

WM. HOFFMAN,
NOTARY PUBLIC,
CONVEYANCER
—AND—
U. S. Circuit Court Commissioner
For the District of Oregon.
OFFICE—First Door North of Beckman's
Banking House.

Deeds and other instruments of writing carefully prepared, and acknowledgments taken. Applications for Homestead Entries, Pre-emption Rights and Private entry of land procured.
Jacksonville, August 4, 1866.

SUTTON & HYDE,
AGENTS FOR
LYON'S KATHAIRON,
LYON'S EX'T GINGER,
LYON'S ELEA POWDER,
MAGNOLIA WATER.
(Jacksonville, Sept. 29, 1866—17)

Persons of sedentary habits, troubled with weakness, lassitude, palpitation of the heart, lack of appetite, distress after eating, torpid liver, constipation, etc., deserve to suffer if they will not try the celebrated **PLANTATION BITTERS**, which are now recommended by the highest medical authorities, and warranted to produce an immediate beneficial effect. They are exceedingly agreeable, perfectly pure, and most salutary in all cases where a healthy, gentle stimulant is required.
They purify, strengthen and invigorate.
They create a healthy appetite.
They are an antidote to change of water and diet.
They strengthen the system and enliven the mind.
They prevent miasmatic and intermittent fevers.
They purify the breath and acidity of the stomach.
They cure Dyspepsia and Constipation.
They cure Liver Complaint and nervous headache.
They make the weak strong, the languid brilliant, and are exhausted nature's great restorer. They are composed of the celebrated Callaya bark, wintergreen, sassafras, roots and herbs, all preserved in perfectly pure St. Croix rum. For particulars, see circulars and testimonials around each bottle.

Beware of impostors. Examine every bottle. See that it has our private U. S. stamp unimpaired over the cork, with plantation scene, and our signature on a fine steel plate side label. See that our bottle is not filled with spurious and deleterious stuff. Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters by the gallon or in bulk, is an impostor. Any person imitating this bottle, or selling any other material therein, whether called Plantation Bitters or not, is a criminal under the U. S. Law, and will be so prosecuted by us. The demand for Drake's Plantation Bitters, from ladies, clergymen, merchants, etc., is incredible. The simple trial of a bottle is the evidence we present of their worth and superiority. They are sold by all respectable druggists, grocers, physicians, hotels, saloons, steamboats and country stores.
P. H. Drake & Co.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.
It is a most delightful hair dressing. It eradicates scurf and dandruff. It keeps the hair cool and clean. It makes the hair rich, soft and glossy. It prevents hair turning gray and falling off.
It restores hair on prematurely bald heads. This is just what Lyon's Kathairon will do. It is pretty—it is cheap—durable. It is liberally sold by the car load, and yet its almost incredible demand is daily increasing, until there is hardly a country store that does not keep it, or a family that does not use it.
E. Thomas Lyon, Chemist, N. Y.

P. B. COFFIN,
HOUSE PAINTER,
IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE ENTIRE stock of materials and tools formerly belonging to Costello & Coffin. Mr. Costello having withdrawn, P. B. Coffin will continue the business, and can be found at his shop, **Corner of C and Third Streets,** prepared to do work in a workmanlike manner and at reasonable rates.
Jacksonville, Oct. 15, 1867. oct19f

PAY UP! PUNGLE!
THOSE INDEBTED TO SUTTON & HYDE are respectfully invited to come forward and settle their bills. They do not make any special reference to officers, but they MUST have money to meet their own liabilities.
Sutton & Hyde.
Jacksonville, Sept. 7, 1867. 1f

Notice to Stephen Robertson, a Homestead Settler.
YOU ARE HEREBY NOTIFIED THAT the affidavits of Geo. A. Bunch and John W. George have been filed in this office, alleging that you have for more than twelve months abandoned your Homestead Entry No. 79, made on N. E. 1/4 of section 21, T. 35 south of R. 4 west, and that

The 20th day of November, 1867, at 1 o'clock P. M., of said day, has been set for hearing the evidence on said alleged abandonment; at this office, and that unless you appear and offer evidence to show the validity of your claim, the same will be deemed abandoned and cancelled.
Dated at the Land Office, at Roseburg, Ogn., October 24th, 1867.
JOHN KELLY, Register.
oct22w6
ADDISON R. FLINT, Receiver.

CANYONVILLE HOTEL,
MAIN STREET
CANYONVILLE OREGON,
D. C. McLELLAN, Prop'r.

THIS HOUSE HAS RECENTLY BEEN refitted and prepared for the reception of guests, and the proprietor would say to the citizens of Southern Oregon, and the traveling public, that he is now ready to receive and entertain all who may favor him with a call, at prices to suit.
The Table will be furnished with the best market affords, permitting no house to excel it either in quality or variety.

FARM FOR SALE.
The undersigned offers his farm, situated on Applegate creek, in Josephine county, for sale. It is pleasantly located, and well adapted for grain raising and stock growing, as it has a splendid outlet to the surrounding foot hills. For further particulars, enquire of the subscriber, or the proprietor, **W. B. ROBINSON,** Applegate, Oct. 30, 1867. oct30d4

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XII.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1867.

NO. 41

BUSINESS NOTICES.

Peter Britt,
Photographic Artist,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Ambrotypes,
Photographs,
Cartes de Visite
DONE IN THE FINEST STYLE OF ART.
Pictures Reduced
OR ENLARGED TO LIFE SIZE.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK,
Physician & Surgeon,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Office at his residence, in the Old Overbeck Hospital, on Oregon Street.

E. H. GREENMAN,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,
OFFICE—Corner of California and Fifth Streets, Jacksonville, Ogn.

He will practice in Jackson and adjacent counties, and attend promptly to professional calls. feb21f

DR. A. B. OVERBECK'S
BATH ROOMS,
In the Overbeck Hospital,
WARM, COLD & SHOWER BATHS,
SUNDAYS AND WEDNESDAYS.
SPECIAL NOTICES.

DR. HUFELAND'S
CELEBRATED
SWISS STOMACH BITTERS!

TRY IT!
The best Purifier of the Blood!
A Pleasant Tonic!
A Very Agreeable Drink!

Unsurpassed for acting surely but gently on the secretions of the kidneys, bowels, stomach and liver!
TRY IT!
For sale at all wholesale and retail liquor, drug and grocery stores.

NOBODY SHOULD BE WITHOUT IT!
J. G. FINEAN, Proprietor,
TAYLOR & BENDEL, Sole Agents,
415, Clay St. San Francisco.
jul5-1y sp. no.

Warren Lodge No. 10, A. F. & A. M.
HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evenings or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON. A. MARTIN, W. M.
C. W. SAVAGE, Sec'y.

A BOOK WANTED BY EVERYBODY!
Ever offered to agents. Send at once for territory for the sale of the NEW EDITION, REVISED and ENLARGED WELLS' EVERY MAN HIS OWN LAWYER and BUSINESS FORM BOOK. It embraces 650 pages of information indispensable to every man and woman, and is sold at the low price of \$2.50. For particulars and terms of agency, address

H. H. BANCROFT & CO.,
Gen. Agents for the Pacific Coast,
San Francisco, Cal.
jul27m3-1n

The Best Remedy for Purifying the Blood, Strengthening the Nerves, Restoring the Lost Appetite, is

FRESE'S HAMBURG TEA.
It is the best preservative against most any sickness, if used timely. Composed of herbs only, it can be given safely to infants. Full directions in English, French, Spanish and German, with every package. TRY IT!
For sale at all the wholesale and retail drug stores and groceries.
EMIL FRESE, Wholesale Druggist,
Sole Agent, 410 Clay Street,
San Francisco.
jul14y1

BOOT AND SHOE MAKERS.
NOTICE.—Having disposed of our Factory, we are now prepared to give our whole attention to our Leather and Finding business. On hand, direct from France, Calif & Kip, Domestic Leather, Boot Legs, etc.

JOHN G. HEIN, | L. FAYRE, | JOHN BRAY,
New York. | Paris. | San Francisco.
Address: HEIN & BRAY, San Francisco.
416 Battery Street.

Plows! Plows!

By cases of ten each or set up.
Harrison's Cultivators, Farm Mills (all kinds), Cider Mills, Hay Cutters, (all sizes) Fanning Mills, (all sizes) CORN SHELLERS (double and single hand and horse power), Wagons, Carts, with a large and full assortment of all kinds of AGRICULTURAL IMPLEMENTS, all which will be sold at greatly reduced prices—at wholesale or retail.

J. D. ARTHUR & SON,
Corner of Davis and California Streets,
San Francisco.
oct12m3

Marriage and Celibacy, an Essay of Warning and Instruction for young men. Also, Diseases and Amuses which prostrate the vital powers with sure means of relief. Sent free of charge in sealed letter envelopes. Address Dr. J. SKILLIN HOUGHTON, Howard Association, Philadelphia, Pa. oct20-1y

LIME! LIME!

BUILDERS, AND OTHERS WHO DESIRE lime, will find a constant supply, of the best quality, in quantities to suit, at my shop on Main street, between Oregon and Third, opposite Muller & Broutano's store. In my absence, Mr. Alex. Martin will wait upon customers.

STONE CUTTING
AND
Stone Mason Work
done on terms to suit the times. Orders from the country will receive prompt attention.
JOHN R. PEACOCK,
Jacksonville, April 26, 1867. ap27

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

PUBLISHED
Every Saturday Morning by
B. F. DOWELL,

OFFICE, CORNER 'C' & THIRD STREETS

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION:
For One year, in advance, Four Dollars; if paid within the first six months of the year, five dollars; if not paid until the expiration of the year, six dollars.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:
One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, Three Dollars; each subsequent insertion, One Dollar. A discount of fifty per cent will be made to those who advertise by the year, six dollars.
Legal Tenders received at current rates.

The English Language.
Mine Cot! mine Cot! vot language dat!
I cannot English spraken;
For shunt so sure I speak him right,
So sure I bees mistaken.

For when I says I wants my beer,
I mean that lager fixen;
Bier means dem ting dat folks ride on
Ven dey go dead as blixen.

Dey say dey "raise" a building,
Den "raze" it down so cline;
"Rays" men dem tings de sun trows
Ven it gits up to shine.

"Meat" means dem ting dat's coot to eat;
"Meet" also means tings proper;
Tis only "mete" to measure dese tings
Ven steamboats "mete" the stopper.

Shunt the same word means everything;
It makes no business whether
You spell him dis or t'other way—
Von sounds almost like t'other.

Mine cot! mine cot! so sure I "knows,"
I cannot English spraken;
For ven I "nose" I speak him right,
Py tam! I gits mistaken.

The Volunteer Counsel.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He was poor, but was well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty, who afterward deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1840, the Court House in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it became known that Ashlee and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins. Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of dwarfs against giants. The slander suit was for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as in excitement. Public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly on the plaintiff.
"No sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the Judge, glancing around the bar. The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, from behind the bar.

At the sound of that voice many started—it was so unearthly sweet and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter when a tall, gaunt, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the Court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the roll of the State?" demanded the Judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed the Judge a broad parchment. The trial went on. He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defense to lead off. Ashlee spoke first followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house in cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn, he rose before the bar, not behind it, and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashlee, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sunbeam; everyone looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye, the full heart streamed out of his face.

Then, without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into threads, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the Court House. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger, and he inspired them with the power of his passions. He seemed to have stolen Nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemma, and held up the slanderer to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of the massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His action became as impetuous as the motion of an ark in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, dentening the air with crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undertone of the softest cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long, bony arms on high, as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors that in comparison hell itself seemed beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such a monster. And then fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, fastened them forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; he advised the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God." This was the most artful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterward Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned, the stranger said:

"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candlelight."

He did preach, and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dwight, Bascom and Beecher—but never anything in the form of sublime words even approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

DOWNMAN'S PATENT DRAIN PLOW.—In the ordinary drain plow, as used for surface draining or opening water furrows in the fields where the land has already been plowed and harrowed, much trouble is experienced by the loose earth falling back into the drain and thus obstructing it. If some means were provided to pack the earth at the sides of the furrow as turned, the difficulty would be avoided, and this is accomplished, with the Downman plow, by the simple attachment of a double cone roller, which is placed to operate immediately in the rear of the double mold-board of the plow. This roller may be made of cast-iron or wood, and to avoid too great a weight, it of iron, may be cast hollow, the shape of the roller being that of two cones attached at their bases and forming an angle of about one hundred and twenty degrees. This roller is attached to the hinder part of the plow by means of two arms, and revolves on pivots in the apexes of the cones at the angle of the arms. These arms are made of a forked shape, the lower end being permanently fixed to the plow handle, and the upper one working in a slot so as to elevate or lower the roller to suit the depth at which the plow is running. The arms are attached so as to cause the roller to follow in the track of the plow between the wings of the double mold-board, and as the furrows are turned by these mold-boards the roller bearing upon them presses the earth firmly down, so that it will not fall back and fill the furrow and so obstruct it for the passage of water.—*American Artisan.*

THE CHIEF AND THE S. F. MONITOR.—The San Francisco Times of October 14th says:

The secession Democracy consider the recent triumph of their party all their own and are already beginning to resume their old imperial tone. They are fearfully enraged at the objection made by Father Cotter to one of their candidates in this city, and are denouncing him in the vilest terms, their organ devoting more space to the abuse to this worthy gentleman than it does of anything else. We understand that a delegation of these would be plantation lords visited the office of the Monitor last week and forbade the publication of a card from Father Cotter, threatening all sorts of penalties if it appeared, and grew so violent in their behavior and language that the editor who, though a Democrat, was not to be bullied, was obliged to order them out, informing them that he would publish what he saw fit.

ONE of the best things that poor, dear, jolly, genial Holmes, (we don't mean Oliver Wendell, but him of Mariposa) ever got off, is the story about a brother editor who, participating in a debate as to the best method of building a certain bridge, objected to a coffer dam for making the piers. When asked to state the grounds of his objection, he replied that he had early formed a prejudice against the thing; his uncle once had a cow choked with a turnip, and for a long time it was thought she would coffer dam head off.

"Did you take the note, and did you see Mr. Thompson Jack?"

"Yes, sir."

"And how was he?"

"Very, he looked pretty well, but he's very blind."

"Blind! What do you mean?"

"Why while I were in the room he axed me where my hat war, and I'm blessed if it wur't on my head all the while."

No Wonder.—We were amused with the remark of an old lady who was admiring the beautiful picture "Saved." "It's no wonder," said she, "that the poor child fainted, after pulling that great dog out of the water."

A Conjugal Jar.

A laughable yarn is told about some conjugal differences which occurred at the South Pewabic mine, Lake Superior, where a man and his wife had a severe quarrel, resulting in packing his bundle and starting off for Ontonagon, declaring that he would live with her no longer. She followed him along the road, begging him to return, but he was inexorable and trudged on. Finally she became so exasperated that she vowed if he did not turn about she would strip herself stark naked, and in that condition follow him to his journey's end. As he did not stop, she was as good as her word, and, leaving her clothing by the roadside, she followed him in that cool, fascinating costume of nature. This only made him laugh. When they came to the intersection of the state road, they were surprised by meeting a party of young men who had been out fishing, and then the husband began to think the wife's costume was not exactly the kind prescribed by court etiquette, and cutting a stout switch, he started her back on a keen run, not allowing her to stop and gather up her clothes. Our informant says she made splendid time in going from the clearing to the house, probably because she was not inconvenienced by extra clothing. Since then both parties have indefinitely postponed their trip to Ontonagon.

TRAGEDY AT CHEYENNE.—We are permitted, say the Denver News of the 3d, to make the following extract from a private letter, received in this city from Cheyenne, dated Monday October 1st, 1867:

"Yesterday the wind blew and the dust flew so hard that everybody suspended business. Last night the wind went down with the sun. As soon as Charley and I had got our suppers, we made up our bed in a shed and laid down expecting a good night's rest. I had just got fairly asleep when bang! bang! bang! went a dozen shots or more, close by us. Everybody was up in two minutes armed and equipped, and looking after their own interests. The alarm was a fight in a house of ill-fame, and the killing of two notorious scoundrels—Pat Malally and 'Lumber Jim.' I saw them both a few minutes after they were killed, and must say they were the worst shot men I ever saw. No one pretends to know who shot them, but there are a few here who do know and don't ask any questions. A few moments after the killing, some parties friendly to Pat Malally gave out word that the town would be burned before morning. In less than 40 minutes one hundred soldiers and one thousand citizens were on duty, and in less than ten minutes more the house where the row commenced was in flames and burnt to the ground, the inmates, four or five prostitutes, barely escaping with what clothing they happened to have on. One of them was wounded in the arm at the commencement of the fight."

EDITORIAL DUTIES.—Mr. Hunt, in his volume on the "Fourth Estate," thus sketches the peculiar duties of a journalist:

"The man who once becomes a journalist must almost bid farewell to mental rest or mental leisure. If he fulfills his duties truthfully, his attention must be ever awake to what is passing in the world, and his whole mind must be devoted to the examination, and discussion, and record of current events. He has little time for literary idleness with such literary labors on his shoulders. He has no days to spend on catalogues, or in dreamy discursive researches in public libraries. He has no months to devote the exhaustion of any one theme. What he deals with must be taken up at a moment's notice, be examined, tested, and dismissed at once; and thus his mind is ever kept occupied with the mental necessity of the world's passing hour."

WELL PUT.—Some one writes, both gracefully and forcibly: "I would be glad to see more parents understand that when they spend money judiciously to prove and beautify the house and the grounds about it, they are paying their children a premium to stay at home as much as possible to enjoy it; but that when they spend money unnecessarily in clothing and jewelry for their children, they are paying them a premium to spend their time away from home—that is, in those places where they can attract the most attention, and make the most display."

It is said that there is a man in Burlington, Iowa, who is so stingy that he picks the flies out of the sugar-bowl and brushes the sugar off their feet.