AMERICAN SAW COMPANY,

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. 605 Front Street, San Francisco.

☞ Descriptive Pamphlets will be forwarded to any one giving th their address.

g15-3m.

FRANCO--AMERICAN

HOTEL AND RESTAURANT,

OPPOSITE THE

Odd Fellow's Hall,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Travelers and resident boarders will fine

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 travelling as well as the permanent community.

Jacksonville, March 31, 1868. tf

SPECIAL NOTICES.

STAR OF THE UNION

CELEBRATED

STOMACH BITTERS!

These delicious stomach bitters are entirely Vegetable, and free from alcohol, hence every hurb

TRY THEM! TRY THEM!

JUDGE FOR YOUR SELF!

All incredients. A pleasant tonic and a most agreeable drink. The market is flooded with poisonous compounds, but this article is made from the purest of materials, roots, barks and herbs, and admirably adapted to the cure of Malady of the Stomach, Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, such as Dyspepsia, Fever, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite, etc., etc. For sale by all Druggists and Dealers generally.

A. TENZHAUSEN, Sole Manufacturer, 416 Front st. S. Jackson, San Francisco.

Willamette University;

DEPARTMENT OF MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

SESSION for 1868-9 will commence on the fourth day of November, and continue four months. The Medical Department is now established as a permanent institution. The means of illustration in each department are ample and the course of instruction thorough and complete. Material for practical Anatomy will be supplied. Students on arriving in the city are requested to call on the Dean, who will give any information desired. Letters of inquiry addressed to the Dean will receive prompt attention. Medical books can be procured in this city.

H. CARPENTER, M. D.
Dean of the Medical Faculty,
Salem, Oregon.

BOUND TO DO IT!

D. C. MILLER

IS BOUND TO WORK

ACCORDING TO THE TIMES

HORSE SHOEING

At reduced prices for cash. Ten per cent. discount will be made on all kinds of work where cash is paid.

March 20th, 1868. mch21tf

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 Crocket, 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.

DRS. BUSH & MCALISTER

DENTISTS,

NO. 70, Market Street, San Francisco Cal.

Dr. McAlister, of the above named firm, will be at Jacksonville in a short time, and remain for a few days. To any person who has had a set of teeth that they cannot use, I will make them a set on their leaving the amount of my bill with any responsible firm in town, the amount or teeth to be sent to me within a specified time. Teeth filled and restored to their natural form with fine gold, and made useful for years or no charge.

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIII. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1868. NO. 39

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. feb21tf

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-tf

DR. LEWIS GANUNG,

PHYSICIAN & SURGEON AND

Obstetrician.

WILL attend to any who may require his services. Office adjoining N. Langet's shoe shop, on north side California Street, Jacksonville. nov2tf

B. F. DOWELL, E. B. WATSON.

DOWELL & WATSON,

ATTORNEYS AT LAW,

Jacksonville, Oregon.

Warren Lodge No. 10. A. F. & A. M

HOLD their regular communications on the Wednesday Evenings on preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

A. MARTIN, W. M.
C. W. SAVAGE, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.

A FIRE PROOF BRICK STORE TO RENT on reasonable terms. Apply to

P. J. RYAN.

sept19w3 Jacksonville, Oregon, Sept. 19th 1868

Notice.

THE books and accounts of the SENTINEL are in the hands of Mr. E. B. Watson. Those indebted will please call and pay their accounts. B. F. DOWELL.

Teams Wanted for Camp Warner.

ON, and after the first day of October, 1868, the undersigned have determined to sell for cash exclusively—except upon special contract. Those indebted to the firm must positively pay up, as all accounts will be closed October 1st. GLENN DRUM & CO.

sept12tf.

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, Calf & Kip, Domestic Leather, Boot Legs, etc.

JOHN G. HEIN, New York. | L. FAVRE, Paris. | JOHN BRAY, San Francisco.

Address, HEIN & BRAY, San Francisco. 416 Battery Street.

EL DORADO,

S. E. Cor. Cal. & Ogn. Sts. Jacksonville, O.

S. M. FARREN.

ATTENTION FARMERS!

Gang Plows.

I HAVE purchased the patent right of Jackson and Josephine counties, for the celebrated Pfiel GANG PLOW, and am now prepared to fill orders, and will guarantee that this plow will do better work with less power, and give more satisfaction than any yet offered to the farmers of southern Oregon. Plows warranted in ever respect, and all kinds of blacksmithing done at ten per cent. discount for cash. oct10m3 P. DONEGAN.

JOB Work neatly executed at the SENTINEL Office.

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.

☞ Legal Tenders received at current rates.

Matters Matrimonial.

"Father, where is our Jamie to-night—
Jamie so bold and so gay?
The twilight shadows are falling now,
Why does he stay away?
Jamie is handsome and manly, too,
And he will be good and great;
But, father, why is our darling boy
A staying away so late?"

"Our noble boy is a child no more,
He has grown to man's estate;
He has gone a courting Minnie Gray,
The reason he stays so late;
For her golden hair and eyes of blue
Have stolen his heart away,
And he goes in the holy twilight hour
A-wooing sweet Minnie Gray."

"Why does the maiden lure him away,
Now we are growing so old?
And we have shielded him all his life.
Our love has never grown cold.
The maid can never love as we
Have loved him all his years,
Who have led him along the path of life,
Sharing his smiles and tears."

"But Millie, remember long years ago,
When I was handsome and gay,
And you a maiden fair and sweet,
That you stole my heart away.
I had a father old and gray,
And a mother kind and true,
Who loved me fondly all my life—
But my heart went out with you."

A blush crept over her withered cheek,
Her eyes shone clear and mild.
No longer she chided the lovely maid
For winning away her child.
She thought of the long ago, when she
Stood close to her lover's side,
In the little church, and the man of God,
Made her a happy bride.

WHO MADE WAR?—Oh, Copperhead, why continue to insult the common sense of mankind by the continued iteration and reiteration of the threadbare and profitless lie that the "Republican party brought on the war." Mr. Lincoln was elected in November, 1860. He was not inaugurated until March 4th, 1861. As a private citizen, he could not, between the above dates, wage war much. But see what the rebels, encouraged by the Northern Democracy did meanwhile. They captured Fort Moultrie and Castle Pickney Dec. 20th.

Took Fort Pulaski Jan 3d.

Seized the Mount Vernon Arsenal Alabama, with 20,000 stand of arms, January 3d.

Seized Fort Morgan, Mobile, Jan. 4th.

Fired on the Star of the West going to provision Sumpter. Jan. 9th.

Captured Forts Jackson and St. Philip, below New Orleans, Jan. 10th.

Captured Pensacola navy yard and Fort McHae, Jan. 14th.

Took Baton Rouge arsenal, January 18th.

Seized New Orleans mint and custom house, Jan. 20th.

Seized Little Rock Arsenal, February 2d.

So Mr. Lincoln found a war already made to his hand as soon as he took his place in the office to which the people had called him—war full grown and lusty. He had his choice to do his duty as Executive head of the republic, or lie down in his tracks and let his country die. He was about as much responsible for the war as for the massacre of St. Bartholomew.—Copperhead you know this; then why lie so?

ADVICE.—Never attempt to strike the guilty where, by the misdirected or too hasty blow, the innocent, the gallant, and the good may suffer. Never attempt to expose a villain if your efforts in so doing are likely to injure those who have been the unsuspecting dupes of his artifice. Never shake hands with a man if you are not really glad to see him. Never forget, when you meet, to recognize your friends, and be even more careful to offer your salutation to those that are poor. Never run extravagantly into debt, for it is the by-path which leads to moral destruction.

Alaska.

The *Uniontie* makes the following extracts from a private letter, dated Fort Kodiac, Alaska, August 22d.

"The country is not so bad as represented. Grass grows here to the height of six or seven feet, looks like timothy and is very sweet. Of wild fruit the Salmon berry is the most plentiful and largest; I have seen specimens measuring from one and a half to two inches in diameter. In flavor they bear a close resemblance to the ordinary raspberry, but differ materially in size, form and color. It is Summer time now but at this place it is quite wet and foggy. Potatoes and other vegetables don't grow to any size—I have seen a hundred of the largest sized potatoes raised in this region stowed away in a quart cup.

"The Indians around here seem to be very peaceable people, being mostly exemplary members of the Greek Church. Though possessed of a smattering of religion, many of their customs are extremely primitive, not to say barbarous. In stature the men will not average over five feet. In the line of industry they form no exception to the traditional Indian character. Doing so much and no more than is necessary for prolonging the union between body and soul. Their staple and almose exclusive article of food is fish, with which nature has provided them an abundant variety.

"The post to be called Fort Kenay is anything but a desirable habitation. Nature evidently designed it as the abode of mosquitoes and wild animals, which at present enjoy (and should for all time to come) undisputed possession. In winter snow falls to the depth of six or seven feet, and the prospects for a winter's stay is suggestive of anything but pleasing anticipations.

"From an exploring party which I met in Kenay Harbor, I learned that important discoveries of gold had lately been made in the Kenay river, and that the party were prosecuting their researches with the hope of developing something still better.

"You have doubtless heard the full particulars of the catastrophe by which we all come near losing our lives, first by drowning and then by starvation. We arrived in Kenay Harbor on July 8th, but on account of the wet, swampy character of the ground, no landing was made, and we turned back with the intention of making camp at Graham's or English Harbor; but in attempting to enter the first named ran on a rock and lost everything we had except our lives. The half putrid carcasses of drowned sheep, driven from the wreck by the waves, were eagerly sought and devoured. An occasional sack of flour loosed from its confinement, would find its way to shore, and though often picked up by the Indians, they, in full sympathy with our pitiable condition, and totally at variance with my preconceived ideas of them, would hasten to bring it to us, and would smile archly at any attempt to express our gratitude for such unexpected kindness.

"Since our arrival at Kodiac a most serious accident has happened, and one which is most heartily regretted by everyone. Berling, the well known and generally esteemed Orderly-Sergeant of Battery "F," 2d Artillery, and a young fellow named Cooper, was trying to get some dry powder out of a bombshell, and to that end were hammering away on it with a piece of steel, which struck fire and exploded the shell, which came near killing both of them. Berling was struck in the face by a piece of the shell which tore both cheeks from the mouth to the ear, leaving two pieces in the jaw, and slightly injuring his hand. Cooper had his hand torn horribly, the thumb being blown entirely off, adhering simply by a strip of flesh torn from the arm and by which the thumb hung suspended over his shoulder. Both sufferers are around again, but the frightful marks of their misfortune will be concealed only by the grave.

A young man generally gives a lock of his hair to his sweetheart before he marries her. After marriage she can help herself—and use no scissors.

Frightened at a Gong.

We have of a funny story told of a young fellow residing in one of the tobacco-growing counties of Virginia, who recently made his first visit to Richmond, the capital of the "Old Dominion," for the purpose of selling his crop, seeing the sights, and rubbing off some of the rust which his backwoods "fetching up" had thrown upon his manners.

He reached Richmond about the middle of the forenoon, and was fortunate in selling his goods at an advantageous rate and almost immediately. Meeting with an old school-fellow—one who had lived in the city long enough to know its ways—he was advised to take up his lodgings at Boyden's, the crack house of the place; and thither he at once went with his bag and baggage. Just before dinner his city friend called upon him, and found him comfortably located in a room just at the head of the stairs. It was close upon dinner time.

"Suppose we take something to start our appetite?" said the chap who had just "come down."

"Agreed," rejoined the city friend; "a glass of wine and bitters for me."

"Lets go down to the bar and get it—dinner's most ready," continued the tobacco grower.

"We might as well have it up here," was the rejoinder.

"Good lick; but how are we to call for it?"

"Ring that bell there."

"What bell?"

"Pull that rope hanging there."

The young man laid hold of the rope and gave it a jerk, and just at that moment the gong sounded for dinner. Never had he heard such a sound before, and the rumbling crash came upon his ear with a report that stunned him. He staggered back from the rope, raised both hands in horror, and exclaimed—

"Great Jerusalem, what a smash! I've broke every piece of crockery in the house! There aint a whole dish left! You must stick by me, old fellow," addressing his friend; "don't leave me in this scrape, for my whole crop won't half pay the breakage. What did you tell me to touch that cursed rope for?"

But before his friend, who was all but bursting with laughter, could answer, a servant entered the room with—

"Did you ring the bell, sir?"

"Bell? no. Blame your bell; I never touched your bell in my life. What bell? I never saw your bell!"

"Somebody rang the bell to this room, that's certain," continued the servant.

"No they didn't. There's nobody here that ever saw a bell;" and then turning to his friend, exclaimed, aside, "Let's lie him out of it. I shan't have a cent to go home if I pay for the entire damage. What do they get such ravenlly traps as that for, to take folks in from the country?"

After a violent fit of laughter, the friend was enabled to explain that it was only the gong sounding for dinner—a simple summons to walk down to soup, got up on the Chinese plan. They made their way to dining room, but it was some time before the young tobacco grower could get over the stunning and awful effects of that dreadful gong. "It was a Godsend," he said "that the crash did not turn my hair grey on the spot."

LET THEM GO!—After the war broke out Seymour said, so late as October 28th, 1864, at a Democratic meeting in Utica, New York:

"If it is true that slavery must be abolished to save this Union, then the people of the South should be allowed to withdraw themselves from that government which cannot give the protection guaranteed by its terms." [See the entire speech in "Public Record of Horatio Seymour," page 32-42.]

This is the record of the "statesman" the Copperheads attempt to make out a Union man—in fact, one of the patriotic Governors who saved the Union! No loyal man ought to be deceived by this man Seymour. If he had been loyal during the war do you think that John A. Dix, a Democrat, would have said to him: "I have soldiers enough to take care of the mob and you, too?" If he had been loyal, or not in sympathy with the rebels, do you think he could have presided over the so-called Democratic National Convention in 1864, which resolved against coercion and that the war was a failure? Was any man a real Union man who has to procure certificates to prove his loyalty? Does any man doubt the loyalty of Governors Fenton, Curtain, Geary, Morten, Yates, and other Chief Magistrates in office during the war? This man Seymour was a rebel sympathizer, and this country ought to sink the day the people reward him for his disloyalty!—*Appeal.*

LOVE.

Let the misanthrope scowl, the philosopher jeer, the philanthropist soliloquize, and yet even they have to succumb to its heavenly influence. What would we be in this bleak world, were it not for this passion that sways the human soul? How many a penniless bankrupt—that turns from the wreck of his former wealth—would seek oblivion in the wine cup, or fill the grave of a suicide, were it not loving eyes that looked to him for succor How many weary, worn frames would give up life without a murmur, were it not for some dear object that inspires them to live, to work, to toil—that the loved one may be happy? Look at the weather-beaten, hard-working, drudging mechanic, that toils from dawn to eve—the drops of sweat, like rain, may fall in torrents from his brow. You but speak and ask him of his home, and the bright smile that lights up and wreaths his face will assure you that his labor is light, since 'tis shared with loved ones. Look at the frail, overworked woman, whose midnight lamp still finds her work unfinished—see how nimbly her fingers fly—some dear one of her heart is by, depending upon her for sustenance. *Love!* Oh, what would life be worth without it! Money can purchase all the surroundings of luxury—beauty, affluence, and position; but all the wealth of our noble Union cannot purchase what the poorest serf may claim free—love in all its wealth of ecstatic pleasure. "Heaven itself is love," and if we would only permit it to be our watchword, and be guarded by its holy influence, we would find less crime and more congeniality in this changable world of ours; but we beat it down, scoff at its inspiration—too often, alas! many looking upon it as a weakness belonging to the weaker sex. False impression! Shun the man who laughs at and ignores its power. 'Tis the prompter of every good action of our lives.

BEECHER ON GRANT AND SEYMOUR.—In answer to an invitation from the Printer's Grant and Coltax Club of Washington, D. C., Henry Ward Beecher writes:

"I shall co-operate with you in every just measure for the victory of those fundamental principles of moral and good Government of which Grant and Coltax are the expositors. Revolutions do not go backward, and I have every confidence that the conscience and intelligence which led this great nation to resist slavery, and to defeat it, will now refuse to put the Government into the very hands which either were raised against it, or which refused to help in its defense. The new adhesion of impatient Southern men to the very worst type of Democratic doctrine ever enunciated since the party went into alliance with slavery, cannot be but as disasterous for the South as was its league with the same party before the war. The Democratic party seems fated to lead the South into desperate steps, and then to be utterly unable to help those whom it has deluded. It will be so again. Utterly lost to all moderation, the Convention in New York has laid down a platform which will bring civil war to the South again unless it is prevented by the victory of the Republican party.

FORGOTTEN.—Generation after generation have felt as we feel, and their fellows were as active in life as ours are now. They passed away as a vapor, while nature wore the same aspect of beauty as when her Creator commanded her to be. And so likewise shall it be when we are gone. The heavens will be as bright over our graves as they are now around our path; the world will have the same funeral wind on its way, and the attraction for offspring that she had once for ourselves, and that she has now for our children. A little while and all this will have happened: The throbbing heart will be stilled and we shall be at rest. Our prayers will be said, and the grave clods will be thrown in, and our friends will all retire, and we shall be left behind to darkness and to the worms. And it may be for some short time we shall be spoken of; but the things of life will creep in, and our names will soon be forgotten. Days will continue to move on, and laughter will be heard in the very chamber in which we died; and the eyes will glisten again with joy; and even our children will cease to think of us, and will not remember to lisp our name. Then shall we have become, in the language of the Psalmist, "forgotten and clean out of mind."

The New York *Sun* announces "by authority," that James T. Brady, the eminent New York lawyer, and almost life-long Democrt, has come out for Grant. Brady was a war Democrat, but since the war has acted with the Democratic party until he saw that it means the same old treason.