THE OREGON SENTINEL.

FOR THE PRESIDENCY IN 1868,
ULYSSES S. GRANT,
OF THE UNITED STATES.
"Well done, thou good and faithful servant." The people have rewards for patriots—punishment for traitors.
FOR THE VICE PRESIDENCY,
SCHUYLER COLFAX,
OF INDIANA.

For Presidential Electors:
O. JACOBS, of Jackson.
WILSON BOWLBY, of Washington.
A. B. MEACHAM, of Union.

D. M. C. GAULT, ... EDITOR.

SATURDAY MORNING, Aug. 22, 1868.

A COCKNEY.—Some time since a steamer brought to Portland a fine specimen of the London cockney direct from the sound of Bow-bells. His dress was of the most approved cockney cut, and his side whiskers floated gracefully in the breeze. A few days after his arrival, on being asked by a friend how he liked the country, he responded—"Not at all; blast the place. You know *hat* 'ome they call me 'Andsome 'Atry; but 'ere they call me a *gut*."—*Evening Commercial.*

CAPITAL REPORTER.—We have received the prospectus of a Democratic paper of the above name, to be published in Salem during the term of the Legislature. That body being Democratic, the projectors take it for granted that their actions will not always bear the inspection of the public; for they give an apology for the undertaking, that it is necessary to have an organ to "speak for, represent and defend its action."

GENERAL Jasper W., of the Lafayette *Courier*, is very eloquent on the "Chinee" question. Says he: "Before another two years shall have run its cycle, Josh will have spread his aegis over us. We didn't know that "two years" could run a "cycle" any more than they could a horse race; and as for Josh's aegis, if its anything like an umbrella, for heaven's sake let us have it to keep the hot sun off.

THE "BLOATED BONDHOLDERS."—August Belmont, the Chairman of the Democratic National Committee, is the heaviest bondholder in the United States. Horatio Seymour, one of the wealthiest men in New York, is Belmont's puppet, and it would be a nice thing to have him in the White House to help grind down the poor man who pays the taxes.

GOT A LIFT.—Democrats are somewhat jubilant at being allowed to associate with the purse-proud aristocrats and bloated bond-holders. It is no longer the poor man's party since Belmont & Co. took the reins, and the poor devils congratulate themselves on the honor of training in the same crowd with the monied snobs of the country.

VOORHEES said in his speech at New Albany, (Ind.), "that democracy had seized upon the great forward progressive issue." It was a delicate way of intimating that democracy had swallowed the nigger—shin, bones, wool and all.

BLAIR appears to be the only soldier of note who has not smelled powder enough. He wants another "revolution," so as to give his Copperhead friends, who were afraid to fight whites, an opportunity of showing their prowess on the "niggers."

"GREEN hides is riz," says a Democratic exchange. Not yet! The Federal butcher, United States Grant, will soon commence the process of flaying and the hides of Seymour and Blair will be "raised" most effectually.

THE Albany (Ogn.,) Democrat observes "that we are on the eve of a most glorious victory." Right about that. Grant and Colfax are going to pulverize the sham democracy in November; just as the former pulverized the Confederacy."

THE Polk County *Signal* wants the Grand Jury system "abolished—wiped out." The most effectual means we know of, to simplify justice and lighten the labors of the criminal bench, would be to abolish the Democratic party.

THE professor of ethnology, who propels the Lafayette paper, has dug deeply into the science and ascertained that we have social, commercial and political "bosoms." Wonder how he found it out?

THE Blair family have been likened to the itch. It is because they make it very lively for any administration that happens to take them.

NEXT Saturday, (29th inst.,) our fellow townsmen, O. Jacobs, Esq., will address the Grant Club at Yreka. A grand jubilee is anticipated.

PAY the bonds in greenbacks! says democracy; and the greenbacks in what?

A PREDICTION.

A prominent business man in this place remarked to us a few days since, "that a majority of the leading men of this valley would lend no aid to any railroad, other than one to connect us with California." If the remark only referred to the business men of Jacksonville and other points in the valley, it might be correct. The business relations of all the merchants in Southern Oregon are with those of San Francisco, and any new channel of trade would be very likely to disturb those relations by facilitating competition. With the farmers, who comprise the largest class in this section, and with the miners the case is different—the first want an outlet for their surplus products on equal terms with the farmers of California; the latter want cheap supplies, and don't care a straw whether they have paid tribute to the merchants of San Francisco or not. The probabilities of assistance, then, to the Oregon Branch of the Central Pacific may be summed up thus: the merchants of Jackson county will not assist in the scheme, because it does not connect us with California; but Congress will assist it for that reason, and because the proposed road will run for hundreds of miles through the national domain, and be of a national rather than of a local character.

We predict that if Congressional assistance is secured, the road will be built without the aid of any who are so short-sighted as to oppose it; and that wealth and prosperity will be forced on this section in spite of any who interpose objections from selfish motives. No railroad was ever built without opposition from a certain class of people who cannot bear to see their neighbors prosper; but a majority of the people of this section are sensible that a road nearly to the rich mines of Nevada, will prove a source of untold wealth. Whatever aid is necessary will be forthcoming from those who are most interested, and with the Government subsidy, we predict that the road from here to Humboldt will be commenced in less than a year, in spite of all the selfish croakers who would regret to see its completion.

ROSEBURG, Ogn., Aug. 19th, '68.

There are fabulous reports of the richness of the Bohemian quartz mines, yet there has been no money taken out. Capt. Foley, a somewhat experienced mineralogist, is at present more fully testing the richness of these celebrated ledges.

A good pack trail is now open from Oakland to that place. Bohemia is situated about fifty miles (by way of the trail) from Oakland, in nearly a due east course.

M. May has been appointed Recorder for that district.

F. A. Smith has been appointed Deputy Sheriff, L. L. Williams Deputy Clerk, and W. H. Sherrard Deputy Assessor for the county.

An order has been made, admitting four of the Chinaman now in jail to bail in the sum of $125 each. One has deposited that amount in money, and gone in search of bail for the others. Old "Tom" will pretty likely go to Salem, while the other four it is thought will scarcely be indicted.

Farmers are busy in harvesting and threshing; crops are heavy; hay and grain cheap.

On the 24th and 25th ult. the mercury ranged from 98 to 100 degrees in the shade, and on the 15th, 16th and 17th of this month it ranged from 90 to 100 degrees.

On Monday, the 17th inst., Wm. P. Chiles, a boy of 12 years of age, was drowned while bathing in the Cammas Swale creek, near Wilbur, eight miles north of here. Though young, he was an accepted member of the M. E. Church South.

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NEW PAPER.—Chas. de Young & Co., publishers of the San Francisco *Dramatic Chronicle*, will commence on the 1st of September, the publication of the *Morning Chronicle*. This we understand will take the place of the present publication. We will be sorry to loose the spicy little sheet, but are assured that the new paper will not be interior to the best paper now published in the Bay City. The *Morning Chronicle* will be served to mail subscribers for 5 dollars per annum.

TIGHT ROPE PERFORMANCE.—Daniel DeHoune performed some of his wonderful tricks last evening, on a rope stretched from the U. S. Hotel to Pat Ryan's store. The feats of strength are really worth seeing. DeHoune is going to walk a rope stretched across the Willamette River, at Portland, on the 2d of October next. The river is three-fourths of a mile wide at that place.

REMINISCENCE OF SOUTHERN OREGON.

The following pleasing incident is related to us by an eye witness, and the principal actor is still a resident of this State, and a well known local politician in his own county: During the early settlement of this valley a legal individual, whom we shall T. "for short," was engaged in carrying the mail from Yreka to Oregon City. On one of his trips, in the spring of '52, T. arrived at Willow Springs, then a lively and flourishing mining camp. The boys were on a big spree, and as T. was tired and thirsty, he concluded to hang up there for the night. His mule cared for, and the great U. S. mail sack stowed away, T. joined the festive crowd and was soon on a regular "tear." It so happened that the Indians had been committing some devilry in the neighborhood, and the probability of a general outbreak was the prominent topic of conversation. T. considered himself a man of great executive ability, and as sundry drinks had made him rather lively, he proposed active measures at once, and with an Arkansas yell suggested a war dance to begin with. The boys responded, and soon the crowd was engaged in a performance that would have made the liveliest tribe this side of the Rocky Mountains ashamed. T. was conspicuous! With an appalling whoop, he skinned his coat. Another yell, and off came his buckskins. Snatching an old saddle blanket and throwing it over his shoulders, he danced first on one leg, then on the other; he squatted, pirouetted, waltzed, and jumped like an excited savage till the crowd stopped in breathless admiration. T. was frantic with delight. He was Big Injun.! Observing an old-fashioned dinner pot standing in a corner of the camp, he concluded that it would add much to his warlike appearance and just cap the climax, which it certainly did. To seize it and thrust his head into it was the work of a moment; to get his head out was another thing. Another drink and away went the dance led by the now invincible warrior. Forth from the iron circumference came the most ghostly yells; the blanket flew wildly; T. bounded and leaped and yelled, till at last in a moment of desperate frenzy while making a cut at an imaginary foe, the pot slipped over the warrior's nose, and there it stayed. The crowd roared and danced round the imprisoned chief, but in a short time the situation became very uncomfortable. The bottle was passed, but unfortunately the neck would not pass the edge of T.'s helmet. Efforts to release him were unavailing; nature had provided him with a proboscis of extraordinary dimensions, and a large portion of his head was behind his ears. Stretched on the ground,

"He lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his iron pot around him."

Matters were becoming serious. T.'s lips were getting parched, his head was swelling, but the pot wouldn't give a hair's breadth and piteous groans, like a voice from the tomb, came from the sonorous depths of the unyielding prison. Various plans to release the prisoner were proposed. One suggested blowing up the pot with powder, but T. objected as well as he was able; another proposed to build a fire around it and melt it off, but the warrior writhed in agony at the idea of having his classic head roasted like an Irish potato, and with a half smothered yell darted to his feet, and several of his tormentors became very intimately acquainted with his formidable headpeice. The scene was now indescribable. T. commenced the warrior's death song. The drunken crowd whooped madly as the now desperate victim went butting and driving among them like a flying Mercury or blind Sampson among the Philistines. Some one seized him by his flying under garment and down to earth he came again. A number of the boys, who thought the fun had lasted long enough, seized Don Quixote and held him fast. One stalwart fellow took the pot by the ears, and bracing himself against T.'s shoulders, gave a vigorous pull, but an awful and unearthly groan from the pot warned him to desist—T.'s nose was about to come out by the roots! One sensible fellow, not so drunk as the balance, procured an ax, and laying the pot with its precious legal contents on a rock, poised himself for a giant and decisive blow. "Strike a soft lick," moaned the prisoner. Down came the ax fair and square; the pot rang like a steamboat bell, and its sonorous tones mingled with the despairing groans of the victim. In broken accents he called for pen, ink and paper, and intimated that his last dying speech and confession might be a warning to the rising generation. He recounted the number of public positions he had filled, related in an undertone a number of little peccadilloes, and bemoaned the sad fate that forced the "Webster" of the Pacific to end his days in an infernal old three legged pot. Fortunately no such fate awaited him. A messenger was dispatched about twenty miles for a file, and the doughty chief, who was going to eat the whole Rogue river tribe without seasoning, was filed out the next day, his handsome nose turned up like a half peeled potato, his head swelled, and himself feeling like a man who had been in a tight place. He still lives—is quite venerable now, but loses no opportunity to administer a vicious kick to every three-legged pot that comes in his way, provided it can be done on the sly.

THE TRUE DEMOCRACY.

The Republican party claims to-day to be the true democratic party of America. There is justice in the claim. There is truth in it. This position is easily maintained, and the assertion that democracy is a sham—the party of the aristocracy—blinding the people by a false name and false pretenses, is susceptible of proof also. Republican principles, broad as the very foundations of the Republic, are not bounded by State lines. They teach justice to all, oppression to none. They declare the right of every man to the fruits of his own labor. They declare that the law is made for poor and rich alike. Democracy while protessing hollow friendship for the laboring man, has always been hostile to his real interests. It always opposed a tariff for the protection of American labor; it has advocated the anti-democratic idea that labor should be owned, as horses and cattle are owned, by the rich. It opposed the homestead law, that prevented the rich from absorbing the public lands, and finally plunged the country into an expensive and terrible war to sustain a confederacy of States founded on tyranny, injustice, and the right of one man to own the labor of his fellow, and exact it with the lash if necessary.

The personnel of the Democratic National ticket does not contain much democracy. Seymour was born a wealthy and haughty aristocrat. Blair is a member of the richest and proudest family of Missouri; and the sympathies of either lie more in their own pockets and their own personal aggrandizement than in the interests of the poor.

On the other hand, the nominees of the Republican party represent the true democracy of America. They come from the ranks of the people and know, by actual trial, what poverty is. They have each written their names on the National roll of honor,—one with his sword, the other with his pen,—and they represent fairly, the true and real democracy of the country. The signs of the times are that the people will not discard their real friends for the cold-blooded and purse-proud aristocrats, who were never known to have any sympathy for any but their own class.

WAR CLAIMS OF B. F. DOWELL.—We take the following extract from the Washington correspondence of the Eugene *State Journal:*

Yesterday morning my esteemed friend, B. F. Dowell, Esq., left here for his home in Oregon, intending to sail from New York on the steamer of the 24th—day after to-morrow. He is out some twenty thousand dollars in gold, furnished to the Government twelve or fourteen years ago, in the shape of supplies, mules, packing for volunteers, etc. But he has been unable to get his pay in currency, for gold and its equivalent, furnished 14 years ago, without interest, notwithstanding there is a plain law of Congress authorizing and requiring the Third Auditor of the Treasury to pay this and all similar claims. The understrappers in the Treasury have no more regard for law than Johnson has, and, like their master, they execute it or disregard it as best suits their interests or their caprice. They refuse to pay legal and just claims, and at the same time are stealing hundreds of thousands of dollars from the Treasury, as was proved a few weeks ago, when a committee of the House of Representatives discovered that the clerks in one of the bureaus had been erasing the word "slave" from the roll of colored regiments, and receiving $200 more than the law allowed on each name erased, amounting to hundreds of thousands of dollars in all, drawn fraudulently from the Treasury.

HORSE TRAINER.—Wallace, the horse trainer, gave a lesson in his art of training horses yesterday evening. The system, as taught by Mr. Wallace, is the best we have ever seen, and well worth the price of a lesson, which is five dollars. Another lesson will be given this evening, when all farmers and horsemen should be present.

LETTER FROM ASHLAND.

ASHLAND, August 12th, 1868.

EDITOR SENTINEL: Ashland is flourishing. Carpenters find an abundance of employment, and newly shingled roofs are in profusion. The long-eared rabbit has sped away from the "haunts of his fathers" into the interminable forests, where rolls Mill creek, "and hears no sounds save its own dashings," while beds of fragrant flowers, graveled walks, gushing fountains, *ditto* maidens, the richest fruits in luscious glory, pendant, and the many fine and convenient fixtures of civilization have taken the place, where for centuries flourished the manzaneta in primeval glory.

But, Mr. Editor, I cannot give you many interesting items this week, for the intense heat of the sun during the last few days has produced a sort of stagnation of human activity; and then the necessity does not exist of my recording them all, for you no doubt saw everything of any consequence when you tarried with us this week, and heard all the important items, *nearly*. I presume you will mention, in your next issue, the descent of Mr. Secord through the livery stable, when he came *down*, while his future prospects were *going up*. His fall was like the flight of a brilliant meteor, but the kind little gentleman sustained no serious injury, and I see him up there now, shingling away as busily as ever. "Coming events cast their shadows before," and the near future promises a rich harvest of items. Significant out-croppings indicate that some of the boldest of our youthful heroes are going to bid farewell to the bleak rock of single-blessedness, and launch away on the broad sea of matrimonial bliss, with tenderer hands than their own, to help them "paddle their canoes." These youths know just when to look for the moon, as she mounts above the bleak pinnacles back of Bunyards, and just what time she will sink behind the green Siskiyou, west of Ashland. Our chief *shepherd* watches late for phenomina in the siderial heavens, and an interchange of love-inspired words are *daily* occurrences. Scarcely a day passes but some weary footman treads his lonely way along our dusty streets, in scanty morsels, securing the nourishment that nature craves; but let us rejoice and be *merry*, for to-morrow one lonely *Walker* shall be blessed with happiness, and an abundance of the best *Grubb* in the land. May time ever strew pearls of pleasure in their way, as they pursue their pilgrimage through this "lonely vale of tears;" and may many shining *beas* (beaux) *of promise* come to gladden the hearts of our young maids, who are yet unprovided for.

PILOT ROCK.

NOVEL IDEA.—We have received a copy of a plan devised by E. M. Barnum, formerly of Salem in this State, for facilitating travel through the crowded thoroughfares of New York. He proposes to build a railway, elevated upon iron columns, high above the ordinary business of the street. Small dummy engines of about four horse power are to be attached to each car. A pneumatic tube for the speedy transmission of express packages is attached to the railway, and, altogether, the plan is one that is worthy of consideration in every crowded city.

FOR THE BAY.—Mr. John McLaughlin will start on Monday morning for San Francisco, with several fine horses for that market.

COME.

KAHLER—Born, on Rogue River, August 16th, to the wife of Geo. Kahler, a son.

COAKLEY—Born, on Bear creek, August 17th, to the wife of A. J. Coakley, a daughter.

FISHER—Born in Jacksonville, August 17th, to the wife of N. Fisher, a daughter.

GONE.

HUBBARD—Died in Jacksonville, August 20th, Alexander, youngest son of James and Margaret Hubbard; aged 1 year, 1 month and 20 days.

NEW TO-DAY.

A CARD.

TO THE LADIES OF JACKSONVILLE AND VICINITY.—The undersigned, Traveling Agent for the Florence Sewing Machine, will be for a few days at the store of John Neuber, to exhibit and take orders for the same.

To those acquainted with this machine, nothing need be said; to others, I would only say that it has taken every first premium on the Pacific coast during the last five years, and refer you, by permission, to Mrs. Dr. Robinson, Mrs. Dr Overbeck, Mrs B. F. Dowell, Mrs J. Neuber, Mrs. J. Bilger, Mrs. C. C Beekman, Mrs. B. F. George, as also to my machine on exhibition. Be sure to call and examine for yourselves before purchasing.

Any one having a Florence that is not giving entire satisfaction, or who may wish any instructions concerning it, will confer a favor by leaving their address at Neuber's.

L. WELLS, Traveling Agent.

ALL OVER

The world people of sense and judgment have learned to use

PLANTATION BITTERS.

Dyspepsia, with its symptoms, Headache, Heartburn, Feverish Lips, Bad Breath, Sallow Complexion, &c., can be cured by using PLANTATION BITTERS.

This is the most successful tonic of the age. Young middle-aged and old, are delighted with its effects.

The first trial always has a marked good effect.

No change of diet is necessary. Eat all you wish of the best and most nutritious food.

It is the greatest cure ever known for an overloaded and distressed stomach, which it relieves in a few moments.

We know that we have the best and most popular medicine in the world. We are not afraid to show what it is composed of.

PHYSICIANS ARE COMPELLED TO RECOMMEND IT.

CALISAYA BARK has been celebrated for over two hundred years, and was sold during the reign of Louis XVI, King of France, for the enormous price of its own weight in silver. It is remarkable for Dyspepsia, Fevers, Weakness, Constipation, &c.

CASCARILLA BARK.—For Diarrhea, Colic, and diseases of the stomach and bowels.

DANDELION.—For Inflamation of the Loins and Dropsical Affections.

CHAMOMILE FLOWERS.—For enfeebled digestion.

LAVENDER FLOWERS.—Aromatic, stimulant and tonic—highly invigorating in nervous debility.

WINTERGREEN.—For Scrofula, Rheumatism, &c.

ANISE.—An aromatic carminative; creating flesh, muscle and milk; much used by mothers nursing.

Also, clove-buds, orange, caraway, coriander, snake-root, &c.

S.T-1860-X.

Another wonderful ingredient, of Spanish origin, imparting beauty to the complexion and brilliancy to the mind, is yet unknown to the commerce of the world, and we withhold its name for the present.

With this recipe before the community, and evidences of effects meeting them on all sides, the success of P. HENRY DRAKE stands founded upon the rock of truth. Almost every family has some case of suffering which the PLANTATION BITTERS will alleviate and cure.

They are recommended by the highest medical authorities, and are warranted to produce an immediate beneficial effect. They are exceedingly agreeable, perfectly pure and harmless.

Notice.—Any person pretending to sell Plantation Bitters in bulk or by the gallon is a swindler and impostor. It is put up only in our figurative bottle. Beware of bottles refilled with imitation deleterious stuff, for which several persons are already in prison. See that every bottle has our United States stamp over the cork unmutilated, and our signature on steel-plate side label.

Sold by respectable dealers throughout the habitable globe.

P. H. DRAKE, & CO., New York, Sole Prop'rs.
REDING ON & CO., San Francisco.
AGENTS FOR CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA.

MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT.

The merits of this Liniment are well known. Its effects are instantaneous, soothing, and wonderful.

Cuts, bruises, sprains and swellings, are so common and certain to occur in every family, that a bottle of this Liniment is the best investment that can be made.

It is more certain than the doctor—it saves time in sending for the doctor—it is cheaper than the doctor, and should never be dispensed with.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

"I take pleasure in recommending the Mexican Mustang Liniment as a valuable and indispensable article for Sprains, Sores, Scratches, or Galls on Horses. Our men have used it for Burns, Bruises, Sores, Rheumatism, &c., and all say it acts like magic." J. W. HAWLEY, Foreman for American, Wells, Fargo's and Harnden's Express.

"The sprain of my daughter's ankle, occasioned while skating last winter, was entirely cured in one week after she commenced using your celebrated Mustang Liniment."
Gloucester, Mass., August 1, 1868. EB. SMITH.

Quick and sure it certainly is. All genuine is wrapped in steel-plate engravings, bearing the signature of G. W. Weatherbee, Chemist, and the private U. S. stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co. over the top.

An effort has been made to counterfeit it with a cheap steel-plate label. Look closely.

Sold by all druggists, and stores, at 25, 50 cts. and $1

LYON'S FLEA POWDER.

It is well known that Lyon's Genuine Magnetic Powder will perfectly destroy everything in the shape of fleas, ticks, bedbugs, roaches, &c.; that it is perfect poison to the insect tribe, but entirely harmless to the human species and domestic animals.

Bedbugs, Ants, Roaches, etc., are in every house. This Powder is their natural death. It should be in every cupboard.

JOHN L. ROWE, Esq., Superintendent of the New York City Hospital, says: * * * "It is the only sure article we have ever used."

NEW YORK HOTEL PROPRIETORS say: "We have used LYON'S MAGNETIC POWDER for exterminating insects and vermin, with entire satisfaction.

COLEMAN & STETSON, Astor House.
S. T. COZZENS, American Hotel.
ACKNER & TREADWELL, St. Nicholas Hotel.
S. LELAND & Co., Metropolitan Hotel."

Testimony of this character might be added to at length. Wherever it is used it advertises itself.

The genuine has the signature of E. LYON, and the private stamp of DEMAS BARNES & Co. Anything else of this kind is an imitation or counterfeit. Any druggist will procure the genuine if you insist you will have no other.

Sold by all druggists and general storekeepers in every town and mining camp on the Pacific Coast.

[nov20-y1]

FOR SALE.

100,000 feet SEASONED LUMBER, one-half of it Sugar Pine, on easy terms.

ALSO

Five or six yoke of cattle and some horses on the same terms.

I also propose to sell at Public Auction, a fine lot of DRY GOODS, consisting of

CLOTHING;
BOOTS, SHOES,
CUTTLERY, Etc.

Sales to comence on Saturday, the 15th of August, and to continue every Saturday thereafter, until the majority is sold.

TERMS OF SALE.

Under $20, cash down; over that sum 60 days time (with note of approved security, with one per cent. interest), will be given. Sums over $100, four months time.

J. P. PARKER.
Jacksonville, August 7th, 1868.

GO TO THE CITY DRUG STORE and buy your BLUE STONE.