# THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL.

BY TVAULT & BLAKELY.] INDEPENDENT ON ALL SUBJECTS; DEVOTED TO THE BEST INTERESTS OF SOUTHERN OREGON. [TERMS—$5 00 PER ANNUM.

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THE TABLE ROCK SENTINEL

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## The Peace.

The war which for nearly three years has convulsed the Eastern hemisphere and effected the interets of every civilized community on the globe, has been concluded by a treaty of peace, signed in Paris on the 29th. of last month. The books can now be posted. It is stated that the loss of men killed, wounded and from sickness, has been from six to eight hundred thousand, and the cost of war to all parties engaged in it $1,000,000,000—money enough to build a church and support a minister for every one thousand inhabitants on the globe, who are, as yet, unsupplied. Great as the destruction of life has been, it has cost full $2,000 to kill each man. At such a sacrifice is life taken in war! The war has cost Great Britain alone about $500,000,000, and probably the extraordinary expense of France have not been far from the same amount.—The national debt of Great Britain at the close of the long war with France in 1815, had increased to $4,000,000,000. During 29 years of peace to Jan. 1st, 1844, it had decreased only about $300,000,000. The present war will leave the national debt where it was in 1814, two years of war wiping out the surplus of 29 years of peace. The increase of taxation rendered necessary by the war will not be less than $12,000,000.

Six thousand of widows and children must sweat and suffer, and eat the bread of penury to pay the expenses of robbing them of husbands and fathers.

What has been gained by the war?—Principally military experience! Science has brought new engines of destruction into use which have been fully tested. The officers have acquired practical skill and boldness, and the soldiers learned to work and to suffer. A fever of restlessness burns in the veins of the lately conflicting nations, and will lead them upon the slightest occasion, again to rush to arms.

But we should be grateful for peace. The agricultural and commercial interest of Europe will be better regarded. True the half million of stout hearts that lie "heaped and pent" in shallow graves on the battle-field, will not contend in the race of productive industry, but other millions will, who would otherwise be directly or indirectly helping to waste and consume.

DEEDS OF A "CONFIDENCE MAN."—The Newark (N. J.) Advertiser says that a man recently visited that city, and while there made offers of marriage to several young girls, and invited many more. He impudently entered the house of a lady, who was alone with her daughters, although a total stranger, and pretended to be actuated by the highest motives, made direct offers of marriage to the oldest, about eighteen years of age, offering to settle $15,000 upon her, to educate her younger sister, provide a fine house, servants, carriage, &c. Finally, after frequent peremptory commands, he left the house. He also made proposals of marriage to a young girl employed at a dressmaker's, and proposals of a similar purport to others. A young girl in a daguerreotype gallery received a letter from him, proposing marriage, and he even had the audacity to meet her, when a friend of the girl interfered, and after significant hints of being kicked out, the impostor left. Several warrants are out for his arrest, especially as a girl fourteen years of age has mysteriously disappeared from Newark. The accused is described as a stout, fleshy man, very full under the chin, with a large black eye, black hair, curled under, high forehead and rather good looking.

SCIENTIFIC DETECTION OF FRAUD.—Some days ago one of a number of barrels that should all have contained coin was found, on arrival per rail at Berlin, to have been emptied of its precious contents, and refilled with sand. Professor Ehrenberg was consulted, and he sent for samples of sand from all the stations along the different lines of railway that the specie had passed, and, by means of his microscope, identified the station from which the interpolated sand must have been taken. The station once fixed upon, it was not difficult to hit upon the culprit in the small number of employees on duty there.

## Blue Beard.

WHO HE WAS AND WHAT HE DID.

This bugbear of every nursery in Christendom was no fabulous monster veiled in human form; he actually lived, moved and had a being in the fifteenth century; not, however, as a long-robed and turbaned Oriental, as the pictures which used to make our blood curdle would lead us to think.

On an eminence which overlooks the little village of Champtoce, near the Loire, stands the imposing ruins of an old feudal castle. Its gray walls, bare and broken, rear themselves against the glorious sky, and amid the crumbling turrets, the bat and the owl beat their wings, and shriek in their midnight revels. The superstitious peasantry avoid the neighborhood from fear, and when the storm whistles and the winds moan, they imagine the sounds to be wails from the injured dead of the old ruin. The dread of the place is no new feeling, but has existed among succeeding generations of peasantry ever since the reign of Charles the Seventh. It was at that time the dwelling of Giles De Retz, a feudal baron, who, as he was then, and still is called, "Barbe Bleu," was, no doubt, the original of our time-honored, or rather feared, Blue Beard. His deeds of blood, which were but the every-day incidents of his life, made him the terror of the surrounding region. The bare mention of his name was enough to subdue the most rebellious urchin into submission, and even the parents believed that the winds which reached them, by passing over his domains, were sulphur tainted.

Well does the history of this man reveal the dark superstition of the fifteenth century, and also the impunity with which one in high rank might commit the most revolting crimes against humanity. De Retz had once been in possession of immense estates [illegible] but by the most debasing excesses, he not only squandered his fortune, but also ruined his constitution, so that, while yet a young man, he bore the appearance of decrepitude and old age. He could not, however, consent to pay the penalty of his sin by thus becoming old before his time. In the blindness of his superstition he conceived the hope of reclaiming both health and wealth by the power of magic. Having heard of a famous Italian alchymist, who had performed some great miracles by this art, he sent for him to the castle. The cunning magician at once read his man, and encouraged his hopes; that he was therefore, employed at a high price to undertake the work, and invited to make the lofty castle his home. The first object was the winning back of health and vigor, without which all other treasures are of little avail. Numberless were the arts he tried, and mysterious the preparations he made.

The dark dungeons and secret subterranean passages beneath the castle were the scenes of his work. Here the terrified peasantry imagined that the Italian made a compact with the Prince of darkness, and sold the duped De Retz to him in compensation for his aid in restoring his health. Among many nonsensical, and harmless experiments, were also some of a cruel and abominable characters. He induced his infatuated employer to believe that there existed in the blood of infants a charm for restoring youth and vigor. He insured him that by bathing daily in the warm blood of these innocents, the pure young life, which had so lately coursed through their tiny veins, would be transferred to his own. The bloody baron did not shrink for one moment from the commission of the horrid crime which this prescription rendered necessary. Tender infants were secretly stolen, or forcibly torn from their parents, and kept in the dungeons of the castle, till their blood was required. It is believed that no less than one hundred humble mothers were thus bereft of their youngest born. This fiend in human shape hired a magician, but not a murderer. That office he reserved for himself, nor did his savage nature shrink from the horrid work it imposed. With his own hand did he pierce the heart of his affrighted little victims, until there was blood sufficient to cover his emaciated body. This is but one instance of the monstrous cruelty of De Retz. We think very likely his wives shared the fate of the poor infants, and that the story of Blue Beard in wide trowsers, loose robe and turban, was not exaggerated.

But crime cannot always go unpunished. Even then, when the rich ruled over the poor, justice and mercy triumphed at last. The cries and entreaties of the heart-broken people around his domains, reached the ears of his superior, Jean V. He was arrested, and brought before a tribunal of justice. His palace was thrown open to the public gaze, and his horrid dens and vaults were swift witnesses against him. He was found guilty of murders by the scores, and after confessing many crimes before unknown, he was burnt at the stake in Nantes, 1440. This was the origin of "Blue Beard," and there, although more than four hundred years have passed away since he paid the penalty of his crimes, the broken walls and jagged turrets still stand as a memorial that the wicked shall not go unpunished.—*Watchman and Reflector.*

## The Duello.

Duelling is now regarded as a relic of barbarism in every civilized states, and those who resort to it are generally, even among the most reckless and thoughtless, exposed to ridicule and contempt. The acceptance of a challenge is regarded as a proof of want of manly courage, and the whisper, "he is a duellist," is always regarded in every society as a signal of avoidance. As, however, the duello is still regarded with a peculiar fondness in the South as a sacred relic of chivalry, we desire amply to show that the brute champion of South Carolina, when regarded by the severest laws of duelling, is both a scoundrel and a coward, and that all who associate with him in any way, forfeit their right to be in future regarded as gentlemen.

The following are the laws of duelling, as laid down by a foreign nobleman of distinction, who, in days when the duello was considered as honorable combat, participated as principal and second in no less than forty duels, several between men of the highest rank and distinction, and which were acknowledged as the code of honor by Lord Hardinge, in his correspondence, after the celebrated duel between the Duke of Wellington and the Earl of Winchelsea, in England.

1. The honor of a man does not consist in fighting duels. The men of honor in Europe have divided opinion on this point, each party respecting and paying deference to the convictions of the others.

2. A man of honor never uses what is called [illegible]

3. A man of honor never strikes or deals in blows. In England and France he is permitted to *touch* the party he desires to insult with his glove or rod. In Russia, Prussia, Austria and Poland, even this is forbidden, for fear it might provoke, under the influence of passion, severer blows.

4. A man of honor avoids, emphatically, any intercourse or contact, as contaminating with individuals using brute blows.

5. A man of honor never, under any circumstances, picks a quarrel with individuals whose well-known conscientious conviction forbid them to accept a challenge.

6. It is cowardice to challenge such persons. If the use disgraceful language, without being prepared to bear its responsibility, it sufficiently carries its own disgrace.

7. A man of honor, under the penalty of absolute forfeiture of any claim to be considered such by his equals, *never attacks unarmed man.* Such an attack stamps the assailant as a felonious coward.

8. Individuals assisting in any way in such assault become equally dishonored as the perpetrator.

9. A man of honor, if attacked, uses the right of defence in its broadest sense.

10. A man of honor is no more disgraced by an insult on his person by bullies or skulking assassins, than by being attacked by robbers and highwaymen. In these cases he uses the right, common to every one, to disable or destroy his assailant.

THE GROWTH WEST.—Nebraska City, two years ago was a wild waste, where night was made hideous by the dismal howl of the wolf, and the Indian lodge might occasionally be seen dotting the untrodden grass of the prairies. On twodays recently the sales of lots by the organized town proprietors amounted to $10,000. So says the Council Bluffs Bugle.

One year in the town of Clinton, in Iowa, on the Mississippi, was not known on a map of Iowa. To-day it contains a population of 1,000 souls, and has three hotels, seven dry goods stores, three grocery stores, two hardware, one furniture, one clothing, one boot and shoe store, one bank, (and another organization,) one church, one warehouse, two doctor's offices, four lawyer's offices, one brickyard, two lime kilns, two saw mills, one lumberyard, and two stone quarries. There are over one hundred buildings that have been erected during the past nine months, and in every direction that the eye turns, the frames of other edifices may be seen rising.

## The Inundations in France.

The principal items of interest brought by the steamship America, beyond what was contained in the summary from Halifax, already published, is the detailed statement of the inundations of France. Galignani's Newspaper says:

The Lyons papers continue to give the most heart-rending accounts of the progress of the inundations. We yesterday gave the principal details of the appearance of things on the morning of the 31st ult., but unfortunately they are far below the reality. When the dyke of the Tete d'Or, near the Grand Camp, gave way, the water covered the east plains with vast rapidity. The tocsin was sounded in all the surrounding villages to give the alarm. Many persons were surprised in their sleep, and could only save themselves, half-dressed, by wading through the water, leaving all their property at the mercy of the flood. Many were compelled to remain in their houses, and wait until assistance could be brought to them. The embankment thrown up to the north of the Brotteux protected the chemin de ronde in that direction, but a little farther to the east, the water broke furiously through the breach of the part called La Petite Californie, behind the Pre aux Cleres; and through Rue Massena the water rushed like a cataract. The establishment of the Petites Sœurs des Pauvres was inundated, and it was found necessary to remove all its inmates to the Hotel Dieu in wagons.

The directors of the Maison du Saint Enfant-Jesus brought all their children, one by one, on their backs, and the sick were laid on mattresses, and placed on rafts hastily made for the purpose, and thus carried to a place of safety. At every moment, boats and omnibuses might be seen setting down their freights at the Hotel de Ville and in the Cours Merand, which remained clear of the water, and where an immense number of persons passed the remainder of the night. Some of them had been able to save a few clothes, but most of them had only what they stood in. Cries and moans were heard in every direction, women seeking their husbands and their children calling for their mothers. Horses, cows and sheep were also seen prowling about and uttering cries of hunger and alarm. It appears impossible to form any correct idea of what accidents have taken place, nor can it be correctly ascertained until the water shall have subsided, and circulation be once more free. At the Brotteaux several houses were washed down before the inhabitants could be got out. At Charpennes, a man, his wife, and their child were buried beneath the ruins of their house. A boat, with several persons who had been saved from a house, upset and all were drowned.

The Rhone is constantly bringing down furniture, cattle and sheep. Many small houses, built of framework and brick, have been washed away bodily from their foundations at the Brotteaux, and are seen floating about with the current. The Grande Rue de la Guillotiere has the appearance of a regular river. The high bank used as the Pollygone at the Grand Camps has entirely disappeared. Three of the Rhone steamers broke from their moorings and were driven down the river. The current fortunately carried them into the river Oullins, where they were brought to by letting go their anchors. The circulation on the Mediterranean Railway has been re-established. The above details relate almost entirely to the Rhone. The Saone has also risen, but up to the present time its progress has been trifling compared with that of the other river. Accounts from Valence state that although the rise of the Rhone has not completely stopped, it does not advance as rapidly as before. The quays and the low parts of the town are completely inundated, and in many of the streets leading to the quays he water in the ground floor is six feet deep.

All the Plaine des Granges presents the appearance of an immense lake. The river is constantly seen bringing down trees which have been torn up by the roots, cattle, furniture, and a quantity of other articles. Three large barges, laden with coal, which were moored to the quay at Valence, were washed away by the rapidity of the current, and all of them sunk at some distance down the river. One man was drowned. At La Paillasse, the Veoure has broken over its banks and caused considerable mischief. The towns of Tain and Tournon are completely under water from the overflowing of the Rhone, and Montelmart is threatened with a similar fate. The small river Morgan, which flows through Villefranche, and after-

falls into the Saone, has become a complete torrent, and having risen above the arches of the bridge, which still stands firm, has overflowed the banks, and many of the houses have cellars and ground floors under water. The Allier, the Doubs and the Loiret, with all their tributary streams, continue their upward movement and inundate all the surrounding country; but the Loire, the Garonne and the Cher have, it is hoped, reached their utmost height, and in many parts have begun to fall.

## An Extract.

'Twas night—darkness had thrown its sable mantle o'er fair creation's form, making all without look cold and forbidding; but within the spacious hall all was brilliancy and splendor—fair faces met faces fairer still—glittering lamps were vieing with eyes far brighter than the diamond's flash, while sweet music sent its thrilling notes to the soul of every guest. Pensive, but not with sadness, in that revelry of pleased new thought, when now the girl puts on sweet womanhood, fair Anna stood, the envy of the buoyant throng, leaning upon her lover's arm—on her broad, clear brow the clustering curls were glorious—her form seemed wrought in compliment of beauty's mould, while in her placid eye there lived attractive light—her voluptuous bosom, half exposed, heaved in unison with the harp's loud twang, and the continuous motion of her fairy feet bespoke her soul's desire to join the merry waltz! But alas! at a moment when the joy of the lovely girl seemed highest, a change came o'er the scene—her admiring face, that before was eloquent with pleasure, looked wan and wishful—no sigh the maiden breathed, but leaning her head upon her lover's stately shoulder, and with her calm blue eyes looking him mildly in the face, in a faultering voice she said—"*Tom, give us a cut of spruce gum, or I'll pull your noddle!*"

WHAT IS A TURNER?—In the recent trial of the German Turners for riot in Cincinnati, some discussion arose as to the character of the German Turner's Society when Judge Stallo, one of the counsel said:

"The name means gymnast. It was established in Germany in connection with the Universities, to promote and develop the physical man, and also for the improvement of the mind. In Cincinnati it was a social organization, which assembles together for gymnastic exercises, and for the study of the sciences. The Turners of that city had a library of over seven thousand volumes, comprising many scientific and valuable works. Lectures were delivered to them both by German and American born citizens. The society was a charitable and benevolent one, the sick members being cared for, and the families of the deceased members allowed an amount per week. Their meeting were not secret, and members were at times willing to listen to the suggestions or opinions of those not belonging to them. Persons of all religious beliefs are admitted as members.

A SINGULAR SERIES OF EVENTS AT WINDSOR, VT.—The *Herald* has a letter from Windsor, Vt., of the date of May 27th, which states that a young man named Dow, who had previously shot and wounded Mr. G. N. Lewis, was himself attacked by two persons, supposed to be friends of Lewis, and so badly beaten that he died on the 27th. At 4 o'clock on the morning of the 27th, the office of the *Vermont Journal* was discovered to be on fire and was totally consumed. On Friday a party of six persons were sailing down the Connecticut river, from Hartford, on a pleasure trip. As they came near Cornish bridge, a storm of wind capsized the boat, and three of the number were drowned, two of whom were ladies—one the daughter of F. Burbanks, Esq. the other, a Miss Merrifield. Both were accomplished, and very much beloved by all who know them. The unfortunate young man was a son of Mr. Isaac Paige, one of their wealthiest citizens. Henry Hopkins' Ex-Postmaster of Island Pond was convicted before the U. S. District Court, in session at Windsor, of robbing the mail, and sentenced to five years imprisonment.

☞ Some opponents of spiritualism in Massachusetts, the other day, hit on an excellent plan of exposing the deception. The spirit of a deceased eminent mathematician being invoked, they set him to work out a problem in geometry, which he was unable to get through with.

Well might Coleridge say, that the fairest flower he ever saw climbing round a poor man's window, was not so beautiful in his eyes as the Birds which he saw living within.

HOW MAJ. JONES POPPED THE QUESTION.—"Major Jones' Courtship" is the title of a humorous work recently published, the denouement of which we will give our readers. Too bashful to "pop the question" in the usual way, Maj. Jones persuades his sweetheart to put up a stocking, which will hold a couple of bushels, on the night when Santa Claus pays his visits, receiving her promise to keep for ever what he gave her. She complies by hanging up the meal-bag.—Into this the gallant and lovelorn Major contrives to introduce himself at the "witching hour of night." But we will let Major Jones speak for himself:

"I sot up till midnight, and when they was all gone to bed I went softly into the back gate, and went up to the porch, and thar, seore enuff, was a great meal-bag hanging to the jice. It was monstrous unhandy to git to it, but I was tarminated not to back out. So I sot some chairs on top of a bench and got hold of the rope and let myself down into the bag, but jest as I was gittin in, the bag swung again the chairs, and down they went with a terrible racket. But nobody didn't wake up but old Miss Stallinses grate big cur dog, and here he cum rippin and tarin through the yard like rath, and round and round he went tryin to find what was the matter. I sot down in the bag and didn't breathe louder nor a kitten, for fear he'd find me out, and after a while he quit barkin. The wind begun to blow bominable cold, and the old bag kept turnin round swinging so it made me sea-sick as mischief. I was fraid to move for fear the rope would brake and let me fall, and thar I sot with my teeth ratlin like I had a ager. It seemed like it would never come daylight, and I do believe if I didn't love Miss Mary so powerful I would froze to deth; for my hart was the only spot that felt warm, and it didn't beat more'n two licks a minit, only when I thought how she would be sprized in the mornin, and then it went in a canter. Bimeby the cussed old dog came up on the porch and begun to smell about the bag, and then he barked like he thought he'd treed something. 'Bow! wow! wow!' ses he.—Then he'd smell again, and try to get up to to the bag. 'Git out!' ses I, very low, for fear they would hear me. 'Bow! wow! wow! wow!' ses he. 'Be gone! you bominable fool,' ses I, and I felt all over in spots, for I spected every minit he'd nip me, and what made it worse, I didn't know whar about he'd take hold. 'Bow! wow! wow!' Then I tried ogin—'Come here, good feller,' ses I, and whistled a little to him, but it wasn't no use. Thar he stood and kep up his eternal whinin and barkin all night. I couldn't tell when day-light was breakin, only by the chickens crowin, and I was monstrous glad to hear 'em, for if I'd had to stay thar one hour more, I don't believd I'd ever got out of that bag alive."

They got him out in the morning covered with meal and almost frozen. But Miss Mary does not refuse his present. And he says, "I tell you what, it was worth hanging in a meal bag from one Crismus to another to feel as happy as I have ever sence."

HOMŒPATHIC GLOBULES. (SECOND DOSE.)—The louder the Quack the longer the Bill.

*Macbeth's* observation, "Throw physic to the dogs" is an insult to the intelligence of those animals.

Patent medicines derive their name from PATERE—*to lie openly.*

The Constitution that goes too often to the Bottle is sure to be broken at last.

The man who doctors himself has a fool for his patient.

An officious friend may be compared to a Doctor who gives "Advice gratis," in order to make you swallow the intolerable quantity of physic he generally prescribes with it.

A Shilling is the ordinary gratuity for recruiting, but when you wish to have your health recruited you must put a sovereign to it to make up the full compliment of a physician's fee.

The repairs of one's body are about as endless as the repairs of any other tenement. When once you get the bricklayer or the doctor in the house, you never can tell when you will get him out again.—*Punch.*

The population of the city of Austin, Texas, according to a census just taken is 3,034. The Times says that there is also a population of about two thousand residing on city out-lots. According to the analysis of that paper, there are among the denizens of the capitol, 34 merchants, 35 lawyers, 14 Doctors, 18 teachers, 5 Mexicans, and but 1 "gentleman" There are 32 laborers, 119 mechanics, and 63 slaves; 2 printing offices, 7 churches 8 common and 2 Sunday schools.

VALUABLE DISCOVERY.—A bed of fine porcelain clay has recently been found under a stratum of black clay, on the land of the Rev. M. Gayley, near Wilmington, Delaware, within a mile of tide water. Some beautiful ware has been manufactured from the clay, which is said to be the only bed known in this latitude, except one which exists at New London, Chester county, Pennsylvania.