

War in Europe.

The shibboleth of war is once more being resounded in the Old World. Nearly a million of men on each side are panoplied and ready for the work of carnage. As food for cannon, thousands and thousands of them will speedily be offered up—and for what? For a mere caprice, to resent an imaginary affront. Napoleon's desire that a Prussian Prince should not assume the crown of Spain was acceded to, but in the making of this concession, an insult is said to have been offered the French Ambassador. The French Emperor was not half so sensitive two years ago. It is probably a recollection of past indignities that quickens a readiness to fight now. But if it is hard to judge of the motive of the war, how much more impossible is it to reasonably guess where it will end. Neither side has any avowed object to attain by fighting, save the precarious one of avenging mental jealousies. It is rather too late in Louis Napoleon's career for him to begin a war through the dictations of an inordinate ambition for military glory, like that which animated his illustrious uncle to the closing up and finishing of his immortal race for fame. The surest, safest and most enduring basis upon which the reigning ruler of the French people can predicate his own title to everlasting fame, is the fact of his having secured to France for over twenty years, at least, the semblance of internal peace and civil order. "Peace hath its victories none the less renowned than those of war," and, in this respect, Louis Napoleon has accomplished what his uncle seemed incapacitated to bring about. Much better were it for him to repose on the laurels already won than jeopardize the whole and the destiny of France on the issue of battle.

"The drying up a single tear hath more of honest fame than shedding seas of gore."

**GONE FROM OUR GAZE.**—Like a beautiful dream has vanished the beaming eye and smiling countenance of our friend, Mr. D. Busche, and the lager beer shops and whisky saloons that once knew him will "know him now, no more forever." He succeeded in insinuating himself into the good graces of this community to an eminent degree, and many reflect gravely upon his untimely departure. He didn't stop even to say good by to his trusting and too confiding admirers. Their extreme solicitude for his exact whereabouts culminated in a resort to the Telegraph, and this only developed to their anguish smitten souls the disconsolate fact of his sudden flight to parts unknown. "Is there no balm in Gilead?" Not a drop! "Is there no physician there?" If there is, let him walk around town and liquidate about twelve hundred dollars of indebtedness left uncanceled by the absconding pedagogue and then will the health of an over-credulous people be recovered.

Scarcely a year ago our hero made his advent into our midst, "unheralded and unsung." He knew people on sight; made the acquaintance of everybody. "He was as mild a mannered man as ever scuttled ship or cut a throat." He grew in the affections of the people with mushroom rapidity. His countrymen loved him, "not only fondly but to well." Lawyers and Judges, in deference, bowed before him, and common people respected his cloth. The newspapers raised him to the flood tide of popularity, (and the labor of him who until recently kept up the local column of this paper with rigid and persevering punctuality, should never, never be forgotten.) His being a German fortified him in the esteem of our Teutonic citizens. Political trimmers—"climbers who crawl where man disdain to climb"—used him as a stepping stone to German support and political preferment. His Honor, who has so long presided with unimpeachable gravity over the higher judiciary branch of this District, reached down from his lofty pedestal to take a confidence man to his bosom. Condemning marriage! how sadly have thy kind offices been abused! How truly is all this world "a fleeting show for man's elusion given," especially the confidence man.

Good by, Prof. Baron De Busche. We shall never see your like again! never see the numerous small sums of money you borrowed of different individuals to "help you go your way rejoicing;" never witness your artful manner of practicing upon the gullibility of our people; never find lager beer merchants over solicitous to bend their malt beverages, in this place, to you. You can never hope to sit you down on this dilapidated holds of the judicial ermine in this vicinity again. Your career was bright in its beginning, glorious in its culmination, but sudden, and exorcising to others than yourself, in its termination. Friend De Busche, adieu! We forgive you the four bits we loaned you for the instructive example you have left behind you. Never will you find a people whom you can sell so thoroughly, go where you will. Good evening!

A Trip to Buck Lake.

JACKSONVILLE, July 28th, 1870.

Ed. News: Mountain excursions are essentially popular at the present time, and as numerous parties are still preparing to test the invigorating influences of a higher altitude, a short sketch embracing a few of the details of a trip already performed may prove interesting to, at least, a few of the readers of the News.

One party was composed of ladies and gentlemen as follows: Mrs. N. D. Short, Mrs. L. Ziegler, Miss Emma Plymale, Miss Mollie Owen and Miss Ellen Nyder; Messrs. C. W. Kahler, George Fletcher, T. G. Owen, E. B. Watson and the writer. After a little invidious excitement occasioned by one of the riding animals rearing up and falling backwards and then turning a summersault off a bridge near by, we got an early start, Saturday morning, July 16th, having for our destination Buck Lake, situated a little beyond what is known as Dead Indian. Some of our party were on horseback—others rode on a rather clumsy mud wagon, obtained of a liberal minded farmer for the purposes of the trip.

Passing up Bear creek valley we noticed the husbandmen everywhere busy making the harvest yield, not "to their sickles," but to those valuable improvements in modern agriculture called Reapers, Mowers, Headers, etc., and many were the excellent fields of grain along the route that bore testimony as to the industry of our faithful votaries of Ceres. A drive of 28 or 29 miles brought us to our first camp, half way up the mountain, at what is known as Grubb's ranch. Here we found excellent grass and pretty fair water. After a good night's rest, enjoyed in the open air 'neath the broad canopy of heaven, we were aroused by "the breezy call of incense breathing morn" to the making of preparations for another advance up the mountain. While breakfast was under way, our head pilot to the expedition was on the alert for game, and succeeded in slaying a young venison, which was very opportune and asted the party several days. The ascent of the mountain over to Neil's ranch, where we found a famous place to camp and hunt, was all the drive made the second day out. Here was an abundance of game and our Nimrods done some shooting at the same; but with indifferent success. Our head pilot, as afore-mentioned, came across an old she bear with her cubs, but, not feeling excessively bear hungry just at that time, left her alone in her glory. Our next drive was through the beautiful glades and verdant prairies of Dead Indian to Dead Wood, then through dense timber and over a rough road to Lost prairie, where we made a halt early in the day, while a scouting party rode on ahead to the lake, a distance of about eight miles, to examine the road and determine upon the practicability of taking a wagon still further. The report made by members of this scouting party on their return, was a credit to their ingenuity in magnifying difficulties and overstating the obstacles to be encountered on the march, as well as the unattractiveness of our proposed destination, after we should finally get there, and had it not been for the superior resolutions and determination of the ladies, our delightful arrival and short sojourn at Buck Lake, as a pleasure seeking party, had not been subjected to record. As it was, pluck and beauty carried the day, and every one connected with the expedition subsequently rejoiced thereat. Tuesday, July 19th, found us under way, firmly bent on reaching the lake—with the wagon if possible, if not, then on horseback and with pack animals. By cutting a few logs out of the road and masterly engineering on the part of our driver, we reached camp on the west side of Buck Lake with our entire cavalcade, including the mud wagon besides. This day's travel, over what had been represented as a most desperate and fatiguing part of the route, was one of the gayest and most inspiring jaunts of the whole trip. Hilarity and good humor were especially characteristic of the young ladies, who, ever and anon, broke out into the liveliest strains of song, making the hills and woods to ring with the sweetest melody, no doubt, they were ever blessed with reverberating. When we reached what might be called Pisgah's knoll, from which an excellent view of Buck Lake, with its beautiful meadows, is first obtainable, enthusiasm became unbounded; the ladies, who were now all on horseback, dashed off on the gallop across the prairie, perfectly wild with delight and exultation. A more delightful place for striking camp could not be wished for than where we picked on. Springs of as cold water as man ever seeks to drink were on each side of us, luxuriant grass was every

where spread out for a carpet to tread upon, and numerous shady arbors vied with each other in soliciting our homage.

I shall not attempt a full description of the Lake, for, in reality, it is only by a perversion of the term *lake* that it can be classed in such a category. Really, it is a large tule marsh, with a sluggish stream winding its way through its center, sometimes widening into an immense swail. At the outlet, or lower end of this stream, and where the water becomes strangely warm, the fishing is mainly done. Such fish as they are, they are as plentiful and bite as readily as the most ambitious fisherman could reasonably wish. The rare sport enjoyed by the different members of our party, and more particularly the lady members, can better be imagined than described. Everyone caught as many as they desired, and fish soon became a drug in the market.

Wednesday, the second day after our arrival at the lake, was signalized by no less an occurrence than the slaughter, by our head pilot, of a large brown bear. The hide of the bear and a portion of his flesh were brought into camp. The event proved productive of considerable feminine tripudiation. We were evidentially surrounded by ferocious beasts, and no one knew who would be the first on whom bruin should make a savory meal; his various modes of clawing, biting and mangling his victims were discoursed upon. Finally it was ascertained that a bear usually hugged its victims. "Oh, it that's all," said Miss N. "that isn't so bad." A casual remark from one of the young gents showed that the remark was well and aptly taken and somebody fled to the tent to save from blushing. The danger of being masticated by a bear was no longer provocative of alarm to the single ladies, at least, during the rest of the trip. I doubt not that his bearship, in their estimation, rose in the scale of gallantry, and it they had to be devoured by a wild beast there was consolation certainly to be found in the fact that bruin done his killing in the most affectionate manner.

Our stay at the lake was short, but pleasantly passed the hours. Various amusements were indulged in when tired of fishing or hunting. Reclining beneath some protecting shade by the edge of the grassy sward, some spent happily the time reading interesting sketches to each other and then reading a sweeter lesson from each other's eyes; some found amusement in navigating the waters of the lake on a raft, and one and all found especial enjoyment in eating as often as our frugal board was placed before them.

As appetizers, exercise and mountain air can't be beat. Provisions intended to last two weeks began to fall short in half that time. This consideration limited our stay at one of the most enticing retreats during warm weather accessible to mountain seeking excursionists. The climate is perceptibly colder than in the valley; game, (including elk, bear and deer) is wonderfully abundant; the grass is unsurpassed and the water—oh, heaven! such water.

There was many incidents connected with our adventure which would take up too much space to attempt to record them here. I cannot boast, as I should have wished, of remarkable success in the killing of game by either member of our party. The fault however was not in the scarcity of game. Probably it was owing to the fact that two many of our crowd were engaged in trying their skill at a kind of archery in which the *dears* aimed at require a slight variation in the orthography customarily applied to the game of the huntsman. Be this as it may, and leaving to time the verification of any and all such pronouncements, I reserve for another article a further account of our trip, together with a description of a visit to the top of Mount Pitt. PERAMBULOUS.

**A NEW ROAD.**—Messrs. Applegate, Hanley and others are now engaged constructing a wagon road to Klamath Lake, Link river and the adjacent country via Dead Indian—a shorter and, no doubt, better route than any previously traveled by wagons. The divide is low and there is little else to do, aside from cutting out the timber and logs on the way, to make it a good possible road most all seasons of the year. Work was to have been commenced the first of the week. With the completion of this road and the reopening and building of the two County roads leading to the Klamath, our communication with that region will certainly be ample and complete.

**BALM OF GILEAD SALVE.**—This is the title of a curative preparation now being introduced into this valley by Dr. W. W. Oglesby. This salve is an Oregon medicine, and is highly recommended by citizens of Benton county and other parts of the Willamette valley. Price, 50 cts. per box.

SCHUYLER COLFAX,

BRICK POMEROY,

HOBACE GREELEY,

TOM THUMB,

AND

HARRY JACKSON,

All completely played out in Jacksonville, being overslaughed by

MORRIS BAUM,

Who can, and will sell goods cheaper than any of them.

WOMEN STARE,

and think he stole them when he offers his best prints at twelve and a half cents a yard.

MEN WILL

scarcely believe it when they hear that BAUM sells BEAVER SUITS for \$26, and really laugh at the idea of getting a CASSEMERE SUIT out and out for \$18, and CASSEMERE PANTS from \$5 to \$7.

AN OLD LADY

walked into his store the other day to see some alpaca; on asking the price, she was informed that it was 30 cents a yard. Throwing back her head and elevating her specs, she exclaimed: "Why, bless my soul, this must be a pawnbroker's, where they alter's sell for half price!"

FOULARD DELAINES, - - 50 cts.,

COMMON DELAINES, - - 20 cts.,

MUSLINS, - 12 1-2 to 18 cts.

They have an endless variety of goods, which they sell in proportion. SILKS and SOAP, LACES and TOBACCO, HATS and CANDLES, COAL OIL and SUGAR, NAILS and COFFE, BOOTS and SWISS MULL; and everything else in the Dry Goods, Grocery and Crockery line.

If any man, woman, or child don't believe the above, just call around and see for yourself; nothing but amusement to

SHOW GOODS.

MORRIS BAUM.

August 28th, 1869.

THE PLACE

To Buy Goods

CHEAPER

THAN THE

Cheapest!

—AT—

FISHER & BRO.'S

DEALERS IN

FANCY, STAPLE & DRY GOODS,

Clothing,

Boots & Shoes,

Groceries,

Liquors,

Cutlery,

Crockery,

Etc., Etc.,

OF THE BEST QUALITY,

AND THE

CHEAPEST IN THIS COUNTRY.

FISHER & BRO.'S,

(Corner California and Oregon Streets.)

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

May 1st, 1869.

EXHIBIT

OF RECEIPTS AND EXPENDITURES OF Jackson county, Oregon, for the year ending July 9th, 1870.

AMOUNT OF COUNTY WARRANTS ISSUED.	
On acct of Courts and Criminals.....	\$3,413 49
" " " Insane and Paupers.....	4,042 14
" " " Salaries and fees of County officers.....	4,417 85
" " " Roads and bridges.....	2,384 46
" " " County Jail.....	918 50
" " " Stationery, blank books and advertising.....	250 99
" " " Repairs and furniture of Public Buildings.....	252 26
" " " Collection of Chinese taxes.....	1,029 80
" " " Assessment and collection of revenue and express charges on State tax.....	1,280 53
" " " Discount on Legal Tender notes.....	32 18
" " " Refunded on over assessment.....	98 07
" " " Fuel and lights.....	53 87
" " " Expenses of Election.....	154 60
	\$18,328 45-

Amount of County warrants outstanding unredeemed.....	\$1,340 80-
Amount due the County from the State on acct of State patients.....	\$477 90-

COUNTY FUND DR.

To bal. in Treas'y July 9th, 1869.....	\$ 3,369 76
" Taxes collected for 1869.....	15,801 13
" Rec'd on delinquent taxes for 1868.....	50 00
" Received on delinquent tax and interest (assessed by Sheriff in 1867), and paid by Owen.....	1,035 00
" Received on account of licenses.....	230 50
" " " Chinese licenses.....	5,148 00
" " " China, Kanaka & Negro Poll Tax in 1870.....	1,915 00
" " " Forfeitures on bail bonds.....	395 00
" " " Horse sold, forfeited the Co.....	10 00
" " " Trial Fees.....	54 00
	\$28,008 39

COUNTY FUND CR.

By County Warrants returned cancelled.....	\$18,250 31
" Treasurer's receipts for State tax.....	7,590 78
" bal. in Treasury July 7th, 1870.....	2,187 30
	\$28,008 39

SCHOOL FUND DR.

To bal. in Treasury July 9th, 1869.....	\$1,411 40
" Percentage of taxes of 1869.....	2,136 11
Received on delinquent tax and interest (assessed by Sheriff in 1867) and paid by Owen.....	172 50
" on delinquent taxes of 1868.....	5 60
" on account of Estrays.....	63 20
" on interest on school notes.....	129 20
" on account of fines.....	283 50
	\$4,201 51

SCHOOL FUND CR.

By amount paid School Districts.....	\$2,785 95
" " of discount on Legal Ten. notes.....	18 63
" bal. in Treasury July 9th, 1870.....	1,396 90
	\$4,201 51

**I CERTIFY THAT THE FOREGOING** is a true statement of the condition of the public funds of Jackson county, Oregon, July 9th, 1870, as taken from the books, and per vouchers from the County Treasurer, now on file in this office. SILAS J. DAY, County Clerk.

COUNTY HOSPITAL.

**SEALED PROPOSALS WILL BE RECEIVED** by the Board of County Commissioners, for Jackson county, Oregon, at the August Term, for keeping, maintaining, nursing, and medically treating all sick and disabled poor persons, and all other poor persons in the County who are or may become a county or public charge, by reason of bodily infirmity, idiocy, lunacy, or other cause, within the meaning of Chapter 43 of the General Laws of Oregon, and the Amendments thereto, for one year from the 4th of August, 1870, to the 4th of August, 1871.

Proposals will also be received at the same time for keeping the sick and poor persons, within the meaning of the above chapter and amendments thereto, at a sum specified per week for each person kept. The Hospital and Poorhouse to be thereof, and to be divided into two departments—one department for those persons requiring medical treatment, and the other department for the disabled poor persons, or other poor persons, being charges upon the County. Bids will be received up to 2 o'clock, Tuesday, August 21, 1870. The Board reserves the right to reject any and all bids. Jacksonville, July 16th 1870. jly16-w3.

Notice of Final Settlement.

**IN THE COUNTY COURT OF THE STATE** of Oregon for Jackson county. (Sitting in Probate, Sept. Term, 1870.) In the matter of the Estate of George F. Funch, Deceased.

Silas J. Day, Administrator of said Estate, having filed in said Court his final account, and also praying for an order for fixing the time for hearing; therefore notice is hereby given that said final account will be heard and determined in said Court on Thursday, the 8th day of September, 1870, at which time all persons having objections to said final account and settlement, must then and there make the same. By order of the Court.

SILAS J. DAY, Clerk. July 12th, 1870. jly16-w4.

Administrator's Notice.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT LET-**ters of Administration on the Estate of B. Levy, deceased, late of Jackson county, Oregon, have been granted to the undersigned. All persons having claims against said estate, are requested to present them with the proper vouchers, to the undersigned, at his place of business in Jacksonville, within six months from this date, and all claims not presented within ten months will be forever barred; and all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned. G. KAREWSKI, Administrator. July 14th, 1870. jly16-w4.