

The Democratic Times.

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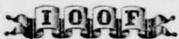
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Democratic Times.

VOL. II. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, MAY 11, 1872. NO. 19.

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JOHN MILLER, Jacksonville, Sept. 9th, 1871. 35

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OREGON--A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW.

We take the following extract from a letter to the Pacific Journal of Health, written by the editor, Mrs. Carrie F. Young. Mrs. Young has spent several months in traveling over this State giving lectures on temperance and health:

Oregon is now a part of a beautiful picture. Invisible fairies have been throwing shuttles, weaving the web of grasses that, softly and cleaner than royal velvets, carpet all her hills and valleys with richest green. Long months past, the chemists have been at work, compounding and preparing Tyrean dyes, for the busy-fingered artists who, night and day, are laying them upon buds and blooms. The trees are laden, bending, with delicately painted blossoms, tinted, swelling leaf-buds. The farmer cheerfully chirruping to his horses, as the plow turns the rich mold, has only to lift his eyes to see Mounts Hood, Jefferson, Adams, Saint Helens, and numerous lesser peaks, snow-crowned, lifting their heads far up to the bluest skies. Grand domes, clothed in majesty; magnificent pillars, supporting the floor of heaven; the streams of untold contentment, summer suns, and the early and the latter rains, are powerless to dissolve their icy, cloud-draped garments.

Then the hills--the everlasting hills--far-sweeping, swelling, wooded hills--miniature mountains, where the bear and the reindeer, the cougar and the wolf, and Indian, are yet at home--they contain treasures in spurs, and masts, and fine-grained, hard-wood timber, that will enrich by thousands, after this generation of people shall have passed away. Blue and dark, almost impenetrable, they stand, grim guardians between the valleys and any possible eruption of volcanoes from the distant mountains. The near forests--olorous with resin of fir-trees, holding in their shady depths the sources of innumerable springs--securely guard the bright, leaping streams, whose crystal waters make glad all this beautiful land. Forests skirt the valleys, and, in many a curve and solid square, stand along the banks of the winding rivers. These fertile valleys, beautiful prairies, and sloping hills will, in the near future, produce bread for millions of people. There are thousands of acres where thorough culture will produce forty bushels of clean, plump wheat to the acre. One valley (the Willamette) contains 8,000,000 of acres, and not more than 500,000 are in cultivation.

None but those who have carefully traveled over the country by private conveyance can fully appreciate the variety, extent and beauty of the hills and valleys of this young State. Wool and wheat, cattle and horses, flocks and herds, meadows and green pastures, orchards and grain-fields, mills and work-shops, and happy homes--a hospitable, kind and warm-hearted people--this is Oregon.

AFTER THE DRUNKARDS. Public sentiment and State legislatures are going after drunkards with an accumulating stick. In the Ohio Legislature a petition was recently presented asking for a law making it a penitentiary offence to get drunk; and in Wisconsin a law has been passed granting inebriety as a crime. We are heartily in favor of the use of all reasonable means to prevent the spread of a vice which has more to do with the filling up of the criminal annals of the country than any other. But the question arises, is not legislative interference trenching too far upon personal liberty when it indulges in such enactments? Why may it not prescribe the use of opium, tobacco, tea or coffee, making excess in all such stimulants, also, a crime?

We are those who believe that there are some weaknesses, to use a mild term, of human nature which can never be corrected by the strong arm of the law. If a reformation in the unfortunate victims of such frailties cannot be accomplished by moral suasion, by the kindly efforts of relatives, friends and acquaintances, then they will remain irreclaimable in the forbidding clutches of the law and must trust to a merciful Providence for a better condition of affairs here and the grave. No legislation, however harsh, can control individual action which mainly injures the individual sufferer from his, or her, own bad conduct, when privately practiced.--S. F. Examiner.

SOUND OPINIONS.--A game South Carolinian writes to *Ulysses*, thusly: "Under the pharisaical pretence of 'let us have peace,' you resume war upon South Carolina. You publish your declarations of war; renew the struggle we thought closed at Appomattox. You send your soldiers. You make war upon peaceful communities; and beneath the folds of your stars and stripes, you allow thieves, robbers and incendiaries to find shelter and safety. You cannot, if you regard your fame, retire too soon from this campaign against your countrymen; for in prosecuting war upon South Carolina, you menace every other peaceable State on the continent. Our cause now is every freeman's cause."

BONNER, of the *New York Ledger*, has \$145,000 worth of horses which he keeps in twenty years ago," says a *New York letter*. "The owner of all this was without a dollar's capital, and was humbly pursuing his calling in a printing office." For the encouragement of young men who have a hankering for the "art preservative," we would here remark that there are printers in this section of the country who have made less money than that within the last twenty years.

"Go it, old fellow," said two idle scapgraces to an honest laborer at work. "Work away, while we play; sow, and we'll reap." "Very likely," replied the old man, coolly, "I'm sowing hemp."

"SPIT-CURLS" are in fashion again.

WHAT CAUSES HARD TIMES.

We are fast becoming a nation of schemers to live without work. Our boys are not learning trades; our farmers' sons are crowding into cities, looking for clerkships and Post Offices. Hardly one American girl in each hundred will do housework for wages, however urgent her needs. So we are sending to Europe for workmen and buying of her artisans millions worth of products that we ought to make ourselves. Though our crop of raspals is heavy, we do not grow our hemp; though we are overrun with lads who deserve flogging, we import our willows. Our women, unless deceived, shine in European fabrics; our men dress in foreign cloths; the toys which amuse our younger children, have generally reached us from over the sea. We are like the farmer who hires his neighbor's sons to cut his wood, feed his stock, run errands, etc., while his own boys lounge at the grog-shop, playing cards, and then wonders why, in spite of his best efforts, he sinks annually deeper and deeper into debt, till the Sheriff cleans him out, and he starts West to begin again in life. We must turn over a new leaf. Our boys and girls must be taught to love labor by qualifying themselves to do it efficiently. We must turn out fewer professionals and more skilled artisans, as well as food-growers. We must grow and fabricate two hundred millions worth per annum that we now import, and so reduce the foreign debt that we have so successfully augmented yearly by year. We must qualify our clever boys to erect and run factories, rolling mills, tanneries, machine-shops, etc.; to open and work mines, improve and fashion implements, and double the present product of their father's farm. So shall we stem the tide of debt that sets steadily against our shores, and cease to be visited and annoyed by hard times.

A BIG CLOCK.--The large clock at the English Parliament House is the largest one in the world. The four dials of this clock are twenty-two feet in diameter. Every half minute the point of the minute hand moves nearly seven inches. The clock will go eight or half days, but it only strikes for seven and a half, thus indicating any neglect in winding up. The mere winding up of the striking apparatus takes two hours. The pendulum is 15 feet long, the wheels are of cast iron, and the hour bell is eight feet high and nine feet in diameter, weighing nearly fifteen tons, and the hammer alone weighs more than 400 pounds. This clock strikes the quarter-hours, and by its strikes the short-hand reporters in the Parliament chambers regulate their labors. At every stroke a new reporter takes the place of the old one, while the first retires to write out the notes that he has taken during the previous fifteen minutes.

THE PROSPECTS.--When the Dalles the other week says the *States Right Democrat*, we made special inquiries to the probable Democratic majorities east of the mountains, and as we met only representatives and well-posted gentlemen of that section, we believe our information is as correct as can be ascertained at this time. Following are the estimated majorities: Baker, 250; Union, 200; Umatilla, 350; Grant, 75; Wasco, 100. Total majority in five counties, 1,025. As Western Oregon will doubtless be very close between the two parties, it is safe to count on at least one thousand Democratic majority in the State. How do the Radicals like the prospect? In this view of the case it is safe to assert that Oregon is "Not for Joe."

SINGULAR FACT.--In Inyo county, CAL., when the late great earthquake there was grinding the top of the ground to powder, miners 300 feet beneath the surface did not feel the shock. This is a stumper to us, who have been taught to believe that earthquakes are caused by internal commotion. The fact above stated is presumptive evidence of the correctness of Stewart's theory that earthquakes are only on the surface of the earth, and are caused by electric currents above and not volcanic fires beneath the surface.

LOST, STRAYED OR STOLEN.--Some cruel wag issues an advertisement which publishes as lost, strayed or stolen, the American navy, for which the people paid \$200,000,000 during the war and have never been paying \$20,000,000 a year. No nation ever spent so much money for ships of war, and yet so few of them are to be found that even Spain laughs at the condition of the country, and insults the Government by mistreatment of American citizens.

FAST HORSES.--The race will bring out the coin. In 1871 there were 1,475 trotting and running races in the United States, with purses amounting to \$705,231. There were 71 double team trots, with purses amounting to \$28,000. There were 106 pacing races, with purses amounting to \$30,000. The aggregate of the purses put up on the American turf last year could not have been less than \$1,000,000.

THERE is a man in Glen's Falls, N. Y., who won't believe any stories about the sagacity of dogs. He says that dogs have not common sense. In proof of his assertion, he relates how he poured kerosene on a dog and set it on fire just to have a little fun, and that dog actually ran under his barn, and lay there and set the barn on fire, though he whistled to him to come out!

A PECULIAR CUSTOM.--If the same rule obtained in this country as in Japan, there would never be heard that term of obloquy, as many regard it, applied to some of the best members of the female sex, "old maids." Japan has no old maids. When the girls don't get married voluntarily, the authorities hunt up husbands for them, and make them marry!

HARPER'S horse "Longfellow" will run against the fast English horse "Sterling" at Long Branch this season.

THE WORDS WE USE.

It has been calculated that our language, including the nomenclature of the arts and sciences, contain 100,000 words. Yet of this immense number it is surprising how few are in common use. To the great majority, even of educated men, three-fourths of the words are almost as unfamiliar as Greek or Choctaw. Strike from the dictionary all the words nearly obsolete--all the words of special arts or professions--all the words confined in their usages to particular localities--all the words which even the educated speaker uses only in homeopathic doses--and it is astonishing into what a Lilliputian volume your Brobdignagian Webster or Worcester have shrunk. It has been calculated that a child uses only about 100 words; and, unless he belongs to the educated classes, he will never employ more than three or four hundred. A distinguished American scholar estimates that few speakers or writers use as many as 10,000 words; ordinary persons of fair intelligence, not over 4,000. Even the great orator, who is able to bring into the field, in the war of words, half the vast array of light and heavy troops which the vocabulary affords, yet contents himself with a far less imposing display of verbal force. Even the all-knowing Milton, whose wealth of words seem amazing, and whom Dr. Johnson charges with using a "Babylonian dialect," used only 5,000; and Shakespeare himself, "the myriad-minded," only 15,000. These facts show that the difficulty of mastering the vocabulary of a new tongue is greatly overrated; and they show, too, how absurd is the boast of every new dictionary-maker that his vocabulary contains so many thousand words more than those of his predecessors.

A GREAT ORATOR.--Father Burke preached in New York during Holy Week to immense audiences. So great was the anxiety to hear him, that thousands who went to the church could not gain admittance. He is said to be the most eloquent preacher of modern times. No orator who ever visited the metropolis has excited such enthusiasm. People of all denominations listen spell-bound for hours to his logical and silver-tongued eloquence; and he has acquired renown in other countries, and for eloquence in other languages than his native tongue. In Rome he electrified the people, who believed him to be a Roman. In France he made the nation proud of him, imagining that he was a Frenchman; and in England he was regarded as one of her greatest orators. Now America pays homage to the great gift that God conferred on him, and Old Ireland's heart beats with a mother's joy that her son has won and earned the admiration of nations for his matchless eloquence.

A COVEY OF TRAITORS.--Jos. G. Wilson, M. P. Deady, Reuben P. Boise, A. C. Gibbs and "Old Flaxbrake" (George H. Williams) are every one a renegade Democrat, who, in the past history of Oregon, figured prominently in Democratic councils, and received favors and stations by the aid of Democratic votes. They left the party in the hour of its adversity, when their assistance was most needed; and they will do the same with the Republican party when its organization shall begin to lose ground with the people. The depth of their political principles can only be measured by the success of the party with which they operate. The Democratic party has grown in favor ever since their traitorous carcasses departed from its councils, and the sooner the Republican party throws them overboard, the sooner will it merit the esteem of honorable men.--*Albany Democrat*.

CONGRESSIONAL CANDIDATE.--Hon. John Burnett, who was nominated by the Democratic Convention of Oregon, is an old citizen of Corvallis, Benton county, having resided there for the last fourteen years, and has held many important positions of honor and trust in that county and State, and is now County Judge, elected two years ago, by having run far ahead of his ticket. He is a good speaker and a sound reasoner, and will canvass the State in a manner to largely increase the Democratic majority. His character is spoken of in the highest terms by the Democratic and independent journals of Oregon. His nomination has produced great enthusiasm, and his election is anticipated by his friends by a very large majority.--*S. F. Examiner*.

THE DESCRIPTION.--A Dolly Varden dress is thus described for the benefit of people who are not posted thereon: A "Dolly Varden" is a moire antique dress pattern, and is made of some material and is cut bias at the top and bottom, and trimmed with Honiton polonaises and tuberoses, with a peplum running two inches and three links to the south-west from the starting point around the skirts of civilization, and pinned together with a self-acting safety-pin. The figures are so large that it takes eight dress patterns to show them off to advantage.

The number of stars visible to the naked eye, in the entire circuit of the heavens, has been usually estimated at 6,000; an ordinary opera-glass will exhibit something like 60,000; a comparatively small telescope easily shows 200,000; while there are telescopes in existence with which at least 25,000,000 stars can be seen.

THE *Herald* says there is a newspaper man in Portland, whose boots are so large that he can't turn around in less space than a quarter of an acre. He got stuck near the railroad depot lately, and they had to put him on the turn-table to get them pointed right.

THE office expenses of the State Government of Indiana in 1870, under the Radicals, were \$10,860,26; under Democratic administration, the expenses for the same length of time, were \$1,570,04. Something of a difference in favor of the Democracy.

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.

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LEGAL TENDERS taken at current rates for subscription.

ARE ALL MEN LIARS?

David tells us that he was hasty in asserting that all men are liars, but he might have said deliberately, observes the *Saturday Review*, that most men are either liars or the unconscious accomplices of liars. The quantity of sheer unadvised lying which exists in this world, we suspect, greatly under-estimated by most people; and of the quantity of the false statement which is not quite lying, because it begins by self-deception, few persons have even a faint conception. The reason of this seems simple enough. For practical purposes we are obliged to assume that people speak the truth. A certain quantity of mutual trust is necessary in order to carry on the business of life and we naturally make the mistake of confounding provisional assumption, which, for ordinary purposes, is accurate enough with a statement of actual facts, and then apply it to cases where it is more frequently falsified than verified. We infer from the practical necessity of trusting people in trifles they are always trustworthy in serious matters; and thus we exaggerate beyond all bounds the weight which should properly be attached to a simple unsupported assertion. If a respectable person--that is to say, a man in a black coat who has not been convicted of picking pockets--tells us the wild story of ghosts or rapping tables, the only hypothesis which the ordinary mind altogether refuses to admit is the surely not inconceivable one that he is a liar and cheat. It is thought to be almost paradoxical to assert that any one, outside of the criminal classes, is ever guilty of downright falsehood. The weakness is certainly available; and yet it may fairly be doubted whether a capacity to tell the truth and nothing but the truth is not as rare as the habit of unequivocal lying.

TYPHOID FEVER.--It is accurate enough for all practical purposes for the people, says a medical journal, to say that typhoid is an exaggerated form of typhus; that both should be called by the same name of excremental fever, for then the common people would at once know the nature of the disease, would at once seek out its cause, remove it, and thus promptly abate the malady, not only in the individual, but in the neighborhood where prevalent. Typhoid fever, typhus fever, ship fever, jail fever, camp fever, are one and the same disease; for the cause of them all is one and the same--breathing into the lungs, swallowing into the stomach, human excrement; that is, what has been thrown from the body, or out of the body: from the body includes the perspiration, odors, fumes, coming from the skin and lungs; out of the body means the urine, and more particularly that which passes in a solid form from the bowels. The things which are breathed into the lungs and swallowed into the stomach find their way into the blood, poison it, make it thicker, arrest its flow, cause it to clog up in the small blood-vessels, derange the circulation, and finally arrest the working of the whole machinery of the body, and the man is dead. Typhoid fever can be caused in an hour, and death may ensue in the next twenty-four, according to the concentration of the matters in the atmosphere, and the time of exposure to them.

The *New York Tribune* charges that Grant has, in three years, appointed to office more persons related to himself and his family than all our former Presidents did in their eighty years of administration; and it is confident that the appointments which have accrued to Grant's relatives have exceeded those realized by all the relatives of our preceding Presidents during their respective terms of office. If Grant's relatives were in any case in any respect fitted for any of the offices to which they have been appointed, this charge might not be entitled to so great importance as it is when the fact stands out in such bold digits, that each and every one of these nepotistic appointees has, like the Executive himself, proven totally unfit for the place.

SMALL VS. LARGE FARMS.--The papers generally, but more especially the Southern papers, speak of the comparative prosperity of small farmers as against those owning large farms. Small farmers, generally frugally minded, study small economies, and having their business under their own control, thoroughly understand their necessities, and are mainly industrious and successful. But large farmers, necessarily leaving much work to hired men and dealing with larger amounts of money, fail to keep all the threads of their net well in hand, and some occasionally drop or become tangled, while the small items of economy are overlooked, and the consequence is failure, debt and borrowing.--*Exchange*.

A YOUNG lady, who signs herself "A Blonde," sends us a perfumed note, asking, "Why does Mr. Byron, who used to write such nice, sweet poetry, keep so quiet of late?" If we were to make a random guess, without consulting an encyclopedia, we should say that the reason Mr. Byron keeps so quiet, is that he is dead. We believe he died before the burning of Chicago.--*Norristown Herald*.

OLIVE LOGAN commenced one of her lectures at Newark, N. J., recently, with the remark, "Whenever I see a pretty girl, I want to clasp her in my arms." "So do we," shouted the boys in the gallery. For a moment Olive was nonplussed, but, recovering her self-possession, she replied, "Well, boys, I don't blame you."

The *Boston Post* explains the whole proposition when it says, "After a Southern State has been robbed, cheated and oppressed under the carpet-bag scoundrels are obliged to run away, then their victims are called Ku-Klux and placed under martial law."