

THE DEMOCRATIC TIMES.

VOL. I. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 15, 1871. NO. 28.

ADVERTISEMENTS.
In THE DEMOCRATIC TIMES will be charged at the following rates:
First insertion, (ten lines or less).....\$3 00
For each week thereafter.....\$1 00
A liberal deduction from the above rates will be made on quarterly and yearly advertisements.

JOB PRINTING.
Every variety of Job Work executed with neatness and dispatch, at reasonable rates.
LEGAL TENDERS taken at par for subscription.

OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
JACKSON COUNTY.
FIRST JUDICIAL DISTRICT.—Circuit Judge, P. P. Prim; Prosecuting Attorney, H. K. Hanna.
JACKSON COUNTY.—Circuit Court, Second Monday in February and November. County Court, first Monday in each month.
County Officers.—Judge, T. H. B. Shipley; Clerk, Silas J. Day; Sheriff, Henry Klippel; Deputy Sheriff, E. D. Foudray; Treasurer, John Neuber; Assessor, David Redpath; County Commissioners, John S. Harris, Thomas Wright; School Superintendent, Wm. M. Turner; Surveyor, J. S. Howard; Coroner, L. Ganung.
JACKSONVILLE.—Justice of the Peace, James R. Wade; Constable, N. Stephenson.
TOWN OF JACKSONVILLE.—Trustees, James A. Wilson, N. Fisher, Lewis Zigler, John Bilger and J. S. Howard; Recorder, U. S. Hayes; Treasurer, Henry Pape; Marshal, James P. McDaniel.
JOSEPHINE COUNTY.
County Officers.—Judge, J. B. Sifers; Sheriff, Daniel L. Green; Clerk, Charles Hughes; Assessor, R. K. Foley; Treasurer, Wm. Nauke; Commissioners, Thomas G. Patterson, H. Woodcock; School Superintendent, R. R. Middleworth.
JOSEPHINE COUNTY.—Circuit Court, 2d Monday in April and 4th Monday in October. County Court, first Monday in January, April, July and October.

Business Cards.
JACKSONVILLE LODGE No. 10
HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETINGS ON every Saturday evening at the Odd Fellows' Hall. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.
JAMES BUCKLEY, N. G.
THOS. PAULSON, R. Sec'y.
JOHN BILGER, } Trustees.
H. KLIPPEL, }
H. V. HELMS, }
Regular Rebekah Degree meeting, last Monday night of each month, at 7 1/2 o'clock p. m.
May 1st, 1869. E. D. WATSON.

KAHLER & WATSON,
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.
Will practice in the Supreme Court, District, and other Courts of this State.
OFFICE—In building formerly occupied by O. Jacobs—opposite Court House square.

DR. L. T. DAVIS,
Office—On Pine street,
Opposite the Old
ARKANSAS LIVERY STABLE,
Jacksonville, Oregon.
DR. A. B. OVERBECK
WILL PRACTICE MEDICINE AND SURGERY, and will attend promptly to all calls on professional business. His office and residence are at
The Overbeck Hospital,
On Oregon Street, Jacksonville, Oregon. 1-1f
JAMES D. FAY, D. B. REA.

DR. W. JACKSON,
DENTIST.
Dental Rooms in building formerly occupied by Dr. E. H. Greenman, corner California and Fifth Streets. All styles of Dental work done on short notice, at reduced prices. Particular attention given to the regulation of children's teeth. Teeth extracted without pain by the use of the late method of local anesthesia. All work warranted. Satisfaction guaranteed.
Nov. 20th, 1869. nov20 3m.

LAND NOTICE.
THE UNDERSIGNED HAVING BEEN APPOINTED Local Agent of the Board of School Land Commissioners, is now prepared to receive applications to purchase School, University and State lands. No application will be received unless accompanied by one-third payment of the purchase price.
Office in Court House—up stairs.
T. H. B. SHIPLEY,
Local Agent for Jackson County,
Jacksonville, March 18 1871. mh18-1f.

RAILROAD SALOON!
ENGINEER,
MAX. BRENTANO.
CHOICE LIQUORS AND CIGARS CON-
stantly on hand.
THROUGH TICKETS,
12 1-2 Cents.
July 17th, 1869. jly17-1f.

BELLA-UNION SALOON!
THE UNDERSIGNED, HAVING FULLY refitted this old and favorite place of resort, now offers the very best of liquors and cigars at
12 1-2 CENTS.
The Saloon is commodious, the billiard tables are of the latest and most improved pattern, and the wants of guests promptly supplied.
50 Points of Billiards For Drinks.
Those knowing themselves indebted to me will do well to call without delay and settle, as I must have money, and that soon.
HENRY BREITBARTH.
14-1f.

THE TIMES

BOOK, PAMPHLET,
—AND—
JOB PRINTING OFFICE,
California St., (Up Stairs,) over Reames & Wilson's Livery Stable,
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

HAVING A LARGE AND WELL SELECTED assortment of
We are prepared to do all kinds of
PLAIN AND ORNAMENTAL
Job Printing
—SUCH AS—
CARDS,
BILLHEADS,
HANDBILLS,
POSTERS,
PAMPHLETS,
VISITING AND BUSINESS CARDS.
And all other kinds of printing required to be done in the community, on very reasonable terms.
Who want Job Printing done, give us a call, and we will satisfy you both in style and price.

AN EXCITING RIDE.

How Mike Fink Rode the Deacon's Bull.

Mike took a notion to go in swimming, and he had just got his clothes off when he discovered Deacon Smith's old bull making at him. The bull, a vicious animal, had come near killing two or three persons; consequently Mike felt rather "dubus." He did not want to call for help, and the nearest place from whence assistance could arrive was the meeting house, which was, at that time filled with worshippers, among whom "was the gal Mike was paying his devours to." So he dodged the bull as the animal came at him, and managed to catch him by the tail. He was dragged around till he was nearly dead, and when he could hold out no longer, he made up his mind he'd better "holer."

And now we will let him tell his own story.
"So lookin' at the matter in all its bearings, I cum to the conclusion I'd better let some one know who I was. So I gin a yell louder than a locomotive whistle, and it warn't long before I seen the Deacon's two dogs coming down as if they were seeing which could get thar first. I knowed who they were after—they'd join the bull agin me.
"So," sez I, 'old brindle, ridin' is as cheap as walkin' on this route, and if you've no objection, I'll just take a deck passage on that thar back o' yours.' So I wasn't very long getting astride of him.
"Then, if you'd been there you'd have sworn thar war nothin' human in that mix, the sils flew so orfuly, as the critter and I rolled across the field—one dog on one side, and one on the other, trying to clinch my feet. I prayed and cursed and cussed and prayed, until I couldn't tell which I did last—and neither warn't of no use, they were so orfuly mixed up.
"Well, I reckon I rid about half an hour this way, when old brindle thought it was time to stop and take in a supply of wind and cool off a little. So when he got round to a tree that stood thar, he naturally halted.
"So," sez I 'old boy, you'll lose one passenger, sartin.' So I jist clum a branch, kalkerlatin' to roost there till I starved, after I'd be rid about that way any longer. I war making tracks for the tree when I heard an orful buzzin' over head. I kinder looked up, and if there wasn't—well, there is no use in swearin'—but it was the biggest hornet's nest ever built. You'll gin in now, Mike, because there is no help for you. But an idea struck me then, that I stood a better chance ridin' the bull than when I was. Sez I, 'old feller, if you will hold on, I'll ride to the next station anyhow, let that be where it will.
"So I jist dropped aboard him again, and looked aloft to see what I had gained by changing quarters, and gentlemen, I'm a liar, if thar wasn't half a bushel of the stingin' varmints, ready to pitch into me when the word was gin.
"Well, I judge they got it, for all 'hands started for our company. Some on 'em hit the dogs, about a quart hit me, and the rest charged on brindle.
"This time the dogs left off fust, dead beat for the deacon's, and as soon as old brindle and I could get away we followed; and as I was only deck passenger, I had nothin' to do with steerin' the craft—if I had, we should not have run in that channel, anyhow. But as I said before, the dogs took the lead, brindle and I next, and the hornsets dre'kly after—the dogs yellin', brindle hollerin', and the hornsets buzzin' and stingin'.
"Well, we had got about a hundred yards from the house, and the deacon heard us and cum out. I seed him hold up his hands and turn white. I guess he prayed then, for he didn't expect to be called so soon; and it warn't long neither, afore the whole congregation—men, women and children—cum out, and then all hands commenced yellin'. None of 'em had the first notion that brindle and I belonged to this world. I jist turned my head past the congregation. I seed the run would be up soon, for brindle would't turn an inch from a fence that stood dead ahead. Well, we reached the fence, and I went ashore over the critter's head, landing on the other side, and laid there stunned.
"It warn't long afore some of them as was not scared come running to see what I war—for all hands kalkulated that the bull and I belonged together. But when brindle marched off by himself, they saw how it war, and one of 'em said:
"Mike Fink's got the worst of the scrimmage once in his life."
"Gentlemen, from that day to this I dropped the courtin' business, and hain't spoken to a girl since, and when my hunt is over on this airth, there won't be any more Finks, and its all owing to Deacon Smith's brindle bull."

The secret of so many unhappy marriages has at length been discovered. It is now accounted for by the fact that the "best man" at a wedding is not the bridegroom.
Six Catholic priests in Bohemia have recently turned Protestants.

THE PRESIDENCY.

Office-holders' Candidate for President, U. S. Grant—Relation of Useless S. whom the other Office-holders want to renominate along with him.

I. Jesse Root Grant, President's father, Postmaster at Covington, Kentucky.
II. Orvil L. Grant, President's brother, partner with the Collector of the Port at Chicago; expects something very good after the next election.
III. Frederick T. Dent, President's father-in-law, Claimant of Lands at Carondelet, Missouri—cured by Wilson, late Commissioner of the Land Office; has not yet got the lands, but hopes to get them after the next election.
IV. Rev. M. J. Cramer, President's brother-in-law, Minister to Denmark; ought to be made Minister to Berlin without waiting for the Presidential election.
V. Abel Rathbone Corbin, President's brother-in-law, negotiator of gold and real estate speculator, with James Fisk, Jr., and Jay Gould; has not made much yet, but hopes to after the next election.
VI. Brevet Brigadier General F. T. Dent, President's brother-in-law, Chief Usher at the Executive Mansion.
VII. Judge Louis Dent, President's brother-in-law, Counsel for Claimants before the President. Fees estimated at \$40,000 a year; expects to make more after the next election.
VIII. George W. Dent, President's brother-in-law, Appraiser of Customs, San Francisco.
IX. John Dent, President's brother-in-law, only Indian Trader for New Mexico under Indian Bureau; place worth \$10,000 a year.
X. Alex. Sharpe, President's brother-in-law, Marshal of the District of Columbia.
XI. James F. Casey, President's brother-in-law, Collector of the Port of New Orleans; place worth \$30,000 a year.
XII. James Longstreet, the President's brother-in-law's cousin, Surveyor of the Port of New Orleans.
XIII. Silas Hudson, President's own cousin, Minister to Guatemala.
XIV. Nat. A. Patton, President's brother-in-law's third cousin, Collector at the Port of Galveston, Texas.
XV. Orlando H. Ross, President's own cousin, Clerk in the Third Auditor's office, Washington; hopes for something much better after the next election.
XVI. Dr. Addison Dent, President's brother-in-law's third cousin, Clerk in the Register's office, Treasury Department, Washington; trusts his merits will be better appreciated after the next election.
XVII. John Simpson, President's own cousin, Second Lieutenant, Fourth Artillery; promotion hope for after March 4, 1872.
XVIII. Geo. B. Johnson, President's mother's second cousin, Assessor of Internal Revenue, Third District, Ohio; better things longed for.
XIX. B. L. Winans, President's cousin's husband, Postmaster of Newport (Ky.); ready for a higher place.
XX. Miss E. A. Magruder, President's brother-in-law's second cousin, Clerk in General Spinner's office, Treasury Department.
XXI. Oliver W. Root, President's mother's grand nephew, Assistant District Attorney, Covington, (Ky.); would not refuse to be District Attorney after the next election.
XXII. A. W. Casey, President's brother-in-law's own brother, Appraiser of Customs, New Orleans; a good place, and wants to keep it.
XXIII. Peter Casey, President's brother-in-law's own brother, Postmaster at Vicksburg, (Miss.); not as good a place as he would like after 1872.

PEARLS.—In the calendar of happiness, time is reckoned in minutes; in that of unhappiness it is reckoned by days.
Carlyle says, "Make yourself a good man, and then you may be sure there is one reason the less in the world."
Men generally teach badly when they attempt to teach too much, or when they do not duly prepare their lessons.
The pebbles in our path weary us, and make us foot-sore, more than the rocks, which only require a bold effort to surmount.
Poverty and pride are inconvenient companions; but when idleness unites with them the depth of wretchedness is attained.
Presence of mind and confidence which is based on self-knowledge, are essential elements in a good teacher's character.
Clergymen who preach against the acquisition of wealth seldom object to an increase of salary.
A farmer who runs his farm without a record of expenses, and the cost of different crops, is like a ship without compass or log-book.
Life has been called a warfare. Blessed then is the periodical armistice of the Sabbath. Blessed not merely as a day of rest, but also a retrospection. It is only in the pauses of the fight that we can see how the battle is going.

New Road Across the Cascades.

From the Albany Democrat of June 23d, we copy this:

We are authorized to announce that the Willamette Valley and Cascade Mountain Wagon Road, leading from this city to Eastern Oregon via Lebanon, Sweet Home, Soda Springs, Fish Lake, Osboco, Crooked River, Camp Henry, etc., is now open for travel. There are hundreds of cattle and horses en route over the mountains by that road, and many others are preparing to start. John Gilliland, Esq., the road agent, has been in the mountains with a number of workmen repairing the road, and reports the road now clear of logs and other obstructions, and the snow fast disappearing from the mountain passes. There are yet several miles of snow on the summit of the Cascades, but stock pass over it without any difficulty; one wagon has also passed over, and others will soon follow. Last week Martin Luper went up on the road with twelve workmen, to further improve the route, and we learn that the Company are determined to render this road superior to any other mountain road in Oregon before the Summer is ended. They have already this Spring made some valuable improvements in the way of bridges, cuttings around crossings of streams, etc. Captain Humphrey, with his men, has returned from his inspecting tour of the Cascade Mountain Road, having been absent from this city two months. He went from Ochoco via Camp Harney to Snake river, which is the eastern terminus of the road, and says that he believes the entire route is superior to any other mountain road in Oregon. The route passes through large tracts of the richest lands in the world, thousands of acres of which are yet uninhabited and unclaimed. The road is now located and open for travel the entire distance to Snake river, and it is the design of the Company to put a lot of workmen on the eastern section and improve the road so that the most capacious grumbler can find no fault with it.

A BOOK OF OREGON POEMS.—We acknowledge the receipt of a prettily gotten-up little volume of poems from the authoress, Mrs. Belle W. Cook, through medium of a friend. It is entitled "Tears and Victory, and other Poems." The book is elegantly printed, and neatly bound in the green and gold style now so fashionable. It bears the imprint of E. M. Waite, Salem, and it is a specimen of printing of which he may well be proud. Indeed the execution of the work reflects credit on the State as well as on the printer and binder. Of the more important feature—the contents—we cannot now so fully speak, for it requires more than a bare glance over the various pieces to justly pronounce upon their merit, and this is all we have yet had time to give it. But we have in late years read a number of the poems published in Oregon journals from the pen of Mrs. Cook, and they were worthy of perusal and remembrance. She is a sprightly, vivacious, pleasing poetess, and displays a good order of poetic talent. The volume before us is a book of 253 pages, and contains about sixty different poems. It is a very neat book to have upon one's table.

THE WIFE.—No man ever prospered in the world without the co-operation of his wife. If she unites in mutual endeavors, or rewards his labors with an endearing smile, with what confidence will he resort to his merchandise or his farm, fly over the land, sail upon seas, meet difficulty and encounter danger, if he knows that he is not spending his strength in vain, but that his labor will be rewarded by the sweets of home! Solitude and disappointment enter into the history of every man's life; and he is but half provided for his voyage who finds but an associate for happy hours, while for months of darkness and distress no sympathizing partner is prepared.

GEMS OF WISDOM.—Conversation enriches the understanding, but solitude is the school of genius.
The less wit a man has, the less he is conscious of his deficiency.
Every one who bears the name of a gentleman is accountable for it to his family.—Gill Blas.
Eloquence—True eloquence consists in saying all that is necessary and nothing more. Modesty is to merit as shades to figures in a picture; giving it strength and beauty.
There is nothing that binds heart to heart so quickly and so safely as to trust and be trusted.
All death in nature is birth, and in death appears visibly the appearance of life. There is no killing principle in nature, for nature throughout is life; it is not death that kills, but the higher life, which, concealed behind the other, begins to develop itself. Death and birth are but the struggle of life with itself to obtain a higher form.
It may be put down as a fact that men you see hanging about public places from day to day are the right material to do all kinds of mischievous characters. They are the men who become dangerous characters.
Apr To.—Buckwheat is not healthy food. It is apt to clog upon the stomach.

WEST POINT HORRORS.

Cadet Smith Declines the Society of Silly, Giddy Girls—Brigham's Boy Picking up Tobacco Quide—A Lovely Institution.

[New York Sun West Point Letter.]
Contrary to expectations, the hop that was to have inaugurated the series did not come off last evening, but was postponed until Monday. The actual settlement of the question as to whether Cadet Smith will or will not attend is therefore deferred. The Sun man had an interview with the young man this morning, however, and learned enough to set the young ladies' minds at rest in regard to "that horrid Smith." He will not attend any of the hops, for reasons which the reporter thought reflected great credit upon him. He said, in reply to an inquiry on the subject:
WHAT THE COLORED CADET SAYS.
"Go to the hops? Oh, no. I've had trouble enough. I've been court-martialed twice, and I don't want to be again if I can help it. I came here to get an education, and to prepare myself for a commission in the army. I didn't come here to fly about with a lot of silly, giddy girls. If I want to enjoy the company of young ladies there are enough of my own color in the place where I belong—good, sensible girls, too. I'll wait until next year, when I'll get a furlough and go home."
Reporter—Where is your home?
Smith—In Columbia, South Carolina. My father lives there. I don't know whether you've ever been there, but society there is very different from what it is here. They don't exclude colored people from white society there. I know several young colored ladies there that are welcome even at the levees of the Governor of the State, who is a white man from Ohio.
Reporter—You will go to Columbia then to spend your furlough?
Smith—Yes sir; and I'm sure I'll be well treated, too.

THE COLORED CADET ON WEST POINT LADIES.
Reporter—Several young ladies up at the hotel are much exercised lest you go to the hops.
Smith—You may say in your paper, if it is worth saying, that, so long as I am at the Academy, I will never go to any ball or entertainment, neither will I pay a cent toward getting them up. As I said before, I came here to study, not to make a fool of myself, like some of these white fellows do, over a lot of giddy girls, that don't care a snap for their little fingers. They think because I'm a colored boy that I don't know anything. Well, let them think so. I tell you I've seen a good deal within the last month. These young girls that come up here to flirt with the cadets and lead them off on a string are not the kind of girls we have South. If they were colored I wouldn't associate with them.
Reporter—Why?
Smith—Well, because I don't think they know anything but to make fools of cadets; and when they go away the last thing they think of is the poor cadet that they have been trifling with. "Nigger Smith," as they call me, may have colored blood in his veins, but he isn't a fool by a long shot.

MISERY LOVES COMPANY.
Reporter—How do the white cadets treat you now?
Smith—Oh, very much better. I let them alone and they let me alone. Besides I've got company now—Napier, and then in September, McGee, of Alabama, comes. Then there will be three of us. We'll be company for each other. There's one thing I've made up my mind to, though. You see I'm pretty stiff on my legs (and the cadet straightened himself up.) "I guess I can take care of myself," he added with a smile.
And so this settles the hop question, and doubtless the silly and giddy girls whom Cadet Smith talks about will feel much relieved.

WHAT BRIGHAM YOUNG'S BOY THINKS.
Another celebrity here, and one which attracts much attention, is the son of Brigham Young. He is a plebe, and is just now undergoing the hazing process. His name is Willard Young, and he is a stout, active, intelligent-looking lad. The Sun man had an interview with him this morning, and found him quite communicative. He has been here since the 31st of May, and came direct from Salt Lake City.
In response to an inquiry as to how he thought he should like it, he said it might do very well for the last three years of cadet life, but the first year, he thought, was enough to try the patience of even a Mormon saint.
"When I first came here, he said, "and when they commenced the hazing, I thought I shouldn't rest easy until I had flattened out some of my persecutors, but I've come to the conclusion that it's better to stand it.
The reporter looked at his strong limbs and powerful frame, and thought that the flattening out process would be an easy one for him.
At the Salt Lake theatre, a pumpkin pays the admission of two people, and they get two carrots in change.