

THE DEMOCRATIC TIMES,

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THE DEMOCRATIC TIMES.

VOL. I.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1871.

NO. 30.

THE TIMES

BOOK, PAMPHLET,

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Practical Ideas.

To be a good housekeeper requires education and practice; but if a woman's heart is in the work she will soon learn, if necessity places the duty before her.

When the comfort and prosperity of a loved husband renders it necessary to economize and live to the best advantage with small means, a devoted wife will turn her thought and care to the duties of her home.

The help of a good, prudent housekeeper, enables a man to advance his business prospects more than anything else a woman can do.

The superficial accomplishments of a boarding school miss are nothing compared to a practical education in all that pertains to make home attractive, and sensible men know it.

It is very imposing to witness the majestic sweep of yards upon yards of expensive silk boucans and laces into a parlor, but, young man, it requires a large income to support so much style.

It is delightful to talk with a young lady who knows French, and all the latest novels, and to have a divine creature dispense her best skirmishes of flirting with her eyes, smiles and fan, but, young man, there is but little heart or sincerity in such practiced charms.

A girl who has only a common school education, and the accomplishments taught her by a loving mother, of cooking and all other domestic duties, will be more likely to make you a good wife.

She may not have the most polished address. She may not be able to entangle you with the battalions of arts and wiles with which a petted fashionable belle surrounds and captures beaux, but she will prize the love of an honest heart more, and in truth and sincerity devote her life to requiting the love and kindness given her.

If your income be only a few hundred a year, a fashionable devotee of style and heart-smashing will in a few years fret herself into a miserable discontented wreck, and be a dead weight upon you; while a fresh-hearted domestic girl will develop into a blooming, matronly woman of sense and responsibility.

—Etn Orlou.

THIRTY YEARS AGO AND NOW.—Says the Washington Patriot: "On the third day of March, 1841, Mr. Martin Van Buren, about to terminate his career as President, called upon General William Henry Harrison, the President elect, and after an interchange of civilities, requested to be informed if he could do anything to oblige General Harrison while authority still remained in his hands."

"Yes," replied the modest old warrior, "you can do me a favor; my son-in-law, General Pike, who died on the battle field, left an only child, my grandnephew, whose inclinations, like his father's, are for the army. I think he will be a credit to the service, but, of course, I cannot appoint him. Is that all?"

Mr. Van Buren; and in two hours the commission was signed and sent to the young man.

"On the third day of March, 1871, there were in office, or responsible post of some kind, over twenty different individuals, each one appointed by General Grant, each one his near connection by blood or marriage, and none of them even pretending to have any other claim or qualification for their respective places than supposed to be bestowed upon them by their relation to the Executive."

"As Galileo said, even while he resented, 'The world does move, for all! We have made progress as a nation.'

YOUNG MEN.—Most young men consider it a great misfortune to be poor, or not to have capital enough to establish themselves at their outset in life in a good business. This is a mistaken notion. So far from poverty being a misfortune to him, if he may judge from what we every day behold, it is really a blessing; the chance is more than ten to one against the youth who starts with plenty of money. Let any one look back twenty years, and see who commenced business at that time with abundant means, and trace them down to the present day. How many of these now boast wealth and standing? On the contrary, how many have become poor, lost their places in society, and are passed by their own boon companions with a look which painfully says, I know you not!

HOME RULE.—The following rules for the government of children, which were first presented by Mr. Jacob Abbott's books, have been of great service to many successful teachers:

When you consent, consent cordially. When you refuse, refuse finally. When you punish, punish good-naturedly. Commend often. Never scold.

If parents and teachers would bear these simple directions in mind, children would be happier and better.

It is not work that kills men; it is worry. Work is wholesome; you can hardly put more work upon a man than he can bear. Worry is rust upon the blade. It is not the revolution that destroys the machinery, but the friction.

A Political Bargain Made Twenty Years Ago.

In the winter of 1848-9 the Whigs and Democrats were almost equally divided in the Ohio Legislature. Neither party had a working majority in the popular branch, and two Free-soilers, Townsend and Morse from the Western Reserve, held the balance of power. The election in Hamilton county was close. Owing to some irregularity Pugh (George F.) and Pierce, Democrats, contested the seats of Runyon and Spencer, who were Whigs and held certificates of election. The Whigs stood by the Whigs, and the Democrats were solid for the contestants. How would the Free-soilers vote? How and by whom could they be brought around to see the legal question involved in the contest from the Democratic standpoint? These questions were freely canvassed in the Democratic caucus. A prominent Free-soil lawyer was called into consultation, and, though up to that time he had not been counted a politician, he then and there embarked upon a political career with his eye fixed upon the presidency of the United States. If we are correctly informed, he wrote a contract between the Democrats and the Free-soilers, by which it was stipulated that Townsend and Morse should vote with the Democrats to unseat Runyon and Spencer, and admit Pugh and Pierce to their seats, in consideration of which the Democrats of both branches of the Legislature agreed to unite with Townsend and Morse, the two Free-soilers, and elect the humble rigging lawyer—Salmon P. Chase—to the Senate of the United States. We are informed that this contract, in the handwriting of the present Chief Justice of the United States, is still in existence, and in the possession of a citizen of Cleveland. The bargain was carried out by both parties in good faith, and Mr. Chase went to the Senate, where, as the colleague of Mr. Neward, he bore a distinguished part in the great antislavery debates of that time.

New Departures.

Ohio is blessed with a plethora or cursed with an *embarras des richesses* of political managers and platformists. Especially is the Democratic party thus favored or burdened. There are several very stalwart and influential chieftains of the party, who periodically, during court vacation, emerge from their dusky law offices with bran new platforms for the party. No, not platforms, that is an obsolete term. Departure is the new word. In the Southwest this idea would be expressed more forcibly by the phrase "new deal." We think the latter's the better term. Departure implies striking out a new path, diverging from the old course, abandoning the old line, and taking up another on some new field. We frankly confess that there is a great need of some change in the Democratic plan and strategy. The old ones have proved sad failures in all recent contests. It cannot be questioned that changes, modifications, some new ideas and policies, are imperatively demanded by the approaching exigency. But the word "departure" is too strongly indicative of a sudden conversation and total change of heart and conduct, to please the masses of that somewhat impracticable and self-sufficient party. It is true, the spoils have long been denied to them, and doubtless, like the weak-kneed of Israel, they hunger after the flesh pots of Egypt. But they are not all; in fact, only a small portion of them are prepared to surrender their time honored principle, their sacred cardinal ideas and gulp down at once so large a slice of humble pie, as seems to be the purpose of some of the impetuous chiefs to force down their mouths. It is too sudden a thing. They must be broken in gradually, and given some time to reflect, compare notes, and count the costs.

The new departures that come to us from Ohio are documents that demand a great deal of nice consideration and profound meditation. We have great respect for these Buckeye chiefs, but have not accepted their infallibility as a finality. Here in the South we have got a long way off from the old prescribed lines and routes of party maps and discipline. Our people don't think much of either the parties which are beginning to rend the firmament with their partisan clamor and cries. They suspect the motives of people who are always making new departures and hatching new schemes, to secure electoral triumphs. What they need is a new departure in morals rather than in politics. We want an honest and constitutional government, Federal and State; we want a more respectable class of men than those who have of late been brought forward by both parties. We're tired of the old party hacks, the speech-makers, platform-builders, caucus managers, and time serving trimmers who have so long controlled our politics and government.

We are sick of these as we are of the class of military upstarts who are foisted in to high civil positions. A platform embodying the simple propositions of a return to constitutional government, to honest administration and the subordination of the military to the civil power, is all we want in that line. What is more important than all platforms, but cannot be secured through any of them, is the nomination and election of live and new men, free from the taint of the recent corruptions and selfish scheming of the old parties. If Ohio, or New York, or Pennsylvania, have any of this new and fresh stock, let them bring them out, and let those veteran organizers of defeat, the Vallandighams, the Campbells, et. als., retire upon such laurels as they have already won, and snuff the approaching battles, like Job's horses, afar off. —New Orleans Times.

The Tale of a Fish.

It may be remembered by the readers of the Herald that a few months ago a story was current in the New York journals to the effect that a signet ring, bearing the monogram "P. B.," had been discovered by a fisherman in the entrails of a codfish caught in Trinity Bay, N. F. The fisherman, John Potter, kept the prize in his possession until the 12th inst., when he was requested in a letter from the Colonial Secretary to send or bring the ring to St. Johns, as he had received letters from a family in Burnam, in Poole, England, saying that they had reason to feel certain that the ring once belonged to Pauline Burnam, who was one of the several hundred passengers of the Allan steamship Anglo-Saxon, which was wrecked off Chance Cove, N. F., in 1861, the said Pauline Burnam being a relative of theirs.

The fisherman in whose possession the ring was, brought it to St. John's and presented it at the Colonial Secretary's office. He was requested to take a seat and wait awhile. After about half an hour's delay the man of fish was introduced to an elegantly dressed gentleman, a Mr. Burnam, whom the Colonial Secretary had sent for on the fisherman's arrival.

The ring was immediately identified by Mr. Burnam, who called it his mother's wedding ring, which she had always worn since her marriage in Huddersfield, England, in the year 1846.

The ring was accordingly given up to Mr. Burnam, who rewarded the fisherman with bank notes amounting to fifty pounds sterling. —New York Herald.

The other day we heard of a school teacher who killed herself for love of a boy thirteen years old, and now comes an account of an elderly man in Mississippi who blew out his brains because his landlady left his shirt buttoned at the collar and sent it to him in that outrageous condition. Poor old Mr. Hopkins, tottering on the verge of ninety years, got his head into the body of the shirt and his arms into the sleeves, and thus struggled for awhile against fate and buttons. He became frightfully enraged, cursed and foamed at the mouth, and at last, when the linen gave way, rushed for his gun, seated himself on the edge of his bed, placed the stock of the weapon so that he could pull its trigger with his toe, brought the muzzle to his chin, pulled, and blew his head off. Can that landlady be said to be morally responsible for this act?

A BEAUTIFUL THOUGHT.—God knows what keys in the human soul to touch, in order to draw out its sweeter and most perfect harmonies. They may be the minor strains of sadness and sorrow; they may be the loftier notes of joy and gladness. God knows where the melodies of our nature are, and what disciplines will bring them forth. Some with plaintive tongue must walk in lowly vales of weary way; others in loftier byways sing of nothing-but-joy; but they all unite without discord or jar as the ascending anthem of loving and believing hearts finds its way into the chorus of the redeemed in heaven.

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LEGAL TENDERS taken at par for subscription.

Mrs. FAIR ON FREE LOVE.—A reporter of San Francisco has interviewed Mrs. Laura D. Fair, and in the course of her conversation she uttered the following as her position on the free love doctrine, the interrogator having asked her, "Do you believe in the free love idea you advanced on the stand?"

Said the condemned woman: "I advanced no such idea, sir, and I do not believe in free love doctrines. I loved Mr. Crittenden with my whole heart and soul. If I had believed in the free love doctrine, why would I have insisted for seven long years for a marriage with him? I had his love and I had him. Time and again he told me that I was the only woman he ever loved—ever, could love. I ought to have been happy, but I loved the sanctity of the marriage tie—not that for a single moment I have ever considered that I committed sin with him. I did not; I loved him as a wife, lived with him as a wife. I loved him for his mind. Had he been paralyzed and helpless, it would have been the same to me—it was not the body I loved, but the soul. Had I been the passionate, sensual woman they attempted to make me out, I would have naturally preferred a young man. But for seven years he was my all—I never scarcely spoke to any one else. Judge Campbell confuted me in my testimony. In the sight of God I feel that we were man and wife—there is no marriage where there is no love. The mere ceremony does not bind hearts together.

"HE COULDN'T TELL A LIE.—"By the by, a good story is told of Ben. Butler and his notorious honesty. A short time since, Ben. Butler and Wendell Phillips had business with the President, and, arm in arm, proceeded to call upon him. The President was busy, and sent word that he would see them presently. Phillips and Butler strolled in the conservatory, in the rear of the White House, thence into the garden. Butler and Phillips were engaged in an animated conversation upon some topic. Butler came slightly excited.

"A large hatchet belonging to the gardener, was beside a tree. Butler casually picked it up, and, while talking, he made several deep gashes with it into some of General Grant's favorite trees. Just at this juncture, the President appearing, Butler hastily secreted it under his coat-tail.

"After the compliments of the day, the President spied for the first time his mutilated tree, and, with tones of rehemence, inquired who had been cutting and gashing that tree? After a few moments pause, Butler stepped bravely up to the President and took him by the hand, saying, 'Mr. President, I cannot tell a lie; Wendell Phillips did it.'

THIN SKINNED PEOPLE.—There are some people, yes, many people, always looking out for slights. They cannot carry on the daily intercourse of the family without taking some offence. They are as touchy as hair-triggers. If they meet an acquaintance in the street who happens to be preoccupied with business, they attribute his abstraction in some mode as personal to themselves, and take umbrage accordingly. They lay on others the fault of irritability. A fit of indignation makes them see impertinence in every body they come in contact with. Innocent persons, who never dreamed of giving offence, are astonished to find some unfortunate word, or some momentary tacturnity mistaken for insult. To say the least, the habit is unfortunate. It is far wiser to take the more charitable view of our fellow-beings, and not suppose a slight intended, unless the neglect is open and direct. After all, too, life takes its cue, in a great degree, from the color of our own mind. If we are frank and generous, the world treats us kindly. If, on the contrary, we are suspicious, men learn to be cold and cautious to us. Let a person get a reputation of being touchy, and everybody is under more or less restraint; and in this way the chances of an imaginary offence are vastly increased.

OUR LEARNED JUSTICES OF THE PEACE.—The people elsewhere than in the negro dominant sections of the accursed South can have no idea of the amount of ignorance we have in the officers foisted upon us by Radical misrule. The following "peace warrant," written by a negro Justice of the Peace of this county, is genuine—we have it on file in our office as proof:

"State of north Carolina Halifax county I take the opportunity to rite to mrsto DeCK Smith i rite this Peace warrant mrto Alberto Stratofore of you dont you Will Be put in Jale Dont let me here ana mor af this dister Bens i will put you where you will Be at Peace sekunt day af June 1871 A Whitaker J P Boanoke News.

KISSING.—A lady, writing on the subject of kissing, says: "I am vain enough to pride myself on being a girl of good sense, and I dearly love and can appreciate good kissing—indeed, I should quite as lief have a good kiss as a new cashmere. It is to me one of life's sweetest enjoyments. Some of my life's happiest moments have been spent in kissing. A rich, hearty kiss, from plump, rosy, moist-lipped (or unmoist-lipped) lips, will last one a whole day."

GAZZY KNOTS two hearts in closer bonds than happiness ever can; and common suffering is a far stronger link than common joy.