



MANUFACTURERS OF EMERSON'S PATENT Movable Tooth and Perforated Circular Saws. Perforated Mulay, Mill and Cross-Cut Saws, with Adjustable Sockets. SAW-GUMMERS, SWAGES, CANT DOGS, ETC., have established an office for the sale of the above articles, at No. 606 Front Street, San Francisco.

FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, OPPOSITE THE

Odd Fellow's Hall, Jacksonville, Oregon.

MADAME D' ROBOAM'S BEDS AND BEDDING

Placed in first class order, and in every way superior to any in this section, and surpassed by any in the State.

HER ROOMS ARE NEWLY FURNISHED.

And a plentiful supply of the best of every thing the market affords will be obtained for

HER TABLE.

No troubled will be spared to deserve the patronage of the traveling as well as the permanent community.

Jacksonville, March 31, 1866.

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 Costello having withdrawn, P. B. Coffin will continue the business, and can be found at his shop, Corner of C and Third Streets, prepared to do work in a workmanlike manner and at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.

EL DORADO, S. E. Cor. Cal. & Ugn. Sts. Jacksonville, O. S. M. FARREN.

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 & Brentano'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.

SUMMONS.

In the Circuit Court of the State of Oregon, for the County of Jackson. Edward Hendrick plaintiff, vs. Henry Harm defendant. Action at Law to recover money. To Henry Harm: You are required to appear in said Court, and answer the complaint of said plaintiff, filed against you, within ten days from the time of the service of this summons on you, if served within said county, or if served on you within any other county, in this State, then within twenty days from the time of the service, or if served on you out of the State of Oregon, then it is ordered by the Court that publication be made for six weeks in the Oregon Sentinel, prior to the second Monday in November, A. D. 1868. And you are notified that, if you fail to answer said complaint as above required, the plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief demanded therein, to-wit: for a judgment against you for the sum of \$352 00, with interest thereon at the rate of ten per cent. per annum from the date thereof, and the costs and disbursements of this action to be taxed. Given under my hand this 5th day of August, A. D. 1868. O. JACOBE, 417 1/2 for plaintiff.

ROOT 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. J. H. HALL, L. FAYNE, JOHN BRAY, New York, Paris, San Francisco. Address, HEIN & BRAY, San Francisco, 414 Battery Street.

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIII.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, AUGUST 29, 1868.

NO. 32

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.

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

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

F. GRUBE, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, OFFICE removed to California Street, South side, Jacksonville, Dec. 21st, 1867.

DR. LEWIS GANUNG, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON AND Obstetrician, WILL attend to any who may require his services. Office adjoining N. Lange's shoe shop, on north side California Street, Jacksonville.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

STAR OF THE UNION CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS! TRY THEM! TRY THEM! JUDGE FOR YOURSELF!

Dissolution Notice.

THE CO-PARTNERSHIP HERETOFORE existing between Morris Baum & Louis Solomon, doing business at Ashland, Jackson Co., is this day dissolved by mutual consent. The business will be continued at the same place by Mr. Baum, who will settle all claims against the late firm. All outstanding accounts must be paid to him, who is alone authorized to receipt for the same. MORRIS BAUM, LOUIS SOLOMON.

Thankful for patronage bestowed in the past, I would solicit the continuance of the same, hoping always to merit it by a close application to business. MORRIS BAUM, Ashland, Aug. 10th, 1868.

To Foundrymen AND BLACKSMITHS. Consumed and Lehigh COAL and PIG IRON 1,000 Tons.

In Stock and Afloat, for sale by J. R. DOYLE, 418 and 415 Pacific St., San Francisco.

I. O. G. T. ALPHA LODGE, NO. 1, I. O. G. T., HOLDS its regular meetings on Tuesday evening of each week, at the District School House, in Jacksonville. LODGE opens at 7 1/2 o'clock. DEGREE MEETINGS the last Tuesday of each month, after adjournment of SUBORDINATE LODGE. All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to be present. C. W. KAHLER, W. C. T. J. R. WALK, Sec'y, Jacksonville, Feb. 9th, 1868.

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 not 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.

To a Wave.

The following beautiful lines were written in the album of a lady friend in Springfield, Ill., by the late General E. D. Baker:

Don't thou seek a star with thy swelling crest, Oh, wave that leavest thy mother's breast? Don't thou leap from the promised depths below In scorn of their calm and exact flow? Or art thou seeking some distant land, To die in murmurs upon the strand?

But thou talkest to tell of the pearl-rid deep, Where the wave-whirl'd mariner rocks in sleep? Canst thou speak of rimes that sink in pride, For the roll of their thunder in echo die? What troubles—what terrors are floating free In the shadowy depths of that silent sea?

It were vain to ask, as thou rollest afar, Of snore or mariner, ship or star: It were vain to seek in thy stormy face Some tale of the sorrowful past to trace: Thou art swelling high, thou art flushing free, How vain, then, the questions we ask of thee.

I, too, am a wave on a stormy sea; I, too, am a wanderer, driven like thee: I, too, am seeking a distant land, To die in murmurs up on the strand: But the land I seek is a waveless shore, And those who reach it shall roam no more.

Letter from B. F. Dowell.

STEAMER CONSTITUTION, OFF SAN FRANCISCO, Aug. 19th, 1868. A VOYAGE FROM NEW YORK TO SAN FRANCISCO.

"Dissolved nature oftentimes breaks forth In strange eruptions: oft the trampling earth Is with a kind of noise, pinched and vex'd By the imprisoning of unruly wind."

Thus Shakespeare made Hotspur speak nearly three hundred years ago; but it was reserved for the passengers and crew of the Rising Star to realize its truth while off Cape Hatteras on the 26th of July, 1868. At one o'clock, P. M., on the 24th ult., I left New York on board the steamer Rising Star bound for Aspinwall. She is a small vessel, and badly constructed for the accommodation of passengers. The state-rooms are nearly all below deck, and badly ventilated. She is the slowest, dirtiest, buggiest, and most disagreeable steamer that has ever been on this route. It took us nine days and eighteen hours to reach Aspinwall. The Pacific Mail Steamship Company must be trying to make money by employing cheap boats, cheap cooks, cheap stewards, and impudent and dirty waiters. Perchance, they hope to run off the opposition steamers. This is a poor way to get rid of opposition. It ought to increase it. I would advise passengers to avoid the Rising Star as they would pestilence and famine.

There are about 550 passengers on board, consisting principally of Germans and Americans, all bound for California, Nevada or Oregon. Some of the German steerage passengers said they paid as high as \$500 for through tickets from Bremen to San Francisco. They could have come in the first cabin for one-half the money.

As soon as we were fairly out to sea the wind commenced blowing from the southwest, and by the time we were opposite Cape Hatteras it blew furiously. Some gazed steadily on nature's surging and boisterous waves; but a large majority of the passengers remained in bed all day. Many of them became very sick. Among the number was an old lady and her youngest daughter, who said she had left ten children at home, and that she was going to California to see her husband, whom she had not seen for upwards of a year and a half. She was so sick she thought she would die, and bid her daughter to write to her eldest sister to marry, and to take care of the balance of the children until their poor father could return home. A few hours more and the wind ceased, and we had a dead calm, and the good old lady was seen on the upper deck viewing the beauties of the ocean, and some flying fish, which were sporting on the waters like birds in the bushes after an evening's shower. The good old lady's daughter came by her side and said: "Well, Ma, how do you like your bri-

dal tour?" "Ah! Maggie," replied her mother, "yesterday I thought, ere this, I should have been food for those fish; but I am now well, and I hope to have a pleasant journey. Maggie, you need not write to your sister anything about marrying; she will marry soon enough without my advice." Thus has it ever been from the first discovery of California gold. There is no pleasure in crossing the plains, or in a sea voyage; yet, pell-mell, off go the men in quest of gold, leaving fond and tender ones to follow by land or sea. Oh! have fond hearts thus been severed forever. "Oh! man, whose life is but a span: why dost thou nestle in thy bosom the passion which impels thee to worship at the shrine of *Plutus*, more than around the altar of *Venus* and *Minerva*?"

Bishop Marvin, of the Methodist Church South, is on board. He visits Oregon and California for the purpose of holding a conference at Roseburg, and another in Sacramento.

A PROSPECTING QUARTZ OR DIAMOND DRILL.

Among the passengers is Mr. E. W. Peet, who is the agent of a patent-prospecting diamond drill. This drill is propelled by a steam engine of two horse power. It occupies a space, when mounted on wheels, including engine ready for use, of 3x4 by 6 feet, and weighs 3,200 lbs. The drill is constructed like an ordinary gas pipe, and has a rotary motion of 150 revolutions per minute, cutting ordinary lime or marble rock at the rate of three inches per minute, and the hardest of quartz or flint one inch per minute, taking out a solid core one and a half inches in diameter, thus showing the quality of rock through which it is passing. For any information concerning this machine, or the purchase for State rights, address E. W. Peet, Agt., San Francisco, Cal.

4th Aug: We crossed the Isthmus of Panama to-day. This is the rainy season on the Isthmus, and the recent heavy rains had swollen one of the branches so high as to wash away a bridge on the railroad. This delayed us six hours. When we arrived at Panama the tide was low, so low we could not get on board the steamer Constitution until near 4 o'clock the next morning. We were compelled to sit up all night in the ferry boat, without anything to eat or drink, except some fruit, cakes and wine, which we purchased from the filthy natives, who looked nearly as dirty as the waiters on the Rising Star.

11th August. We arrived at Acapulco, and spent the night getting provisions, water and coal.

12th August. A new manuscript paper appeared on board this morning called the *Tattler*. It continued daily for five days. From the 1st number, I take the following local items:

"A facetious friend of our elbow, says that Captain Hudson is like unto our fore-father's. He holds the Constitution supreme.

The same stickler at our elbow wishes us to offer the following toast: 'The ladies of the Constitution: May their provisions never be short, nor their amendments troublesome.

We fear,—no we don't exactly fear,—but we think there is trouble somewhere on board the ship, at least, a good number of the passengers are ready to spring to arms." No fire arms have been visible during the voyage; but there are many who are going to the arms of their companions; and we have a few old maids on board who are springing for the arms of the California bachelors.

The Constitution is a better boat and the Captain and waiters are more accommodating than those on the Rising Star; but she is far behind other boats and other waiters who have been on this route, and there is great room for improvement.

We will arrive at the wharf in an hour and then it will be 4 days and 8 hours behind the regular time. The vessels on both sides of the Isthmus were heavily loaded with railroad iron for the Central Pacific road.

All practising physicians agree that when the eyes of a corpse are opened about two days after death, and the pupils are found to be mixed up so that nothing of them is to be seen, but the whole of the eye is dissolved into a wheyish or jellied mass, then real death is evident; where this is wanting death is uncertain.

A Characteristic Anecdote. How Frank Blair Sinks his Shirt.

The Chicago Tribune relates the following incident illustrative of the character of the Democratic candidate for the Vice Presidency:

Thirty or thirty-five years ago, the canal which now serves Washington City as a sewer was not the mudhole it has become of late years. It was a favorite bathing place for boys, particularly the smaller ones, who did not venture to go to the river. On one of these occasions, when Frank and one or two of the Blairs were present, a little fellow in advance of the others picked up a shirt from the pile of clothing and began to dress. As the boy was a very small one, the opportunity to show the power of a Blair was good to be lost; Frank snatched the shirt from the child and threw it overboard. The outcry at so mean an act, he answered with laughter, for his big brothers stood by him. The shirt not sinking so fast as he wished, he threw chunks of mud and stones upon it, until the over-freighted garment went down. Frank laughed long and loud; the little boy cried; whereupon Frank, as a punishment for not accepting as an honor the notice taken of the garment by the Blairs threw additional weights upon the already sunken shirt, which would now almost need a dredging machine to recover it.

By this time all except the Blairs had dressed themselves and the pile of unclaimed clothes were reduced to those belonging to them and the lad selected as their victim. The Blairs had enjoyed their past time, dancing in their aboriginal costume, but now turning to their own clothes, found one of their shirts was missing. The supposed victim had found his own garment and escaped to a safe distance. Terrible was the profanity and wild the wrath when the truth became known that Frank Blair had thrown his own shirt overboard and had sunk it irrecoverably.

And now Gen. Blair is entering upon a race for the Vice Presidency under circumstances which leave little room for doubt that the result will be strikingly similar to that incident in his boyish life—in other words, that he will merely sink his own shirt.

"OLD SCRATCH"—"OLD NICK," ETC.

A dark and rugged rock in the Lake District bears the name of Scratch Meal Scar. Here we may, perhaps, detect the names of two personages who figure in Norse mythology—Skratti, a demon, and Mella, a weird giantess. The demon Skratti still survives in the superstitions of Northern Europe. The Skrat of Sweden, with a wild horse laugh, is believed to mock travelers who are lost upon the waste, and sundry haunted rocks on the coast of Norway still go by the name of "Skratasker." In the north of England the name of Skratti is still to be heard in the mouths of the peasantry, and the memory of "Old Scratch," as he is familiarly called, may probably be yet destined to survive through many future Christian centuries, in company with "Old Nick," who is no other than Nirk, the dangerous water demon of Scandinavian legend. This dreadful monster, as the Norwegian peasantry will gravely assure you, demands every year a human victim and carries off children who stray too near his abode beneath the waters. In Iceland, also, Nykr the water-horse, is still believed to inhabit some of the lonely tarns scattered over the savage region of desolation which occupies the central portion of the Island. Many similar traces of the old mythology are to be found in that well-stored antiquarian museum, the English language. In the phrase "Deuce take it," the deity Tiw still continues to be invoked. The Bogie, with whose name nurses are wont to frighten their children, is probably Bogu, the Slavonic name of the deity. The word "brag" has an etymological connection with the name of Bragi, the Norse god of song and mirth; while the faithful devotees of Bragi fall, after awhile, under the power of Mara, a savage demon, who torments with visions, and crushes them even to death, and who still survives, though with mitigated powers, as the nightmare of modern days.—Taylor's "Words and Places."

The following good joke is told by an exchange. We don't see that the substitution of Blair for Douglass improved the complexion of the white man's ticket very materially; but Blair or Douglass or any other colored man is all the same—democratic gullets are extremely flexible:

A flag was hung out, several weeks ago, in front of the Willis House, Springfield, Ohio, bearing the names of "Seymour and Douglass," and a suburban Democrat, who visits the town semi-occasionally, to be supplied with political news, asked Mr. Willis, the proprietor of the hotel, "what's the news from the Democratic Convention at New York?" "Well," said Willis, "they have nominated Seymour for President and Douglass for Vice President." "Douglass!—what Douglass?" "Why, Fred Douglass, the nigger." "Well—by G—inger!" said the untrifled Democrat, "that's patty rough, but I suppose we've got to go to it!"

HAIR is at once the most delicate and lasting of our materials, and survives us like love. It is so light, so gentle, so escaping from the idea of death, that with the lock of hair belonging to a child or friend, we may almost look up to heaven and compare notes with the angelic nature; may, almost say, "I have a piece of thee here, not unworthy of thy being now."

Printers' Devils.

A great many persons are in the habit of looking upon and speaking of printers' devils in a manner that reflects no credit on themselves. Those same printers' devils, in nine cases out of ten, are three times as well posted on the issues of the day as the person who slights and speaks lightly of them. There is no class of boys for whom we have a more profound respect than well-behaved printers' devils. They know something and are practical, which is more than you can say of all classes of boys. In that respect we place the boys who work in a printing office head and shoulders above most boys. Young woman, before you again elevate that delicate nose at the approach of a printer's devil, get some one who knows something of history to tell you the names of a few characters who were once printers' devils. For fear that you will dislike to show your ignorance, we will give you a short list of ex-devils of printing offices. If you have heard of any of them, quit your flirting and all nonsense in general, and go to studying. Did you ever hear of Benjamin Franklin? Ben was once a printer's devil. He was also one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Hannibal Hamlin, Vice-President under Lincoln, was once a poor printer's devil. Schuyler Colfax, who has been Speaker of the House of Representatives for a number of years, now candidate for Vice-President of the U. S., and certain to be elected, was "nothing but a devil in a printing office" at one time. Horace Greeley, who is one of the first journalists on this continent, and is an ex-Congressman, was a printer's devil. United States Senator, Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, was a "devil." Thurlow Weed, one of the wealthiest and most influential men in New York, and editor of the *Commercial Advertiser*, was a penniless devil in a printing office. United States Senator Ross, of Kansas, commenced his successful career as a printer's devil. Two-thirds of the editors in the "States" were once printers' devils. Permit us to tell you that the men who once did duty as printers, have done more to advance the interests and sustain the good name of America than any other class.

ANECDOTE OF GENERAL GRANT.—

A correspondent tells us the following story of General Grant: When the Army was lying in camp just before the battle of the Wilderness, a Lieutenant, in full dress, pompously rode along near headquarters, when meeting a man on foot plainly dressed in a blouse without badge of rank, he accosted: "Here, won't you hold my horse a minute, until I see the General?" "Ah, yes," replied the man, taking the reins in his hand. The Lieutenant dismounted and went to General Grant's tent door, where he asked to see the General. The sentinel on foot answered, pointing to the man holding the horse. The subaltern looked very blank, but hastened to his general and delivered his message, apologizing profoundly for his bold blunder. Gen. Grant carelessly took the cigar from his lips only long enough to mutter some short advice to the humbled officer about being civil to all persons alike.

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TROUBLES and babies grow bigger by nursing.