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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

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

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NOTICE. NOTICE is hereby given to persons indebted to us to come forward by the 1st of January, 1869, and settle their accounts. We must have money. SACHS BROS.

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God's Anvil. Pain's furnace heat within me quivers. God's breath upon the flame doth blow. And all my heart in anguish shivers. And trembles at the fiery glow; And yet I whisper, As God will! And in his hottest fire hold still. He comes and lays my heart all heated, In the hard anvil minded so. Into his own fair shape to beat it. With the great hammer, blow on blow. And yet I whisper, As God will! And at his heaviest blows hold still. He takes my soft and heart and beats it, The sparks fly off at every blow! He turns it o'er and o'er and beats it, And lets it cool and makes it glow; And yet I whisper, As God will! And in his mighty hands hold still. Why should I murmur? for the sorrow This only longer lived would be; It ends my come, and will, to-morrow, When God has done his work in me. So I say, trusting, As God will! And, trusting to the end, hold still. He kindles for my profit purely Allusion's glowing fiery brand. And all his heaviest blows are surely Indicted by a master hand! So I say, praying, As God will! And hope in him, and suffer still. From the German.

Jilted. I've had girls in plenty, a dozen I say, twenty! Of various ages, complexions and styles; Some brown as a berry, some delicate, very. But all of them veered in the man catching wiles. I've started flirtations with girls in all stations, In singular places, 'mid very queer scenes, With Julius and Fannies, Amelias and Annies. With pale Aramintas an' 'rosy Ironies. But not one will take me, the whole of them 'shakin' me. Or else put me off in the cruellest way; Though with many I mingle, I still remain single. For I am too homely to marry, they say. Fair maids of the city, I pray you take pity; For if my few changes are not soon increased, I'll buy a "six shooter," or start out for Utah. And marry a couple of dozen, at least. Edward Ellis Kimball.

A Great Farmer's Maxims. The successful life of Mr. Jacob Strawn, the Prince of American farmers, is attributed to the observance of the following Maxims, originated by himself.

When you wake up, do not roll over, but roll out. It will give time to ditch all your sloughs' break them up, harrow them, and sow them with timothy and red clover. One bushel of clover to two bushels of timothy is enough. Make your fence high, tight and strong, so that it will keep cattle and pigs out. If you have brush, make your lots secure, and keep your hogs from cattle, for if corn is clean they will eat it better than if it is not. Be sure to get your hands to bed by seven o'clock; they will rise early by force of circumstances. Pay a hand, if he is a poor hand, all you promise him; if he is a good one, pay him more; it will encourage him to do still better. Always feed your hands as well as you do yourself; for the laboring man is the bone and sinew of the land, and ought to be well treated. I am satisfied that getting up early, industry and regular habits, are the best medicine ever prescribed for health. When rainy, bad weather comes, so that you can't work out of doors cut and split your wood. Make your tracks, fixing your fence or gate, that is off its hinges, or weatherboarding your barn where the wind has blown the siding, or patching the roof of your barn or house. Study your interests closely and do not waste any time electing presidents, senators and other small officers, or talking of hard times when spending your time whittling dry-goods boxes, etc. Take your time and make calculations; don't do things in a hurry, but do them at the right time, and keep your mind as well as body employed.

Our "Great Mortality."

With the light of history, and the records of medical literature—of what has been already written, and what is known to be sound medical opinion by the intelligent public of San Francisco, and in face of what they have been orally taught by those in whom they have confidence—we say that it is a sin and disgrace that the small-pox continues its work of devastation among us.

For more than half a year the number of victims for each month has steadily increased—beginning with twenty in June, it reaches one hundred and forty-eight in December. More than half a thousand people hurried in six months to "Lone Mountain" by a preventable disease. It seems no use trying to teach supervisors, Health Office, or health officers, the people themselves must do the work with the energy and determination that the people of California have ever shown when necessity has compelled them to grapple with any great evil, or overcome any great difficulty.

When every man goes to his daily work with an inward fear—when death is bringing sorrow to so many hearts, and so many are untimely cut off in their prime—when even commerce is in danger of being paralyzed by this resistless foe—it is really an insult to common sense, a mockery to experience and intelligence, to play experimental farces—to work with feeble weapons—when record upon record, when unquestionable testimony, undeniably proves that the ready antidote is before us.

If we were writing for the public we would tell them what this ready antidote is—what is the truth that is in us; we should appeal to them in the name of humanity and common sense to take the matter into their own hands, and not rely longer on those who have the power, but apparently not the knowledge to stop the pestilence; we would tell them that a thousand tongues have said again and again, and recorded experience has verified the utterance, that universal vaccination and re-vaccination is the only remedy and ever ready antidote; that prudence has suggested the necessity of disinfecting the house and clothing where an infected person has been and that while infected he should be kept as isolated as possible. But we write to the profession, and we are sure there is not an intelligent member of it in San Francisco who does not believe that if these measures were put effectively in force, that the disease would not only be "stamped out," but rooted out in less than a month.

Well, why has it not been? We do not wish to be personal in our fault-finding; but our authorities—the supervisors, the Health Office and Health officers—have not met the foe with the proper weapon; they have gone out with a "sling and a stone," but their hands are not the hands of David—and the sling and the stone is a feeble weapon in unannounced hands. Speeches and letters showing plausible ignorance, self sufficiency, and half educated conceit—pumping water into sewers, and sending round a cart evolving chlorine gas—are far punier weapons than a tiny lancet with a drop of vaccine lymph. This is the weapon which is sure to kill the small-pox. With shame we confess that this long continuance of the small-pox is an infamous disgrace to us. We do not mean to the medical profession, for as a body they have no power; we believe each individual has done his duty; the blame, the sin lies with the authorities we have mentioned, because they have not long ago enforced the power a State ordinance has already given them of appointing physicians for house to house vaccination, and compelling each and every one to be vaccinated who has not been so during the present epidemic.

It is a work of supererogation to say anything to an informed mind as to the paramount importance and urgent necessity of such a measure as this. Some we know may deny, may doubt. In answer to those, all we have to say is, some people deny the existence of an Almighty, and some doubt a future existence.—California Medical Gazette.

Disinfectants.

At a time when it is scarcely possible to use too much precaution against the contagion of disease, especially in the burial of the dead, it is well to consider the most effective agencies used for disinfection. The following is taken from a popular medical work, and points to charcoal as the simplest, and perhaps the best disinfectant, where it can be used conveniently:

First in efficiency, cheapness and availability of artificial anti-septics, deodorizers, and disinfectants, is charcoal. The disinfective properties of charcoal are due almost entirely to its great porosity. Iobig states that the pores in a cubic inch of beech charcoal must, at the lowest computation, be equal to the surface of 100 square feet; and some chemists have estimated it at more than double this amount. By reason of this peculiar physical structure, the charcoal becomes endowed with a remarkable capacity for absorbing and condensing gases; and hence, when it is exposed to an atmosphere containing the putrid products of decomposition, it quickly absorbs them. Thus far the action of charcoal is simply mechanical, but it does not stop here; for when once the miasmata become stored in the pores of the coal, a secondary or chemical action is promoted by reason of the intimate contact of the former with the air condensed also by the charcoal. This contact causes rapid oxidation to take place, and as oxidation is a species of combustion, the putrid matters are burned up and destroyed as effectually as if they were passed through the ignited coals of a furnace. Freshly burned and broken charcoal, will absorb from ten to fourteen per cent. of its own weight of gases and moisture from the atmosphere during a period of twenty-four hours; and it is capable of absorbing ninety times its own volume of sulphureted hydrogen. The disinfecting and deodorizing power of fine charcoal, depends greatly upon its being both fresh and dry. Charcoal loses its absorptive and disinfecting power in a great degree by use, but can be restored to full efficiency by moderately heating it.

Properly applied, charcoal is an arrester of putrefaction, and as such, it is recommended for employment in the preservation of animal food, meats, fish etc. Animal matter, in an advanced state of putrefaction, loses all offensive odor when covered with a layer of charcoal; it continues to decay, but without emitting any ill odor.

All kinds of charcoal are not however, equally effective; wood charcoal, and the charcoal derived from the carbonization of peat, being the most valuable. During the Crimean War, the British Sanitary Commission sent out whole ship loads of peat charcoal, to be used as a deodorizer and disinfectant of the masses of putrescent material that had accumulated in the vicinity of military camps, hospitals and barracks. A report of that commission recommends the following as one of the most efficient of deodorizing compounds: One part of Peat Charcoal, one part of Quicklime, and four parts of Sand and Gravel.

Night-soil can be deodorized and removed without offense by covering it with fine charcoal. Poudrette, with an offensive smell, has been for some years past, manufactured on a large scale from night-soil, by the following method: to three cart-loads of coal ashes add one of charcoal, and to fifty cart-loads of night-soil add one of the above mixed coal ashes and charcoal. The charcoal used is obtained from whisky stills, at a cost of from fifty cents to one dollar per cart-load. It is thoroughly dried before being used.

Advantage has been taken of the power of charcoal to absorb noxious gases, to construct a respirator for protection against the inhalation of malarious and infected air. It consists of a hollow case of wire-gauze filled with coarsely powdered charcoal, and fitted over the mouth and nostrils by straps. All the air that enters the lungs must pass through this charcoal sieve, and in so passing, is deprived of the noxious vapors or gases it may contain.

For persons engaged in hospitals, dissecting rooms, the holds of ships, or in the vicinity of sewers, this advice is most valuable. Foul water filtered through a layer of powdered charcoal is decolorized and purified.

Sugar refiners render brown sugar white by passing it in solution through animal charcoal. Ale and porter subjected to the same treatment, are not only decolorized, but deprived of their bitter principles. In case of poisoning with vegetable poisons, such as Opium, Strychnia, etc., one of the best immediate antidotes which can be given is powdered charcoal in water; this absorbs the poisonous principle, and renders it inactive. The decolorizing action of charcoal may be illustrated by filtering porter, port wine, or water, colored with ink, through a small quantity of animal charcoal. The filtered liquor will be deprived of smell, taste, and color.

The use of charcoal air-filters, consisting of a layer of charcoal in coarse powder, varying in size, according to its circumstances, between a small bean and a filbert, are strongly recommended by British Sanitarians for ventilating purposes. The charcoal is placed between two sheets of wire gauze, fixed in a frame, and can be readily applied to buildings, ships, to the air-shafts of sewers, to water closets, and various other purposes. All the impurities in the air are absorbed by the charcoal, so that a current of pure air alone passes through the filter; and in this way pure air may be obtained from exceedingly impure sources. The efficiency of the charcoal appears never to diminish, if it is kept dry, and its pores are not choked up by dust.

PRICE'S ARMY HEARD FROM.—We conversed on yesterday with a gentleman just from White Pine, says the Sacramento Record, and he gave it as his opinion that when the Spring time arrived the entire command of Price's army would be securely settled down in White Pine. He says that the advance guard is now on the ground and are daily expecting reinforcements, and it is his opinion that merchants and others owning goods, wares and merchandise, will be minus of most of them, if they are required for the comfort and convenience of the aforesaid gentry. In other words, the place will be infested with the most ruthless set of blacklegs that can be found anywhere. They are following the workmen of the Union Pacific Railroad, and are fleeing them out of their earnings as fast as they are paid off. It was a God send to us when the Washoe fever broke out among the roughs of this city. More could have been spared without any serious loss to this community. Many found themselves dangling at the rope's end for their misdeeds, and we are of the opinion that many of the same set will find themselves in the same predicament at the famous White Pine mines. So mote it be.

A QUAKER'S ADVICE.—A prudent well disposed member of the Society of Friends once gave the following friendly advice: "John," said he "I hear thou art going to be married." "Yes," replied John, "I am." "Well," replied the man of drab, "I have one little piece of advice to give thee, and that is, never marry a woman worth more than thou art. When I married my wife, I was worth just fifty shillings, and she was worth fifty-two; and whenever any little difference has occurred between us since, she has always thrown up the odd shillings.

Wishes of ladies; First, a husband; second, a fortune; third, a baby; fourth, a trip to Europe; fifth, a better looking dress than any of the neighbors; sixth, to be well buttered with flattery; seventh, to have nothing to do in particular; eight, to be handsome (which is sometimes commendable, since to be plain or less is a defect; ninth, to be thought well of, which is also commendable, except it be from those whose opinions are worthless; tenth, to make a sensation; eleventh, to attend weddings; twelfth, to be always considered under thirty.

"Only One Kiss, Marier"

There was a tanny little episode on the car that helped to arouse us. At Montana Iowa, a young man and a young woman came aboard of the sleeping car, and the former said: "See here, Mr. Conductor, I want one of your bunks for this young woman and one for myself individually. One will do for us when we get to the Bluffs, hey, Marier? (a playful and affectionate poke at "Marier" with his elbow, to which she replies, "Now John, quit.") for you see we are going to get married at Marier's uncle's when we get there. We might 'a been married at Montanny, but we took a habit to wait 'till we got to the Bluffs, 'bein' as Marier's uncle is a minister, and they charge a goldfired price for hitchin' folks at Montanny." Maria was assigned to one of the "best bunks," and John was given one not far away. After a time all the inmates of the car were stowed away in their berths to go through the inevitable alternations of sweltering and freezing.

During a stoppage of the train at one station, the voice of John was heard, raised in pleading accents, all unconsciously that the train had stopped, and that tones the noise of the rattling wheels had drowned while the cars were moving could be distinctly heard by all when they had stopped.

"Now, Ma-er, you might give a feller jes' one kiss." "John, you quit, or I'll git right out here and hoof it back to Montanny in the snow storm."

"Only one little kiss, Marier, and I'll go; hope to die 'I don't." "John!"

Just at that interesting moment a grey head protruded from a berth at the other end of the car, and an old man cried out so that all could hear, "Marier, for God's sake give John one kiss, so that we can go to sleep some time to-night!"

It is needless to remark that a peal of laughter ran from one end of the car to the other, under cover of which John slunk back to the seclusion of the "bunk," leaving Maria to the undisturbed possession of her marriage-license, which she interpreted to permit no license to John until accompanied by the proper certificate. And Marier was right.—Correspondence Cincinnati Commercial.

Tragedy of an Accordion.

The following exquisite serio-comic little story comes from the San Francisco Figaro. It is in humor's best vein, and is hard to beat:

Poor Gus Scodler was taken to the Stockton Lunatic Asylum this week. There never was a more pitiable case. It was not love, nor loss of money, nor overmuch study, nor anything of that kind, that caused the poor fellow's insanity. He did not imagine himself the Pope, nor Garibaldi, nor Judas Iscariot, nor a rotary saw. The cause of his reason being overthrown was an accordion. Night after night, when he had fallen asleep in his room, on Kearny street, tired out with the fatigues of the day, a weak minded friend in the adjoining room would commence to play an agonizing and disreputable version of "The Big Sunflower," on a melancholy leaky accordion. For hours at a time would he strain that unhappy tune through the cracks in the diabolical instrument, and ever, as the poor afflicted Gus dropped into a slumber waking from it a frightful noisy discord, which chased balmy sleep affrighted from the dwelling. A few weeks of this sort of thing would unseat the strongest reason. So poor Gus went to the Lunatic Asylum—went imagining himself a gigantic accordion. Squeezing his sides with his hands, he would endeavor to imitate the tune which caused his insanity. Stockton is full of such victims.

The city swarms with wretches who with flutes, fiddles and discordions, produce sounds compared to which Chinese music is delightful harmony, and the tooting of tin horns is as the music of the spheres, and thus drive their fellow creatures to madness. Is there no law? Is there no justice? How long, how long must we suffer?

In European Sunday School reading, writing and spelling, and often the rudiments of grammar, are taught.

The Cincinnati Jews have erected a granite shaft in memory of those of their race who fell during the late war. A new school house, that cost \$185,000, and seats twelve hundred scholars, was recently dedicated in Hartford, Conn.