (6th inst). It will no doubt result in adding another state in favor of the 13th Amendment—making twenty three.

We return thanks to Senator Corlett for public documents.

## Editorial Jottings.

If men do not travel they forget that there is any place but home, and are apt to disparage all beyond the reach of their vision. So thinking, we booked for Portland on the 16th ult, and confess gratification and astonishment at the evident rapid progress throughout the State, within the past four years. Leaving our own beautiful valley, with its laughing grain fields just ready for the sickle, we passed through the rich valley of the Umpqua, and although the best portion is not visible from the road, we saw sufficient to convince us that only a little industry and energy, coupled with a means of transportation, were necessary to make it a garden. Canyonville, Roseburg and Oakland are all improving rapidly, and just now the people of Douglas county are sanguine of the speedy completion of a wagon road to the coast which will throw open a market for their surplus produce.

Over an easy grade we pass the Oak-hill Hills, and Yoncilla, as beautiful and fertile a valley as can be found in Oregon, is in sight. Bordered by a range of hills resembling the rim of a basin, and affording the best of pasture, the valley lies deep down in the center, and when we passed it was the very picture of plenty and contentment. Here we found Jesse Applegate, one of the early pioneers of Oregon—a man who has filled a very important place in the history of the State, and one who was worthy of mention in the "New West" of Mr. Bowles—teaching a district school. The "sage of Yoncilla," as he is familiarly called, seems averse to participation in the turmoil of public life, but is, in his present self-imposed duty, sowing seed that cannot fail to bear a good crop in due season.

Beyond, the Calapooia Mountains by the Pass Creek route, over a grade presenting no obstacles worth mentioning in the way of Rail-roading, down the Coast Fork of the Willamette, and the eye glances over the grandest and most magnificent valley of the Pacific Coast. Stretching northward, eastward and westward, an alternate vista of woodland and prairie, dotted here and there with comfortable homes, only too widely scattered, its grain fields nodding and glowing in the sunlight; plenty and thrift on every hand, the traveler sees a valley rich in soil, having unbounded facilities for a population as large as that of nearly all of the New England States.

Eugene City, situated near the junction of the Coast and Middle forks of the Willamette, appears to be a thriving business place. It is located in the center of a rich agricultural country, and is the county seat of Lane county. There is plenty of room for it to spread, and after the railroad is built it will no doubt be a place of much importance. Corvallis by moonlight is pretty, but the traveler is not much impressed with its size or importance. Across the sleeping waters of the lovely Willamette at this point, over ten miles of woodland, meadow and grain fields and Albany is reached. Here is substantial progress, and the style of the buildings induces one to believe that the town has received a start from which there will be no receding.

Northward still, through a rich and undulating country, composed of red soil and bearing grain so heavy that the well-filled ears are bending with their own weight.

Across the Santiam, and we reach Salem, well named "the beautiful city of the plain." No pen can picture the beauty and grandeur that fills the eye on approaching Salem. Far as the vision reaches, the yellow harvest is glowing. Copse and woodland, alternate with miles and miles of prairie. Green meadows sparkle in the misty morning light; the beautiful stream that drains this richest of valleys, half hidden between its fringed banks rolls northward to join the "Oregon." To the westward the Coast Mountains intervene between the eye and the breakers of the Pacific while eastward the rugged Cascades shoot abruptly athwart the horizon, and highest, grandest, most imposing of them all, Mt. Hood rises like the first of Time, watching in stately silence the onward march of civilization.

Salem is a beautiful city. Its streets are grandly wide, its private residences nestle in natural groves of fir and oak—nature and art are blended together,

and its splendid and substantial buildings catch half their beauty from the magnificence of their surroundings.

Salem is prosperous too. Within the past four years the population has doubled. Whole blocks of fine buildings have been erected. A Bank building which is an ornament to the city, has

just been finished. A splendid theater building is going up rapidly, and another beautiful structure, iron fronted, and in the most ornate style, is fast being completed. Here a new branch of industry has been commenced—the manufacture of linseed oil, of such a superior quality as to exclude the Eastern article entirely from the market. We were informed by Mr. Dennis, the superintendent, to whom we are under many obligations, that before long, machinery will be erected for the manufacture of rope and bagging from the flax straw, which at present is thrown away; thus economizing and bringing up another industry. At this point the valley is about fifty miles wide, and much of it seems to be in a high state of cultivation.

Fifty miles to Portland! Over a road rather dusty, but occasionally shaded by heavy timber, we pass French Prairie, Waconda and Aurora, leaving the Willamette miles to the westward.

The latter of these points is settled by a German colony, who are engaged in various manufactures, and bear the character of thrifty, industrious people. A few miles north of here we strike the first work of the O. C. R. R. Company. Much has been done; the pathway for the "iron horse" has been hewed for miles through the heavy timber, deep cuts are occasionally met with, and the amount of grading indicates that the company is in earnest, and that soon we are to have a highway, such as contributes more to civilization and progress than almost any other instrumentality, and without which Oregon will be very long in attaining prosperity. While on this subject we will remark that very close observation between Jacksonville and Portland disclosed no material obstacles in the way of a railroad, but convinced us that the expense of constructing one had been vastly over-rated.

Oregon City, at the falls of the Willamette, is a thriving bustling place. Here is the large basin of the People's Transportation Company, one of the largest woolen factories in Oregon, and power enough to drive millions of spindles. This will be the "Lowell" of the Pacific, and the day is fast coming when the products of its looms will bring us wealth from every quarter of the Pacific Ocean; and to-day its "Imperial" flour finds its way across the continent to the Genesee valley.

Crossing the river at Milwaukee, we took a smile with our old friend Hughes of the White House, and reached Portland in a drive of five miles over an excellent Macadamized road.

Portland is justly the metropolis of Oregon. Within four years it has grown to be a city. If it assumes city airs with a population of only 10,000, it has a right to do so, and in a few years it will be to Oregon what San Francisco is to California—the center of wealth through which all wealth that enters or leaves the State must pass. Why Portland was built above the confluence of the Willamette and the Columbia instead of on the latter stream, it is hard to say. There it is! Prosperous, thrifty, expanding every year, property rapidly increasing in value, magnificent buildings constantly going up, some of them of the most beautiful and expensive style of architecture, that would be a credit to any city in the world. The number of its churches impress a stranger with a favorable idea of its general morality, but observation induces the belief that it is no greater than that of other cities on this coast. Portland is now a port of entry, and an imposing Custom House will soon be added to the public buildings.

Here is the State Insane Asylum, the Oregon Iron Works, the U. S. Court, the office of the Assessor and Collector Internal Revenue, and we are informed that fully two-thirds of the Federal tax of the State is paid by the city and by the county containing it. We have long been accustomed to consider the climate of this city as too moist, but judging from the number of saloons it must be one of the driest places in the State, and we confess to having been mistaken. Portland enjoys direct trade with San Francisco and Victoria by steamer, and with the Sandwich Islands and New York by sail vessels. River steamers leave daily for Salem and other points on the Willamette, and for the upper and lower Columbia and so much capital is now accumulated here that there is no reasonable danger of its ever having a formidable rival. Portland will soon enjoy the credit of a first-class hotel, which has long been wanted. A large hotel building is now being finished on Front Street, which it is to be fitted up in superb style at a cost of prob-

ably \$250,000. We are under obligations to Mr. Wm. Braden, the finishing contractor, for his kindness and information, having been shown over the entire building by him. We cannot close without expressing thanks to Capt. Cahalin, of the Emmet Guards, a warm-hearted Irishman, and his accomplished lady, for substantial attentions shown us at the picnic grounds. We are grateful also, to the editorial staff of the *Oregonian*, Messrs. Scott and Crandall, and to that of the *Commercial*, Messrs. Bell and Baltimore for courtesy and kindness to a stranger, and we parted with the latter, feeling that friendly contact with political opponents frequently removes the acerbity and bitterness that mar too much the dignity and usefulness of the editorial profession. Last, but not least, the gentlemanly and accommodating drivers and agents of the Oregon Stage Company have our thanks. Without an exception they are the most clever set of fellows we ever met and their courtesy and attention to passengers is justly becoming proverbial. Only one thing is needed—the reconstruction of a few hotels (?) on the road—to make the trip a delightful one, and at two places we could mention, we hope travellers will be allowed the privilege of mixing their own flies before we travel again. Home and in the harness again, we must once more express surprise at the progress of northern Oregon, and hope that before many years we will be bound to it by iron bands, and by the ties of commercial intercourse, than which there are none stronger.

YEAST FOR HOT WEATHER.—The subjoined recipe for yeast, adapted to hot weather or hot climates, is given in Morgan's *Trade Journal*:

"Boil two ounces of the best hops in four quarts of water for half an hour; strain it, and let the liquor cool down to a new-milk warmth. Then put in a small handful of salt and half a pound of sugar (brown); beat up one pound of the best flour, with some of the liquor, and mix all well together. The third day add three pounds of potatoes, boiled and mashed, and let it stand until the next day. Then strain, and it is ready for use.

Stir frequently while making, and keep near a fire. Before using, stir well. It will keep two or three months in a cool place.

"I kept this two months in the cell., the temperature ranged between 90 and 104 degrees.

"This yeast is very strong; half the usual quantity necessary for a baking is sufficient."

WHO ENTITLED. One of the Olympia papers contains an account about a young fellow living in that portion of the world who has been paying attention to a young lady of opposite politics, and on the day of election she gave him a ticket and requested him to vote it or quit seeing her. He took it in one hand and holding his nose with the other, quickly deposited it in the ballot-box. Query—Which is the most entitled to wear the unmentionables?—*Evening Commercial*.

We have no desire to see ladies discard crinoline for our bi-furcated apparel but we certainly think that young lady is better entitled to vote than her Ninny admirer, who ought to have a dishevel pinned to his coat-tail.

THE TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION OF WASHINGTON, D. C., by a vote of 229 to 164 admitted Louis H. Douglass, the colored printer, to membership, thus acknowledging that the right to labor for an honest livelihood among honorable men, is not limited by the accident of birth or color. Hurry up Caucasians! expand your minds instead of your prejudices, or "Black" may beat you in the race yet.

THE DEMOCRATIC PAPERS OF THIS STATE have not ceased wondering why the Republicans carried the recent municipal election in Portland. If they will rub the cobwebs from their eyes, they will discover that the rank and file of the Democracy have commenced keeping step with the music of progress, and are far advanced in honesty and good sense beyond their party leaders.

The Irish voters of the city have helped to bring the *Herald* to its senses. With great humility the Democratic organ now admits that its party is treated the Irish voters very shabbily. It says "they have been asked to do all the work (of the Democratic party) and receive none of the rewards." What a confession for the organ of a party that never tires of boasting of its regard for adopted citizens! The *Herald* is very humble now, hoping to bring back the voters which its party has lost by its selfishness and ingratitude.

DOXN IT!—Col. Van Cleve of the *Albany Register* is "fixed to stay," having induced a handsome young lady of Linn county to stay with him.

(From the Daily Oregonian June 24.)  
The Political Future in Oregon

The result of the election in Washington Territory, followed by the signal Republican success in this city, affords striking evidence of the fact that the Republican party in this quarter is not only maintaining its ground, but is actually growing stronger in the confidence of the people. Appeals to the prejudices of men against the "inferior races" have spent their force, and the current talk of Democratic leaders about repudiating the public debt goes against the conscience of the people; and since these things are so, the weapons of Democratic warfare are pretty thoroughly exhausted. The feeling pervades the public mind that the Republican party is the party of justice, the party of national ideas, and the party in whose hands the country will be most safe and secure; while on the other hand there is a feeling, however latent and unobserved it may be, that somehow it would be dangerous to entrust the destinies of the country to the Democratic party. There is something in the doctrines of this party that goes against the moral sense of the people, and they therefore shrink back with fear and dread from the idea of placing it in power. The masses of the people are honest and will not tolerate any proposition which threatens the honor of the nation or a disregard of its solemn obligations. It is this popular distrust of the Democratic party which withers its strength, drains it of its vigor and checks its progress. A popular dread of the probable consequences of Democratic rule has repeatedly defeated that party in its efforts to regain its hold upon the helm of government.

The elections which have recently transpired indicate the ability of the Republican party to carry Oregon next year. Multnomah county may now be regarded as very sure. All admit that the election just held in this city must have a very marked influence upon the rest of the State. The Democratic triumph in the State last year was largely due to the prestige that party had gained in carrying this city. So now, the triumph of the Republicans here will reassure our friends in all parts of the State and show them the way to victory. Republicans here and elsewhere throughout Oregon should take advantage of this opportunity. Keep the ball rolling. Let us be prudent and conciliatory. Let all personal aspirations be sunk in a common desire to secure the triumph of the party and the success of its principles. Shun all combinations in favor of one set of men or another, and avoid all "slates" which may be made up before the party in due form has selected its candidates. It will not do to allow the impression to prevail that these things are manipulated beforehand in the interest of any particular set of men. With unity of action, such as we can easily secure by a judicious course, we can win a great victory in the State next year. It should be the aim of every Republican to assist in bringing about this result. If we pursue the right course there are multitudes who acted with the Democratic party last year, but who cannot submit to the violent and dangerous counsels that now prevail in that party, who will go with us. No Republican ought to forget how much depends on the election of next year.

THEATRICAL.—On Saturday, Monday and Tuesday nights the people of Jacksonville were treated to excellent performances by the talented Wilton Troupe. On Saturday "Lady Audley's Secret" was performed to the gratification of a crowded house. On Monday, "Camilie," a sensational drama from the French of Dumas, was very excellently rendered, and on the last night Mr. and Mrs. Wilton played the "Lady of Lyons" remarkably well, considering the unequal support. Mr. and Mrs. Wilton are far beyond the average of actors; they cannot be termed stars, but their acting is truthful, easy, pleasant and in characters where the deep strong passions of the gentle tenderness of humanity are prominent, they excel. In hands of artists such as they, the drama is entertaining and elevating, and no person can witness their performances without feeling pleasure and delight. They were well supported by Mr. Graham, a poetical improvisatore, who we will sum up by saying that he is a theatrical brick; and by Messrs Eddy and Livingston, each artist of merit. The company left for Crescent City on Wednesday morning, and we bespeak a kind and generous reception for them there, assuring the people that their expectations will not be disappointed.

MINING AT STEAMBOAT.—We learn that Wm. Harriet has commenced work in his wing dam on Applegate, near Steamboat City. In sinking the pump during the present week, \$150 was taken from the bottom of the hole, only about five feet square. The water is so low that a very favorable and profitable season is expected.

COMING HOME.—H. R. Kincaid, of the *Oregon State Journal*, arrived in San Francisco on June 25th from Washington. He has been correspondent for the *Oregonian* and *Journal*, and has contributed to the *Sentinel* frequently. He will probably remain in Oregon now.

SENATOR CORBETT IS NOW IN PORTLAND WITH HIS FAMILY ENJOYING A LITTLE REST BEFORE THE MEETING OF CONGRESS. SENATOR WILLIAMS AND LADY ARRIVED FROM WASHINGTON ON THE 21ST ULT. WE HEAR THAT HE HAS GONE TO SAN FRANCISCO ON PRIVATE BUSINESS.

IT IS REPORTED THAT AFTER ALL THE TROUBLE HE COULD POSSIBLY GET OUT OF SAN FRANCISCO WILL NOT PARADE TO-DAY. THEY OBJECT TO KEEPING COMPANY WITH THE DEMOCRATIC "PLUG-UGLIES" AND CHINAMANERS OF THAT ENLIGHTENED CITY.

BEN HOLLIWAY HAS ARRIVED IN PORTLAND. IT IS UNDERSTOOD THAT WORK WILL SOON BE COMMENCED ON THE EAST-SIDE RAILROAD.

WASHINGTON, June 25. The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has received letters dated May 1st, from C. W. D. Superintendent of Indian Affairs, of Arizona, to the Secretary, in which he gives a sad statement of the conduct of the Indians. Some depredations come from all parts. They made attacks on horse and wagon trains in the vicinity of Camp Verde, wounding and killing several men and driving off the stock. The same were made near Camp Lowell. The river Indians of the Gila and Colorado are just now engaged in plowing. The trouble he says is owing to the temporary removal of the troops from the posts of the Territory.

OH OH! "SITS THE WIND IN THAT QUARTER?" We always supposed it was only the "devilish settlers" that were guilty of bad conduct. Hurry up the Quakers or "Lo" will soon have nothing to scalp.

GONE TO HIS POST.—His Honor, G. Jacobs, the new Associate Judge of Washington Territory, left for his post of duty on Thursday morning. He will be more missed, perhaps, than any other citizen of this county would be, and leaves regretted by the whole community. We congratulate the people of W. T. on the accession of a pugnacious and honorable citizen—one who will bring legal ability and the most stern integrity to the bench. He was serenaded by the Jacksonvilleites on the eve of his departure, but was too much moved to respond. It is understood that he is to have the Sound District instead of Walla Walla.

PAINFUL ACCIDENT.—On Tuesday last Mr. Wm. Gibson, of *Jump-off Joe*, sustained a very serious and painful fracture of both bones of the leg, just above the ankle joint. He had caught a wild young colt with a lasso, and one of his legs becoming entangled in the end of the rope, he was dragged about fifty yards before the animal was stopped. He received medical assistance immediately, and it is thought that amputation will be necessary. Dr. Greenman was called last evening to perform the amputation.

JACKSONVILLERS IN PORTLAND.—On our recent visit to the metropolis we found quite a number of old citizens of this place apparently in a healthy condition. Messrs. Steens, Hines, Gus Taylor, Harry Gates, Geo. Hillman, Stevens and several others are prospering and contented. Mr. Gus Payne, formerly foreman in the office, is on the *Oregonian*, and has made a new friend. He pretends to like it, but scarcely looks smart. A sign of improvement is evident in the social associations of Jacksonvillers, so we suppose.

A SKIRMISH AT KIMBALL.—Mrs. Bam, the wife of a soldier at Fort Kimball, went out riding last Sunday afternoon. Her horse getting frightened commenced jumping, and she was thrown to the ground with such violence, as to fracture the right arm below the elbow, besides bruising her very badly otherwise. Dr. Tolman, the Surgeon of the post, was called to set the broken arm, and rendered all the assistance necessary. We are glad to learn that she is doing as can be expected under the circumstances.

MINE AT STEAMBOAT.—We learn that Wm. Harriet has commenced work in his wing dam on Applegate, near Steamboat City. In sinking the pump during the present week, \$150 was taken from the bottom of the hole, only about five feet square. The water is so low that a very favorable and profitable season is expected.

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