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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 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.

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RAILROAD SALOON

M. A. BRENTANO CONDUCTOR.

Choice Liquors and Cigars always on hand.

THROUGH TICKETS 12 1/2 CENTS.

NEW STATE SALOON. DRINKS 12 1/2 CENTS.

The thirsty public are informed that PAPE & SAVAGE of the NEW STATE SALOON will quench their thirst with the most choice beverages to be found in Jacksonville for ONE BIT.

DR'S BUSH & McALISTER, DENTISTS, 704, Market Cor. Kearny Sts. SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

DR. McALISTER, of the above firm, will visit Jacksonville sometime in August next, and will attend to all business in his line.

O. P. S. PLUMMER, M. D., Surgeon & Physician.

Having established my telegraphic headquarters at Jacksonville, I will spend a large portion of my time in your midst, and will attend to such surgical practice as may present, giving especial attention to the surgical treatment of female maladies.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK, Physician & Surgeon, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

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.

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

DR. L. DANFORTH, Physician and Surgeon,

Has permanently located on the Fort Lane Ranch, two miles north of the Willow Springs, and offers his professional services to the people of Jackson and Josephine counties.

DOWELL & WATSON, ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Jacksonville, Oregon.

DR. L. T. DAVIS, OFFICE--ON PINE STREET, Opposite the Old ARKANSAS LIVERY STABLE. Jacksonville, Oregon.

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIV.

JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 27, 1869.

NO. 45.

Sentinel.

The following numbers of the SENTINEL are missing, and for every five numbers I will give a year's subscription to the SENTINEL.

- 1. Vol.—Nos. 1, 2, 3, 20, 24, 25. 2. Vol.—All missing. 3. Vol.—Nos. 8, 49. 4. Vol.—Nos. 10, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 19, 20, 21, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 29, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52. 5. Vol.—All missing, except Nos. 2, 23, 24, 27, 30, 45. 6. Vol.—Nos. 9, 40, missing. 7. Vol.—Nos. 16, 57, 58, 59, 66, missing. 8. Vol.—Nos. 47, 83, missing. 9. Vol.—No. 29, missing. 10. Vol.—No. 48, missing. 11. Vol.—No. 25, missing.

NEW GOODS.

THE SUBSCRIBERS ARE NOW RECEIVING an extensive supply of Goods in their line of business, consisting in part of Cook Stoves, Parlor and Box Stoves of various Patterns, Nails of all sizes; Assorted Iron and Steel; Horse Shoes and Nails; Cast Iron Wash Kettles, Bake Ovens, Skillets and Lids, Tea Kettles, and Bake Pans; Brass and Enamelled Kettles and Sauce Pans; Chopping Axes, Broad Axes, Trace and Halter Chains; Shovel and Tongs, Five Dogs, Sluice Forks, Shovels, Door Locks, Butt and Strap Hinges; Knives and Forks, Spoons and Ladles; Meat Cutters, Sled Irons, Polishing Irons, Pocket Knives, Scissors and Shears, Patent Cross Cut Saws; Buck and Hand Saws; Planes and Lanters together with a full assortment of Shelf Hardware

American



SUBMERGED PUMPS!

These Pumps have been fully tested, and are acknowledged to possess advantages over all other pumps in use; sold at Manufacturer's prices with freight added.

GIANT POWDER. Fuse and Caps, Blasting and Rifle Powder Shot and Lead; Lift Pumps and Lead Pipe; Rope, Grindstones, Cider Mills, Cedar Tubs, Buckets and Willow Baskets.

TIN-, COPPER-, AND SHEET IRON-WARE Of every description always on hand and made to order.

Hydraulic Pipe, Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Varnish, Window Glass and Putty.

We invite the attention of Farmers to our Stock of

PLOWS, Cultivators, and Harrows,

Of the most approved patterns, and highly finished; also Self Sharpening Straw Cutters and Hay Knives.

HOFFMAN & KLIPPEL, Jacksonville, October 16, 1869.

Administrator's Notice.

Estate of Ann S. Love, deceased. The subscriber has been appointed Administrator de bonis non of said estate; all persons having claims against said estate, are requested to present them duly verified for payment, and those indebted are required to make payment forthwith to the subscriber, at the store of Hoffman & Klippel.

HIDES! HIDES! THE HIGHEST CASH PRICES PAID FOR Hides of all kinds, delivered at the market of the undersigned, in Jacksonville.

December 8th 1869.

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.

Death of the Richest Man in England.

Richard Grosvenor, Marquis of Westminster, died in London on the 30th of October. Early in the last century one Sir Richard Grosvenor married Miss Molly Davies, the daughter of a gentleman of much landed property in the county of Middlesex, and in a few years, in consequence of the tide of fashion setting westward, found that this same small landed estate was probably, for its size, destined to be almost the most valuable in England. It now forms Grosvenor Square and the adjacent streets. Eighty years ago, about the time when George III was making improvements at Buckingham House, now a palace, which had been purchased as Queen Charlotte's dower house, the swampy ground between Hyde Park corner and the Thames was offered for £15,000. He declined it, and it was subsequently purchased by the Grosvenors. Many years after it came into their possession, a very enterprising builder, Mr Cubitt, persuaded the great banking house of Smith, Payne & Smith to advance money to him for drainage and building purposes, and thus arose "Belgravia," which, when the leases fall in, will probably yield the present Marquis of Westminster £400,000 a year. Lord Westminster was a curious combination of generosity and meanness, and a hundred stories are current illustrative of both characteristics. He leaves several children. The eldest, known as Lord Grosvenor, now Marquis, is a remarkably popular man in his county—Cheshire. The second, Lord Richard Grosvenor, travelled extensively a year or two ago in this country; and it was of him the Western farmer inquired when Lord Richard told him he lived on an allowance from his father. "But suppose the old fellow should burst up?" This was a view of the matter which had not occurred to the young man. It is computed that the new Marquis will have an income of no less than £500,000. Westminster House, Eaton Hall, near Chester, is the great show place of that part of England, and architecture being the one expensive hobby of the late nobleman, untold sums were spent upon the decoration of this mansion. One apartment is said to have £30,000 expended upon it. Lord Westminster took no very active part in politics. His health had long been in a precarious state.

The following is a verbatim report of a conversation between two young ladies who have just finished their education at a classical school: "Were you at the picnic?" "Yes, and we had a high old time of it." "I wanted to go so bad, but mother was so hard pushed I couldn't get off." "I was rigged, but I couldn't corner you anywhere in the woods. We had a bully time; and you know I promised my gallant that he should have a sight at you." "Well, I'm sorry; but you bet I'll put in my big looks at the Fair."

It used to be homelyly said of Mendelssohn that he could do everything on the organ but one, and that was to play an audience out of church. The more he attempted it, the less they were inclined to go; the more gracefully insinuating his musical hints, the more delightedly patient they became to remain.

STILL IN HOPE.—At a recent examination of a Scotch farmer, on his sister entering the box to be examined, the following conversation took place between her and the opposing agent: Agent—How old are you? Miss Jane—"Oh, weel, sir, I am an unmarried woman, and I dinna think it right to answer that question."

The Judge—"Oh, yes, answer the gentleman how old you are."

Miss Jane—"Weel a weel, I am fifty."

Agent—"Are you not more?"

Miss Jane—"Weel, I am sixty."

The inquisitive agent still further asked if she had hopes of getting married, to which she replied: "Weel, Sir, I widna surely tell a lie; I hanna lost hope yet." And she scornfully added: "But I widna marry you, for I am sick and tired o' your palaver already."

The examination proceeded.

Scientific Daring.

One dull day, a few years ago, just after noon, a balloon rose in the air at the foot of Cleod Hills, on the western edge of the central plain of England. It was inflated with the lightest of gases which chemical skill could produce, and it rose with surprising velocity. A mile up, and it entered a stratum of clouds more than a thousand feet thick. Emerging from this, the sun shone brightly on the airship; the sky overhead was of the deepest and darkest blue, and below lay an immense expanse of clouds, whose surface looked as solid as that of the earth, now wholly lost to view. Lofty mountains, and then deep, dark ravines appeared below; the peaks and sides of those mountains next to the sun glittered like snow, but casting shadows as black as if they were solid rock. Up rose the balloon with tremendous velocity. Four miles above the earth a pigeon was let loose; it dropped down through the air as if it had been a stone. The air was too thin to enable it to fly. It was as if a ship, laden to the deck, were to pass from the heavy waters of the sea into an inland unsaline lake, the bark would sink at once in the thinner water. Up, up, still higher! What profound silence! The heights of the sky were as still as the deepest depths of the ocean, where, as was found during the search for the lost Atlantic cable, the fine mud lies as undisturbed from year to year as the dust which gathers on the furniture of a deserted house. No sound nor life—only the bright sunshine falling through a sky which it could not warm.

Up—five miles above the earth! higher than the inaccessible summit of Chimborazo or Dawngiri. Despite the sunshine, everything freezes. The air grows too thin to support life, even for a few minutes. Two men only are in that adventurous balloon—the one steering the air ship, the other watching the scientific instruments, and recording them with a rapidity born of long practice. Suddenly, as the latter looks at his instruments, his sight grows dim; he takes a lens to help his sight, and only marks from the talling barometer that they are rising rapidly. A flask of brandy lies within a foot of him; he tries to reach it, but his arm refuses to obey his will. He tries to call on his comrade, who has gone up to the ring above; a whisper in that deep silence would suffice—but no sound comes from his lips—he is voiceless. The steersman comes down into the ear, he finds his comrade in a swoon and feels his own senses failing him.

He saw at once that life and death hung upon a few moments. He seized the valve, in order to open it and let out some of the gas. His hands were purple with intense cold—they are paralyzed, they will not respond to his will. He seized the valve with his teeth; it opened a little—once, twice, thrice. The balloon began to descend. Then the swooned mark-man returned to consciousness, and saw the steersman standing before him. He looked at his instrument—they were now nearly eight miles up, but the barometer was rising rapidly—the balloon was descending. They had been higher above the earth than mortal man or living thing had been before. One minute more of inaction on the part of the steersman, whose senses were failing him, and the air ship, with its intensely rarified gas, would have been floating, unattended, with two corpses, in the wide realms of space.—Once a Week.

BOUND TO GO THROUGH.—Work on the East Side Railroad goes on constantly in spite of the drenching rain. We understand that yesterday Mr. Holladay sent over to the workmen a lot of water-proof coats and boots, to protect them as much as possible from the horrible weather. The work is to go on, rain or shine, till the twenty miles shall be built.

The brig Brewster brought up about 225 tons of railroad iron for the East Side Railroad.—Oregonian.

The Register of the Land Office at Olympia has received instructions from Washington to sell the lands comprising the Leschi Indian reservation at Nisqually. They are to be advertised for sixty days, and sold to the highest bidder for cash. These lands comprise a little over 1,200 acres.

From the Yreka Journal: It is evident that as soon as the California and Oregon Railroad reaches the head of Sacramento Valley, the mail will be transported thence to Oregon via the Sacramento river, instead of the route via Trinity and Scott Mountains. Travelling and teaming will also take the same course. Whatever may be the course of the railroad north of the Sacramento Valley, it is bound to run toward Fort Crook and that very soon, as the road can be built rapidly through the Sacramento Valley from Chico.

AMOS KENDALL, Postmaster General of General Jackson's administration, did in Washington on the 13th ult.

Telegrams

St. Louis, Nov. 15.—The County Court sold 50,000 shares of the Missouri Pacific Railroad stock belonging to the county, to Hudson Bridges, for a quarter million cash.

Captain Ford returned from the wreck of the Stonecall, having completed his labor and search for bodies. Sixty-one have been found. None of the officers were recovered.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 15.—Treasurer Spinner is quite ill, and confined to his bed. He had been unwell for several days, but attended to his official duties until to-day.

An official proclamation is made of a convention with Great Britain for a direct exchange of mails between New Orleans and Balize, Honduras.

MONTGOMERY, Nov. 15.—The Legislature met to-day. The Governor's Message is very conservative. He opposes martial law, and says there has been no necessity for it. He set forth the general peaceableness of the people, and the advantages afforded by the State for immigration.

CINCINNATI, Nov. 16.—The iron of the Ohio river bridge, over 400 feet span, will all be swung and bridge finished by the 1st prox., so as to permit construction trains to pass over, and by the 15th of December freight and passengers will be able to cross regularly.

NEW YORK, Nov. 16.—Letters from reliable parties represent a formidable rebellion in the Red River country against the Canadian Confederation. The French population will not allow Gov. McDougal, lately sent from Canada, to enter that settlement. His party was encamped two miles beyond the frontier, at Pembina, where they were met, Nov. 24, by a body of insurgents, mounted and armed, and escorted peremptorily over the line. The Governor is now encamped in Dakota Territory, awaiting events. Meantime the insurgents have organized a provisional government, and demand a Territorial Government, after the American fashion, with a Legislature chosen by the people and a home-stead act. It is said that Governor McDougal will apply to the Canadian Government for troops, and to Washington for authority to pass them through the Northwestern States.

The gunboat Nantucket sailed from Brooklyn Navy Yard on Sunday for Cuban waters. She fitted up with great dispatch, the men being kept at work upon her night and day. The gunboat Ponce, on which a horrible cruelty has been committed on seamen, arrived yesterday at Brooklyn Navy Yard. No orders are received for her destination. Work is very brisk at the yard, over 2,500 persons being employed.

George H. Butler, lately appointed Consul General to India, has been removed.

The Leavenworth (Kansas) Times says that the Indians having learned to fear their Great Father's troops, are now for the most part peacefully submitting to the Quaker policy. It sums up the process of the subject thus: "After war, peace; after bullets, bread; after Custer, Quakers. 'Tis well."

The efforts to counteract the influence of the agitation of the capitalists in the West is beginning to assume form. A paper has been prepared, to be handed to the President, with the request that he will take some cognizance of the matter in his forthcoming annual message, discontinuing the project of removal, and to use his executive influence in stopping an agitation of the subject.

ONE means by which the expenses are being rapidly reduced in the Navy Department is the fitting out of all vessels of war with full sails. The change is now nearly completed, and orders have been sent to all squadrons to cease to use coal altogether, except in cases of necessity, and even then a full report of the reasons must be sent to the Department; if these are not deemed sufficient, the cost of the coal used is charged to the officer ordering it to be burned. Aside from saving expense, however, the design of the order is also to restore the knowledge of managing sail vessels, to which little attention was given by our steam navy during the war.

SLEEPING on feathers, or with the hands raised above the head, is very bad for the lungs. So says a doctor of large experience.

TO SAVE THE LADIES FROM BURNING UP.—By adding to the starch used in preparing their dresses, a tablespoonful of common alum in a powdered state; the alum makes the dress far stiffer, and prevents it bursting into flame when placed in contact with any burning substance.

RED ANTS.—To get rid of these pests, wash your shelves clean, and while damp rub fine salt on them quite thickly; let it remain on for a time, and they will entirely disappear.

The Valley of Death.

A correspondent of the New York Tribune, who is writing for that paper sketches of a trip through south-eastern Nevada and southern Utah, gives the annexed account of a remarkable country near the Monlimbo Pass, through the Black Rock range of the mountains of southern Utah:

While riding slowly ahead with Nick and our Indian guide, my attention was attracted to a small valley in the gorge of the mountains. A light, bluish-looking vapor was seen ascending from a large number of hot springs. The valley was not particularly inviting, but as the men and animals were tired I thought we would camp in it for the night. The guide, however, assured me it was certain death to inhale the deadly vapors. We went into camp elsewhere; but the next morning the whole party started slowly down the slope toward the valley, feeling as well as smelling our way cautiously. The doctor had provided himself with a couple of Indian dogs and several live rabbits, for the purpose of making experiments. After scrambling down some two hundred yards, the doctor, who was in advance, detected an absence of oxygen in the air, by the sudden change in the temperature, and the increased difficulty he experienced in respiration. A nauseous, suffocating smell was also perceptible every time the wind blew toward us. The valley was about a quarter of a mile in circumference and oval in shape. Not even a blade of grass nor a single sage brush, nor any living thing was to be seen within it; but a ghastly human skeleton lay beside one of the nearest springs. Scattered around were the skeletons of buffalo, deer and other wild animals. The bottom of the valley appeared to be a hard, sandy soil, dry and cracked, as if by heat, in various places. One of the Indian dogs was fastened to the end of a larvat, and lowered down, while some of the party, watches in hand, observed the effect. In fourteen seconds the dog fell down motionless, and in three minutes was dead. The other dog, which now trotted down to his companion, was motionless in twelve seconds, and lived only five minutes. Our guide informed us that the existence of the valley had been known to his tribe for several years. Two of their braves perished in it while endeavoring to corral some antelope, all of which perished too. The springs in the valley generate such a large volume of carbonic acid gas as to completely poison the whole surrounding atmosphere. We had no opportunity of obtaining any of the water for analysis. As the place is entirely out of the way of overland emigration, there is but little danger that it will ever be frequented by bands of pioneers or pleasure parties. We named this canyon on our field book the Valley of the Shadow of Death. While some of the men were erecting a stone pyramid on a commanding position, we cut from an old pair of saddle bags a stout piece of leather, burnt in the warning, "Death Valley. Enter Not," and fastened it to the pillar.

MINERAL SPRINGS.

Near our camp was a large number of mineral springs. From one of the rocks the water was ejected from a single crevice, hissing and foaming with a powerful effervescence like soda water from a fountain. It had a pleasant, sub-acid flavor, was highly charged with carbonic acid gas, and with the addition of a little sugar, made an agreeable and palatable drink. Across the entire valley, some five miles, there are several hundred of these springs, large and small, a few as cold as ice, while others, not more than four or five feet distant, were almost at a boiling heat. From one hot spring was a continual discharge of white polished pebbles, about the size of duck shot, perfectly round, and presenting somewhat the appearance of pearls found in oysters, though rather more opaque. They could be gathered by bushels, and are well adapted to the manufacture of paste jewelry, and would also form an interesting subject of investigation for the geologist.

DOMESTIC JARS.—Harsh judgment, rough words, small but frequent acts of selfishness and injustice, sometimes quite poison the heart that promised to be healthy, and curse the state that promised to be blessed. There are families which possess every earthly comfort—health, money, occupation—but are miserable from the jealousy and quarreling that prevail within them. There are married couples who live in sorrow, not because they are in want, not because of any great domestic affliction, but because each thinks the other unkind, arbitrary, inconsiderate. Young people sometimes marry with their eyes shut, and thus, instead of being mated with angels, as they foolishly expected, they find out afterward that they are only men and women, with the common work-day weaknesses and faults of their respective sex. Their sham love gets soured, and they reproach each other for not fulfilling the sentimental promises and exaggerated prospects with which they entered into the marriage state. Take all the relationships of life, and we should find that the far greater part of their sorrows comes from the same cause. Get any to tell you honestly what gives them most annoyance and disquietude, and you will find they say it comes from want of kindness, sympathy, fellow-feeling. They will tell you that they could bear other things, if they met with more consideration, support, encouragement, or what not, from the people with whom they have to do.