

BUSINESS - NOTICES.
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 ob-
 tained 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.
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 D. F. Dowell's office,
 on the East side 3d Street, Jacksonville, Nov. 21st
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 preced-
 ing the full moon, in JACKSONVILLE, OR-
 EGON. A. MARTIN, W. M.
 C. W. SATAGH, 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.
SETTLE UP.
 The undersigned is anxious for a settlement
 with his patrons and hopes that they will come
 forward and pay him some money. Times are
 hard and even part payment will be a great
 accommodation.
 HENRY PAPE.
 Jacksonville, March 20th.
Small-Pox, Small-Pox!
 HAS entirely disappeared, and Patterson &
 Thornton's New Saw-Mill is in successful
 operation; and they are ready to saw out
 bills of lumber on the shortest notice, for cash
 at good trade.

Oregon Sentinel.

VOL. XIV. JACKSONVILLE, SATURDAY, MAY 22, 1869. NO. 18

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.

Which She Loved Best
 "Tell me darling girl," said I,
 "Base me of my wild career;
 Which of all your suitors now,
 Tell me do you love the best?"
 Some are rich of noble birth,
 Some are handsome men I see;
 Some have talent, others skill—
 Straight she looked and smiled on me
 "Gracious," to myself, said I,
 "After all my toppers and fears
 Can it be that I am blest?
 I am the one so it appears,
 Can it be she chooses me
 Leaving in despair the rest?
 Have I wak'd the God of Love
 In the gentle maiden's breast?"
 "Tell me," then again said I,
 "Pretty little trembling dove,
 Which, of all that seek your hand
 Do you only truly love?"
 "All was silent 'gain I'd have heard
 A pin if it had chanced to fall
 "O, you that—I love 'em all!"

A Musical Peace Festival
 Boston is to be the scene of a grand
 Musical Festival next June, to be held
 in commemoration of the return
 of peace to the country. An array of tal-
 ent will be presented without a parallel
 in any similar combination yet presented
 to the American people. The idea
 is to give the largest, freest, most elo-
 quent expression to the sentiment of
 the hour, of which an immense con-
 course of delighted people, the speech
 of gifted men, and the harmonies of
 music are all together capable. The
 execution of such a plan, in the true
 spirit of its happy conception, will
 make 1869 an *Annus Mirabilis*, and
 long distinguish the city that enthusi-
 astically lends itself to so fitting a pop-
 ular ceremonial. The advent of peace
 to a great nation, after having been
 for years rent by feuds and wounded
 by war, certainly deserves all the man-
 ifestations of a grateful joy with which
 it must inspire every heart. To what
 instrument of expression do hearts thus
 moved turn with such readiness as to
 music, with its peans of triumph, its
 patriotic melodies, its cadences of sor-
 row for the noble dead, its swelling
 strains of hope, and its diffusing in-
 fluence of revived and renewed frater-
 nity?

The following description of the man-
 ner in which the several pieces se-
 lected for this concert will be perform-
 ed, may serve to give some idea of the
 grand effect to be produced:
 The programme will open with the
 National anthem, *Hail Columbia*, which
 will be rendered in the following man-
 ner:
 Symphony—*Hail Columbia*, once
 through by the Full Band of One Thou-
 sand, and Grand Chorus of Twenty
 Thousand. 2d Verse—Full Band,
 Grand Chorus, and Chiming of all the
 Bells in the City. 3d and last verse—
 Full Band of One Thousand, Grand
 Chorus of Twenty Thousand, Bells
 Chiming, Drums rolling, Infantry Fir-
 ing, and Cannons pealing in the dis-
 tance, in exact time with the music.

A BACHELOR'S DREAM.—One night
 while I was sleeping, I had a dream of
 joy; I thought I had a charming wife
 and darling little boy. I loved, I hug-
 ged, I kissed them—I ate them almost
 whole. My little boy got angry, my
 wife began to scold. But soon a scream
 terrific awoke me from my sleep; my
 face was scratched in pieces—plague
 take that little brat! My wife she
 was a pillow, my baby was a cat!
 When do your teeth usurp the func-
 tions of the tongue? When they are
 chattering.
 If ladies were cast adrift on the sea
 where would they steer to? To the
 Isle of Man.

A Decidedly Rich and Spicy Epistle.
 PHOENIX, MAY 12th, 1869.
 MR. EDITOR:—Just as I was trying
 to get it through my feeble brain, how
 to express my depreciation of these
 "Woman's Rights" howlers, and pre-
 paring myself to rush into print, for
 the purpose of impressing, to the best
 of my ability, the absurdity of ladies
 assuming the labors and positions of
 men, out comes a Missouri girl and
 speaks my thoughts to perfection. God
 bless her for this unsuspected kindness,
 unsolicited.

A PHOENIX GIRL.
 St. Louis, Mo., April 16.
 To the Editor of the Democrat:
 Happening by the merest accident
 to pick up your spicy paper of a recent
 date, for, mournful to contemplate,
 none of the masculine barbarians of
 our household are subscribers thereto—
 settling myself for a quiet enjoyment
 of its satirical, humorous, philosophical,
 and pathetic columns, my eye fell up-
 on the letter of "An Indiana Girl," and
 I was accordingly seized with a frantic
 desire to rush into print, and "speak a
 piece."

And, Mr. Editor, while I groan in
 spirit (for your sake) over the inunda-
 tion of letters on "Woman's Suffrage"
 which at present is fairly deluging
 every editorial sanctum in the country;
 while I offer you my deepest sympathy
 in the unequal contest of man's reason
 against woman's folly, as the pen which
 once was mightier than the sword
 seems powerless under the running fire
 of feminine tongues, I still crave a space
 in your valuable columns, to ask the
 "Indiana Girl" what's the matter with
 her?

She says: "The condition of abso-
 lute servitude in which women are
 forced is appallingly certain and calls
 loudly for redress." Yet, that her
 "servitude" has not entirely bereft her
 of reason, her sensible objection to the
 ballot-box attests.

Again, she says: "There are other
 avenues to freedom and independence
 from the chains of worse than Egyptian
 bondage, by which woman is
 shackled and bound down to man's feet."
 Alas, poor dear! to what manner
 of brute does she belong, body and soul,
 that her anguished spirit rendeth the
 air with bitter cries for redress? and
 of what nature are her chains of worse
 than Egyptian bondage? I'm surpris-
 ed at any woman of the nineteenth cen-
 tury allowing herself to be chain'd. I
 wouldn't, and I'm not in favor of wo-
 man's suffrage. Furthermore, she ad-
 deth: "Sisters in bondage, if we would
 be free and independent, if we would
 loosen and throw off the chains that
 bind us and our children in slavery to
 man's whimsical fancies (think of her
 sufferings, oh ye perfidious monsters!
 go to and howl!) we must educate our-
 selves and our daughters to self sup-
 port, and not to depend on man for our
 food and clothing. Learn some one of
 the trades and professions which men
 engage in, and teach our daughters the
 same, so that, should the millennial day
 of woman's redemption never come in
 our lifetime, we will leave to our chil-
 dren a means by which they can free
 themselves from the chains that bound
 us to a life of drudgery and independence."

"Now, my dear 'Indiana Girl,' that
 is right! but you should have added:
 "And since we hold the race of men to
 be inferior to us, since they are inca-
 pable of any form of government, po-
 litical foreign and domestic, though
 with a bare-faced presumption fright-
 ful to behold—still striving to wrest
 from us the rights and privileges of
 universal suffrage; since we intend to
 educate ourselves and daughters to
 self-support, and not depend on man
 for our food and clothing—in all things
 making our vast superiority widely
 known and felt—therefore, we will not
 stoop from our high and lofty eminence
 to the degrading level of marriage
 with these dreadful creatures. We
 will not trammel ourselves with the
 domestic blue-beards, and miserable de-
 pendents. Those of our oppressed sis-
 terhood who are unfortunately afflicted
 with these disagreeable appendages,
 and whose bleeding wrongs are too
 manifold to make public expression ne-
 cessary, should exact their paying board
 (I mean the appendages) as some sort
 of balm for their outraged dignity."
 No, my fair "Indiana Girl," never
 permit these soulless monsters to fetter
 your gentle limbs with such cruel
 "chains" as food and clothing! By all
 means learn trades, and while you and
 your daughters are earning the means
 of support which your manly indepen-
 dence rejects from the guilty husband
 fate has thrust upon you, in enmity
 to your peace and happiness, and inalien-
 able rights—compel the dastardly
 wretch to do the family sewing, and
 nurse his wretched progeny—the ingra-
 te! the deep-dyed conspirator!
 Learn trades and professions of
 course! But when I see women swing
 themselves on scaffolds from fourth
 story windows, painting and varnish-
 ing the fronts of houses, sweeping chim-
 neys and laying bricks; when I hear
 of them in courts among learned judg-
 es, haranguing to a scandal-loving
 mob on the intricacies of some notorious
 divorce case; when they pilot steam-
 boats, and conduct railroad trains, when
 I see them in any position where they
 unsex themselves, and cause a blush to
 mantle even the brazen cheek of sav-
 age man, "Indiana Girl" may think the
 millennial day has dawned, but I shall
 bow my head in shame!
 The truth is, women must have
 something to harp on! Some hobby to
 ride, else she is wretched. Slavery is a
 pet theme and has been made quite
 poetical. Imaginary wrongs are just
 as powerful as real ones, for women to
 moan over, for moan they will, what-
 ever comes of it. Now, in this ram-
 pant age of folly, where extremes meet,
 she transfers the "chains" to her own
 feeble anatomy, and swears that man
 has placed them there. For my part,
 I'm sick of it. I'm disgusted. And I
 would like to know what honest right
 of woman is denied to her. What is it
 my *clutchamorous* "Indiana Girl," that
 you want now?
 At party, reception, or ball, who sub-
 mits to being tangled and twisted out
 of all identity, in your everlasting train,
 and makes the most ludicrous gyrations
 and contortions of his spinal column,
 to maintain his equilibrium, and save
 your dress? The horrid! beast, man!
 Who smiles scraphically, and bows to
 you when you tread on his new boots,
 while you stare at him as if the corns
 were yours, and he had newly mashed
 your feet off? The cruel and wicked
 oppressor, man! Who carries your
 opera cloak through crowded, heated
 rooms, with a meek humility, touching
 to behold, and holds your flowers and
 gloves at supper, while you, and the
 rest of the wronged, tear the handsome
 pyramids to pieces, carrying off the
 best grapes, and with dainty, dimpled
 fingers, lightning the "groaning" board
 of their choicest delicacies? The deprav-
 ed tyrant, Man! Who skillfully
 navigates the surging sea of silks, sa-
 tins and laees, with a plate of oyster
 soup, which you were "dying for," and
 then fans you patiently while you toy
 with your spoon, and declare you're
 not hungry? The gloating vampire,
 man! And finally, when the best and
 daintiest things are demolished, who
 smilingly and uncomplainingly par-
 takes of the scraps which main, thank-
 ful for even those? The foul fiend in
 human shape, Man! Who gives you
 the best seat at concert, lecture, or the-
 ater, or, if the place is crowded, and
 you come late—which you generally
 manage to do—willingly resigns his to
 you, with a cavalier bow, and stands
 the whole evening, with his heavy over-
 coat on his arm, while you never so much
 as say, "I thank you sir?" The "sneak-
 ing, addle-brained puppy," Man!
 When you force your way into a street
 car that you know is full of suffocation-
 who rises, with his arms full of bun-
 dles, and weary, often, from the toils
 of the day, with the native courtesy of
 our American men, insists upon your
 taking the seat he vacates. While you,
 first with a little impertinent stare,
 then a self-satisfied smile, sidle up crab-
 wise to the vacancy, shake out your
 panno, settle your bracelets, twitch
 your long, frizzled curl over your front
 shoulder, and take a cool survey of the
 passengers? The worse than Egypt-
 tian oppressor, Man!

Even when in passing along the
 street, you drop your veil or package,
 the first male brute you meet stoops
 to recover them, and restores them to
 you with a bow and smile.

In the dry-goods stores—and Heaven
 knows women at trials there—the
 same spirit of unwearied patience and
 courtesy is manifested. Everywhere,
 and in all stations of life, do women
 invariably receive the deferential re-
 gard and consideration of that savage
 barbarian, man! For my part, it is
 being made a "toy and plaything and
 slave" of, I like it! I like the
 chivalrous respect that prompts a man
 to toss away his segar when he comes
 into my presence. I like the deferen-
 tial attention he pays to everything I
 say, for I know that a woman's talk is
 not always interesting. The courtly
 grace with which he yields a well-de-
 fended point in argument, the careful
 study of my wishes, the unobtrusive
 anticipation of my desires, the rever-
 ence with which he honors me. I like
 the air of protection which he throws
 around me in crowded places that em-
 barrass me. In times of danger, dis-
 tress and desolation, I like to lean on
 his strong arm, and feel safe there. I
 like to trust his judgment and be guid-
 ed by his wisdom, and I like to be
 thwarted and opposed in my little self-
 ish exactions, with a fearless, generous
 opposition, free from prejudice and un-
 kindness. Of course I like my own
 way, woman like! But I like best the
 man who will not yield to me: when it
 is not the right way, and say he was
 wrong, when he knew all the time he
 was right. Such are the attributes
 which I shall expect to find my Charles
 Frederick Augustus possessed of, when-
 ever the fates decree his appearance up-
 on the scene.

Now, I hope the "Indiana Girl" will
 not understand me as advocating the
 "pet and plaything" condition of wo-
 man. Petting is pleasant enough, and
 I've no objections to it; but life has its
 solemn uses and duties; its earnest,
 honest work for every day. And I
 contend that woman's proper and nat-
 ural sphere is home! There she truly
 great, there is her influence limitless.
 As wife and mother, she has a God-ap-
 pointed task, to mould the hearts and
 lives of his loved ones, to make, not
 mar!

Her greatest charm and beauty—
 obedience to her husband! Not a slav-
 ish fear, a spaniel like fawning born
 of dread—no generous, high-souled man
 inspires this feeling—but the divine
 obedience of love, which the Apostle
 enjoined when he said: "Wives sub-
 mit yourselves unto your husbands,"
 "Put on the ornament of a meek and
 quiet spirit." "In your churches let
 the women keep silence." But at
 home, she may be "equal" in "mental
 ability," whose proudest glory shines
 as guide, counselor and friend. Wo-
 man has finer intuitions, keener percep-
 tions, than man; these may be used in
 the sacred home circle. There let her
 husband be influenced by her sound
 judgment, her broad, unprejudiced
 views. There let him advise with her,
 counsel with her, defer to her in mat-
 ters where he can without derogation
 to his own dignity, acknowledge the
 superiority of her wise forethought, and
 be strengthened by the loving counsels
 of her noble, womanly heart. There
 let the mother live again in her sons
 reared to brave Christian manhood,
 that honors her sex in her.

Oh, woman! woman! Ye know not
 what ye do! Ye are strong in your
 weakness, your affections, your exquis-
 ite sensibilities!
 Rear your daughter, oh, ye mothers!
 not to "trades and professions," but to
 loving ministers, to useful simple lives!

Wherever the innocent voice of child-
 hood is heard; wherever there is sick-
 ness, sorrow, poverty, or distress;
 wherever prisons, hospitals, and guard-
 ian homes rear their sadly suggestive
 walls—there is work! Noble work!
 God's work! Leave the pulpit and the
 rostrum, the court and the college,
 trade, exchange, and the ballot-box to
 their rightful possession. Usurp not
 the wise and lawful authority of man,
 into whose strong, tender, protecting
 hand God has given our lives, our lib-
 erties, and our earthly happiness.
A MISSOURI GIRL.

The Memphis, El Paso and Pacific Rail- way.

The House of Representatives has
 passed a joint resolution giving the
 right of way to the Memphis, El Paso
 and Pacific railroad from El Paso to
 San Diego, on the Pacific. The resolu-
 tion gives two hundred feet for the
 road bed, and appropriates the neces-
 sary quantity of land for side tracks
 and depots, in accordance with the
 law of Congress. This indication that
 Congress is awake to the importance
 of a Southern Railroad to the Pacific
 will be hailed with especial satisfaction
 by all who appreciate its bearing upon
 the material development of the finest
 portion of the North American conti-
 nent. The route is one of the most ad-
 vantageous of those which have been
 surveyed, whether considered in refer-
 ence to its length or the climate and
 topographical features of the country
 through which it passes. This is an
 important element of the confidence
 with which the projectors of the road
 are preparing to carry out the enter-
 prise. But another and equally sub-
 stantial element of that confidence is
 found in the geographical conditions
 which go to insure the future success
 of the road. It requires no prophetic
 vision to foresee that a large part of
 the trade and travel between the two
 oceans must seek a Southern port. He
 has but a feeble conception of the vast
 development now awaiting our coun-
 try, who does not see that we shall re-
 quire not one commercial metropolis
 like New York, turning all channels
 towards itself, but great entrepots of
 trade at various points along our ex-
 tended coast. Norfolk and Charleston
 must divide the trade of the continent
 with more northern ports, and in the
 not distant future even less important
 places must come in for their share,
 and make names now scarcely known
 familiar to the merchants of the world.
 The Southern Pacific railroad line, con-
 necting at its eastern terminus with
 the net-work of southern roads already
 existing or yet to be built, will put the
 the South in direct communication
 with the Pacific, and with the vast un-
 developed territories on the route ther-
 to. Not the least important among
 the benefits it will confer upon that
 section is, that by carrying through
 her one of the highways of the world's
 commerce it will invigorate her with
 its vitalizing and awakening force.
 Whether considered in its national as-
 pect, in its relations to the material re-
 construction of the South; it undoubt-
 edly ranks among the most important
 enterprises of the age. Like the At-
 lantic cable, the Suez canal, and the
 Union Pacific railway, now completed,
 it will be a proud monument to the en-
 ergy, boldness, and far-sighted sagacity
 of its projectors and builders. We
 hope to see all the necessary legislative
 preliminaries speedily completed, and
 the work pushed forward with the
 same vigor which, in the construction
 of the Union and Central Pacific, has
 been the wonder of the world.

THE RIVERS OF DAMASCUS.—Abana
 and Pharpar rivers, of Damascus, men-
 tioned by the Scriptures, have recently
 been thoroughly explored by Macgre-
 gor, the famous canoe traveler. Mac-
 gor, after going from Cairo to Suez,
 and exploring the Delta of the Nile,
 had his canoe carried by land to Bey-
 rout, thence over Mount Lebanon, and
 finally launched in the river Abana, on
 which he paddled to the plains of Dam-
 ascus. The rivers Abana and Pharpar,
 in consequence of the wild beasts, deep
 jungles, and savage Arabs, have here-
 tofore been laid down inaccurately on
 the maps by travelers. Macgregor
 gives an interesting account of a "giant
 stone town," with stone doors, rafters,
 and window-shutters, covered with
 Greek inscriptions dating before the
 Christian era.

THE POLITICAL POWER OF THE WEST.
 —The Philadelphia Press, in an article
 alluding to the prompt ratification of
 the Fifteenth Amendment by Kansas
 and Nevada, blames the members of
 the Pennsylvania Legislature for not
 being at their posts, at the head of
 the Union column. Its article con-
 cludes as follows:

"The time is fast coming—nay, more,
 it is already upon us—when the West
 will control the politics of the entire
 country, and it will lead as it leads in
 business and everything else, with
 prompt and decisive vigor. The old
 day of dallying and delay will have
 gone by when the West comes into
 power. It will govern as it has fought."

A local poet indited a sonnet to his
 mistress, entitled "I kissed her sub-
 rosa." The compositor knew better
 than that, and set it up in printer's Lat-
 in, "I kissed her *sub rosa*."
 What part of a gun is fit for wear-
 ing apparel? The breech is.