

FRANCO-AMERICAN HOTEL AND RESTAURANT, OPPOSITE THE Odd Fellow's Hall, Jacksonville, Oregon.

MADAME D' ROBOAM'S SEEDS 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 trouble will be spared to deserve the patronage of the traveling as well as the permanent community.

Jacksonville, March 31, 1866.

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.

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, 1865.

DR. LEWIS GANUNG, PHYSICIAN & SURGEON AND Obstetrician.

WILL attend to any who may require his services. Office at B. F. Dowell's office, on the East side 3d Street, Jacksonville, Nov 21st.

B. F. DOWELL, E. H. WATSON, DOWELL & WATSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Jacksonville, Oregon.

Warren 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. Sec'y.

D. L. WATSON, ATTORNEY AT LAW, Empire, City, Coos County, Ogn.

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 1865.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON, Office, No. 64 Front Street, Adjoining the Telegraph Office, Portland Ogn.

SPECIAL COLLECTOR OF CLAIMS, BONDS, PROMISSORY NOTES, BOOK ACCOUNTS, AND ALL OTHER CLAIMS. Will be made a speciality and promptly collected.

No More Foolishness! Those indebted to me are informed that promises to pay don't 'go' any longer. Patience is exhausted and I must have money. This is the last call and at the expiration of thirty days I will put all unsettled accounts in the hands of lawyer for collection—sure! D. CRONMILLER, Jacksonville, March 20th 1866.

Small-Pox, Small-Pox! HAS entirely disappeared, and Patterson & Thornton's New San-Mill is in successful operation; and they are ready to saw out bills of lumber on the shortest notice, for cash or good trade.

Oregon Sentinel.

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Legal Tenders received at current rates.

'Church Belles'

Coming in couples, Smiling so sweetly, Up the long aisle Tripping so neatly!

Fluttering of feathers Rattle of dresses, Fixing of ribbons, Shaking of tresses

Evilng bonnets, Levying laces, Nodding at neighbors Peering in faces.

Whispering softly, Heading no sermon, What they go there for Is hard to determine.

On all around them Gazing so brightly, Wholly unconscious, Singing divinely!

Pray dis-couring Don't stir their whims, 'Tis plain they assemble Just for the miss.

Anecdote of Disraeli's Wife

A story is told of Lady Beaconsfield's devotion to her lord and his ambition, which, if true, is a touching commentary on the unselfishness of woman's affection. On one occasion, when Disraeli was Chancellor of the Exchequer, his wife accompanied him to the Parliament House. It was "Budget" night—the most momentous of all sessions to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, for he had to unfold his financial plans for the ensuing year to a critical and not too easily satisfied House. Disraeli, as he took his place in the carriage, was wholly rapt up in his subject and his figures; it was a crisis in his career. If he failed this night, he might as well take Wolsey's advice to Cromwell, "Fling away ambition!" His wife entered the carriage also, softly, as if not to disturb the thinker. In getting in, however, her finger was caught by the door, which shutting upon it, jammed it terribly and held it so fast that she could not withdraw it. She uttered no cry, made no movement; her pain and agony must have been intense. There was the finger crushed between the panels, to speak or to endeavor to withdraw it would disturb her lord—would drive the figures and arguments from his head. So there stayed the finger, every moment more painful, until they reached the House; nor did Disraeli hear a word of it till long after the famous debate of that night had become history. All that evening the faithful wife sat in the gallery, that her husband's quick-glancing eye might not miss her from it. She bore the pain like a martyr and like a woman who loves. No wonder that by her husband's act she has become Viscountess Beaconsfield; still less wonder that, as Lady Beaconsfield, she is honored in England's proudest castles, and has taken her place in the hereditary society as naturally and easily as if she too had been "to the manor born."

UTILIZING TOMBS.—On entering a tomb at Viterba, I was surprised to see wine and food, on one of the urns in the center. I asked the peasant woman—whose flickering torch cast a mysterious, shadowy light over the pale figures that looked up to us out of great, staring eyes, with their libation-cups, or patens, held invitingly out, as if to be filled—if the spirits of her ancestors still thirsted for the warm drink of their native hills. "Oh, no," she said, "we put it here to cool for ourselves." It seems one must come to Italy to learn best how to utilize the grave-chill otherwise than as a moral refrigerator or theological bugbear.—Catholic Magazine for May.

Stopped His Paper.

The following anecdote of the late Swain, from the Philadelphia Press, is not without its moral in other latitudes than Pennsylvania:

Many years ago Swain, then editor of the Public Ledger, was hailed at the corner of Eighteenth and Chestnut streets by a very excited individual, who informed him in the most emphatic terms: "I have stopped your paper, sir, and proceeded to explain the why and wherefore, all the time gesticulating wildly. "My gracious, sir, you don't say so? Come with me to the office, and let us see if we cannot remedy the matter. It grieves me that any one should stop my paper." Down Chestnut to Third the two proceeded. Arriving at the office, Swain said: "Why, my dear sir, everything appears to be going on here as usual; I thought you had stopped my paper." Then and there the excited gentleman, whom the long walk, by the way, had partly cooled, said that he had stopped his one copy of the Ledger. Swain was profuse in his apologies for having misunderstood the meaning of his late subscriber's words, and regretted that he had given him the tramp from Eighteenth street to Third, down Chestnut. The gentleman went on his way home, a wiser if not a better man, marveling at the stupidity of editors in general, and of Swain in particular. Before he left, however, he ordered that the Ledger be still sent to his address.

Senator Williams, of Oregon

Chairman of the United States Senate Committee on Lands.

This distinguished Senator, one of the ablest and most influential statesmen that has represented the Pacific coast in the National Councils, will arrive from Petaluma by the steamer from that place this afternoon. Mr. Williams, though representing a neighboring State, has rendered important service to the people of California by settling satisfactorily many of the contested land cases which had so long impeded the progress of the State. Such a man is entitled to a public reception at the hands of the citizens of San Francisco.—S. F. Chronicle.

One-Year Service in Germany.

Since 1833, Prussia succeeded in introducing into most of the German States her own practice of allowing young men to serve only one year in the army, instead of three years, as has been the custom heretofore, provided they equip and support themselves for that year, and show by a previous examination that they have acquired a certain moderate but definite grade of general education. Under this system all young men must serve, without exception, their one year, if not their three years, in the army. But, since the introduction of this system into South Germany, it is astonishing how great is the number of failures to pass the requisite examination and obtain the requisite certificate for only one year's service. In Munich, out of 67 candidates 32 failed; in Nuremberg, 39 failed out of 107; in Speyer, 15 out of 77; in Wurzburg, 16 out of 68; in Augsburg, 11 out of 42; in Bayreuth, 10 out of 32; and in general, 116, out of 424 in Bavaria. Thus it appears that the general standard of school education in Bavaria is very low in comparison with that of North Germany and of Protestant Germany. German journals are taking notice of these facts.

The Illinois Legislature have done a harsh and cruel thing (at least some of the Illinois Representatives and Senators in Congress will think so) in passing a law classifying drunkards with idiots and insane people and making provision for the appointment of guardians to take charge of their persons and property. But though harsh, the law may prove salutary in operation. If it works well it should be initiated in other States.

Brick Pomroy says that unless the Democratic party everywhere boldly pronounces for repudiation it will not come into power "until the year after the Radical party has paid off the debt." This is a bad dilemma; for if it does pronounce for repudiation it will never come into power.

A Relic of Barbarism.

THE WHIPPING-POST AND PILLORY IN DELAWARE—THREE PERSONS PILLORIED AND THREE PERSONS FLOGGED.

NEWCASTLE, Del., May 15.—The Criminal Court of Newcastle county began its semi-annual session on Monday last, and before the week was half over a fine lot of work was laid out for the Sheriff to-day. The old weather-beaten idol upon which the historic "eyes of Delaware" have gazed with mingled admiration and awe for so many years, had at last become so shaky and dilapidated that its devotees were atrait to lay their offerings on its shrine once more, so the council of high priests, known as the County Jail Commissioners determined upon demolishing it, and erecting in its place a new and substantial shrine on which to place the offerings of justice. To-day, for the first time, the reconstructed pillory and whipping-post is to be made available for the purpose of demonstrating to the whole world how very far in advance of the rest of the universe is the great State of Delaware in its holy regard for the majesty of the law, and its holy horror of all who defiantly attempt to evade it. The following is a list of the victims who are to be made to appreciate, in all their gentle severity, the consequences of daring to set the majesty of the Delaware law at defiance, with the nature of their offenses, and the character of their punishment:

James Edwards, a gentlemanly-looking white man, about twenty-two years of age, who pleaded guilty to the larceny of an overcoat, a pair of pantaloons and a pair of boots, for which he is to pay double restitution, receive fifteen lashes and suffer one year's imprisonment.

John Peterson, colored, who appropriated a pig and had no defense to make for so doing, sentenced to pay restitution, receive twenty lashes, stay in jail one year, and wear a convict's jacket six months after his release.

John Willis, a white man who plead guilty of stealing a suit of clothes, receives twelve lashes, nine months in jail, and a convict's jacket for six months after his release.

Morris L. Holmes, a white man, who pleaded guilty to the larceny of an assortment of bacon, valued at \$1 20, for which he receives the same punishment as the preceding, with an additional fine of \$2 40 by way of restitution.

John Pierce, a gentleman of color, who was found in possession of a set of harness, but protested his innocence of the charge of having stolen it, sentenced to pay double restitution, receive twenty lashes, stay in jail one year, and be decorated in a convict's jacket for six months after his release.

John Bush, a white man, who admitted that he drove off a bull and two cows, for doing which he was to pay \$300 restitution, receive twenty lashes, and suffer a year's imprisonment.

John Reeley, a colored individual, who was found in the possession of a lot of silver spoons, an overcoat, shawl, and other wearing apparel, and for being so found pays \$300 restitution, stands in the pillory an hour, then receives twenty lashes, and winds up with two years tenancy of Newcastle jail.

Aaron Conner, a colored boy, who pleaded guilty of assaulting a white girl, with a view of committing an outrage on her person, and is sentenced to pay a fine of \$500, stand one hour in the pillory, receive thirty lashes, and suffer an imprisonment of four years.

George W. Thompson, a white man, who stole a horse and forgot to remove the halter before he drove the animal off. For stealing the horse he has to pay \$200 restitution, \$200 fine, stand one hour in the pillory, and receive twenty lashes. For not removing the halter he has to pay \$2 restitution, the costs of prosecution, receive ten lashes, be imprisoned one year, and wear a convict's jacket for six months.

Timothy Doran, a white man, who stole a ham worth \$1 50, has to pay \$3 restitution and costs, receive ten lashes, live in jail six months, and wear a convict's jacket for six months after his release—making the ham a rather expensive one.

Promptly at the appointed time (ten o'clock) the jailer threw open the gates and admitted an eager and expectant audience of paper-and-salt complexions, who were in the highest state of excitement to witness the grand show provided for them gratis by a Delaware justice. The majority of the crowd were small boys, upon whom the exhibition could not fail to have a most salutary effect. To say that they highly enjoyed the performance would scarcely express their delight at the crack of the whip and the cries of the victims as the lashes descended upon the trembling flesh. Ten colored women were present, who alone appeared to have any sympathy for the sufferers, and they gave utterance to many exclamations of pity in undertones, as if they feared that outspoken expressions of opinion at the barbarity of the whole affair would subject them to a similar punishment.

Connor and Reeley were in the pillory when the gates were opened. They remained there one hour; and as the weather is warm and pleasant, they apparently suffered but little. When Thornton, the horse-thief, was placed in the pillory, he also remained one hour, and evidently did not relish his position. He appeared to suffer more than the other men, but stubbornly refused to utter any cries. At one o'clock these three, and seven others under sentence, are to be flogged. This interesting ceremony was postponed until the afternoon by the Sheriff, after he had his dinner, as he feels uncomfortable about the job, and does not wish to undertake it on an empty stomach.

Vice President Colfax Upon "Our New West"

Mr. Colfax, in a letter to the author, thus pays enthusiastic tribute both to the new volume of Mr. Bowles on "Our New West"—just issued with various graphic illustrations by the Hartford Publishing Company—and to the Territories and States it describes:

WASHINGTON, FEB. 10, 1869. MY DEAR MR. BOWLES—The notice of your publishers that you intend to incorporate the sketches of the two long journeys we had together, amplified, revised and illustrated, in a new and more permanent work, brings again vividly before my mind, like a panorama, the stirring incidents of these expeditions the magnificent scenery, the constantly changing and novel experiences, the explorations down into the bowels of the earth, and up to the summits of lofty mountains, the dashing rides down the Sierras and at the Geysers, the oceans of water and of land, and the open door of opportunity which everywhere invited us to enter, and to add largely to our stock of information as to "Our New West." I have not forgotten the Indian hostilities which threatened us on both journeys, but I remember far more delightfully the boundless plains, the snow-capped mountains, the majestic Columbia, our Mediterranean of the north-west, Puget's Sound, that magic city, San Francisco, the wonderful Geysers, the mammoth trees, and the peerless Yosemite.

If our people, who go to Europe for pleasure, travel and observation, knew a tittle of the enjoyment we experienced in our travel under our own flag, far more of them would turn their faces toward the setting sun; and after exploring that Switzerland of America, the Rocky Mountains, with their remarkable peaks and passes, go onward to that realm which fronts upon the Pacific, whose history is so romantic, and whose destiny is so sure; and which that great highway of nations, the Pacific Railroad, will, this spring, bring so near to all of us on the Atlantic slope.

These can not now realize our long-drawn two thousand miles of staging West, and one thousand northward from the Golden Gate; for palatial cars and lightning trains will render travel a pleasure instead of a fatigue, but your graphic sketches of what is to be seen, will, wherever they are read, increase the numbers of those who will not only add to their enjoyment and knowledge, but also strengthen the patriotic ties which bind together such distant regions as the Atlantic and Pacific States, into one harmonious republic by following so far as possible, in our path across the continent. Very truly yours, SCHUYLER COLFAX.

The Internal Revenue receipts for the past eleven months amount to over \$125,000,000.

Looking Down into Vesuvius. A VOLCANO AS SEEN IN ERUPTION.

[From the Pall Mall Gazette.] Often as Vesuvius has been described, there is one set of impressions which are perhaps the most generally interesting of all, but which, from the nature of the case, cannot so frequently be recorded. I refer to one who has stood upon the lip of the crater and looked down while an eruption is actually in progress. It is not always that such a view of such a scene can be obtained. It was at a time when crash was following crash in a manner that was quite sufficiently terrible, and when all the suffocating streams and vapors were being driven to one side of the mountain by a strong wind, that we were able to go up from the windward side, stand upon the lip of the crater, look down into the roaring abyss, and see what the eruption of a volcano looks like upon the spot. That is, in truth, the only way of getting an idea of what a repository of horrors a volcano is. Without such a visit Vesuvius is often a little disappointing. It is nothing but a life mountain, just like any other life Mendelssohn. You may be a little disappointed as you see Vesuvius from below. But you have only to mount to the summit, when an eruption of any magnitude is in progress, to find yourself in presence of appalling phenomena, both of sight and sound. Choose the last few hours of daylight for your ascent; and then, as the darkness closes round and the world below becomes hidden from your view, you stand at the crater in presence of a scene for which no language can be extravagant. For experienced mountaineers, the effort required for the ascent is nothing remarkable; but for ordinary people, it is laborious enough. You arrive at the verge of the crater, and there you behold a scene full of awe and majesty. The suddenness with which you come upon it is quite startling. Going up you neither see nor hear anything. One moment you are clambering up the side of the cone amid profound silence; the next moment, as your head rises above the crater lip, you encounter a roar and a blaze which makes you shrink back a little. This surprise is occasioned, I suppose, by the formation of the crater. It is a huge bowl which comes up to quite a sharp lip, about half a mile in diameter and some hundred yards in depth. Toward the bottom of the bowl, on the opposite side of where we stood, was a great hole, from which all the projectiles of the eruption were shot; the surface of the bowl being composed of lumps of lava, stones and cinders, all of them smeared with sulphur, precisely like those upon which we were standing. As you mount the cone there is between you and the gulf an enormous wall, which dulls everything alike—for eye and ear. Even while on the steep of the cone itself you might be unaware that the mountain was disturbed. But a single step seems almost enough to transfer you from the most deathlike stillness to the grandest exhibition of force it is possible to conceive. Instead of the monotonous dull black of congealed lava on the lower levels, you have the deep brick red of stones that have been under the action of fire, the brightest vermilion, and every imaginable shade of orange and yellow that sulphurous deposits are capable of taking. The ground is hot, too; so hot, indeed that you cannot keep your foot on the same spot for many seconds together. Between the chinks of the stones you can see that a few inches below the surface it is actually red hot. You thrust in the end of your stick for a moment and you pull it out charred. Over all the farther half of the crater there hangs a dense cloud of smoke and vapor; all around you there is an atmosphere of sulphur which sets you to coughing; from numberless small holes about your feet there issues, with a hiss, sulphurous jets of steam which nearly choke you as you pass over them; and then, as you look down into the actual abyss, you are face to face with the most appalling phenomena, both of sight and sound, which, perhaps, the whole of Europe has to offer. Among the crowd of strange sensations that are experienced at such a time, the phenomena of sound are perhaps the most wonderful of all. What meets the ear is, if anything, even more terrible than what meets the eye. Even to sight the eruption is not just what the imagination paints it beforehand. Texas has now within her borders more than 3,000,000 head of cattle, and can export annually 1,000,000 beehives.