

The Democratic Times.

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Democratic Times.

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COSMOPOLITAN HOTEL.

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AND SEE HIS FINE STOCK OF NEW Goods direct from the manufacturers. He has a fine lot of Sewing Machines Prices from \$20 to \$110, cash.

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JOHN NOLAND, PROP'R.

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AND-- SADDLE HORSES For hire on reasonable terms.

THE NEW DEPARTURE--STRANGE REPETITION OF HISTORY.

The nation--it used to be the Republic--has reached that peculiar crisis when the experiment of self-government is brought to a direct trial.

In previous issues of this paper, a full review has been entered into of all the changes that have been brought into action relative to the Constitution of the country, and the people doubtless are fully acquainted with all that it is necessary for them to know of the tendency of those changes.

With the grand crisis in a minor crisis, as there sometimes is a wheel within a wheel, and it is but proper to examine into such affairs, as they may postpone or accelerate the dreaded national catastrophe.

The Democratic party is to-day more powerful than it ever was, even in the days of Jackson! but while it is more powerful, and its masses more willing to march forward to a national triumph, it unfortunately happens to be cursed by a clique of dictators whose whole aim is to use the vast Democratic machinery to the subversion of Republicanism, not the Republican party, but the Republican form of the Government.

This clique was in active life in 1848, and did its best to demoralize the party for which it pretended to act. It was represented by a journal of great pretensions as the foremost literary-political paper in the country. That journal was owned or supposed to be owned by the Chairman of the National Democratic Committee, Mr. Belmont.

Mr. Belmont was and is still the agent of the banking establishment of the Rothschilds, and consequently was and is deeply interested in securing the success of the ticket pledged to the payment of the United States debt, both principal and interest, in specie. The Democratic party is pledged to no such method of payment, and consequently was and is to be prompted by Mr. Belmont and his colleagues, and the journal reported and believed to be owned by him in chief and by two other prominent Democrats in part.

On Thursday, October 15, 1868, an editorial appeared in the above referred-to journal, in which the Democratic party was urged to do their candidates, and upon the very eve of battle raise new issues and enlist under their banners new leaders. Governor Seymour and General Frank Blair had been put in nomination by the Democratic National Convention, and throughout the entire country great unanimity was felt in behalf of that ticket. Silently and confidently the preparations of battle were going on, and the hopes of the people were cheered once more with the prospect of a firm and consistent Democratic administration of the Government in the future.

A powerful party contended for the nomination of the Democratic Convention, and its standard-bearer was surrounded by a fictitious halo of military glory, which made him a powerful opponent. But the Democratic party stood firmly to its old doctrines of adherence to State Rights, and against the usurpations of the republican Congress, and against the manner of the enforcement and the spirit of the negro amendments. The outlying troops were maneuvering to join the main body on the eventful day of battle, and the main body of the Democratic army, resting upon New York, Kentucky, Maryland and several other great States, was full of enthusiasm.

But in the midst of these vast movements, when all the machinery was in complete working order, and when the country rang with the clarion notes of the eloquent Seymour and the valiant Blair, a bolt was sped from the headquarters in New York, with the self-evident mission of the Democratic National Democratic Committee, sitting in the national session, which shattered this noble array, and sent confusion and panic among the ranks of the Democratic hosts. This was the message sent everywhere on the wings of the wind. It appeared in the columns of the New York paper, owned or supposed to be owned by Mr. Belmont and two other leading Democrats:

"If Mr. Seymour and General Blair will withdraw, as we doubt not they will, let those having authority" (Mr. Belmont as Chairman of the National Democratic Committee) "substitute Chief-Justice Chase in place of Mr. Fremont, and General W. S. Hancock, of Massachusetts; John Quincy Adams, of Massachusetts; Thomas A. Hendricks, of Indiana; General Thomas Ewing, of Kansas; General W. B. Franklin, of Pennsylvania, or some of that character of men in place of the latter (General Blair) and the victory in November will be ours. We need another battle of Winchester, where a change of commanders in the midst of the fight brought us a glorious victory, as the nominations to which we have referred will crown our efforts with success in the battle of November.

This infamous proposition, as a matter of course, created a great sensation. Who had authorized it? On its face it bore the stamp of authority, for it seemed to speak by direction when it referred to those in authority. What authority? The nominating convention had adjourned with all its duties discharged, and therefore was not in existence. The only persons having authority were comprised in the person of Mr. Belmont, Chairman of the permanent and forever-sitting National Democratic Committee, and to this day Mr. Belmont has made no official denial of the charge laid against him at the time of having authorized this desperate trick of party de-

TRouble AMONG THE MAIL CONTRACTORS.

[Washington Correspondent Eugene Journal.] WASHINGTON, D. C., July 12, 1871. A good many persons who bid on mail routes in the South, mostly in Texas, where the service is performed by stages, are here, and some of them are growling furiously at the Postmaster General, and charging fraud and corruption. They say all the stage mail routes in the South of any consequence are run and controlled, and have been for years, by a powerful Southern ring, who probably receive on the various routes they monopolize about a million dollars per annum more than other responsible parties are willing and ready to perform the same service for; and with these enormous profits they are able to spend so much money "manipulating" things around the Department as to make it next to impossible for an outsider to get a contract. For instance, these men are now receiving a little over \$79,000 per annum for carrying the mails on a certain route in Texas, and their bona fide bid for the next four years on the same route is \$85,000 per annum. C. M. Lockwood, of Wasco county, Oregon, bid \$34,000 for this same route, and claims to be the lowest bona fide bidder, but he can't get the contract, because these fellows have a dozen "straw bids" under him, one as low as \$4,000. It is awarded to this "lowest bidder." He fails to perform the service, of course, as was intended when the bid was put in; and then, instead of going up the list to the lowest bidder who will give bonds and perform the service, the ring are trying to get to carry the mail right along at the old price until a new letting can be provided for, which would take several months, when they would play the same game over again, as they have often done before. Lockwood claims to be the lowest real bidder on several important routes in Texas, and J. C. McKibbin, formerly of California, thinks he has the ring beaten in some routes, and is very much disgusted because he can't get a contract. It is also stated that the Northwestern Stage Company--Barlow, Huntley and Parker--who are running from Kelton to Umatilla, Boise City via Canyon City to the Dalles, and Sacramento to Portland, are getting on the latter route over \$40,000 per annum more than other responsible parties bid, and now control all the contracts in that section. And whenever they are underbid by other responsible parties the contracts are not awarded, but remain in statu quo, on the part of the Government. Ex-Senator Williams went to see the Postmaster General yesterday and again to-day, and is making a desperate fight to have the contracts awarded to the lowest bona fide bidder, instead of re-awarding them on the failure of the "straw bidders," which would give the old contractors the old prices for many months to come, and cost the Government a great deal of money. One of the gentlemen who was present at the interview yesterday says that Mr. Crosswell remarked that he didn't care if it would "save the Government several hundred thousand dollars" to purchase the course recommended by Judge Williams, and that he intended to "re-advertise and re-let the routes." If Mr. Crosswell persists in this course, it is said by the parties interested that Judge Williams will file a protest to-morrow.

THE SLANDERER.

The first slanderer was the Devil. He poisoned the ears of many happy angels in Heaven by telling them that God and Good Creator; by his supreme evil cloquence he invented plausible lies, and aroused jealousies where before peace and immeasurable joys ever reigned. God banished him from Heaven, and his poor dupes forever share his eternal shame and damnation. The world is full of little, despicable devils, that in their limited sphere of action, are their great prototype, and poison the whole social atmosphere where their pestiferous breaths have voice. Social Assassins, whose highest ambition is to blast and milder the fair reputation of all above them, and whose greatest pleasure in life is to watch their accursed and venomous poison work its hellish purposes--glowering over the wreck and ruin of character, and all the unutterable social miseries that follow in its train. The purer, the nobler, the more elevated, the more worthy the victim, the greater their infernal joy.

Assassin-like the slanderer ever strikes in the back. Whilst in your presence and under your observance he is the smiling, toadying sycophant; behind your back, in your absence, it is he, cautiously whisping in some willing, credulous ear his libels, oft under the pledge of secrecy.

He puts faith in none. Coward at heart, he is envious and jealous of every noble quality and attribute in his fellow man, and his deformed moral nature wreaks its vengeance by smirching the fair presentation of "God's noblest work--an honest man." We said he was a coward at heart; we erred, he has no heart; instead he has a liver, all blue and livid spotted, fringed with white, the fretted bile of which inflames his tongue and slobbers forth its corruption on all that's decent and respectable.

Community has no course so baneful--so destructive of all good feeling, faith friendship, and all that goes to make the sum of social pleasure and happiness--as the slanderer. Beware, then, of the man or woman who is ever eager to pour forth into your private ear some report, or tale, discreditable to the virtue or honor of your neighbor. Ten to one it is wholly false, and ninety-nine to one it is an invention, bred in the malicious brain of a slanderer.

In hell there is one lower, hotter pit than another, it is the sure future home of him or her who wantonly or secretly murders the character and standing of a good woman. The very devil will blush with shame as he ushers into his eternal abode his earthly imitator, and frown to be reminded by so insignificant a soul of his own first great sin in heaven.

Despised by men, hated by the devil, ignored of God, the lowest, meanest, vilest, and most cowardly of all humanities is the SLANDERER.

How TO MANAGE SETTING HENS.--1. Set the hen in a place where she will not be disturbed.

2. Give a large hen twelve or thirteen eggs, a medium-sized one ten or twelve, and a small one eight or nine.

3. Don't let the hen come out of the setting-room until she has hatched, but keep her supplied with gravel, food, and water.

4. When chicks are hatched, leave them in the nest for eight or ten hours.

5. Don't meddle with the eggs during incubation; turning them once a day, and all such foolishness, is apt to prevent the eggs from hatching.--Southern Farmer.

A lady had a favorite lap-dog, which she called Perchance. "A singular name," said somebody, "for a beautiful pet madam. Where did you find it?" "Oh," drawled she, "it was named from Byron's dog. You remember where he says, 'Perchance my dog will howl.'"

INNOCENCE is like an umbrella--when once lost we never hope to see it back again.

FORGIVENESS is the odor of sweet flowers when trampled upon.

OREGON AS SEEN BY OUR VISITORS.

Among the distinguished gentlemen visiting Oregon this season, are Hon. Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, Hon. John A. Bingham, of Ohio--both members of the House of Representatives--and Judge Miller, of Iowa, one of the Justices of the U. S. Supreme Court. Recently, accompanied by Senator Corbett and several gentlemen and ladies of Portland, they made a trip through the Willamette valley on the O. & C. Railroad, and on their return to Portland, at a meeting called to do them honor, they thus gave their impressions of our valley. We copy from the report of the Oregonian:

Mr. Maynard, of Tennessee, being called for, responded in a happy speech. He spoke in very complimentary terms of Oregon, a considerable portion of which he had recently seen. No description of the Willamette valley which he had ever met had done justice to its beauty, its resources, and its situation. He foresaw a State here which would equal the greatest of the East; he saw already here a degree of growth and of culture highly flattering to the State and its people, and presaging the greatest things for the future.

Justice Miller, on being called upon, said that it was a rule with him, occupying as he did a judicial position, to refrain from talking at meetings which had anything to do with politics; and on this occasion he would only speak to corroborate what his friend Maynard had said in regard to the beautiful valley of the Willamette and the kind treatment he had received while in Oregon. Had he gone away without seeing this valley he would have had a very inadequate idea of our State. Here was a region surpassing in loveliness everything he had yet seen; it appeared like the realization of the happy valley of Rasselas and the dreams of the early writers. Such a country, when it becomes traversed by railroads, and accessible by the outer world, must become very famous, and he was sure would become very famous and great.

WHERE FLOWERS CAME FROM.--Some of our flowers came from lands of very hot summer, some from countries all ice and snow, some from islands in the ocean. Three of our sweet exotics came originally from Peru; the camelia was carried to England in 1739; and a few years afterwards the heliotrope and mignonette. Several others came from the Cape of Good Hope; a very large calla was found in the ditches there, and some of the most brilliant geraniums, zinnias, which are a spurious geranium. The verbena grows wild in Brazil; the marigold is an African flower, and a great number came from China and Japan. The little daphne was carried to England by Captain Ross, from almost the farthest land he visited towards the North Pole. Some of these are quite changed in form by cultivation; others have only become larger and brighter; while others, despite all care of florists and the shelter of hot-houses, fall far short of the beauty and fragrance of the tropics.

Among improved ones is the dahlia. When brought to Europe it was a very simple blossom, a single circle of dark petals surrounding a mass of yellow ones. Others with scarlet and orange petals were soon after transplanted from Mexico, but still remained simple flowers. Long years of cultivation in rich soil, with the arts of skillful florists, have changed it to what it now is--a round ball of beauty.--Riverside Magazine.

DELICIOUS KISSING IN THE DARK.--Pious reader, did you ever--I desire not to be personal--but did you ever kiss a girl in a railroad tunnel? I never did, but if truth must be told, I've wanted to do it awfully bad. Not that I have any idea that gobbling a chaste salute within the dark and narrow confines of a tunnel renders a kiss more delicious than if stolen or taken with full permission anywhere else; but it is the novelty of the thing. It is the darkness; the rank burglar; the nice calculation as to time; the sudden assault; the desperate defense; the acute agony of the skirmish line of hair-pins; the carrying of the outer works; the fierce struggle at the scrap; the glorious sweetness of the surrender; and then the condemnable meanness afterwards of the victory. Then hurried repairs, and the impossible attempt to appear placid and all serene before the other passengers. I tell you there's a short lifetime passed in the kissing of a girl in a tunnel.

SOME men move through life as a band of music moves down the street--flinging out pleasure on every side through the air to every one, far and near, who can listen. Some men fill the air with their presence and sweetness, as orchards, in October days, fill the air with the perfume of ripe fruit. Some women cling to their own houses like the houseyuckle over the door, yet, like it, fill all the region with the subtle fragrance of their goodness. How great a bounty and blessing it is to hold the royal gifts of the soul that they shall be music to some, and fragrance to others, and life to all. It would be no unworthy thing to live for, to make the power which we have within us the breath of other men's joy, to fill the atmosphere which they must stand in with brightness which they cannot create for themselves.

THE following incident is illustrative of the feelings of thousands of fathers who "give away" their daughter at the altar: "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" said the clergyman. "Well, sir," replied the paternal relative of the damsel, "I am called to do it, although I do it against my grain. I wanted her to marry Bill Plover, who is worth twice as much as this ere man."

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