

The Holt County Sentinel.

VOLUME II.

OREGON, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, MAY 3, 1867.

NUMBER 43.

Cards.

ZOOK & SCOTT,
Bankers and Dealers in Exchange
—AND—
REAL ESTATE,
OREGON, MO.
Do a general banking business. Deposits received. Collections made.
11-6-ly

HORACE COOPER,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MO.
OFFICE over Mitchell's Bakery.
19-6m

IRA C. BUZICK,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
1187 ly

R. D. MARKLAND,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
OFFICE Over Kreek and Herschberger's Store.
WILL GIVE prompt attention to any business entrusted to his care in the Twelfth Judicial District.
11-ly

Farrish, Dungan & Hawthorne,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW AND
REAL ESTATE AGENTS.
WILL give prompt attention to all business entrusted to their care in Northwest Missouri and Kansas. Real estate bought and sold on reasonable terms. Taxes paid, collections made, &c.
Having an Abstract of Titles for Holt County, nearly completed, we have better facilities for furnishing information concerning real estate than any other persons in the county.
OFFICES:
T. H. FARRISH & T. C. DUNGAN, over W. & J. W. Zook's, Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
T. J. HAWTHORNE, with Dr. Snow, Main St., Rockport, Atchison County Mo. 37 3m

REAL ESTATE AGENCY.
S. C. Collins & T. W. Collins,
Real Estate Agents,
WILL give prompt attention to the buying and selling of LANDS, and the payment of TAXES. S. C. COLLINS having resided in Holt County for about twenty-five years, and having been County Surveyor for the greater portion of that time; and T. W. Collins having been engaged in the Practice of Law for a number of years in the county, they flatter themselves that they will be able to give entire satisfaction to those who may see fit to transact business with them. S. C. Collins also offers his services as County Surveyor, and T. W. Collins as Attorney at Law.
OFFICE—East side Public Square, Oregon, Holt County, Missouri.
16-6m

Dr. G. M. EDSON,
DENTIST!
North Public Square,
OREGON, MISSOURI.
30-ly

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

Karl P. Horst,
HOUSE, SIGN, AND ORNAMENTAL
Painter,
Paper Hanger, and Grainer of Wood.
Buggy Painting and trimming neatly executed.
—ALSO—
House Carpenter, Cabinet Maker, and Carver of Wood.
Window Shutters manufactured, Furniture repaired.
55-ly FOREST CITY, MO.

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.
180-ly

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

LUMBER,
—AT—
Reduced Prices, at the Forest City Saw Mill.
Richardson & Poindexter,
Having thoroughly refitted their Mill, are now prepared to furnish Cottonwood Lumber at
\$20 per 1000.
The best quality of Shingles and Lath always on hand.
10-9m

W. M. WYETH & CO.,
IMPORTERS,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
HARDWARE, CUTLERY,
SADDLERY,
No. 6 South 3d street, bet Felix and Edmond,
ST. JOSEPH, MO.
Prices guaranteed as low as in any Western City.
148 ly

H. MURPHY,
Successor to
J. MURPHY & CO.,
MERCHANT TAILORS,
OREGON, MO.
READY MADE CLOTHING, and goods of the latest Styles, always on hand. Suits made on short notice, and best style. Call and see the Largest, Best, and most Complete Stock of Gentlemen's Finishing Goods, ever offered in this city.
87-ly

W. SCOTT MITCHELL,
Baker.
This stand, next door west of City Hotel, will be prepared, from this date, to supply all demands for Bread, Cakes, Pies, Fruits, Nuts, and Confectioneries. Call and see.
March 22, 1867—[3m]

WATCHES, CLOCKS & JEWELRY.
WM. COTTEN,
Oregon, Missouri.
WOULD respectfully inform the public that having established himself permanently, and secured the assistance of a skilled practical watch maker and jeweler, he is ready to wait on customers with anything in his line of business.
CLOCKS, WATCHES, SPECTACLES, &c., constantly on hand. All kinds of repairing done promptly and at reasonable prices. Gold and silver jewelry made to order.
Shop at Geo. P. Luckhardt's old stand.
26-6m

TAX PAYERS,
LOOK OUT!
EVERY dollar saved, will go towards paying the enormous taxes which press so heavily upon you in these late days. You must have
BOOTS AND SHOES.
And it is your interest to buy them at
CASTLE AND LEHMER'S
Shoe Store. We deal exclusively in that line, and are thereby enabled to give better bargains than can be had elsewhere. Our stock is complete, consisting in
Eastern and Custom Made Work, and of superior quality. Persons desiring
Home Made Work will be accommodated on short notice. All work warranted. Give us a call.
CASTLE & LEHMER,
Oregon, Mo. [145 ly]

Special Notice!
Bounty! Bounty! Bounty!
Missouri State Militia
Are now entitled, by an act of Congress, to the Bounty as other Volunteers.
For three Year's Service, \$200.
For two Years, and less than three Years, \$150.
Heirs of deceased Soldiers, and those discharged on account of Wounds, Two Hundred Dollars.
We are prepared to collect these claims promptly, and will furnish blanks for the purpose to all applicants. We are also collecting pay for use and risk of Horses and Equipments.
For those who kept their horses from June 30th, 1864, until they disposed of them to Government.
Teamsters or their Heirs, in the Oregon Battalion, will do well by a dressing us in regard to
LAND WARRANTS,
To which they are entitled.
All claims against the United States, and State of Missouri, promptly collected.
Call on or address,
BENDER & MARKLE,
92 Edmond Street, St. Joseph, Mo.
Patronize Home Institutions and Keep Your Money in the State!
STATE INSURANCE COMP'Y.
(CHARTER PERPETUAL.)
Hannibal, Missouri.
Authorized Guarantee Capital, \$300,000!
Offers Indemnity to Property Holders
Against Loss by Fire & Lightning.
HOME OFFICE IN LEAGUE'S BUILDING, Corner of Main and Centre Street.
DIRECTORS:
G. W. SHIELDS, Pres. Pike Co., R. R. Hannibal,
JOSEPH HUNT, Pres. 1st National Bank,
J. T. K. HAYWARD, Pres. H. & St. Jo. R.R.,
H. W. MEADOWS, Dealer in Agral Imple.,
CHAS. SHEPARD, Banker, Springfield,
DAVID PINGER, Banker, St. Joseph,
J. N. STRONG, Underwriter,
C. N. CLARK, Hannibal,
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(WEEKLY.)
EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY
CHAS. W. BOWMAN.
OFFICE—In brick block Northwest corner Public Square, Oregon, Mo.

Terms—In Advance:
One copy per year,..... \$ 2 00

Advertising.
The rates adopted by the Convention of Publishers of North Missouri, held at Macon, June 12th, 1866, will be adhered to by us. They are as follows:
RATES OF ADVERTISING—TRANSIENT.
One dollar and fifty cents per square for first insertion, and seventy five cents per square for each additional insertion. A square to be one inch in space down the column, counting cuts, display lines, blanks, &c., as solid matter. No advertisement to be considered less than a square, and all fractions counted a full square. All advertisements inserted for a less period than three months to be regarded as transient.
SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
One square, three months,..... \$ 7 00
One square, six months,..... 10 00
One square, twelve months,..... 15 00
Four squares, twelve months,..... 30 00
Ten squares, twelve months,..... 60 00
DOUBLE COLUMN ADVERTISEMENTS.
25 per cent. additional to the above rates.
LOCAL ADVERTISEMENTS.
25 cents per line for each insertion. No certificate of publication to be made until publisher's fees are paid.
ADVERTISEMENTS of notices not marked with the number of insertions, will be published until forbid and charged for accordingly.

THE HEAVENLY SECRET.
Mr. George Cooper sends us this stately and sustained poem on the grave theme of immortality:
Does the dark and soundless river
Stretch so wide—
The homeward rolling tide
Over which have crossed
Our loved and early lost,
That their unsealed eyes may never see
The further side
Where still amid this coil and misery
We hide?
Is the realm of their transition
Close at hand
To this our living land?
Nearer than we dream?
Can they catch the gleam
Of our smiles and hear the words we speak?
And see our dears?
And, looking deeper than our eyes may seek,
Our needs?
Do they mingle in our gladness?
Do they grieve
When ways of good we leave?
Do they know each thought and hope?
While we in shadows grope,
Can they bear the Future's high behest,
Yet lack the power
To lead us from our ill or to arrest
The hour?
When they find us bowed with sorrow
Do they sigh?
Or when earth passes by
For them do they forget
The cares that here beset,
Their well beloved? Or do they wait
(Oh be it thus!)
And watch beside the golden gate
For us?
We are yearning for their secret;
Though we call
No answers ever fall
Upon our dullard ears
To quell our nameless fears,
Yet God is over all, what'er may be,
And trusting so,
Patience, my heart! a little while, and we
Shall know. —[Round Table.

THE WEEK.
On Sunday be serious,
Shun slight deleterious.
On Monday, for working,
Don't business be shirking.
On Tuesday continue,
With brain and with sinew.
On Wednesday still labor,
To 'distance' your neighbor.
On Thursday, pursue it,
Show the world "how to do it."
On Friday, don't weary;
Nor stand to be cheery.
On Saturday, financial,
Get payment substantial.
A Good Hit.
To those who sport the habiliments and assume the appearance of men, only to stand on the street corners and watch the ladies passing by, frequently indulging in libid comments in tones sufficiently loud to reach the ears of the objects of their blackguard remarks, we commend a careful perusal of the following from the New Albany Commercial:
"Who was it?
He standing on the corner,
And the place where loafers meet,
As they waded over the street.
On his mouth came insouder,
And his little veils were lifted,
On topic they came opened wide,
Or the nuddy, sloppy tide—
When a lady and her daughter,
Stepping carefully along,
Closely veiled from street-inspection,
Heard his slimy, 'vesomed tongue,
Then the little veils were lifted,
And with shame his head he hung,
For his mother and his sister
Thus struck the speaker dumb.

DEATH.

A Funeral Discourse by Victor Hugo.

An American lady passing the winter in Dresden, capital of Saxony, sends to the editor of the Philadelphia Press, the following translation of an address delivered some months ago by the French poet, Victor Hugo, at the interment of Miss Emily De Patron:
Within a few weeks we have been occupied with two sisters—the one we have married, and now we are burying the other. Such is the perpetual agitation of life. Let us bow, my brethren, before inflexible destiny, and let us bow with hope. Our eyes are made to weep, but they are made to see. Our heart is made to suffer, but it is also made to believe. Faith in another existence springs from the faculty of loving. Let us not forget that in this iniquitous life, which is controlled by love, it is the heart that believes. The son hopes again to find his father. The mother will not consent to lose her child forever. This revolt against annihilation is the grandeur of man. The heart can never err. The flesh is a dream, which fades away. This trance, were it the end of man, would take from our existence every sanction. We cannot content ourselves with this vapor, which is mere matter; we must have certainty. Whoever loves, knows and feels that the prospects of man are not upon this earth; to love is to live after life. Without this faith, no deep gift of the heart were possible. To love, which is the aim of man, would be his punishment; paradise would be a hell. No; let it be declared the loving creature demands the immortal creature. The heart must have a sun. There is a heart in this coffin, and that heart lives. At this very moment it listens to my words. Emily De Patron was the gentle pride of a respectable family. Her friends and neighbors found enchantment in her graces and pleasure in her smile. She was like a full-blown flower of joy in the house. She is gone. Whether she is gone? Into darkness? No! It is we who are in the darkness; she is in the dawn of light. She is in the light, in the truth, in the reality, in the recompense. These early dead, who have done no ill, are the blessed of the grave, and their heads rise gently from the tomb towards a mysterious crown. Emily De Patron has gone to seek on high everlasting sincerity—the complement of an innocent existence. Youth has gone to eternity, beauty towards the ideal, the pearl towards the ocean, a spirit towards its God. The soul, the marvel of the great celestial departure which we call death, is here—those who thus depart still remain near us. They are in a world of light, but they as tender witnesses hover about our world of darkness.
They are over us and near us. Oh! whoever it may be who have seen such a beloved being sinking into the tomb, do not think it has left you. The beauty of death is its presence. Inexpressible presence of a soul which smiles upon our tearful eyes. The being that we mourn has disappeared, but she has not departed. We no longer see its gentle face, but we feel that wave beneath its wings. The dead are invisible but they are not absent. Let us be just to death. It is not, as has been said, a ruin and a snare. It is an error to think that there in the darkness of the open grave, all is lost to us. There everything is found again. The grave is a place of restitution; there the soul resumes the infinite; there it recovers its plenitude. There it re-enters on the possession of all its mysterious nature; it is set free from the body, from want, from its burthen, from fatality. Death is the greatest of liberties; it is also the farthest progress. Death is a higher step for all who have lived upon its height. Dazzling and holy, every one receives his increase, everything is transfigured in the light and by the light. He who has been no more than virtuous on earth becomes beautiful; he who has only been beautiful becomes sublime, and he who has only been sublime becomes good. And now I, who am speaking, why am I here? What brings me to this grave, and by what right do I address the dead? and who am I? Nothing! But I am wrong—I am something. I am a proscrip. Yesterday exiled by violence, to-day a voluntary exile. A proscrip is a vanquished, a culminated, a persecuted man; a man wounded by fate. A proscrip is an innocent man, weighed down by malediction. His blessing ought to have virtue in it. I bless this grave. I bless the noble, gracious being that lies here. In the des-

ert we find the oasis in exile; we meet with souls. Emily De Patron has been one of the lovely we have met. I come to pay her the debt owed by a proscrip whom she has consoled. I bless her in the dark profound. In the name of the sorrow, whereon she gently beamed; in the name of the trials of destiny, which are for her ended, but which continue for us; in the name of terrestrial things, which once she hoped for, and of celestial things, which she now obtains; in the name of all she loved, I bless this lifeless being; I bless her in her beauty, in her youth, in her innocence, in her life, and in her death. I bless her in her white sepulchral robes; in her home, which she has left desolate; in her coffin, which her mother has filled with flowers, and which God is about to fill with stars.

What we Get by the Treaty.

The Russian Treaty has been made public, apparently without authority, and is printed in our columns to-day. In the first article the boundaries of the ceded territory are defined; in the second is transferred to the United States the title of all public property with the exception of the Greek Churches, which are to remain the property of their members; in the third, it is stipulated that the inhabitants, excepting uncivilized tribes, shall, after three years residence, be admitted to citizenship of the United States, while the Esquimaux and Indians shall be subject to our authority; in the fourth, the formal terms of exchange are defined; the fifth provides for the withdrawal of Russian troops; in the sixth, the cession of territory and dominion is declared to be free and unincumbered by any reservations; and in the seventh, the date of ratification is fixed.
It is at least a satisfaction to know that the treaty binds our Government to no more than a payment of a certain sum in gold, and the admission of Russian settlers to citizenship, and that any slight value the cession may have is not lessened by reservations in favor of British hunters and traders. To share the questionable advantages of the territory would be to yield them entirely, for there are some things which are too small to be divided. But though this is theoretically a satisfaction, practically it would have made no appreciable difference to the people of this country if all the traders in North America had been given equal rights in the territory by the treaty. In the deserts of Russian America the laws are not likely to be enforced, and the hunters around the Great Bear Lake will care little for the 141st degree of west latitude. We simply obtain by the treaty the nominal possession of impassable deserts of snow, vast tracts of dwarf timber, frozen rivers, inaccessible mountain ranges, with a few islands where the climate is more moderate, and a scanty population supported by fishing and trading with the Indians. Virtually we get, by an expenditure of seven millions in gold, Sitka and the Prince of Wales Islands. All the rest is waste territory, and no energy of the American people will be sufficient to make mining speculations in the sixtieth degree north latitude profitable, or to reclaim wildernesses which border on the Arctic Ocean. A glance at the map will show that this mighty acquisition, with the exception of a few islands scattered along a mountainous and sterile shore, lies above the sixtieth degree, and is divided into nearly equal portions by the Arctic circle. Ninety-nine hundredths of Russian America are absolutely useless; the remaining hundredth may be of some value to the Russians who settled it, but is certainly not worth seven millions of dollars to a nation already possessed of more territory than it can decently govern, and burdened with debt. On the contrary, it is certain that the expense and trouble of a Territorial government—or six governments, as we hear Mr. Seward propose—in this distant and inhospitable land, would far outweigh any advantage from its codfish or bearskins. To Russia it was an embarrassment, and by the next session of Congress we trust the folly of the purchase will be made so plain that the House will refuse to make the necessary appropriation.—[New York Tribune.

Importance of Advertising.

In the year 1852, Edwin T. Freedley, Esq., of Philadelphia, published a book entitled "Practical Treatise on Business." Before publishing it he asked Barnum, the celebrated showman, who has made a half dozen fortunes in his time, to furnish him a communication embodying the results of his experience and observation. Barnum furnished the article, which Freedley published in his work and which we find published also in Barnum's Life, "written by himself," under the title of "Barnum's Rules for success in Business." There were ten rules laid down; the eighth was as follows:
"8. Advertise your business. Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it needs support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently in some shape or other that will arrest public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in my life may fairly be attributed more to the press than nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are.
Men in business will sometimes tell you that they tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homeopathic doses of advertising will not pay, perhaps—it is like half a portion of physic, making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Administer liberally, and the cure will be sure and permanent.
Some say "they cannot afford to advertise." They mistake—they cannot afford not to advertise. In this country, where everybody reads the newspapers, the man must have a thick skull who does not see that these are the cheapest and best mediums through which he can speak to the public where he is to find his customers. Put on the appearance of business, and generally the realizing will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisements are being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw or heard of your business, and never would had it not been for your advertisements appearing in the newspapers.
The business men of this country do not, as a general thing, appreciate the advantage of advertising thoroughly. Occasionally the public are aroused at witnessing the success of a Swain, a Brandreth, a Townsend, a Genin, or a Root, and express astonishment at the rapidity with which these gentlemen acquire fortunes, not reflecting the same path is opened to all who dare pursue it. But it needs nerve and faith. The former to enable you to launch out thousands on the uncertain waters of the future; the latter to teach you that after many days it shall surely return, bringing a hundred or a thousand fold to him who appreciates the advantages of "printer's ink, properly applied."

In a certain Sabbath School the Superintendent made a powerful appeal to the scholars to be active and useful, and among other things, he told them they should all be locomotives, each taking along his train to heaven. The next Sabbath, just as the school opened, in came one of the best and most zealous boys with thirteen new scholars behind him, and went up the aisle uttering a noise—choo, choo—imitative of the engine, to the amazement of the Superintendent and scholars. "What does this mean?" asked the astonished Superintendent. "Why," answered the boy, "you said we must all be locomotives, and here I am with thirteen cars behind me."

A correspondent of the St. Joseph Herald, writing from Deer Lodge Valley, Montana, says business of all kinds is very dull there at present, as mining operations are at a stand still for the winter, with the exception of several quartz mills, and two or three smelting furnaces that are in operation, and that employ a number of hands. The most exciting topic on hand is the expected election of a delegate to represent the Territory in the Fortieth Congress. The aspirants are: John P. Bruce and Samuel Word, Esq., of Virginia City; Thomas E. Tutt, A. Maybaw, Esq., and Mr. Cavanaugh, of Helena, and W. L. Irvine, of Deer Lodge Valley. The latter named gentleman does not care to be a candidate, yet will run, if nominated. None but a Democrat can be elected.

Non Kraw Chur