

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

Travelers and resident boarders will find
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 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.

He will practice in Jackson and adjacent counties, and attend promptly to professional calls. feb21f

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-f

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, nov21f

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.

D. 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 or preceding the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
A. MARTIN, W. M.
C. W. SAYAGE, Sec'y.

D. L. WATSON,
ATTORNEY AT LAW,
Empire, City, Coos County, Ogn.
Administrator's Notice.
NOTICE is hereby given that letters of Administration, on the estate of James Hubbard 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 residence 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 the said estate are requested to make immediate payment to the undersigned.
HERMAN V. HELMS Adm'r.
March 6th, 1869.

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIV. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, MAY 1, 1869. NO. 15

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.

The Starting Tear.
Come, chase that starting tear away,
Ere mine to meet it springs;
To-night, at least, to-night be gay,
What e'er to-morrow brings.
Like sun-set beams that linger late
When all is darkening fast,
Are love's like those we snatch from Fate—
The brightest and the last.
Then chase that starting tear away.
To gild the deepening gloom of heaven
But one bright hour allow,
Oh, think the one bright hour is given
In all its splendor, now.
Let's live it out—then sink in night,
Like waves that from the shore
One minute small are touched with light,
Then lost forevermore!
Come, chase that starting tear away.

Letter From B. F. Dowell.

WASHINGTON, D. C. 1
March 1st, 1869.

Will the suffrage amendment be adopted? It is the only thing that will give us a permanent peace. This is the consummation of the reforms inaugurated by the rebellion. It is the crowning glory of the grand event; that freedom will thus be established on a firm foundation throughout the whole land. My travels through the South two years ago satisfied me we should have no more large armies arrayed in mortal combat, and that the ballot would give us a permanent peace. Every Southern State will adopt this amendment. No people submit more cheerfully to the god of battles than the people of the States lately in insurrection. Their conduct generally, will challenge history for an example of similar resignation to the decision of the sword. They know that the adoption of this amendment will firmly establish the principle of "equality before the law," and that this and this alone can give them a permanent peace. The war has long since ceased. The roar of arms no longer terrify the wives and mothers of the soldiers. The sacred dead have been gathered to their homes. Over their graves the flowers of Spring "bloom and breathe their fragrance on the air." Many a pilgrim seeks their silent abodes to do homage to their memories. From every grave comes a prayer of peace and forgiveness. The rude and nameless graves of the Confederate soldiers are the most touching and eloquent appeals to the heart of the magnanimous patriot. Here are standing monuments of the blasting policy of slavery. Around this altar they offered up name, hope, country, and life to sleep forever in their nameless and neglected tombs. Around these solitary graves now dwell some of the purest patriots and most radical Republicans that can be found in any part of the United States. The secessionists who scorned the advice of these loyal Republicans in 1860, now listen in deathless silence to catch every word from true loyal patriots. Soon after Grant is inaugurated President, he will send Tany, Canby and Sheridan back to the South to reconstruct the unreconstructed States. Their presence will have a great moral influence over the masses. Ku Klux clans will disappear, and peace and harmony will ere long be restored. Every Southern State will ratify the Constitutional Amendment. President Grant will proclaim it as part of his policy. All loyal hearts will rejoice, while Copperheads and traitors will take back seats, and stand amazed at the onward march of free institutions, a free government, and a free and happy nation. I earnestly request Oregonians to assist in making every man free in deed as well as in name. Let Republicans be true free Republicans from principle and keep pace with the onward march of their party and civilization.

A Love Letter.

The following is sublimely splendid, and we recommend it as a model to letter writers:
My Dear Miss C:—Every time I think of you my heart flops up and down like a churn-dasher. Sensations of unutterable joy caper over it like young ghosts on a stable roof, and thrill through it like Spanish needles through a pair of tow-linen trowsers. As a gossling swimeth with delight in a mud-puddle, so swim I in a sea of glory. Visions of ecstatic rapture, thicker than the hairs on a blacking-brush, and brighter than the hues of a humming-bird's pinions, visit me in my night slumbers; and borne on their invisible wings, your vision stands before me, and I reach out to grasp it, like a pointer snapping at a blue-bottle fly. When I first beheld your angelic perfections, I was bewildered, and my brain whirled around like a bumble bee under a glass tumbler. My eyes stood open like cellar-doors in a country town, and I lifted up my ears to catch the silvery accents of your voice. My tongue refused to wag, and in silent adoration I drank in the sweet infection of love. Since the light of your face fell upon my life, I sometimes feel as if I could lift myself up by my boot-straps to the top of the Presbyterian steeple, and pull the bell rope for singing school. Day and night you are in my thoughts. When Aurora, blushing like a bride, rises from her saffron couch; when the jay-bird pipes his tuneful lay in the apple tree by the spring-house; when the chanticleer's shrill clarion heralds the coming morn; when the drowsy beetle wheels his drowsing flight at sultry noontide, and when the loving cows come home at a milk-time, I think of thee, and like a piece of gum-elastic, my heart seems to stretch clear across my bosom. Your forehead is smoother than the elbow of an old coat. Your eyes are glorious to behold. In their liquid depths I see myriads of little Cupids bathing, like a cohort of ants in an old army cracker. When their fire hit me upon my manly breast, it penetrated my whole anatomy as a load of bird shot would go through a rotten apple. Your nose is from a chunk of Parian marble, and your mouth puckered with sweetness. Nectar lingers upon your lips like honey upon a bear's paw, and myriads of unledged kisses are there ready to fly out and light somewhere, like blue-birds out of a parent nest. Your laugh rings in my ear like the wind-harp's strains or the bleat of a stray lamb on a bleak hillside. The dimples in your cheeks are like bowers in beds of roses, or hollows in cakes of home-maid sugar.

I am dying to fly to thy presence and pour out the burning eloquence of my love, as thrifty house wives pour out coffee. Away from you I am as melancholy as a sick rat. Sometimes I can hear the June bugs of despondency buzzing in my ears, and feel the cold lizards of despair crawling down my back. Uncouth fears, like a thousand minnows, nibble at my spirits, and my soul is pierced through with doubts, as an old cheese is bored with skipper. My love for you is stronger than the smell of Coffy's patent butter, or the kick of a young cow, and more unselfish than a kitten's first catterwaul. As the song-bird hankers for the light of day, the cautious mouse for the fresh bacon in the trap, as a lean pup hankers for new milk, so I long for thee.

You are fairer than a speckled pullet, sweeter than Yankee doughnuts fried in sorghum molasses, brighter than the top-knot plumage on the head of a muscovy duck. You are candy kisses, raisins, pound cake and sweetened toddy altogether!
If these few remarks will enable you to see the inside of my soul, and me to win your affections, I shall be as happy as a woodpecker on a cherry tree, or a stage horse in a green pasture. If you cannot reciprocate my thrilling passion, I will pine away like a poisoned bed-bug, and fall away from the flourishing vine of life, an untimely branch; and in the coming years, when the shadows grow from the hills, and the philosophical frog sings his cheerful hymn, you, happy in another's love, can come and drop a tear on a catch a cold upon the last resting place of
JULIUS ERASMUS MUGGINS.

The Influence of our Public Schools.

The Boston Traveller says: In the years 1851-2 George S. Boutwell was Governor of Massachusetts, Henry Wilson was President of the Senate and Nathaniel P. Banks was Speaker of the House of Representatives. It was quite a new era in the politics of this State. They held three most important political offices in the Commonwealth. They were all young men, educated in the public schools, without any powerful friends to lean upon or great influences in their favor. They fought their way single-handed through everything that wealth and prestige could bring against them, to those high positions which before had been almost always filled by what is called "educated and influential men." They have all continued in public life ever since, rising step by step to the most responsible positions in the nation. Everybody must acknowledge, without regard to party predilections, their distinguished abilities and grand success. Where else on earth, and under what institutions could such young men be educated in free public schools so as to fit themselves for such positions? They have undoubtedly felt the great want of higher education, and have labored unceasingly to acquire knowledge in every direction. Had they graduated at Oxford or Cambridge, they probably would have felt equal want and necessity. * * * * So long as we can pour out an array of twenty-five thousand recruits a year from our public schools into the service of public and private enterprise, Massachusetts will maintain her influence and her prosperity. Governor Boutwell has always been a firm friend of our system of education, and was for several years the Secretary of the Board of Education; and we are very largely indebted to his practical wisdom for the efficiency and usefulness of our schools. It is a source of pride that they have furnished a man so pre-eminently qualified that he was sought for with so much general favor for one of the most responsible and difficult positions in the country. We predict for the Secretary of the Treasury a successful administration.

THE SWEDENBORGIAN DOCTRINE.—According to Swedenborg there are three heavens, consisting of three orders of angels; the first distinguished for love, the second for wisdom, and the last for obedience. All angels have lived on earth; none were created such. They are men and women in every respect; they marry and live in societies in cities and countries just as we do in this world, but in happiness and glory ineffable. All in whom love to God and man is the ruling principle go to heaven at death. Between heaven and hell a perfect equilibrium is maintained. As there are three heavens, there are three hells, and every angelic society has an infernal antagonist. Hell, as a whole, is called the devil and satan; there is no individual bearing that name. All in whom self-love is the ruling passion go to hell. There is no resurrection of the earthly body. Every one passes to his final lot at death: some make a short sojourn in an intermediate state, designated the world of spirits, where the good are cured of their superficial infirmities and intellectual mistakes, and the evil reject all their pretences to good.

A young Countess, niece of M. de Lessops, of Luez Canal fame, lately died from a fly-bite on her nose. She was out riding when attacked, inflammation set in immediately, her nose was amputated as quickly as possible after her return home, but it was ineffectual to stop the spread of the poison, and the Countess died within twelve hours from the time she was bitten.

We have lately been reading of some person who was killed by a cork which struck him in the eye when drawing it. But if the cork has killed its one man consider how many thousands and tens of thousands the bottle has killed without a word being said about it.

Female suffrage prevails among the colonists of Pitcairn Island in the election of magistrates. Their school is excellent, and all the children can read and write. Certainly this is no small progress for these half-breed descendants of the mutineers of the *Bounty*.

Tell Your Wife.

Tell your wife if you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all of your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Counsel with your wife, or your mother, or sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness.
Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but pure womanly affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions or insights, are the most subtle, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling a man to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved by a man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be a fair choice. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in this world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulses of judgment, she will set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Help-meet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty and sorrow of life. And what she most craves, and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never from shadow.

The Salt Lake Reporter is boldly and fiercely anti-Mormon. In its issue of January 5th it denounces the "Brig hamites," and accuses the Mormon oligarchy of allowing murderers to go unpunished. "Within a few weeks," it says, "three secret horrible murders have been committed, and no effort is made to ferret out and punish the murderers. Does any man doubt that the far-seeing eye and powerful arm of the church could reach and punish the criminals if it was really desired? What is to be the result of this system? As sure as the night succeeds the day it will end in blood. Law or no law, men will not always sit still and have their friends murdered. Retaliation will be tried, scores of innocent men and women will suffer for the crimes of few. Men must know that they are heaping up wrath against a day of wrath, and when their trouble comes these wrongs will be repaid with interest on somebody." The Eastern visitor to Salt Lake is imposed upon by outward appearances and carries back a favorable report. "Let him, however, go among the sufferers, talk to the young, examine the schools, and hear the story of those, generally women, who have been wrecked in mind, body and estate, by the maelstrom of lust and fanatical fury which is ever raging in the Mormon capital. It is to get at these facts, but when he has fairly begun he will stand aghast at the thought that he ever had a good opinion of the system. The Mormons complain that they are misrepresented. We have heard them shamefully misrepresented by those who claimed that the leading men were thoroughly loyal and sincere.

The son of Rev. Mr. Montague, residing at Whitewater, Wis., was delivering a College valedictory address, a short time ago, when, in taking his handkerchief from his pocket, he pulled out a pack of cards which fell on the floor. "Hullo," he exclaimed, "I've got on my father's coat." The worthy father, who sat in front of his promising son, was more confused than his hopeful scion.

A lady in Iowa county, Iowa, advertises herself as an "attorney at law." We suppose we shall next have the farmeress petitioning the Presidentess for a commission for a daughter as an officeress in the army.

Letter From B. F. Dowell.
WASHINGTON, D. C. 1
April 5th, 1869.
OFFICE SEEKERS.

Still swarn around the White House and Capitol worse than the locusts of Egypt, without destination of age, sex or color. However, the Tenure of Office Act has been settled to the satisfaction of Republicans, and to the discomfort of the hungry bread and butter Democrats, so now the appointments will be rapidly made. After the passage of the Tenure of Office Act on Friday, the President sent to the Senate 159 nominations, and on Saturday about 75 more. Among the number were the names of the following persons for Territorial offices:

Arizona: A. C. K. Safford for Governor, Coles Bashford for Secretary, Wyoming, John A. Campbell for Governor, Edward M. Lee Secretary, John M. Carey United States Attorney, John H. Howe Chief Justice, John W. Kingham and William T. Jones, associate justices. New Mexico, Charles C. Crowe for Governor, Edward Perkins for Secretary. Dacotah, John A. Burbank for Governor, Geo. W. French Chief Justice, Jefferson P. Kidder associate justice, T. M. Wilkins Secretary. L. H. Litchfield United States Marshal. Washington, Alvin Flanders for Governor. Mr. Flanders was the delegate from Washington Territory in the last Congress. James Scott for Secretary; Phillip Ritz will be sent in to-day for Marshal, E. P. Finny Surveyor General, B. F. Dennison Chief Justice, and Elwood Evans was placed on the list of associate justices, but the President afterwards learned he had joined the "bread and butter" brigade under the command of Johnson, and then the President scratched off his name and inserted O. Jacobs, of Oregon in his place. J. C. Clark for Register of Land Office at Olympia. Montana, Willey S. Scribner Secretary, L. B. Lyman Register of Land Office at Helena, General Henry D. Washburn, of Parker county Indiana, Surveyor General. Utah, S. A. Main Secretary; all of whom are now before the Senate for confirmation.

GENERAL LONGSTREET
Met with great opposition in getting confirmed Surveyor of Customs at New Orleans. Lieutenant General Dunn, a gentleman of color, of Louisiana, was on the floor of the Senate three or four days opposing his confirmation. The Senators from Louisiana were divided on the subject; but on Saturday he was confirmed by a vote of 25 to 10. I still think he is a good and judicious appointment, and well calculated to assist reconstruction peace and prosperity in the South.

The nomination of General Longstreet, and the appointment of Miss Etcham, who is a lady of color, as a clerk in the Treasury Department caused more discussion in political circles than all the balance put together. Inquiry has elicited the fact that she is not the first colored female that has been given a clerical position. Two appointments of female copyists in the Pension office, were made by Secretary Browning, at an annual salary of \$9,000 each. Miss Louise Slade, daughter of the late H. M. Slade, Steward of the White House under Mr. Johnson, was appointed on the 22d of May, 1868, and Miss Emma Brown was appointed to a similar position on the 18th of July, 1868. Both of them still hold their positions, and are spoken of as efficient and good clerks. Mrs. Chapin, widow of the late Col. A. R. Chapin, and sister of Jas. H. Twogood, late of Grave Creek, is an applicant for Post Mistress at Chicago. Her chances are about as good as any of the men's for the position.

MISCELLANEOUS.
Fisk, of New York, has enjoined the directors of the Union Pacific Railroad. Base frauds are charged. The directors are trying to get relief from Congress. Mr. Stewart, of Nevada is now making a telling speech in the Senate against the company. He shows there is a late company, called the *Contract Mobiler*, that has gobbl'd millions of money.
Mr. Mallory starts home to-morrow, accompanied by his wife, son and a female school teacher.
Hon. Joseph S. Smith is dangerously ill with intermittent fever.
Congress adjourns on the 10th of December.

Eleven States have ratified the 15th Amendment to the Constitution, and Delaware has rejected it. The rebel legislature of Georgia went through the forms of rejecting it; but when she expels the rebels disqualified to hold office by the 14th Amendment, she will ratify it. The Oregonians are all coming home soon.