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VANITAS.

From the German of Goethe

I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And so the world goes well with me,
Hurrah!
And who has a mind to be a fellow of mine,
Why let him take hold and help me drain
These mouldy lees of wine.

I set my heart at first upon wealth!
Hurrah!
And bartered away my peace and health;
But ah!
The slippery change went about like air;
And when I had clutched me a handful here,
Away it went there.

I set my heart upon woman next;
Hurrah!
For her sweet sake was oft perjured;
But ah!
The false one looked for a dancier lot—
The constant one worried me out and out—
The best was not easily got.

I set my heart upon travels grand;
Hurrah!
And spurned our plain old fatherland;
Naught seemed to be just the thing it should,
Most comforted beds and indifferent food,
My tastes misunderstood.

I set my heart upon sounding fame;
Hurrah!
And lo! I'm eclipsed by some upstart's name;
When in public life I loomed quite high,
The folks that passed me would look awry;
Their very worst friend was I.

And then I set my heart upon war;
Hurrah!
We gained some battles with eclat;
Hurrah!
We troubled the foe with sword and flame—
And some of our friends fared quite the same—
I lost a leg for fame.

Now I've set my heart upon Nothing, you see;
Hurrah!
And the wide world belongs to me;
Hurrah!
The feast begins to run low, no doubt;
But at the old oak well we'll have a good bout;
Come, drink the lees all out!

A FATHER'S LESSON.

"What do you mean by such carelessness," exclaimed John Doring to his son William, a young lad of twelve years. "Take that," he added, striking the boy a heavy blow on the side of the head, "and that, and that," repeating the blows as he spoke, the last of which knocked the boy over a plow that was standing at his side. "Get up now and go into the house," continued the father, "and see if you can't keep out of mischief for a while, and stop that crying, or I'll give you something to cry for."

The boy started for the house struggling to suppress his sobs as he went. "It is astonishing," said Doring, addressing a neighbor named Hanford, who was near the barn, and of course had seen and heard all that had passed, "how troublesome boys are. Just see these oats now, that I've got to pick up for that boy's carelessness," and he pointed to a measure of oats which William had accidentally overturned.

"And it was for that trifle that you assaulted your child and knocked him down?" replied Mr. Hanford in a sorrowful tone. Doring looked from the oats in surprise and repeated: "Assaulted my child and knocked him down! Why, what do you mean, neighbor Hanford?"

"Just what I say. Did you not knock the child over that plow?" "Why—well—no. He fell on it," digestedly replied Doring. "Do you go against parental authority? Haven't I a right to punish my own children?"

"Certainly you have," responded Mr. Hanford, "in a proper manner, and in a proper spirit, but not otherwise. Do you think that a father has a right to revenge himself upon his child?"

"Of course not; but what's talking about revenge?" "Well, friend Doring, let me ask you another question; for what purpose should a child be punished?"

"Why to make it better and do it good, of course," quickly answered Doring. "For any other purpose?" quietly asked Mr. Hanford.

"Well, no, not that I can think of just now," replied Doring thoughtfully. "And now my friend," kindly continued Mr. Hanford, "do you suppose your treatment to your son a few moments ago did him any good, or has increased his respect and affection for you? The boy, I venture to say, is utterly unconscious of having done any wrong, and yet you suddenly assaulted him with anger and violence, and gave him a beating which no penitentiary convict can be subjected to without having the outrage inquired into by a legislative committee. But let me tell you a story. You know my son Charles?"

"The one that is preaching in Charleston?"

"Yes; you have probably noticed he was lame?" "I have noticed it," said Doring, "and asked him how it happened; and he told me he got hurt when a boy."

"Yes," responded Mr. Hanford with emotion, "the dear boy never could be made to say that it was occasioned by his father's brutality. But listen," he continued, as he saw that Doring was about to speak.

"When Charles was about the age of your son William he was one of the most active and intelligent boys that I ever saw. I was fond of him, and especially of his physical beauty and prowess. But unfortunately I was cursed with an irritable and violent temper, and was in the habit of punishing my children under the influence of passion and vengeance, instead of from the dictates of reason, duty, and enlightened affection.

One day Charles offended me by some boyish and trifling misdemeanor, and I treated him almost exactly as you treated your son a few moments ago. I struck him violently, and he fell upon a pile of stones at his side, and injured his left side so badly that the result was he was crippled for life," said Mr. Hanford in tones of deepest sorrow and remorse, and covering his face with his hands:

A period of oppressive silence followed, which was at last broken by Mr. Hanford saying: "When I found that my boy did not rise from the stones on which he had fallen, I seized him by the arm and rudely pulled him to his feet, and was about to strike him again, when something that I saw in his face, his look, arrested my arm, and I asked him if he was hurt."

"I am afraid that I am, pa," he mildly answered, clinging to my arm for support. "Where?" I asked, in great alarm, for notwithstanding my brutality I fairly idolized the boy.

"Here," he replied, laying his hand upon his hip. In silence I took him in my arms and carried him to his bed, from which he never arose the same bright, active glorious boy that I had so cruelly struck down on that pile of stones. But after many months he came forth a pale, saddened, little fellow, hobbling on a crutch!

Here Mr. Hanford broke down and wept like a child, and the tears also rolled down Doring's cheeks. When he resumed Mr. Hanford said: "This is a humiliating narrative neighbor Doring, and I would not have related it to you had I not supposed that you need the lesson which it contains. It is impossible for me to give you an adequate notion of the suffering that I have undergone on account of my brutal rashness to my boy. But fortunately it has been overruled to my own good and to that of my family also. The remedy, though terrible, was complete, and no other child of mine has ever been punished by me except when I was in full possession of my best faculties, and when my sense of duty has been chastened and softened by reason and affection.

"I devoted myself to poor Charles from the time he left his bed, and we came to understand one another so I think very few fathers and sons ever do. The dear boy never blamed me for hitting so much happiness for him, and I have sometimes tried to think that his life has been happier on the whole than it would have been had I not been taught my duty through his sacrifice. Sully neighbor Doring, I should be sorry to have you and your son William pass through a similar ordeal.

"I trust that we shall not," emphatically and gravely responded Doring. "I thank you for your story, friend Hanford, and I shall try to profit by it." And he did profit by it, and we hope that every parent who is capable of striking his child in anger or petulance should read this sketch from life with profit by it.

WASH. POSTED.—A young lady went into a store, a few days since, selected her outfit, and gave orders for the articles to be sent to her. "Recollect," said she to the accommodating clerk, "rats, mice, waterfalls, net, crumplers, etc., etc. An unsophisticated elderly lady from the rural districts, who witnessed the transaction, lifted her spectacles and gazed after the departing sales, then turning to the proprietor in a tone of the sincerest pity, "Poor thing," said she, "she's crazy, ain't she?" The smile at this was audible.

The Execution of Barrios.

The official government journal of San Salvador, *El Constitucional*, of the 31st of August, contains the particulars of the execution of Ex-President Barrios. The unfortunate man having been told about midnight of the 28th ultimo, that he had but six hours to live, proceeded to the prison chapel, where he spent some time in religious preparation, attended by the Bishop Saldaño. Here also he made his will. At 4 1-2 o'clock on the morning of the 29th, Barrios was conducted to the scaffold, escorted by a small military force. The sentence was again read, the Bishop exhorted and prayed with the condemned man, Barrios bade farewell to several friends, and charged General Gonzalez with the care of his remains. He requested his confessor to have a mass said quietly and without pomp for the repose of his soul, and then met death with entire resignation. According to his last request, his body was interred in the church called *Del Corvoro*.

The government of San Salvador announces that the rebellion is over, and martial law withdrawn. Gerardo Barrios, formerly President of San Salvador, fled from his capital in 1853, and Duchas was elected President in his stead. Barrios came to this country, where he made many friends. Two or three months ago he started to return to lead a revolt which had been organized in his favor. While he was on the sea, his adherents were routed in a battle with the forces of Duchas. The vessel in which he embarked was struck by lightning, and obliged to put into the port of Realajo, Nicaragua. The United States Consul declared that the vessel's papers were forgeries, and she was seized by the Nicaraguan government. There is an extradition treaty between Nicaragua and San Salvador; and the latter demanded the possession of Barrios. The Nicaraguan authorities gave him up, with the express stipulation that his life should be spared, and Barrios was conveyed a prisoner to the capital, where so recently he had been the chief magistrate. Here he was tried by court-martial, and notwithstanding the stipulation with Nicaragua, was sentenced to death.

Crime by Magnetism—A Curious Charge.

The readers of Hawthorne will remember the fanciful idea of the author in the "House of Seven Gables," whereby young Maule, the carpenter, holds a malign magnetic influence over the beautiful Alice Punctcheon. A similar case in real life has occurred in France lately, if the statement of a correspondent of the London Times may be believed: "An extraordinary and I believe an unprecedented case has just been tried at the Assize Court of the Var. A young man of twenty-four, named Castellon, presented himself at the house of a respectable farmer named Hugues, and, pretending to be deaf and dumb, obtained supper and a night's lodging. In the morning he persuaded the farmer's daughter, a modest girl of twenty-six, to run away with him, and the statement alleged that he obtained an influence over her entirely by means of magnetism. The moment she came to her senses she was filled with remorse, but whenever he magnetized her she was a mere instrument in his hands, and submitted to whatever he told her. Three doctors of Toulon gave their opinion in accordance with that of Dr. Tardeau, of Paris, and many other medical men of the highest reputation, that it is possible, by means of what is called magnetism, to obtain such influence over a young girl as completely to annihilate her will. Castellon boasted of his magnetic power while standing at the bar, and offered to magnetize the presiding judge. He actually tried to magnetize the Procureur Imperial, and frightened him so much that he angrily ordered the prisoner to lower his eyes. Being found guilty by the jury, he was sentenced to twelve years' imprisonment with hard labor."

"If the North conquers," said Thos. Carlyle, a year or two ago, "England will go to Democracy by express train. The North has conquered, and in the late English elections, the aggregate Liberal vote was 194,924; the aggregate Tory vote, 178,735; Liberal majority, 16,187.

Love can excuse anything but meanness; but meanness kills love and cripples even natural affection.

What do ye More than Others?

"You may depend on my word," said an ungodly man to me the other day, "for all my religion is to keep it!" "Professors," I asked myself then, and now ask you, "what do ye more than others? Do ye as much as this?"

There is nothing in what has befallen, or befalls you, my friends, which justifies impatience or peevishness. God is inscrutable but not wrong. Remember, if the cloud is over you, that there is a bright light on the other side: also that the time is coming, either in this world or in the next, when that cloud will be swept away, and the fullness of God's wisdom poured around you—everything which has befallen you, whatever sorrow your heart bleeds with, whatever pain you suffer—nothing is wanted but to see the light that actually exists, waiting to be revealed, and you will be satisfied. If your life is dark, then walk by faith, and God is pledged to keep you as safe as if you could understand everything. He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty. These things, however, I can say with no propriety to many. No such hope or comfort belong to you that are living without God. You have nothing to expect from the revelations of the future. The clouds that you complain of will, indeed, be cleared away, and you will see that, in all your afflictions, severities and losses, God was dealing with you righteously and kindly. You will be satisfied with God and all that he has done for you; but alas! you will not be satisfied with yourself. That is more difficult—forever impossible! And I can perceive no pang more dreadful than to see, as you will, the cloud lifted from every dealing of God that you thought to be harsh or unrighteous, and to feel that he is justified and that you yourself are forever condemned. You can no more accuse your birth, your capacity, your education, your health, your friends, your enemies, your temptations. You still had opportunities, convictions, calls of grace, and calls of blessing. You are judged according to that you had, and not according to that you had not. Your mouth is eternally shut, and God's eternally clear.

Big Words and Small Ideas.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind, when they wish to use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education.

It is very common but very egregiously mistaken to suppose that big words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't live, but "reside." They don't go to bed but mysteriously "retire." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying at last, they "decease."

The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation; and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentence; while cunning, falsehood, and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba sesquipedalia*—words a "foot and a half long."

How often is the Lord's Prayer repeated thoughtlessly and inconsiderately: "Forgive us our trespasses as we forgive those that trespass against us," in the mouth of any but a devout, God fearing man, is an invocation of the wrath of God. For what sinner would have God to be to him no more merciful than he is to his fellow creatures who offend him? And if God should answer the prayer, in every case in which it is offered, many who thoughtlessly utter it, would be sent to eternity, and have their portion among devils, forever. We would not discourage its use, but suggest such amendment of life, as that all can use it properly.

We find the following floating—perhaps it ought to sink: "That was a horrible affair," said Mr. Marston to Mr. Southgate, "the murder of Dean, and sealing up his remains in a tin box." "What Dean?" asked the bewildered musician. "Sardine," replied the funny actor.

Walking.

In his article on "Walking" Prof. Smyth has the following:

"The tradesman in walking gives signs of folding cloth, measuring tape and taking down bundles. The ponderous arm and heavy fall of his hand betray the blacksmith; and the quick, nervous grasp with which she adjusts her dress, gives unmistakable signs of a factory operative. Travelers who visit the field of Waterloo are accustomed to enter their names in a register. This book has been kept for many years by the same person, and with wonderful accuracy he is able to designate the visitor's nation simply by inspecting the hand writing. Much more easily can the profession or nation be detected by the gait. The grave Spaniard the phlegmatic Dutchman, the vivacious and sanguine Frenchman, the reserved and formal Briton, the inquisitive, impetuous and self-confident American, each betrays the national gait in his style of walking. The sailors roll when on shore, as if our trim planet sailed unsteadily. The soldier marches even when no longer under orders. The syrophant bends the knee as though every man he met were a prince. The lawyer steps boldly and patronizingly. The clergyman abstractedly, as if the street were his study, or cautiously, as if mindful of the snares and pitfalls spread for the unwary. The waiting clerk is known by his bows and graceful effrontery. We distinguish the coxcomb by the careful manner in which he drops his foot and picks his way along the street; a watchman by his heavy, measured tread. Students saunter, school-girls trip, school-boys dally and loiter, children patter, doctors hurry, hunters stride, teamsters trudge, gossips gab, market women bustle, boatmen shuffle, ghosts stalk, and alderman strut.

Shut Your Mouth.

We always had an admiration for men who possessed the rare faculty of keeping their mouths shut, and we have learned of people who thought the same quality one to be admired in the gentler sex. It is a matter of gratification to discover that science also indorses the doctrine of keeping the mouth closed. An American traveler named Catalin, who spent many years with the Indians of North and South America, studying their peculiarities to canvass, and who is now in Europe publishing his works, has written a book with the title at the head of this article. He says the Indians will not suffer their children to sleep with open mouths, fearing that evil spirits will enter them, and he has actually cured himself of consumption by an observance of the same rule. The most eminent Medical men of London have endorsed the doctrine; Thos. Carlyle says it is a sane voice in a world of chaos; philosophers agree that it is a great discovery, and we may now confidently look for the dawn of the millennium especially to the husbands of a scolding wife, who become converts to the doctrine. Shut your mouth.

Grapes for the People.

Z. E., a farmer of Lee county, writes to the *Prairie Farmer* that it seems to him that there are about three kinds of grapes within his knowledge that are worthy of cultivation by people in this climate, viz: the Concord, Delaware and Clinton. He says of them:

The Concord is perfectly hardy, rampant grower, luscious fruit, with inclination to rot soon after being pulled from the vine, but its palatable qualities more than overbalance this one fault. The Delaware is of rather feeble growth, but perfectly hardy; small, pale red fruit, but very sweet and juicy. The Clinton in veyre by horticulturists, and placed by them somewhat low in the standard of excellence. Yet I claim that this variety is worthy of considerable attention. The fruit, when left to get perfectly ripe, is very sweet, and makes an excellent claret wine. In my small vineyard of five hundred vines, I find this variety more remunerative than any other, furnishing a good crop every season. One of the great values to be attached to the Clinton is its extreme hardiness. It can be left unprotected during the most severe winter, and yet apparently receive but little injury.

Night brings out stars, as sorrow shows us truth. We never see the stars till we can little or naught else, and thus it is with truth.