



EMERSON'S PATENT Movable Tooth and Perforated Circular Saws. Perforated Moley, 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. 611 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.

P. E. GOFFIN, HOUSE PAINTER. IS NOW IN POSSESSION OF THE ENTIRE stock of materials and tools necessary for painting in California or Oregon. Mr. Goffin has a large stock of colors, and can be found at his shop, corner of C and Third streets, Jacksonville, Oct. 12, 1867.

EL DORADO. S. M. FARREN. BUILDERS AND OTHERS WHO DESIRE B. Lines will find a constant supply of the best quality, in quantities to suit, at my shop on Main street, between Oregon and Third, opposite Miller & Brantano'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 H. PEACOCK, Jacksonville, April 26, 1867.

SUMMONS. IN THE CIRCUIT COURT OF THE State of Oregon, for the county of Jackson. James T. Jones, Plaintiff, vs. Wm. H. Peckler, Defendant.

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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.

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Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIII.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 12, 1868.

NO. 34

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, 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.

F. GRUBE, M. D., PHYSICIAN & SURGEON, OFFICE removed to California Street, South side. Jacksonville, Dec. 21st, 1867. dec21-f

DR. LEWIS GANUNG, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON AND Obstetrician. WILL attend to any who may require his services. Office adjoining N. Langell's shoe shop, on north side California Street, Jacksonville. nov21f

SPECIAL NOTICES.

STAR OF THE UNION CELEBRATED STOMACH BITTERS! These Bitters are entirely Vegetable, and free from alcohol and every hurtful ingredient. A pleasant tonic, and most agreeable stimulant. The market is flooded with poisonous compounds; but THESE BITTERS, made and bottled, are admirably adapted to the cure of all diseases of the stomach, kidneys, liver and bowels, such as Dyspepsia, Fever, Headache, Loss of Appetite, etc. For sale everywhere. A. FENNER & SONS, SOLE MANUFACTURERS, cor. Sanson & Jackson, San Francisco.

To Foundrymen AND BLACKSMITHS. Cumberland and Lehigh COAL and PIG IRON 1,000 Tons, In Store and Afloat, for sale by J. R. DOYLE, 413 and 415 Pacific St., San Francisco. Feb24

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. WADE, Sec'y. Jacksonville, Feb. 6th, 1868. feb6-f

WARRIOR 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. SAVAAGE, Sec'y.

SOLDIER'S BOUNTIES. I HAVE RECEIVED FROM THE U. S. Treasury drafts for the bounty of the following named gentlemen: George W. Ashley, Charles S. Baird, C. C. Baily, Charles E. Chappell, Garrett Crockett, James M. Hoxie, Wm. A. A. Hamilton, Joseph Moran, David A. Taylor and James Weaver. These gentlemen will please call and get their pay. B. F. DOWELL, Jacksonville, Sept. 1st, 1868.

HIDES! HIDES! THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR Hides of all kinds, delivered at the market of the undersigned, in Jacksonville. JOHN ORTH, December 8th 1866.

THE OREGON SENTINEL.

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. Legal Tenders received at current rates.

I'm Lonely Since my Mother Died.

BY H. S. THOMPSON. I'm lonely since my mother died, Tho' friends and kindred gather near. I can not check the rising sigh, Or stay the silent heart-felt tear; Of earthly friends she was the best, My erring youthful steps to guide; Oh, do not smile because I weep, I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS.—I'm lonely since my mother died, Tho' friends and kindred gather near, I can not check the rising sigh, Or stay the silent heart-felt tear. You may not deem it brave or strong, To let these tears so often flow, But those who've lost a mother's love, Can tell the pain of my sad woe. Can I but call her back again, And kneel once more down by her side, I'll love her better than before, I'm lonely since my mother died.

CHORUS.—I'm lonely since my mother died, &c. Oh, you who have a mother dear, Let not a word or act give pain, But cherish, love her with your life, You ne'er can have her like again. Then when she's called from you away, Across death's dashing troubled tide, In pain with me you need not say, I'm lonely since my mother died.

Letter From Klamath Agency.

KLAMATH AGENCY, AUGUST 25th, 1868. EDITOR SENTINEL:—Here I am again. This time I can report that the Snake Indians referred to in my other letter, have all come into the Reservation according to promise. The one-eyed Chief, Enkaltoik, arrived one day after his people, he being absent when they started for the Reservation, having gone to see Gen. Crook about surrendering to him. Gen. Crook presented him with a bran new suit of clothes, and he started on his return. Finding his people missing when he came to Silver Lake, he "took their trail" and was overjoyed to find them on the Reservation all right. The other chief Chock-toot, whose scalp we supposed here that we were having our war dances over all the time, is apparently proud and happy, as he struts around in my long tailed shirt. These Indians have been reduced to a deplorable state of destitution. They are almost entirely in the original costume of humanity, and for want of something else to eat have devoured all their horses. If they had remained in the mountains they would no doubt have suffered much from cold and hunger during the coming winter—would likely have perished.

Capt. McGregor has not yet returned. He is acting in conjunction with Gen. Crook against the Putes and Pitt Rivers having under his command sixty men of the U. S. Cavalry. He has since come in.—[Ed.] Lieut. John F. Small commands Ft. Klamath in Capt. McGregor's absence. He is a young man, who enlisted as a private soldier to go East in 1861. Serving with gallantry during the whole period of the service, he has been promoted several times, and is now a 1st Lieutenant of Cavalry. He is kind, accommodating, and sociable and delights in the discharge of his duty.

The crops in the Klamath country are usually good. Messrs Hanley and Burnett, on the Tule Bay Ranch, have raised a fine crop of grain. Mr. Langell and others, in the vicinity of Link River, have raised nice grain and excellent gardens. Here, as I before stated, the crops are excellent with the exception of some of the tenderer vegetables. Haying and harvesting are in full blast; Barley higher than your head, turnips as big as squashes, (big squashes) carrots as long as your arm, beets that beat the State, &c. &c. Harmony and quiet have prevailed among the Indians during the summer, and those of them who are employed, show an unlooked for degree of industry and energy. Good-bye.

YAL-NON

From Pilot Rock.

EDITOR SENTINEL:—Music bath charms to soothe the savage breast. Some render this, "music bath charms to soothe the savage beast;" and yet when thus reconstructed this line is full of truth. Many instances might be recalled in which voracious beasts have closed their thirsty jaws at the sound of enchanting strains, and under the mysterious influence of the strange spell have given up many a blood-thirsty enterprise. One of these instances we might mention as being familiar to us all. We refer to the case of the black minstrel of Kentucky, who, returning through the forests at night from a "breakdown," was surrounded by a pack of hungry wolves, apparently determined to drink the blood of this African thoroughbred. In this extremity the minstrel thought of his violin, and taking it to his shoulder, played to his strange but attentive audience until the ferocity of their fiery natures was overwhelmed by the force of harmony, and the nigger was safe. Now we have not brought up this familiar circumstance to show the similarity between wolf-nature and human-nature, for we already understand that between many specimens of the two families there is a striking similitude, but rather to illustrate what a wonderful power music has to allay the worst feelings, and smoothe over the uneven places of a rough disposition. But why this long exordium to introduce Prof. E. C. Brooks, from Jacksonville, and his music class in Ashland? Music is all the rage here now. We were rather an unsocial, prosy set, but music is tempering us down, bringing us nearer onto a social level, wearing off the rougher points in our character. Did I say bringing us down? Then that was wrong! It is raising us higher in the social scale—clear up the scale to me, and above. Some who long ago despaired of ever mastering this science, are working up and down the scale in real earnest, and the atmosphere is almost continually reiterating with musical rounds. Some of our most important and notable citizens are members of the class. Among these we might notice the well known discoverer of the Wild-cat mines, three school teachers, and several professors of horse taming. The latter probably realizing the truth of our reconstructed text, intend to make use of the influence of song in taming down the harsher feelings of unbroken steeds. We have also some youths whose minds have been prepared for the enterprise by the soothing influence of the "spell that beauty flings around the heart." We rejoice to see the present spirit manifested, and hope the interest may continue until there are singers in every home in Ashland. Under the careful and practical instruction of Mr. Brooks, no person with a moderate supply of intelligence can fail to master the theory of this elevating and soul-inspiring science.

I can think of nothing else of particular consequence to chronicle this week, for aside from the musical excitement Ashland has been rather dull since the exit of Kitty from Cork. By the way, we have been for a number of times sold out by minstrel troupes and circuses this summer. We have no objection to patronizing meritorious deserving performances like the blind musicians, and would have taken a look at the man who is astonishing the old as well as the young, as he had given us a call, but those who come here on two legs, two eyes each and all the usual organs and faculties, with their thread-bare jokes, and stereotyped puns and their high tariff, we think are "played out" in Ashland. We can, like Miss Kathleen O'Neals' hero, take the responsibility of saying, "not for Joe."

PILOT ROCK, Ashland, Aug. 27th, 1868. LADY OPERATORS.—In a telegraph office in the city of New York there are 15 young ladies engaged in the duties of sending and receiving messages. One day lately 10 of these young ladies, it is reported, sent and received 3,135 messages between 8 A. M. and half-past 4 P. M. or on an average of 314 each. The work, it is stated, was done well, neatly, correctly, and to their very great credit. The daily number of messages sent by this corps of ladies averages 2,200.

The Orphans.

Far away from the din and bustle of the busy world there lived four orphan children, under the kind protection of a guardian. Here amid the hills and shady forests, the early days of childhood were spent where the flowers were ever fresh and the waters clear and pure. Two brothers and two sisters there were together. They attended a district school which was about two miles distant. The road leading thither was through a lonely but romantic region. Daily they traversed this path which would have seemed long and toilsome, but for the many charming scenes that met the eye on every side. The most romantic spot of all was where the old gray rocks stood like sentinels keeping watch of time as it swiftly glided away; where the flowers had bloomed and faded for centuries. Here the children would stop on their way to school to clamber among the rocks. The girls more particularly, would stop, and down with books and basket, would gather their aprons full of moss to decorate their play house at school. The boys would go on and presently there would be a sound greeting the ears of the girls calling them to come on or they would be too late for school. If they had strove as hard up the hill of science, and encountered the many obstacles with as much energy as they did in their search for moss and tiny flowers they might have soared to a much greater altitude of knowledge and wisdom. But coming events cast their shadows before and the scene is changed. Where is the happy band? They are scattered; yes scattered like the leaves of the forest by the autumn winds. The younger sister has gone to a far off land to shed sunshine in the home of the one trusted to be her protector through life. The younger brother went to seek a fortune in the far West. While the elder sister was left to dwell alone under the roof that had sheltered her from childhood's early days. The eldest brother, where is he? When the rallying cry of liberty sounded abroad through the land, calling on the loyal men to fill the ranks, he left the peaceful fire-side circle of home and friends, and enlisting in the ranks of war, he left his native State and with his comrades brave went to battle with the foe amid Virginia's mountains, or by the blue Potomac's shore. On many a hard fought battle-field he stood and faced the foe while round him fell his comrades brave, sinking to rise no more. Thus through weary months of strife and toil he braved unflinchingly the stormy elements of war. But alas! the fatal shot it came, and he lies side by side with thousands of others slain.

[The above was written by the eldest sister to the youngest, who resides in Jacksonville, Oregon. It is no fancy sketch, but a truthful picture of past and passing events. The eldest brother had passed through twenty-five of the hardest battles during the war unharmed; but finally fell at the head of the column at Gettysburg. The youngest brother now resides in Nevada. The author of the above still occupies the old homestead. The living orphans have since the battle, erected a marble slab to mark the last resting place of their departed brother at Gettysburg.—D.]

THEIR POSTERITY.—At a Democratic meeting lately held in Tennessee, the following resolutions were adopted: Resolved, That the country belongs to white men and their posterity forever. Whereupon soon after every mulatto in town came in and claimed the privilege of joining the meeting, saying, "we are your posterity forever, deny it who dares."

One mulatto rose and said, "the Chairman of this committee is my father. God knows and he knows."

NICE BOY.—"Ma, if you will give me a peach I will be a good boy." "No, my child, you must not be good for pay; that is not right." "You don't want me to be good for nothing do you?"

The population of Boston is now 227,750.

Railroad for Southern Oregon.

The following is a copy of a document now in circulation: Whereas, There is now in the hands of the Congressional Railroad Committee, a bill providing for a branch of the Central Pacific Railroad, commencing at the bend of the Humboldt river and running through the Rogue River and Umpqua valleys to Portland; said bill granting a Government loan of about thirteen million of dollars, secured on a second mortgage of said road.

And Whereas, We learn from B. F. Dowell, just returned from Washington, that the Committee have agreed to report favorably on said bill, immediately after the commencement of the next session of Congress, and recommend its passage.

Therefore to secure so desirable an end and to forward the public interest of the State at large, and particularly that of Southern Oregon, we deem it absolutely necessary that a preliminary survey of the passes east of Rogue River valley should be made immediately.

We also recommend, in view of the short season for operations in the field, that the subscribers to this enterprise meet in the town of Jacksonville on Saturday, the 20th inst., to take such steps as may be thought best to forward the object.

A NEW KEY TO THE PRINTER'S CATCHISM.—It does say: Thou (especially the ladies) shalt love the printer, for he loveth you muchly.

Thou shalt subscribe for his paper, for it is an abomination in his sight to see those "sponged" who take it.

If thou art a business man, thou shouldst advertise, in order that thou mayest not only be able to pay for thy paper, but that you may put money in thy purse.

Thou shalt not visit him regardless of his office rules—in deranging the paper.

Thou shalt not touch anything that would give him trouble—that he may hold thee guilty.

Thou shalt not read the manuscript in the compositor's hand—for he will not hold thee blameless.

Thou shalt not read the news before it is printed, for he will give it to you in due time.

Thou shalt ask him few questions of the affairs of the office.

Thou shalt not at any time send abusive and threatening letters to the editor, neither shalt thou cow-hide him more than four times a year.

Thou shalt not write communications on both sides of the paper, for the editor needeth the other side to write his editorials on.

IN A FIX.—The La Crosse Democrat, the paper which has 200,000 subscribers, has not come to hand since the New York Convention, but here is what it said about Seymour before the Convention was held:

"What a beautiful fix we would be in were we to adopt Gov. Seymour's views, re-affirming in substance the Jacobin (Rep.) platform on the financial question. How grandly we could rally the masses. What stirring appeals we could make to the plow-holder. What a splendid campaign it would be with no issue that would touch the real interests of the people, arouse enthusiasm, fire the popular heart and consolidate, strengthen, inspire with confidence, gladden with assurance of victory the Democratic Legions. Out upon the thought! Spurn all such suggestions! Treat as enemies, all who would counsel such suicidal policy. Away with the insidious advice of those who would thus delude, betray and ruin us. It is false to Democracy. It is treason to country. It is death to liberty."

WHEN A Spaniard eats a peach or pear, by the road side, wherever he is, he digs a hole in the ground with his foot, and covers the seed. Consequently all over Spain, by the roadsides and elsewhere, fruit in great abundance tempts the taste, and is free. Let this practice be imitated in this country, and the weary wanderer will be blessed, and blessed the hand that ministered to his comfort and joy. We are bound to leave the world as good, or better than we found it, and he is a selfish churl who basks under the shadow and eats the fruits of trees which other hands have planted, if he will not also plant trees which shall yield fruit to the coming generations.

RAILROAD PROGRESS.—Trains are now running for 700 miles over the Union Pacific road, and 680 miles have been accepted by the Government. The company have 20,000 men at work.

The editor of the Kansas Chief thinks General Buckner, of the Louisville Courier acts ungrateful in not going for Grant, as Grant went for him at Fort Donnellson.

THE young lady who burst into tears has been put together again, and is now wearing hoops to prevent a recurrence of the accident.