

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME I.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, JULY 28, 1865.

NUMBER 5.

Holt County Sentinel.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Public Square, Oregon, Mo.

Terms—In Advance:
One copy per year.....\$ 2 00
Club of ten copies per year..... 18 00
and one copy to getter up of club.

ADVERTISING TERMS.
One sq. (10 lines or less) one insertion.....\$1 25
Each additional insertion..... 75
One square three months..... 5 00
One square six months..... 7 50
One square one year..... 12 00
One-half column one year..... 25 00
One column one year..... 45 00
One column one year..... 80 00

Advertisers will please mark on their favors the number of times they wish them inserted.
Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Hon. BEN. F. LOAN, St Joseph, Member of Congress, Fourth Congressional District.
Hon. WILLIAM HERRN, of Andrew, Judge Circuit court, 12th Judicial District.
L. C. PARKER, Circuit Attorney.

COUNTY OFFICERS.
A. G. HOLLISTER, Representative.
A. N. RULY, Circuit Clerk.
WILLIAM KAUCHER, Sheriff.
A. J. EVANS, Treasurer.
Geo. M. INTYBON, Co. Court.
SAMUEL THOMPSON, Clerk.
WARREN B. DAVIS, Clerk.
DANIEL ZOOK, Attorney.
DANIEL DAVID, Treasurer.
S. C. COLLINS, Surveyor.

Professional Cards.

T. H. PARRISH,
ATTORNEY AT LAW, Oregon, Mo., will give prompt attention to all business entrusted to his care, in North-West Missouri and Kansas.
OFFICE—in the Court House.
n1-ly

DR. C. S. MEEK,
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention day or night, except when professionally engaged.
OFFICE—At Residence.
n46m

J. S. HUMP,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—At Peter's Drug Store,
OREGON, - - - - MISSOURI.
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
n2-ly

T. W. COLLINS,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.
OFFICE—in Brick Block, Northwest corner Public Square.

WILL practice in the courts of Holt and adjoining counties.
n1-ly

CLARKE IRVINE,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW
Oregon, Missouri.
OFFICE—East side Public Square.
WILL practice in the local courts of North-west Missouri.
Particular attention given to the collection of all kinds of War claims.
je 30-6m

H. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Southeast corner court house.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
n1-ly

Zook & VanBuskirk,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLORS AT LAW,
Real Estate, Claim Agents, and Conveyancers,
OREGON, - - - - MISSOURI.
WILL give special attention to the collection of Claims, the sale of lands, the payment of Taxes for non-Residents, and the Redemption of Delinquent Lands for Northwest Mo.
OFFICE—over the store of Cottrell, Keever, & Co., North-West corner Public Square.
n1-ly

Samuel Watson & Sons,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Cassimeres, Satinets, Jeans, Blankets, Flannels, Linseys, Yarns,
OREGON, MO.
Bell Carding, Felling, Coloring, and Dressing done to order.
n2 1y

JAMES H. NIES,
Dealer in Stoves,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE,
Northeast corner of Public Square,
OREGON,
Old Copper, Brass, and
exchange for Tinware.
je30-1y

HUMBLE LIFE.

Tell me not that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare,
Tell me not his daily pittance
Is a workman's scanty fare;
Tell me not his birth is humble,
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his actions?
That is all I want to know.

Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no blame?
Then I care not if he's low born—
Then I care not whence his name.
Would he from an unjust action
Turn away with scornful eye?
Would he, than defraud another,
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard gained earnings
On a brother in distress?
Would he succor the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrong redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem.
And I care not what his birthplace
In the eye of many seem.

Let it be a low thatched hovel—
Let it be a clay built cot—
Let it be a parish work-house—
In my eye matters not.
And if others will disown him,
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do it—I'll befriend him
As a brother to the last.

"THEY DIDN'T SEE."

"I can't get over the sight of that
are child," said Farmer Berryls as he
rose up from the table; where he had
just dispatched the lunch of cold ham
and warm biscuit and apple pie, which
his wife had placed before him; and he
seated himself in the great arm-chair
by the stove, for it was a day in the
opening of December, and the afternoon
winds were full of chill and snow, as
they came over the mountains, and beat
upon the snug, small dwelling of Farmer
Berryls.

"What child do you mean, Justin?"
said Mrs. Berryls, as she held a recently
decapitated chicken over a bed of
bright coals, in order to singe the skin;
and her little daughter, Annie, who had
been engrossed in trimming a brown
silk bonnet, which her aunt had brought
her at Thanksgiving, laid down a half
finished bow of pink ribbon and came
close to her father, her small, sun-
brown face and bright black eyes full
of interest.

"Well," said Farmer Berryls, clearing
his throat, and leaning back in his
chair, "to commence at the beginning,
Jist after Squire Loomis had agreed to
pay me five dollars for that cord of
wood I took into town to-day, and he
was walkin' round and lookin' at it, a
man came along leading a little girl by
the hand, jist about Annie's age here,
only she wasn't so stout and springy
like, and she hadn't any color to speak
of in her cheeks, and her eyes was as
blue as a bit of sky that comes right
out of an April cloud."

"Squire Loomis," said the man,
"I've brought this young 'un over to
your folks to stay for a few days. Two
of our children's down with the whoop-
ing cough, and grand-ma's laid up with
the rheumatism, and mother's got her
hands full, without havin' other folks'
young 'uns to take care on."

"Well," said the Squire, looking at
the child in a way that showed very
plainly he didn't much like the idea of
takin' her, "I s'pose she can stay, but
my wife and daughters are goin' to
leave town next week, and won't feel as
if they could be bothered much just
now. Can't you find a place for the
child, Mr. Mason?"

"Yes; and the Treadles want to take her,
and have her bound out to 'em till she's
eighteen. But to tell the truth, I can't
quite make up my mind to let 'em have
her until we've tried a little longer.
They're a rough, coarse set, and I
shouldn't want to put a child o' my own
under jist such folks. See a slender
little thing, and don't seem cut out for
a drudge, and that's what they'll be
sartin to make of her; and mother,
she's dreadful agin the girl's goin'
there. But folks must look out for
their own flesh and blood first, and if
somebody don't offer to take the girl
before the next meetin' of select-men,
I s'pose we must turn her over to the
Treadles."

"Wall, Mr. Mason, I'll take her in
for a week," said the Squire, and then
he went on talkin' with me about un-
loadin' the wood, and the little girl
stood by, lookin' from one to the other
in such a pitiful way that I felt right
down sorry for her. Jist then some-
body came along and wanted to speak
to the Squire, and I turned to the stran-
ger, who was hurryin' away, and I ask-
him if that child hadn't got anybody
look out for her."

"Not a soul sir. Her mother died a
month ago of consumption; she was
one of our neighbors, and lived by ta-

kin' in sewin'. She sot a world o'
store by her child, and it's the thought
o' that which makes me reluctant to
give her over to folks that'll only think
how much they can get out of her."

"The tears came into the little girl's
blue eyes as the man said these words,
and if you could have seen her face,
wife, it would have been as much as
you could have stood."

"Dear me, father, what was the
child's name?" asked Mrs. Berryls,
holding the singed chicken in one hand
and her face struggling with pity and
sorrow.

"I asked the child, and she said it
was Ellen Drake."

"Jist then the Squire called her to
come into the house with him, and I
didn't get a chance to say another word
to her."

"Oh, dear what if it was my Annie!"
exclaimed Mrs. Berryls, and the glance
of beaming mother-love she bent upon
her little daughter, was dimmed by
quick starting tears.

"Father," said Annie, seating herself
on her parent's knee, "why didn't you
bring the little girl straight home with
you?"

"Why, what should I have done with
her, then?" playfully pulling one of the
black braids of her hair.

"O, let her live along with me, you
know. What a nice home she would
have!"

"Yes; but your father is a poor man,
Annie, and it costs a great deal to take
care of such little bodies as you."

"She could sleep in my bed, though,
and have part of my room, and we
could manage somehow about the dress-
es. I've always wanted a little sister,
father; and you won't let her go to
those cruel people, who'll be sure to
abuse her? Jist think, as mother says,
what if it were your little 'Annie,' fa-
ther?"

"Wall, mother, isn't she a cute rea-
soner? What do you say to it all?"

"As you say, we're poor folks, Jus-
tin, but I don't believe the Lord will
ever allow us to suffer because we suc-
cored the orphan in her need," answer-
ed Mrs. Berryls, as she proceeded to
dismember her chicken; far away down
in her mother-heart there was a voice
which plead for the little orphan, and
endorsed every word which her child
had spoken.

Two days later, after the winter's
first heavy fall of snow, Farmer Berryls
went into town, and when he returned
he brought with him the little, slender,
sweet-faced orphan girl he had found
at Squire Loomis's.

"This is to be your home always,"
said Annie Berryls, as her busy fingers
untied the child's bonnet, "and my fa-
ther and mother will be yours, and you
shall be my sister, and we shall have
such nice times together!"

The blue eyes grew wide for gladness.
"I shall be very happy here, I know I
shall; I liked your father the first time
I saw him, and wished he would take
me with him. I've laid awake every
night and cried all alone, because I
thought I'd got to go to those dreadful
Treadles. I know it would have broken
mamma's heart if she had known it
before she died."

"I wish she knew it now!" exclaimed
her impulsive, sympathetic companion.

"Maybe she does; and if she doesn't,
she will, in God's good time," said
Mrs. Berryls, as she took the orphan's
hand and kissed her a welcome to her
new home. "Come, supper's all ready,
and I know you must be hungry now,"
and Annie Berryls seized the other
hand, and so the mother and daughter
led the little stranger into the kitchen,
and toward the plentiful table in its
corner and Farmer Berryls followed;
but "they didn't see" that over them
the angels looked down and smiled be-
holding the scene.

MAJOR GENERAL Low Wallace has
written a long letter to a military friend
on the subject of voluntary emigration to
Mexico for the purpose of taking up
arms in the Liberal cause, in which he
declares that to do so would be no in-
fringement of international law, nor
would it be prevented by President
Johnson. He encourages the measure
on the ground that President Juarez is
"fighting our battles," that the neu-
trality of the United States Government
is a recognition of Maximilian, and
that the product of Napoleon in Mexico
is a fraud upon England and Spain, and
a violation of the tripartite Convention
of those powers with France in 1861.

RELIGION is an insurance against fire
in the next world, for which honesty is
the best policy.

A Plea for Ventilation.

If those persons who have the con-
struction of cars and churches on their
consciences, will give a little more at-
tention to the matter of ventilation, we
shall be exceedingly obliged to them.
And in saying this, we would be un-
derstood as speaking for the entire human
family, "and the rest of mankind."

It is really quite inexplicable that
those who provide our indoor institu-
tions should show so little care for the
out-door atmosphere. By atmosphere,
we mean air, and by air we mean oxy-
gen and the like, which, we are inform-
ed by the learned authorities, is vitally
necessary to the human lungs. As
things are now, there is no living worth
the name anywhere but where there is
no provision for living—out-doors.

Out-doors we live, in-doors we get
along. Out-doors we are hearty, in-
doors we are ill—ill in body and ill-
grained. Out-doors we are cheerful,
in-doors we are choleric. Out-doors
we are happy, in-doors we are miserable.

The physician orders his patient out-
doors just as soon as it will do to do so.
Shut in the children, if you would see
spleen and hear growling. Ninety-nine
hundredths of the ills that flesh is heir
to are contracted in-doors and not out-
doors, as people generally in their ig-
norance imagine. This stands to rea-
son. Ask any sensible doctor. The
air out-doors is according to human re-
quirements. It fulfills the conditions
upon which respiration is dependent.

It contains so much of this, so much of
that, and so much of the other, each in
its right and wholesome ratio. It is
good, and sweet, and pure. It is not
only a necessity, but a luxury. It is
exhilarating and electrifying. One
likes it, revels in it, glories in it. It
clarifies the brain, purifies the blood,
refreshes the senses, invigorates the
nerves, elevates the mind, puts elasticity
into the foot, and electricity into the
eye.

The air in-doors is and does the con-
trary of all this. It is utterly out of
tune with the conditions upon which
respiration is dependent. It contains
the gases essential to life all tropy-tur-
ry, helter-skelter, higgledy-piggledy,
contaminated and conglomerated. It is
bad and sour and mixed. It is not
only a discomfort, but a destroyer. It
obfuscates the brain, blackens the blood,
drugs the senses, debases the mind,
puts sloth into the foot, stupidity into
the eyes, and breeds a manner of sen-
sual imaginings, evil humors, "croak-
ing moods, family jars and combu-
stions. The tented are contented; the
mauled are querulous. The Indian in
his porous cabin is harder than the
white man behind lath and plastered
walls. The soldier, scorching by every
wind and soaked by every rain, never
takes cold, while we who are never
reached by wind or rain, are always
sneezing. Gout is the king's compan-
ion, but a stranger in the peasant's hut.

Now, notwithstanding this mighty
and marked superiority of out-door air
over in-door air, they who build houses,
churches and cars, eternally prefer the
latter, and everlastingly feed us upon
the latter. They give "the beasts that
perish" a preference over man who is
immortal, for when they build a stable
for a horse, a kennel for a dog, or a sty
for a sow, they leave these creatures a
chance for dear life by leaving them a
chance for the dear air; but when they
go to contriving a house for us, the
lords of creation, to live in, or a church
for us to worship in, or a car for us to
ride in, they contrive to suffocate us,
sure. A barn must be airy, or the
grain will rot, a stable must be airy,
or the horse will be encrusted; and the
kennel must be airy, or Carlo will have
fleas; but the house, or church or car,
that is constructed for the accommoda-
tion of the human animal, must have
its own self-enclosed, vile effluvia,
or the human animal it contains will
not have the asthma, coughs and heaves,
the wheezes, whines and whimpers, for
which the human animal is so eminently
distinguished.

For heaven's sake, let us have air,
in-doors as well as out—pure, sound,
wholesome, uncontaminated air, of the
Maker's own make, not man's. We
dread a ride on the rail, and a sojourn
in the atmosphere of a church somewhat,
as we would dread a burial in the river
Styx, or an excommunication to Pluto's
plains of flame.

A preacher who had labored long, but
in vain, for the proper ventilation of
the house of worship, at last exclaimed
from the sacred desk, as he brought his
pocket handkerchief across his sweating
brow: "My brethren, if I were preach-

ing in a barrel, I believe you would put
in the bung!" There are three times
when churches should be thoroughly
ventilated—before, after and during
public service, but they are never ven-
tilated. They smell badly when you
go into them, and smell worse when you
come out of them. How can God be
worshipped with a pure heart in so im-
pure an atmosphere? How can spiritu-
ality thrive where physicality dies?
How can the spirit keep awake, where
the senses have to sleep? In the name
of the body as well as of the soul, we
demand the ventilation of the churches.

And as for the railroad cars, Oh hor-
rible! No good farmer would imperil
his stock by using a car for a kennel,
sty, or stable. Think of sitting in an
atmosphere compounded of filthy feet,
dirty ears, the breath of sour stomachs,
the odor of whisky, tobacco, French
perfumery, and of hair tonic, and car-
bonic acid gas! Think of inhaling and
exhaling this vile concoction over and
over and over again, until you rush out
upon the platform at the peril of your
neck, or swoon away in your seat at the
risk of all you hold dear in bowels,
lungs and liver. In this stinking, foul
and fetid forty feet of car are cram-
med some three score of human beings,
who may, if they wish, try and see
what they can see of God's good air
and sky through an infinitesimal win-
dow, or they may entertain themselves
with reading that this noisome and
hermetically sealed cell was "manufac-
tured at Taunton, Mass., or with learn-
ing that they "are not allowed to stand
upon the platform," where alone on all
the train they can draw a breath that
will not stifle or poison them.

We commend our fellow creatures,
who have to ride in the gentlemen's ()
car, to the tender consideration of the
Sanitary Commission. Sanitary is the
word. "Somebody has blundered," or
the railroad car would have an air-hole
in it. There is an air-hole in the
"black hole of Calcutta" even. The
air-hole of a car should be so construct-
ed as to preclude the possibility of clos-
ing it. In the name of all that is neces-
sary to life, health and the pursuit of
happiness, we demand the ventilation
of the railway cars. We demand ven-
tilated cars to ride in, ventilated church-
es to worship in, and ventilated rooms
to sleep in. All of which is respect-
fully submitted to all whom it may con-
cern.—[Chicago Journal.

A Sister.

He who has never known a sister's kind
ministrations, nor felt his heart warming
beneath her endearing smile and love-
beaming eye, has been unfortunate in-
deed. It is not to be wondered if the
fountains of pure feeling flow in his
bosom but sluggishly, or if the gentler
emotions of his nature be lost in the
stern attributes of manhood.

"That man has grown up among kind
and affectionate sisters," we once heard
a lady of much observation and experi-
ence remark.

"And why do you think so?" said we.
"Because of the rich development of
all the tender and more refined feelings
of the heart, which are so apparent in
every word."

A sister's influence is felt even in
manhood's later years; and the heart of
him who has grown cold in its chilling
contact with the world, will warm and
thrill with pure enjoyment, as some
incident awakes within him the soft
tones and glad melodies of his sister's
voice. And he will turn from purposes
which a warped and false philosophy
has reasoned into expediency, and even
weep for the gentler influences which
moved him in earlier years.

In matters of great concern, and
which must be done, there is no surer
argument of a weak mind than resolu-
tion; to be undetermined, where the case
is so plain, and the necessity so urgent;
to be always intending to live a new
life, but never to find time to set about
it; this is as if a man should put off
eating and drinking and sleeping from
one day and night to another, till he is
starved and destroyed.

The Connecticut Legislature, by over
two thirds majority, has adopted a con-
stitutional amendment, striking out the
word "white," and thus giving to col-
ored persons the right of voting. The
amendment has now to go to the people,
and the New Haven Journal thinks it
will be ratified by 2,000 majority.

An Irish lover has remarked that it is
a great pleasure to be alone, especially
when you have "your swate heart wid
ye."

An Old Bachelor's Explanation.

A hopelessly single gentleman relates
how nearly he was once mated, and is so
ungallant as to suggest a very unpoetic
idea to others of his race, as follows:

"Once I did take a fancy to a young
person, some half a dozen years my
junior, who sang, danced and conversed
very well. Gradually I increased the
dose of my visits to calls of two hours
size, taken three times a week, late after
dinner. Then the knowing ones chuck-
led, and said it was a match. But it
wasn't—for this reason. After mat-
ters had gone a certain distance towards
the irredeemable step, I was introduced
for the first time to this young perso-
n's mother. In that mother I saw the exact
fac simile of the present fresh picture—
only drawn by an elder artist. The
same nose, mouth, chin, all the features
of my adorable Annie, as they would
look painted on the canvas of 187-;
and time had vulgarized them—decid-
edly? I turned to that pretty young
person—fancied everything exhaled that
was exhalable by years—and instead of
her being my Annie, she was a very
common-place, ordinary, middle-aged
woman. Always get presented to the
mother, if you would see whether you are
really in love with the daughter. If
their original sketch is the same, and
the elder picture is lovely with that
beauty that many summers only mellow
—take home the younger portrait. If
it is otherwise—do as you choose."

A Black Editor's Opinion.

The Black Republican is a newspaper
in New Orleans, edited by a colored
man, (a clergyman) who, it would seem
from the following, does not think that
the regeneration of his brethren is to be
accomplished by voting and tax-paying:

"The colored man and the white man
cannot live together in this country;
they must and will have to separate,
unless the congress of the nation will
give them a place for themselves, for,
as it was with Abraham and Lot, so it
is with us, and the sooner we seek a
home for our rising generation, the bet-
ter it will be for us. Our final destiny,
so far as I can dimly see, is that in
three hundred years it will be a rare
thing to see a colored man in this coun-
try. Like the Indian, our race is des-
tined to become extinct in this country
unless we move ourselves."

This is a new phase of the irrespre-
sible conflict, presented by a colored
man. We don't exactly agree with the
colored brother, and yet think him
nearer right than many, who believe
the colored man, just out of slavery,
and from under the lash, are qualified,
and should be permitted at once, to ex-
ercise the right of suffrage. We are
not disposed however to agitate the sub-
ject, believing that the country needs
rest from the "nigger question," but
we shall insist that the fact that "the
colored troops fought bravely," is no
evidence that they would vote wisely.—
Macon (Mo.) Times.

A GOOD CHARACTER.—A good
character is to a young man what a firm
foundation is to the artist who propo-
ses to erect a building on it; he can
well build with safety, and all who be-
hold it will have confidence in its soli-
dity—a helping hand will never be
wanted; but let a single part of this
be defective, and you go on a hazard,
amid doubting and distrust, and ten to
one it will tumble down at last and
mingle all that was built on it in ruin.
Without a good character, poverty is a
curse—wilt it, scarcely an evil. Happi-
ness cannot exist where true character
is not. All that is bright in the hope
of youth, all that is calm and blissful
in the sober scenes of life, all that is sooth-
ing in the vale of years, centres in and
is derived from a good character.
Therefore, acquire this as the first and
most valuable good.

How TO SUSTAIN A LIVE PAPER.—
The Dayton Journal gives the following
sensible directions:

1st. Subscribe and pay for it.
2d. Get your neighbors to take it.
3d. Send printing and advertising to
the office.

4th. Help make the paper interesting
by sending local items to the editor.
Will our subscribers please practice
upon these rules?

A CLERGYMAN, catechising the youth
of his church, put the first question
from a catechism to a girl: "What is
your consolation in life and death?"
The girl smiled but did not answer.
The clergyman insisted. "Well, then,"
said she, "since I must tell, it is a
young printer named P—, on Spruce
street."