

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME II.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5, 1866.

NUMBER 14.

Professional Cards.

FRANCIS VORIES,
ATTORNEY AT LAW.
HAVING regained my health, I again offer my professional services to the people of the 12th Judicial Circuit, and hope, by strict attention to my business, to merit a share of the public patronage.
OFFICE—With T. H. Parrish, over Zook & VanBuskirk's. 11-12-13

IRA C. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
187-ly

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE—Southwest room in court house.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District. 11-13

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—One door west City Hotel, up stairs. 11-13

DR. W. F. THOMAS,
HOMEOPATHIC
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.
OFFICE—Over W. & J. W. Zook's. 5-3m

DR. R. KING,
OFFERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. Having had an experience of twenty-four years in the practice of medicine, he hopes to be able to render satisfaction to those who may favor him with their patronage. Office at residence, west of W. H. Street's store. 11-13

J. S. BUMPS,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—East side Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
TENDERS his professional services to the citizens of Oregon and vicinity. All calls will receive prompt attention, day or night. 11-13

Business Cards.

A. C. BEVAN,
HOUSE, SIGN, & ORNAMENTAL PAINTER
OREGON, MISSOURI.
11-13

JAMES SCOTT,
TAX-PAYING AND REAL ESTATE AGENT,
Oregon, Holt County, Mo.,
WILL attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care. Has a number of good farms for sale.
OFFICE—At Residence. 11-13

Krauss & Roecker,
LAGER BEER BREWERS,
FOREST CITY, MISSOURI.
HAVING enlarged their Brewery, are now ready to supply their customers with good Beer, in such quantities as may be desired. 11-13

JAMES H. NIES,
DEALER IN STOVES,
AND MANUFACTURER OF
TIN, COPPER, AND SHEET IRON WARE.
Northeast corner of Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
Old Copper, Brass, and Pewter taken in exchange for Tinware. 11-13

WM. HASKINS & CO.,
BLACKSMITHS,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
RESPECTFULLY inform the citizens of Holt County and the public generally that they are prepared to do Blacksmithing in their various branches, promptly and on reasonable terms.
SHOP—Second building east of City Hotel. 11-13

HAMILTON DILL,
DEALER IN
DRUGS AND GROCERIES,
MOUND, CITY, MO.,
DESIRES to inform the public of Mound City, and vicinity, that he has just opened a large stock of above, which he offers at the lowest possible figures.
118-ly

W. M. WYETH & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
SADDLERY,
Number 43, Second Street,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Prices guaranteed as low as in any Western City. 118-ly

MARTIN WHITMER,
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips,
Spurs, &c.,
Oregon, Missouri.
A large stock of my own manufacture constantly on hand—by the best workmen. Can supply anything wanted in my line, on short notice. 140-ly

CAHN & GOTTIEB,
DEALERS IN
MEN'S AND BOYS' CLOTHING,
And Furnishing Goods,
No. 49 North Side of Market Square,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Goods sold cheap for Cash. No trouble to show Goods. 11-3m

Holt County Sentinel.

(WEEKLY.)
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And one copy to getter up of club.

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A Passage in a Great Speech by Gen. Logan.
At the great Union meeting held in Washington City recently, General Logan made a speech, in the course of which he said:

Sir, tell me where your Jeff. Davises, your Stevenses, your Toombses, your Leases, your Beauregards—men who have lived on the fat of the land, men who have been educated at the charity schools of the nation, men who never had a spear of grass grow or a flower bloom in their gardens that was not watered by the droppings from the Treasury of the United States, men who have lived in luxury and wealth, who have had given them the highest positions in the land, the highest honors the people could confer upon them, and men, who while their emblems of honor were on them could break their oaths, violate their obligations, and trample under foot the laws of the land, are! They could make truth squirm beneath their feet as they kissed the Bible and swore by the ever living God that they would sustain the Government against all its enemies and oppressors, those are the men who filled the land from one end to the other with widows and orphans, who have caused rivers of blood to course the rich soil of the South, and the very land itself to groan under the distress and burthens brought upon the land by the horrors of war! When you look upon this picture, I ask you as a loyal man, as a good man, as a conscientious man, as a good mother, a good wife, or a good sister, to tell me, is the man who has assisted in bringing on you all these sorrows to be accorded as many rights and as many privileges in the Government under which we live as the man who has fought for and sustained the Government in the dark hour of its necessity? [Cries of "No! no!" and applause.] If this, fellow countrymen, is what this new policy of restoration means, then for one I beg to be excused from being brought into the great tribunal in which it is to be worked out. I do not believe the great Davis, or the great Stephens, who paraded the streets of Washington a short time ago, is entitled to the same rights that I am, nor will I ever believe it. [Cheers.] And whenever you give to them the same rights you give to me, or to any other man who fought with me for four years to suppress this rebellion, then I want you to tell me what has been gained by being a loyal man to this Government during the war that has been waged. I want you to tell me what difference there is between a loyal man and a traitor, or what difference there is to be hereafter.

Admission to the gallery of the English House of Commons, or to that of the House of Lords, is obtained only by an order signed by a member. The galleries of our Senate and House of Representatives are open to visitors without restriction. The galleries of the English Houses are exceedingly small—capable of holding only two or three hundred persons. The galleries of the Capitol at Washington will seat a thousand and each.

Meanness in Business.

There is no greater mistake a business man can make, than to be mean in business, always taking the half cent, and never returning a cent for the dollars he has made and is making. Such a policy is very much like the farmer's who sows three pecks of seed when he ought to have sown five, and as a recompense for the leanness of his soul only gets ten when he ought to have fifteen bushels of grain.

Everybody has heard of the proverb of "penny wise and pound foolish." A liberal expenditure in the way of business is always sure to be a capital investment. There are a few people in the world who are short-sighted enough to believe that their interests can be best promoted by grasping and clinging to all they can get, and never letting a cent slip through their fingers.

As a general thing it will be found—other things being equal—that he who is most liberal is most successful in business. Of course, we do not mean it to be inferred that a man should be a prodigal in his expenditures, but that he should show his customers, if he is a trader, or to those he may be doing any kind of business with, that in all his transactions, as well as social relations, he acknowledges the everlasting fact, that there can be no permanent prosperity or good feeling in a community where benefits are not reciprocal.

We know of instances where traders have enjoyed the profits of hundreds of dollars worth of trade, and yet have exhibited not the slightest disposition to reciprocate even the smallest amount. Now what must necessarily follow from such a course? Why, simply the loss of large profits per annum, in the loss of trade, which, under a more liberal system, might have been retained.

The practice of some men seems to be, to make as little show in the way of business as possible. Such an one, if the trader, takes no pains with the appearance of his store. Everything around him is in a worn out, dilapidated, dirty condition. To have it otherwise it would cost a dollar for white wash, and perhaps five dollars besides, for cleaning up and putting things in order. And so he plods on and loses hundreds of dollars' worth of custom for want of attention to these matters, while his more sagacious neighbor, keeping up with the times, and having an eye to appearances, does a prosperous business.

Another will spend no money in any way to make business, for fear he should not get it back again. Consequently he sends out no circulars, distributes no hand bills, publishes no advertisements; but sits down croaking about hard times—moaning over the future prospects of notes to pay, no money and no trade; and comes out just where he might expect to come—short; while his neighbor, following a different track, doing all that is necessary to be done to make business, has business, isn't short, but has money to loan; and it would be just like him to get twelve per cent., perhaps more, for the use of it; and we should not blame him for so doing.

The fact is, times have changed, the manner of doing business is different now from what it used to be. It would be just as foolish to insist upon doing business in the old fashioned way, as it would be to insist upon traveling with an ox-team instead of by railroad; to get the news by old fashioned stages instead of having it brought by the lightning telegraph. The times demand men of enlarged, liberal, energetic souls—men who will keep up with the world as it goes; men of hearts, too, who not only desire to go a head themselves, but take pleasure in seeing others succeed; and who have public spirit enough to do something for, and rejoice in the prosperity of the people.—[Worth and Wealth.]

The fortifications of Paris, begun in 1840, by Louis Philippe, and finished in 1846, consist of a wall drawn completely around the city, with forts at frequent intervals. The wall incloses a space of fifteen and a half square leagues. The entire cost of the fortifications was twenty-five millions of dollars. The design of Louis Philippe in erecting these expensive works was, doubtless to protect himself against insurrection, but they proved useless in the hour of danger, and will again.

In an old family Bible in Connecticut, the record of a birth is entered in this wise: "Elizabeth Jones, born on the 20th of November, 1785, according to the best of her recollection."

Personal Appearance of Maximilian.

A correspondent writing from the City of Mexico says:

The Emperor, a man thirty-seven years old, is one of the largest men in the city; tall, straight and well proportioned, an expert in all manly exercises, especially as a horseman and swordsman, and possessed of immense physical strength, which, when he chooses to exercise it, has excited the admiration of his staff and the French Zouave officers, nearly all of whom have been raised from the ranks for signal acts of daring, in which bravery and personal endurance were required. His face is broad, refined in its expression, and beaming with good humor; and above all, there is a look of genuine benevolence and kindness which seldom fails to win those with whom he comes in contact. The large blue eyes are full of intelligence, while the high, expansive forehead indicates a great brain and correct judgment. He is seldom mistaken in his estimate of men, whose character he generally penetrates at the first interview. While Governor of Lombardy, several years ago, much as the Italians detest the Austrian rule, their public disturbances could always be quelled by the presence of Maximilian, who was looked upon as an exception to the House of Hapsburg.

Courtesies of the Battle Field.

The rebel Major, who is writing an account of the Virginia campaign, in "Blackwood's" says that while the rebel army was about to cross the Potomac, after the Antietam campaign, he was ordered to a certain point to check the Federal advance. "One of the Yankee officers," he proceeds "who, as I was later informed, was the Colonel of the regiment who had effected its escape from Harper's Ferry, had attracted my attention the previous day by his gallantry and the excellent disposition he made of his troops. Here I saw him again, galloping very near on a handsome gray horse, quickly discovering our weak points, and pointing and instructing his men accordingly. After having left him undisturbed for some time, I thought it necessary to put a stop to his proceedings, and selected a couple of my infantry men, who were pointed out as the best shots, I made across the open space in front of our lines directly towards him. Having arrived within reasonable distance I ordered my sharpshooters to fire at the daring Colonel, who was moving along at an easy gallop, without paying the slightest attention. After several bullets had whistled quite close to him, he suddenly halted, and turned round, advanced a few steps, and made me a military salute in the most graceful manner possible. Then calling out to one of his men to hand him a carbine, raised the weapon, took a deliberate aim at me, and sent his ball so close to my head that I thought it had carried away a lock of my hair. I saluted him now on my part, and whirling round quietly, both of us rode back to our respective lines. So courtesies are sometimes exchanged in the midst of hostile conflict.

HOW NEAR IS HEAVEN.—Christians sometimes look far away to Heaven; but that rest is not far off. The clouds that hide the shining worlds are thin, they are transient, and soon obscure no more. The journey may end this hour: one short step may place the Christian in the world of light; one dark hour may hang upon him; but the morning comes, and no shade behind it. Day, bright, peaceful, and eternal, succeeds it. A pang may be left for a moment, and then flies away forever. A conflict, sharp and painful, may continue for a night, but victory, eternal victory ensues. How soon, oh, how soon the Christian's cares are over, his struggling soul at rest, his eyes suffused no more with tears. Near at hand is the land of his pursuit. Hope cheers. How glorious the object that hope embraces! How holy its spirit! Who can contemplate the home that our Heavenly Father is fitting for His children, and not feel in his soul a thirst for its enjoyments and employments? Well, these delights, the happy clime, those ever verdant plains are not distant.

PRISONERS who would vote at the coming election in this State must refrain from betting on the result. The constitution in Art. II, sec. 17, says: "No person who shall make, or become directly or indirectly interested in any bet or wager, depending upon the result of any election, shall vote at such election."

The President's Speech.

The Chicago Journal makes the following comprehensive digest of the President's daily harangues:

They say I'm a demagogue—I ain't.
They say I'm a traitor—I ain't.
They say I'm a usurper—I ain't.
They say I'm a tyrant—I ain't.
They say my habits are bad—They ain't.
They say I'm always harping on "My Policy—I ain't."
They say I'm egotistic—I ain't.
They say I'm obstinate—I ain't.
They say I make partisan speeches—I don't.
They say I talk about myself—I don't.
They say I use the pronoun I overmuch—I don't.
They say I must be got out of the way—I musn't.
They say I ought to have my head chopped off—I oughtn't.
I run the Government.
I have been in office ever since I can remember.
I have been Alderman, Constable, Supervisor, Tax-gatherer, Congressman, and, by the help of Booth, President.

I am the only friend the negro has left.
I put down the rebellion.
I am the last hope of the Republic.
I am the underpinning of the Constitution.
I am I, myself, altogether, and no other man and—"I leave the Constitution in your hands, gentlemen."

From the commencement of his electioneering tour until his arrival at Chicago, "Moses" made not less than twenty speeches, the substance of which is embodied in the above, as is also all his speeches since the 22d of February.

THE NASHVILLE (Tenn.) Press publishes a private letter from a gentleman of high character, living in Texas, to a friend in that city. Take a specimen of it:

"This is a fine State, but the most disloyal to the Government of any in the Union. It is almost impossible for a Northern man to live here; it is the religion of the people to kill loyal men and negroes; it is an every day occurrence for loyal men to get shot down in their fields while at work; as for negroes, they are shot down promiscuously wherever they are found. I have to carry two navies belted to me all the time. I have, besides, two shot guns. I have to keep them loaded in the house all the time. You may imagine my house looks like a small arsenal. When I lie down at night I don't know that I will get up alive in the morning. There is the worst state of affairs here I have ever seen in any place in my life. There are no troops, nor have there been any here in this part of Texas, so that secession is worse here now than it was during the war. The State is over run with bushwhackers and refugees, cut-throats and murderers, from all of the Southern States. This is a safe asylum for them. They have everything their own way and do just as they please, as there are no laws enforced here, no matter what crimes are committed."

And President Johnson, in his recent proclamation says of Texas, "insurrection is at an end, and peace, order, and tranquility now reign."

TUNNELING THE MISSISSIPPI.—The project of bridging the "Father of Waters" at St. Louis has met with such strenuous objection that it has been abandoned, and the railway companies whose roads center there, have conceived the idea of tunneling the river. Consent to construct the work will be asked of Congress, and as soon as it is obtained, it is proposed to begin the work. The cost is estimated at \$3,000,000, and the time required for the completion of the work three years. The tunnel will not be more than three-fourths of a mile long.—[American Railway Times.]

BARBAROUS INHUMANITY.—A dispatch from Atlanta, Georgia, dated the 14th, ult. says that fifteen Union prisoners had been found in a cave, in that vicinity, where they have been imprisoned since before the close of the war. They were prisoners at Andersonville, and were removed from there just before the end of the war. They have been guarded by rebel guerrillas, and some of them have not seen the light of day since their imprisonment. All are idiotic, and nearly dead through terrible suffering. Their names will be sent as soon as they can be obtained.

Rich Scene at the White House.

The Hon. Wm. B. Stokes, in a recent speech delivered at Nashville, Tennessee, revived the following reminiscences which seem infinitely funny when viewed from the present political standpoint of the President:

An immense concourse of people filled the Executive Mansion. The intellect, beauty, statesmen and soldiers of the nation were present. It was a glorious, august, imposing assembly. The Vice President was too weary, or timid, or sick, or something else to escort Mrs. Lincoln, as was customary for one in his position on such an occasion, so Mr. Sumner had to wait upon the lady. Johnson sat on the sofa in the back part of the room with a colored man by his side, soliloquizing as follows: "I'm Vice President of the United States! I've taken the oath and been sworn in, by—! Sumner says I'm from the territory of Tennessee. There he goes with the Queen and I'm here sitting by my colored friend on a sofa. I'm a better friend of the black man than he is. His is theoretical and mine is practical friendship. Just look at me, sitting by my colored friend, by—!" Such was the scene at the Inauguration ball.

Salary of Congressmen.
The Copperheads are harping loudly about the Republican Congress raising its own salary, and are calling on the people to elect copperheads to Congress, as a rebuke to those fellows.

We offer no apology for that vote. We think it was wrong. Congress should have permitted the salary to stand as it was. We see nothing to justify the change. But the way we look at the record, the copperheads are as deep in the mire as the republicans are in the mire, if not more. Let copperheads denounce their own men who are guilty, if they expect any credit for sincerity. On the passage of the measure in the House, there were 101 votes cast—many of the members having gone home, and others not voting. It was carried by one majority: Affirmative, 51; Negative 50. Of those who voted for the bill, 35 were Union and 16 Democrats; of those who voted against it, 43 were Union and 7 Democrats—a majority of three Unionists against it, more than two to one Democrats for it. Sixteen out of 23 Democrats voted for the measure; 43 out of 78 Unionists against it.—[Macon Argus.]

THE Central Christian Advocate says: "The Rev. J. N. Pierce, stationed at Independence, Mo., recently had an appointment out in the country. On his way to it, accompanied by his wife, he was stopped by some bushwhackers, who with drawn pistols threatened his life and made him turn back. His wife fainted and fell from the buggy. Mr. Pierce returned to Independence, but on the next Sabbath went out again, in company with a posse of friends, and preached."

At Indianapolis Indians, a flood recently done an immense amount of damage. Fletcher Avenue, Virginia Avenue, Noble, Lillinois, and many other streets were either entirely or partially submerged. Bridges and culverts were swept away and much valuable property destroyed. Eleven persons lost their lives in the flood, and sixty-two families have been left without a shelter. This flood is said to have been the most severe ever experience in that city.

The President's copies of the Constitution all gave out at St. Louis, and Seward telegraphed to Washington for a fresh supply. He became so exhilarated over his grand reception that he gave all his Constitutions away. The "Union" he left in the hands of "Glory to God" Able, who will hold on to it as long as he can hold on to the Collectorship.—[Lagrange American.]

A punster says: "My name is Summerset. I am a miserable old bachelor. I cannot marry; for how could I hope to prevail on a young lady possessed of the slightest notion of delicacy, to turn a Summerset?"

I always advise short sermons, especially on a hot Sunday. If a minister "kan't strike ile" in forty minutes boring, he has either got a poor gimblet, or he is boring in the wrong place.

"The ocean speaks eloquently and forever," says Beecher. "Yes," retorts Prentice, "and there is no use in telling it to dry up."