



The Democratic Times.

Published Every Saturday Morning By CHAS. NICKELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE—On Oregon Street, in Orth's Brick Building.

Rates of Subscription: One copy, per annum, \$3.00; six months, 2.00; three months, 1.00.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

A. C. JONES, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

James Spence, M. D., HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN, Hogue's Ranch, near Kerbyville.

G. H. AIKEN, M. D., PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Office—One door west of the W. U. Telegraph office.

H. K. HANNA, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR AT LAW, Jacksonville, Oregon.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business left in my care.

G. W. KAHLER, E. B. WATSON, KAHLER & WATSON, ATTORNEYS & COUNSELORS-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE OREGON.

Will practice in the Supreme, District and other Courts of this State. Office on Third street.

H. KELLY, ATTORNEY & COUNSELOR-AT-LAW, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in all the Courts of the State. Prompt attention given to all business entrusted to my care.

JAMES S. HOWARD, U. S. DEPUTY MINERAL SURVEYOR FOR JACKSON, Oregon.

Josephine and Curry counties, Oregon. Official surveys made and patents obtained at reasonable rates.

FURNITURE WARE-ROOM, Cor. Cal. & Oregon Sts., Jacksonville, Oregon.

DAVID LINN, Keeps constantly on hand a full assortment of furniture, consisting of BEDSTEADS, BUREAUS, TABLES, GUILD MOULDINGS, STANDS, SOFAS, LOUNGES, CHAIRS OF ALL KINDS, PARLOR & BEDROOM SUITS, ETC., ETC.

TABLE ROCK SALOON, OREGON STREET, WINTJEN & HELMS, Proprietors.

THE PROPRIETORS OF THIS WELL-KNOWN and popular resort would inform their friends and the public generally that a complete and first-class stock of the best brands of liquors, wines, cigars, ale and porter, etc., is constantly kept on hand.

CABINET, A Cabinet of Curiosities may also be found here. We would be pleased to have persons possessing curiosities and specimens bring them in, and we will place them in the Cabinet for inspection.

F. RITSCHARD, WATCHMAKER AND JEWELER.

THE UNDERSIGNED TAKES PLEASURE in informing the public that he has just opened out in Schump's building, on California street, where he is prepared to execute all work in his line in the best manner and at reasonable rates.

LAGER! LAGER!! THE EAGLE BREWERY.

THE PROPRIETOR, JOS. WETTERER, has now on hand and is constantly manufacturing the best Lager Beer in Southern Oregon, which he will sell in quantities to suit purchasers. Call and test the article.

AGENTS, Hats, Drawing Knives, Broad Axes, Mattocks, Picks, all sizes of Hammers, etc., for sale by JOHN MILLER.

The Democratic Times.

VOL. VII. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, JULY 7, 1877. NO. 28.

Ladies' and Gentlemen's FURNISHING and FANCY GOODS, BOYS' and GIRLS' READY-MADE CLOTHING, BOOTS and SHOES, GROCERIES, BEDSTEADS & CHAIRS, CLOTHING, LIQUORS, TOBACCO and CIGARS, CROCKERY, ETC., At E. Jacob's New Store.

Orth's Brick Building, Jacksonville.

ALL OF THE ABOVE ARTICLES SOLD at the very lowest rates. If you don't believe me, call and ascertain prices for yourselves. No humping!

Twelfth Year. ST. MARY'S ACADEMY, CONDUCTED BY THE SISTERS OF THE HOLY NAMES.

THE SCHOLASTIC YEAR OF THIS school will commence about the end of August, and is divided in four sessions, of ten weeks each.

Board and tuition, per term, \$10.00; Bed and Bedding, 4.00; Drawing and painting, 8.00; Piano, 15.00; Entrance fee, only once, 5.00.

SELECT DAY SCHOOL, Primary, per term, \$6.00; Junior, 8.00; Senior, 10.00.

Pupils are received at any time, and special attention is paid to particular studies in behalf of children who have but limited time. For further particulars apply at the Academy.

THE CITY DRUG STORE, JACKSONVILLE.

THE NEW FIRM OF KAHLER & Bro. have the largest and most complete assortment of DRUGS, MEDICINES & CHEMICALS.

Ever brought to Southern Oregon. Also the latest and finest styles of STATIONERY.

And a great variety of PERFUMES and TOILET ARTICLES, including the best and cheapest assortment of COMMON and PERFUMED SOAPS in this market.

THE ASHLAND IRON WORKS, ASHLAND, OREGON, W. J. ZIMMERMAN & CO., Prop'rs.

MANUFACTURE AND BUILD ALL kinds of mill and mining machinery, castings, thimble skeins, and irons, brass castings and Babbitt metal.

Bring on your old cast iron. ZIMMERMAN & CO., Ashland, April 8, 1876.

EAGLE SAMPLE ROOMS, CALIFORNIA STREET, S. P. JONES, Proprietor.

NONE BUT THE CHOICEST AND BEST Wines, Brandies, Whiskies and Cigars kept. DRINKS, 12 1/2 CENTS.

NO CREDIT IN THE FUTURE—it don't pay. Families needing anything in our line can always be supplied with the purest and best to be found on the Coast. Give me a call, and you will be well satisfied.

LOYAL W. CARTER, PAINTER, Jacksonville, Oregon.

I TAKE THIS OPPORTUNITY OF informing the public that I am now prepared to do all kinds of House, Wagon, Carriage, Sign and Ornamental Painting, Calcimining, etc.

A FULL line of shelf and heavy hardware for sale by JOHN MILLER.

A TRIP TO CRATER LAKE IN SOUTHERN OREGON.

[The following sketch is copied from the Daily Oregonian of June 28th. We presume it to have emanated from the pen of Judge J. H. Reed. Every one conversant with the scenery referred to will at once recognize the faithfulness of the description. Our people are so accustomed to looking upon the natural beauties surrounding them that they do not appreciate their charms, as do those who visit and view them for the first time, and their description in this instance is by one fully able to appreciate natural beauty and competent to express the truth in a charming way without at all encroaching upon the realm of romance. Of such is the statement following:]

Of all the varied and beautiful country which is found between Los Angeles and Puget Sound, none is more lovely in climate, more fertile in soil, more varied in products and more exquisite in scenery than the valley of Rogue river, in Southern Oregon.

Jackson county, through which the Rogue river runs, is one of the southern counties of the State. There the almond, the fig and the magnolia, the pride of the South, grow and bloom in the open air. With the Siskiyou on the south, dividing it from California, the Cascades or Sierras on the east and the coast range on the west, and its beautiful prairies—dotted with oak groves and teeming with grain, orchards and vineyards—running up to the foot of the mountains, it presents a scene at once soft and grand, like "Beauty sleeping in the lap of Terror."

The river itself was originally called Rouge river by the voyageurs of the Hudson Bay Company, then Gold river, and at last it has been doomed to bear the title of Rogue river, a corruption of its first name. Some few years ago it was rumored that at the source of the river in the Cascades a lake had been discovered of such surpassing magnificence that the like had never been seen. On one of our lovely September days of last year it was determined to start out to find the lake and enjoy the mountains. The party consisted of General John E. Ross, "Jimmy" Stewart and the writer. The General is an old Oregonian, and has been in every Indian war from the days of "Old John" and his men, the heroic age of Indian warfare in 1855-'56, until inclusive of the Modoc troubles. "Jimmy" is a Scotchman, as his royal name would indicate. He has been gamekeeper, sailor, packer, and an old "49" miner. He is a good shot with both shot-gun and rifle, Purdy or Winchester, and in the mountains is worth half a regiment of men. Nothing can break that he cannot hit; nothing can happen which is beyond his resources. There is one acknowledged weakness, however, in "Jimmy's" character. His perception of the right of property in dogs is not acute. He recognizes no ownership in a good dog of any species, save in himself. He is not altogether to blame, however, for his acquisitiveness in this particular, as ninety-nine dogs out of a hundred will follow him "Oh will ye, mill ye."

Having laid in seven days' provisions we started up the river, traveling for the first twenty miles through the valley, by farm house and mills and fields full of horses, cattle and sheep, until we crossed the river. Then the ascent began which never terminated until we reached the summit of the range eighty miles away. Higher and steeper becomes the trail, grander the scenery, and the mountains are piled up as you advance in inextricable confusion. Sometimes the river lies below you thousands of feet, looking like a silver thread, and again you are down on its banks with scarcely room between them and the mountain for your animal to walk. At one point some hundreds of feet above the river, the General remarked, this point is called "Gut's defeat." Upon inquiry I found that the place had been thus named from an accident which happened there to an old horse belonging to an old pioneer named H. Abbot, or the Alcalde. It seems that once when returning from a hunt, the old horse with the classic name being loaded with the carcasses of eight deer, missed his footing and rolled down into the river, deer and all. He was not drowned, however, for as Jimmy said, "He shed his pack in the river and crawled out." But as Irving says of Braddock, "this is a name forever associated with defeat." This Master Abbot was one of those men created for the purpose of being the fore-runners of civilization. When Jacksonville was a mining camp and unbaptized, old H. undertook to keep the boys awake one night by imitating the cry of a coyote and moving his leg up and down from behind a log where he was concealed. A fellow named Berry, not liking to be disturbed, took a crack at the coyote with his revolver and shot H. through the leg and lamed him for life. Just about this time the American idea of law and order and self-government and "all that" broke out in the camp and H. was elected Alcalde. The old fellow, after some years, went up Rogue river to

Flourence Rock, where, notwithstanding his short leg, he became a famous hunter. Flourence Rock is one of the landmarks on the river. At present the country about it is filled with cattle, the mountain sides and valleys being full of grass. The rock itself is perhaps a thousand feet at its base above the little valley which it overlooks, and from its base to its summit is about five hundred feet more. When the country was all under water, or rather, when the water was subsiding, there were peculiar marks like water lines made on the rock, which were thought by the discoverers to resemble the flounces on a lady's dress, hence the name of flourence rock. Proceeding up the river and diverging a mile or so from the trail to the right, you come to the falls of the river. Of course the whole stream at this elevation (4,000 feet above the sea) is nothing but a series of rapids; here, however, we have a perpendicular fall of one hundred and ninety-four feet. It has the usual concomitants of all large waterfalls, the roar, the spray and the rainbow, but it has what the others have not, its stupendous forests of fir, white pine, sugar pine, hemlock and yew trees standing around as silent spectators.

The party moved on from the falls, intending to camp at a place called Union creek, tolerably near the summit. Before reaching the place night set in. The weather for two weeks prior to this time had been unseasonably warm, and long before we made our camping-place the heavens "were hung with black," and owing to the darkness of the night, increased tenfold by the storm clouds and the dense forest, it was as much as we could do to find our way. In fact we could not have found it save for the sheet lightning which every moment or two absolutely covered the heavens. Just as we reached our camping-ground and whilst we were unpacking our things, the storm culminated and the sheet lightning became forked and then ensued a scene of unparalleled grandeur as does often fall to the lot of a man to see. Most men have to look up to see the lightning flash and wait a moment for the thunder, but here we could look around us and on a level with us and see the chain lightning and look into it and see it as if it were running down like the molten metal that issues from a furnace, the crash and the flash being simultaneous. The isolation, the gigantic trees, the darkness lit up by oft repeated flashes, and finally rendered more weird-like by the flames of two trees which the lightning had struck and set on fire, together with the sighing of the wind through the firs, and the roaring of the creek over the rapids where we camped, made it impossible to add another circumstance towards the completeness of the storm and its surroundings. We understood afterwards that in the valleys on both sides of the mountains towards the east and towards the west, and a hundred miles apart, people had been looking at the storm and wondering at its fierceness. We were in the midst of it and admiring it.

"Oh! night, and storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong. Yet lovely in your strength as is the light of a dark eye in woman!"

Jimmy was proceeding to spread our blankets between two of the very tallest trees in the group. A member of the party suggested that it might not be a safe place, as the trees towered so high, to which Jimmy quietly remarked that if he had to be killed by lightning that night he was going to be dry when he died, and so proceeded with his duties as chambermaid. Our fear of getting wet, however, was unfounded. We had all the beauty of the storm and none of its inconveniences. It went down into the valley and left us above it, not wetting us in the least.

In the morning we pursued our way with the animals until noon, when we took it afoot for about a mile, which brought us to the rim of the lake. One glance repaid us a thousand-fold for all the fatigue and trouble we had taken. The lake first known as Crater Lake, but now, with our national love of dollar-store jewelry and tawdry finery, called by some Lake Sublimity and by others Lake Majesty, lies at an elevation of seven thousand feet above the sea, measured by triangulation. It is seven and a half miles long by five and a half wide, and it has been sounded to a depth of five hundred and fifty feet and no bottom. It is in the summit of the Cascades, as we call them in Oregon, or the Sierras, as they are called in California. The ground recedes in every direction from the rim, and there are no higher peaks in the immediate vicinity. The depth from the rim of the lake down to the water varies from two thousand to four thousand feet, almost perpendicular. In the middle of the lake stands, covered with timber, a conical mountain, fifteen hundred feet high, a perfect sugar loaf, with its concave apex filled

with snow, evidently an extinct volcano settled down and sunk, and now surrounded by water. An adventurous party descended the wall which forms the sides of the lake, and making a raft sounded the depth as far as their fishing lines would reach, and then explored the sunken mountain to its top. There is no beach to the lake, the ground preserving the same inclination under the water as above it. Jimmy descended the precipice forty or fifty feet to disengage a boulder some two feet and a half in diameter from the soil and roll it down. We timed it for precisely one minute by the watch, tracing its course by the eye and by the ear when it disappeared from sight and sound, and we could hear no splash, nor could we see any ripple in the water.

The storm of the night before had purified the atmosphere, and the slight which met our gaze when we first caught a glimpse of the lake surpassed anything that any of our party had ever seen, and we were all old mountain men. It was not solely grand and terrible, awe-inspiring like the thunder storm, but it was grandeur tempered with calmness and gentleness and serene beauty. There was not a ripple or the slightest motion in the water, and the General could not be persuaded that it was water that we first saw. He insisted on it that the lake had sunk. He was deceived by the extraordinary clearness of the water and his mistaking the water line as it then was for an old water line such as you see left by high water on all our water courses. No mirror ever made reflected more perfectly than did the lake. The stupendous banks with every rock, with every obelisk and prism and peculiarity of shape, every mark and cave were as perfect in the water as they were above it, so that it was difficult to tell where the water commenced and the bank ended. Had your name been carved on the wall rock you would have seen it reflected in the water below. Every fleecy cloud and the deep blue of the sky intensified by the water into such a blue as never was seen before were reflected until you felt as if you were above the sky looking down into it.

The point from which we looked down was two thousand feet above the water beneath us, and that was the lowest place in the rim. You can get no nearer the water without descending the almost perpendicular sides. The lake looked like an opal, not seeming to us more than a mile or two long and a mile broad.

From our standpoint, with the lake at our feet, looking up the Cascades north, we could see at long intervals, Diamond Peak, the Three Sisters, and Mount Jefferson, covered with their eternal snows; and turning our faces east and south, we had away below us the Modoc country and Klamath lake, with Sprague river, Williamson's river, Wood river and Annie river threading the desert, and in the far south, grand old Shasta, with his 14,400 feet, and his living glacier, the king of northern California. Why was not Bierstadt there?

As the lake is as high as the summit of the mountain pass where the road leads over from Jacksonville to Fort Klamath, and as there are no mountains "within a great distance higher than the lake, and the ground is descending on all sides from it, the question naturally arises, how is the lake fed and whence comes this great body of water. The answer may be arrived at by observing how the lake discharges itself. The plateau on which Klamath Lake and the rivers emptying into it is situated on the east of the mountains, is 2,000 feet higher than the valley of Rogue river on the west of the mountains. At the foot of the mountains on the east, Wood river, a large river, in whose waters there is never any variation, Annie river and some smaller streams at a distance of 20 or 25 miles from the lake, and at a depth of 5,000 feet below it, all come out from under the mountains. They do not rise like pools or springs; they come out as rivers with a rapid current, and the fish can be seen at any time swimming up stream and under the mountain where the stream breaks out. There is no doubt but that these streams are the outlet of the lake. The whole country is lava and nothing but lava, and the water of the lake percolates through the lava, and finds its way through fissures and crevices until it forms the rivers above mentioned. There is no other visible outlet to the lake, and there can be no other source of the rivers. Is it not then probable that the lake is fed in the same manner that it is discharged, and that it is supplied by subterranean channels, even from the snowy peaks which tower up along the whole range, although they are miles, aye, some of them hundreds of miles distant?

No Indian ever treads the bank of the lake. There is a tradition that the lake is inhabited by a monster, to

The Democratic Times.

RATES OF ADVERTISING. Advertisements will be inserted in the Times at the following rates: One square, one insertion, \$3.00; each subsequent one, 1.00. Legal advertisements inserted reasonably. A fair reduction from the above rates made to yearly and time advertisers. Yearly advertisements payable quarterly. Job printing neatly and promptly executed, and at reasonable rates. COUNTY WARRANTS always taken at par.

obtain a sight of which, is death to a red man. The whole scene has the look of enchantment—not a fish in the water, not a bird flying over it, not a motion in its glassy surface. Men born and brought up in a mountain country, however rude or unconventional they may be, are more or less all poets. There is many a "mute inglorious Milton" who can feel, but can not speak poetry, and few of that class of men will ever stand by Crater lake for the first time without being silent, and becoming conscious of their own littleness involuntarily they will look up to Him in whose boiling crucible at the appointed time, rocks, rivers, mountains and woods shall melt together.

SOUTHERN people hold in kindly remembrance the names of three heroes, Lee, Jackson and Stuart. Lee, the head and front of the struggle, was the born commander-in-chief, fitted for the conception of great campaigns, ever wide-awake, a man of august dignity by nature, calm, suave, grave, taking good and evil fortune with the same imposing serenity; in person, one of the most noble and graceful men of his epoch, and the finest rider in the Southern army; in character, simple, pure, patient, binding to himself both the love and respect of men. Jackson was the infantry leader, the "right arm" to execute what Lee conceived; in person not graceful, in manner silent, reserved, and often abrupt; cautious to counsel, but rapid and terrible in execution, going to the battle with muttering prayers on his lips, leaving all to Providence, but striking with all the power of his arm to do his part, and in many ways resembling the Ironsides of Cromwell. Stuart, on the contrary, was the cavalier, essentially belonging to the class of men who followed the fortunes of Charles I., ardent, impetuous, brimming over with the headlong courage of a high-spirited boy, fond of bright colors, of rippling flags, of martial music and the clash of sabres—in all the warp and woof his character an embodiment of the best traits of the English cavaliers.

BIBLE LORE IN KANSAS.—During the trial of the celebrated Leavenworth baby case, in which two women claimed to have given birth to the same child, one of the lawyers in the course of his remarks pointed to a large oil painting which represented Solomon ordering the child to be severed in halves and divided between the two women. His scriptural knowledge being small, he alluded to Pilate instead of Solomon. The opposing counsel, supposing he knew all about it, instantly jumped up and called him a d—d fool; he stated that the order was by Caesar and not by Pilate. After a heated discussion they agreed to leave it to the Judge. His Honor decided that both were talking on a subject foreign to their knowledge, and pointing to the painting, said that it was intended to represent Herod and not Pilate or Caesar. The lawyers considered the matter as settled and proceeded with the case.

JAWS OF IRON.—Morris Wondo, of Granville, N. Y., aged 19 years, and weighing 160 pounds, deserves the title of the champion "Man with the iron jaw." A few days ago a man weighing 200 pounds sat on a heavy table of a saloon. Wondo stood on a chair and seizing the table on one side with his teeth, lifted it and the man two feet clear off the floor, and held them there fifteen seconds. He lifted a cask of whisky weighing 400 pounds, astride of which were two men whose weight was 300 pounds more, by seizing it by the chime with his teeth, holding it out straight. Three men pulling on a rope which he held in his teeth could not budge Wondo from his tracks. He has gone east to seek an engagement with a circus.

The country newspapers of Oregon are vastly better than the interior papers of the older States. The poorest paper here, in fact, would outrank almost any of them. The Eastern papers are generally published in one of the large cities, and sent ready-made to the localities where they are to be distributed. They have nothing fit to be called local intelligence, the space being filled up with the kind of reading common in "patent outside." Here, even, the papers that patronize "patent" establishments have live matter in them, while most of the journals are edited with care and intelligence. A man can tell what is going on in town by reading one of our interior papers, but it is out of the question in most other States.

"CHANGE cars" is what a boot-black said to a Chicago man the other day, when he had finished one of his brogans.

The Yale students pay the New Haven washerwomen \$20,000 annually.