

The Holt County Sentinel.

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Holt County Sentinel.

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n1-y

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TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night.
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Particular attention given to the collection of all kinds of War claims.
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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.
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n1-3y

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North-east corner of Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Exchange for Tinware.
n3-1y

THE WILLOW.

BY MRS. MARY A. C. ARKES.

O willow, why forever weep?
As one who mourns an endless wrong?
What hidden woe can lift so deep?
What utter grief can last so long?
The Spring makes haste with step elate
Your life and beauty to renew;
But even here the roses wait,
And give her first sweet care to you
The welcome red-breast folds his wing
To pour for you his freshest strain;
To you the earliest blue-bird sings,
Till all your light stings thrill again.
The sparrow trills his wedding song
And trusts his tender brood to you;
Fair flowers and vines, the summer long,
With clasp and kiss your beauty woo.
The sunshine drapes your limbs with light,
The rain beids diamonds in your hair,
The breeze makes love to you at night—
Yet still you droop and still despair.

Beneath your boughs, a fall of dew,
By lover's lips is softly told
The tale that all the ages through
Has kept the world from growing old.
But still, though April's buds unfold,
Or Summer sets the earth afloat
Or Autumn paints your robes with gold,
You away and sigh with graceful grief.
Mourn on forever, unconsoled,
And keep your secret, faithful tree!
No heart in all the world can hold
A sweeter grace than constancy.
—Atlantic Monthly.

A PAGE FROM THE HEART.

BY G. ASHBY BRUCE.

I have not wooed thee with the tone
That other lips might breathe to thee;
Nor sought to prove by words alone
My spirit's hoarded sympathy;
Perhaps if on my lip had trembled
A gentler speech, a softer tone—
If I had feigned, deceived, dissembled—
I might have made thee more my own.
Thou hast been loved by others—I
Have stood unheeded at thy shrine,
And marked how winning to the eye
The garlands they would round it twine.
I could not wave a gaudy wreath,
My flowers were not so boldly blown;
But ah! the odor they would breathe,
Unlike the rest was love's alone.

How oft I've seen thee turning
On others thy fond glance or smile
While I with passion wildly burning
Have thot my heart must break the while.
Thou wouldst not fling o'er heedless hearts
The spell which mine alone can prize,
Couldst thou but see the tear which starts
In secret from my aching eyes!
They cannot love as I have loved;
Love! no! 'tis worship I have given!
A holier worship never moved
The holiest heart which throbs for heaven!
My spirit knoweth but one prayer—
One hope—and both are linked with thee,
That I, through weal or woe, may share
Thy lot to all eternity.

I ask not if thou lovest as well,
It may be that the lava tide
Of passions that within me swell,
As wildly through thy veins may glide;
I only feel that we are met,
To part no more, or part forever!
Thou thought an angel may forget,
This heart would break—but leave thee never.

"THE MAKING UP."

"I wish I hadn't said that," murmured Mrs. Leeds, as she leaned her face down on the table and rested on the breakfast table, while the thick tears sobbed up into her blue eyes. She was a pretty little woman, the wife of a year; the tears dimmed her face, and the trouble at her heart shut off the roses from her cheeks that cheerless November morning, with the dull brownish clouds piled low about the sky, and the hoarse wind creaking and crashing through the trees outside.
"To think, too, continued the lady, raising her head once more, and abstractedly lifting the cover of a china tea-pot, "he should have spoken so crossly and sharply to me just because I said I should like that now carpet at Meyers. Well, I don't believe, for my part, there was such a thing as a woman satisfied with what she got. I think it really unkind of him, any way, and nothing in the world could have made me believe, before I married Harry Leeds, that he would have used that tone or those words in speaking to me! But I guess I was more to blame than he after all, for I said a good many satirical things. I almost wish my tongue had been cut off before they passed my lips, but, some how, my temper got the better of me, and he went off without one kind word, or even kissing me. He won't be home till night, and how can I get through this long, dismal day, knowing all the time that Hal's angry with me—he who has been such a true, generous, loving husband. How I wish I could see him just a minute, and forgetting all my pride, wind my arms about his neck and say, 'Hal, I'm really sorry; won't you forgive me this once?' and I will, too."

The pretty lady sprang up from the

table, a new determination heightening the faint color in her cheeks, and bringing the sparkle to her blue eyes.

"I'll take an omnibus and go right down to the office and make up with him; see if I don't."
The young merchant was leaning, with a weary, half dejected sort of expression, over his desk, about which were scattered bills, drafts and letters in endless confusion. Something had gone wrong. His clerks knew that when he came into his store that morning, so gloomy and reticent, so thoroughly unlike his usual brisk, energetic, jovial manners, that always carried sunshine into the dark ware-rooms. Even the porter felt something of this, for he stood at a respectful distance from his employer, and did not indulge in any of his stale jokes.

Suddenly the merchant looked up, and saw his wife making her way through the store, straight to his desk. How pretty she looked that morning, in the little tasteful velvet hat, with its crimson ribbons about her soft cheeks, that were so charmingly becoming, and that half smile dimpling the small rosy mouth, he hardly believed it had said unkind things to him only two hours before.

Now Harry Leeds was very proud of his wife, and the evident admiration which her occasional advent at the store always excited. He rose up to meet her, the surprise half chasing the cloud from his face. She came close to him. "Harry," whispered the soft, timid, eager voice, "I'm so very sorry I said those cross things to you this morning. I was ungratefully to blame, and they've made me unhappy ever since, so I've come away down here to make up, and hear you say once more you love me."

The cloud was all gone. There was a world of fond tenderness that looked down from those dark eyes on the lady. "Why, bless your little heart, Adelaide, you haven't come clear off here for that? I was more to blame than you, a great deal, but some business matters were troubling me, and then I'm a touchy fellow, any how, I guess."
"No you're not; but I shouldn't have lived through the day if I had felt that you were displeased with me. But do you love me as well as ever?"
That smile, that glance, would have satisfied any wife.
"That wife of mine is a little angel, anyhow," murmured Harry Leeds to himself, as he arranged his disordered desk, with a face as changed and as bright as the sky outside, for the sun had suddenly burst through the clouds. "If we have pretty good sales this week, I'll get her that carpet for a Christmas present, see if I don't."

A Terrible Prediction.

Professor Leonidas, an Indianapolis astrologer, after looking at the rings of the sun, makes the following horrible prophecy: "I observe by the planets that a dreadful plague will commence in Russia originating from silk brought over from Egypt, Cairo and Turkey. It will extend across the Baltic Sea, desolate Germany, cause immense mortality in England, and then spread to the United States. This dreadful epidemic will spot the people like a leopard, and turn the flesh to a purple black. The pestilence will carry off such an amount of mortal that there will not be enough left to bury the dead or give them a Christian burial. The streets of our cities, towns and villages will be swarmed with the dead and dying. The groans and wails of horror will fill every breast with consternation. Confusion will abound on all sides. The death knell will cease to toll as the maddened rages in fury. The infected will fall and die as they take it. The stench of the dead will become so common that the survivors will not heed it."

Home.—Home should be viewed as a social nursery, within whose protecting walls a young lady must fit herself for a higher and more difficult sphere. It is the place of opportunity: the dressing room of life, the ante-chamber leading into the great hall of assembly, in which she is bound to act some more or less important part. —[Young Ladies' Counselor.]

A music teacher once wrote that the "art of playing on a violin requires the nicest perceptiveness and most exquisite sensibility of any part in the known world." Upon which an editor comments in the following style: "The art of publishing a newspaper, and making it pay, and at the same time have it please everybody, knocks fiddling high-er than a kite."

THE RIGHTS OF SUFFRAGE IN THE STATES.

MAINE.—The right to vote may be exercised by any citizen of the United States who has resided in the State three months, and is not a pauper or a criminal.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.—Tax-paying male citizens, twenty-one years old, are voters.

VERMONT.—The privilege of voting is exercised by every good citizen of the United States, who has resided in the State one year. Each voter is sworn to cast his vote for the interests of the commonwealth, as he believes them to be.

MASSACHUSETTS.—The privilege of voting is enjoyed by every male citizen twenty-one years of age, not a pauper or imbecile. He must have resided in the State one year, and six months in the town or district where he claims his suffrage, and must not be indebted to the State on account of taxes. Foreigners must be citizens two years before they vote.

RHODE ISLAND.—The elective franchise is permitted to citizens of twenty years, residents of the State one year, and of their voting districts six months. Each voter must own real estate to the amount of one hundred and thirty-four dollars; or must be a native born citizen, of two years residence in the State, registered seven days, and a tax-payer of one dollar per annum.

CONNECTICUT.—Every white male citizen of twenty-one years, and of good character, a resident of the State for one year, and of his voting district six months, is entitled to vote. He must first take an oath prescribed by law, and be able to read any section of the United States or Connecticut Constitution.

NEW YORK.—The right to vote is held by every white male citizen who has resided in the State one year, in the county four months, and thirty days in his voting district. Colored persons must be a household estate worth \$250, taxes paid.

NEW JERSEY.—The elective franchise is common to all white male citizens, residents one year in the State, and five months in a voting district, provided they are not ineligible to special provisions.

PENNSYLVANIA.—The right to vote is held by every white free citizen twenty-one years old. He must have resided in the State a year, and in his voting district ten days previous to election. Unless under twenty-one years of age, he must have paid a State or county tax within two years.

OHIO.—The right to vote is possessed by every citizen twenty-one years old, who has resided in the State one year, and in election district a specified time.

INDIANA.—The elective franchise is possessed by all white citizens twenty-one years old, who have resided in the State six months. Foreigners can vote if they have resided in the State six months, and declare their intention to become citizens.

ILLINOIS.—Suffrage is exercised by white citizens, twenty-one years old, resident of the State one year.

MISSOURI.—The privilege of voting is common to all white citizens twenty-one years old, resident in the State three months, and ten days in a township ward. Foreigners resident two years and a half, who have declared their intentions to become citizens, may vote without becoming naturalized.

IOWA.—The elective franchise is common to all free white males twenty-one years old, who have resided in the State six months, and in the county where they vote, twenty days.

MISSOURI.—The elective franchise is extended to all free white males. Foreigners who have resided in the State one year after declaring their intentions to become citizens, are allowed to vote.

CALIFORNIA.—The elective franchise is extended to all free white males twenty-one years old, residents of the State six months, and of an electoral district or county thirty days.

MINNESOTA.—Franchise is extended to all white male inhabitants twenty-one years old, resident of the State four months previous to the election. Foreigners who have declared their intentions to become citizens, and have been residents of the United States one year, and of the state four months are allowed to vote.

OREGON.—The right of suffrage is extended to every white male twenty-one years old, who has resided in the State six months previous to an election. If of foreign birth, a voter is required

to have resided one year in the United States and to have declared his intention to become a citizen one year preceding election. No negro, Chinaman, or mulatto is allowed to vote.

We have no means at hand to furnish the laws of the States admitted since Oregon. In the late slave States, suffrage was exercised as follows:

DELAWARE.—The right of suffrage is exercised by free white male citizens, residents for one year of the State and one month in the county, who have paid a county tax within two years.

MARYLAND.—The right of suffrage may be exercised by every white male citizen twenty-one years old, who has resided a year in the State, and six months in the county where he would vote.

VIRGINIA.—The right to vote is shared by white male citizens resident in the State two years and in a voting district one year before election. Votes are not given by written ballots, but by the voice in acclamation, unless in the case of dumb persons.

NORTH CAROLINA.—The elective franchise is shared by all free white males twenty-one years old, who pay taxes. The privilege of voting for Senators is restricted to owners of freehold property, comprising fifty acres.

SOUTH CAROLINA.—The elective franchise is shared by all white male citizens, residents of the State two years. Every voter must own fifty acres of land, or a town lot, or pay taxes in his election district.

GEORGIA.—The privilege is enjoyed by white male citizens, twenty-one years old, who have resided six months in the county where they vote, and paid taxes according to law.

KENTUCKY.—Every free white male citizen, twenty-one years old, resident of the State two years, of his county one year, and election precinct sixty days, is entitled to vote.

TENNESSEE.—The right to vote is held by every free white male adult of his county six months. Male adults of color, who are allowed to be witnesses, also possess the right of suffrage.

LOUISIANA.—The qualified voters of the State consists of all free white citizens twenty-one years old, resident of the State a year, and of their parish six months. A voter who removes from one parish to another, is allowed to vote in the former until he becomes qualified in the latter.

MISSISSIPPI.—Suffrage is extended to all free white citizens twenty-one years old, resident of the State one year, and of the county four months. An elector who temporarily removes to another district, may vote in such district.

ALABAMA.—The right to vote is held by all white citizens, twenty-one years old, resident in the State a year, and in a voting district three months.

MISSOURI.—The elective franchise is open to all free white citizens twenty-one years old, resident in the State a year, and in the county or district three months.

ARKANSAS.—The right to vote is exercised by free white citizens twenty-one years old, residents of the State six months, and of the county in which they reside at the time of election.

FLORIDA.—The elective franchise may be exercised by all white citizens twenty-one years old, resident in the State two years, and of a county six months, who are enrolled in the militia.

TEXAS.—The right to vote is allowed to free white males twenty-one years old, who were citizens of Texas at the time its State Constitution was adopted, and who have resided in the State a year, and in their voting district six months previous to election. If an election happens in another county, within his own district, he may vote for State officers wherever he may find himself at election time.

A NOBLE SENTIMENT.—Condemn no man, says John Wesley, for not thinking as you think. Let every one enjoy the full and free liberty of thinking for himself. Let every man use his own judgement, since every man must give an account of himself to God. Abhor every approach, in any kind of degree, to the spirit of persecution. If you cannot reason or persuade a man into the truth, never attempt to force him into it. If love will not, compel him to come, leave him to God the Judge of all.

A BRAVE MAN.—One who isn't afraid to wear old clothes until he is able to pay for new.

The New Gospel.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher is thus reported in the Hartford (Conn.) Press: "We are going to have religion and a true gospel down South. They have had a false Gospel—one that took with the strong against the weak. Now we will have a pure Gospel—one that begins with love to God and love to man. You may send your wares and merchandise down there, but you can't send your religion. Fact is, you can't spare it from home. It is not an article of export. It is a plant of slow growth. You can't go down South and let out civilization by the job and intelligence by the contract. It will take time. The mill will grind out some flower by and by. The whites down there, so lazy, must learn to work. They won't stir till kicked by hunger. I have seen them in Charleston, where I could not have walked ten years ago. I think the question is, what will become of the whites? The blacks are Kings and Princes, compared with the white trash. I don't know what they will do—the best thing for most of them to do is to die. I hope they will stand some chance in the next world—they haven't the ghost of a chance in this."

A Beautiful Reflection.

I cannot believe that earth is man's abiding place. It cannot be that our life is cast up by the ocean of eternity to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations, which peep like angels from the temple of our earth, are forever wondering about unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and clouds come over us in a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off and leave us to muse upon their faded loveliness? Why is it that the stars who hold their festival around the midnight throne, are forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally why is it that bright forms of human beauty are presented to our views, and then taken from our affection to flow back in Alpine torrents, upon our hearts? We were born for a higher destiny than that of earth; there is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will spread before us like islands that slumber on the ocean; and where the beings that passed before like shadows, will stay in our presence forever.—Prentice.

Saxo Communes with Grant.

Our witty and poetical friend, Jno. G. Saxo, who it appears was regaling himself at Saratoga during General Grant's visit there, writes of the General as follows:

I had the pleasure to spend some time with him, light my cigar with his, and listened while he talked with a young officer of Sheridan's army about the war and the result. Of Sheridan he said (I remember the exact words): "He is a good man and one of the ablest men in the country." Of Sherman he said: "There is not a better man in America to lead an army to battle." He avowed his belief in the Monroe doctrine, and said: "Since the setting up of the monarchy in Mexico was an act which France would not have thought of but for our domestic troubles, it was therefore unfriendly to us, and our government should at least give all its moral force in aid of the natives against the French."

The Sponge.

The sponge business in the Bahamas has become a prominent department of industry. It is almost entirely the growth of the last twenty years, and nets annually about twenty thousand dollars. It is fished or raked from the sandy bottom of the ocean, at the depth of twenty, forty, or sixty feet. It belongs to a very low order of animal life, animal organization being hardly detected. When first taken from the water it is black, and becomes exceedingly offensive from decomposition. It is so poisonous in this condition that it almost blisters the flesh it happens to touch. The first process is to bury it in the sand, where it remains for two or three weeks, by which time the gelatinous animal matter is absorbed and destroyed by the insects that swarm in the sand. After being cleaned it is packed and compressed in bales like cotton. The sponge has been applied to a variety of new purposes, and within the past few years has quadrupled in value.

The editor of a journal was set back the other day, when he asked a farmer's wife how she made sausages, and received for an answer: "Take your innards, scrape 'em, scald and stuff 'em."