

INTRODUCTORY.

The publication of the DEMOCRATIC NEWS is begun at a time not generally considered the most favorable for newspaper enterprises.

It is after carefully weighing all these manifold disadvantages, that the issuing once more of a new sheet is hazarded.

The Democrats of Southern Oregon are abundantly able (both numerically and otherwise) to sustain a first class country newspaper as a party organ.

The insane and tyrannical policy of the party in power will be shown up in its true colors, and all efforts looking towards the establishment of an unnatural equality of races will be resolutely opposed.

The DEMOCRATIC NEWS will be the white laborer's friend, and will seek to build up and advance all the material interests of Southern Oregon.

How long must our people submit to the perversion of common and well-meaning terms? Disloyalty often dons the cloak of intense patriotism and tyranny takes its loftiest strides in the name of liberty.

Our progress in arts, science, and literature, cannot be too often or too highly commended; but progress in religion and politics wants to be carefully considered and cautiously adopted.

The Republican party has been engaged in reconstructing the Southern States, or affecting to be engaged at that business, for near five years.

No COUSIN OF GRANTS.—Ex-Congressman Mallory and family, passed through town last week, en-route from Washington.

Some two weeks ago we published a statement of the finding of a skeleton of a human frame on the roof adjoining our office.

STILL ALIVE.—Henry Pape is still alive and enjoys it hugely to see the boys call in and "smile." Fletcher is as youthful as ever, and can mix a cock-tail, just to suit you.

ROGUE RIVER VALLEY.

ASPENWALL, NEBRASKA, March 16th, 1869. POSTMASTER, JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.—DEAR SIR:—Having a desire to know something in regard to your part of the country before emigrating, I take the liberty to address you a few inquiries.

There are many such letters as the above written to citizens of this valley, by persons living in different parts of the Union, who desire to immigrate hither, but who wish to know something in relation to the merits of the same before coming.

Jackson County embraces Rogue River Valley. The county covers an area of about 8,000 square miles; a reasonable proportion is suitable for agricultural purposes.

The value of taxable property is assessed at \$1,250,000. Our county is out of debt and has money in its treasury. Our population numbers six thousand.

The mild and healthful climate of our valley is its chief attraction. A country at once so good and beautiful is rarely found.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS.

The first thing that strikes one in reading General Grant's Inaugural, is its remarkable tone of confidence and self-sufficiency.

WASHINGTON.—The magnitude and difficulty of the trust to which the voice of my country called me, being sufficient to awaken in the wisest and most experienced of her citizens a distrustful scrutiny into his qualifications, could not but overwhelm with despondence one who, inheriting inferior endowments from nature, and unpractised in the duties of civil administration, ought to be peculiarly conscious of his own deficiencies.

ADAMS.—On this subject it might better become me to be silent, or to speak with diffidence.

JEFFERSON.—I avail myself of the presence of that portion of my fellow citizens which are here assembled to express my grateful thanks for the favor with which they have been pleased to look towards me, to declare a sincere consciousness that the task is above my talents, and that I approach it with those anxious and awful presentiments which the greatness of the charge and the weakness of my powers so justly inspire.

MADISON.—I repair to the post assigned me with no other discouragement than what springs from my own inadequacy to its high duties. If I do not sink under the weight of this deep conviction, it is because, &c.

MONROE.—Conscious of my own deficiency, I cannot enter on these duties without great anxiety for the result.

Now contrast the anxious self-distrust of those ancient weaklings, with the unhesitating air of conscious strength and easy assurance with which our new President takes up his burden and asserts his ability to carry it.

GRANT.—The responsibilities of the position I feel, but accept them without fear. The office has come to me unsought. I commence them untrammelled.

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CONDITION OF THE COUNTRY.

Senator Sprague, a Radical of Radicals, recently made the following exposé of the condition of the country under republican rule, while discussing the Tenure of Office Bill:

He read a long account of the character and career of the notorious Judge Jeffreys, and of the condition of England in his time, which, he said, was very like the condition at the present time.

It is from a deep sense of duty that I have heretofore communicated to the Senate and the country, and am now about to further communicate, the results of my reflections upon the deplorable condition of our country, which, I am satisfied, has been in great part brought about by laws enacted here without knowledge of or due regard to the business interests and requirements of the people.

It is not this a serious and solemn truth? Point to a single act of the late Congress which contains legislation to protect the masses of the people. We have protective tariffs for capitalists—credit-strengthening acts for bondholders.

RAIL ROAD.—We are pleased to be able to inform the people of this valley, that the late action of Congress upon the railroad subject, simply revives the grant of 1866, and that it is obligatory upon the Company, to build their road through the Valleys of Umpqua and Rogue River.

This road will be built in a few years beyond doubt, and when called upon—as we will undoubtedly be—our people should contribute liberally toward the completion of this great undertaking.

THE BILL SIGNED.—Among the bills signed by the President on the eve of adjournment—April 10th—we find one entitled "An Act to amend an Act entitled an Act granting aid in the construction of a railroad and telegraph line from the Central Pacific Railroad in California to Portland, Oregon, approved July 25th, 1866."

We see, says the Mountaineer, by our exchanges that Mr. Wilson, of Minnesota, introduced a bill in Congress, which passed, granting the right of way for a railroad from Portland, Oregon, to the west side of the Cascades Mountains.

PUBLIC HEALTH.—Complaints of hard times throughout the State are pretty general, but the people of Jackson County need not be grieved up entirely to murmuring.

LIBERAL.—Glenn, Drum & Co. make a liberal offer for the trade—read their advertisement in another column.

SENATOR SPRAGUE'S WARNING.

No matter what may be Senator Sprague's motives, there is one thing certain: He has been dealing his party associates some home thrusts. From time to time we have had brief telegraphic dispatches in reference to these.

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Another Radical contemporary chimes in still more exultingly: "We have no doubt that in a few years hence the influx of Asiatics into this country will attract more attention and will be far greater than the German or Irish immigration."

Government makes you pay to protect manufactures, and to build railroads, and to sustain Steamers on the ocean, while engaged in this impolitic traffic, yet you are entitled to no protection; you must take your chances along with the lowest menials of earth!

PENNY.—Penny has got up a new map which shows the line of the Oregon Branch from the Humboldt to Portland.

DR. WEATHERFORD.—Dr. Weatherford has sold the Herald establishment to Sylvester Penoyer, who for some time past has acted as editor.

ROCK POINT.—Those who attend parties are familiar with those pleasant entertainments given by L. J. White at Rock Point. He proposes to give another, Thursday evening May 6th, and especially requests each and every individual in the community, fond of dancing after good music, and eating the luxuries of a well furnished table to come and see him on that occasion.

THE INFLUX OF ASIATICS.

What say the people of California to this warning? Can they be induced longer to support a party which has brought the country to such terrible straits? Soon we will be called upon to elect a Legislature, whose duty it will be to pass upon a measure proposed by the spoilsmen in power for the avowed purpose of continuing their disastrous rule.

It is estimated that henceforth, after the completion of the Pacific Railroad, the influx of Asiatics will be much greater than ever before, and that instead of remaining in California as hitherto, they will cross the Continent, spread through the Atlantic cities, and compete with labor in the factories of the North and the cotton plantations of the South.

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Wreck of the Schooner "Capt. Lincoln" at Port Orford, Oregon, Jan. 3d. 1852.

[Taken from the Note Book of "Pomise Stone" and written for the DEMOCRATIC NEWS.]

Come all ye Yankee soldiers, who live on Pork and Beans, With plenty of hard work to do, and very slender means, Come listen to my ship-wreck tale, a deep and dismal one, Which happen'd thirty-five Dragoons, on the coast of Oregon.

The Captain and the Colonel, the General and Major too, They council'd with each other, a vile and cunning crew, They council'd with each other, the "shine" for to make, And fill their breeches pockets, and Government coffee racks.

Said they, the Lincoln's laden, and ready for to sail, We'll send those 1st dragoons aboard, they'll help her in a gale, We'll send the 1st dragoons aboard, and stow them in the hold, Like Paddy's pigs to market sent, in an Irish packet hold.

The plan was laid these bold Dragoons, were quickly march'd on board, Who quickly fixed themselves below, where Pork and Beans was stow'd, A favoring tide, we anchor weigh'd, for Port Orford she was bound, To land her Pork and living stock, from there to Puget Sound.

In time we reach'd the Golden Gate, wind blowing fresh and fair, When to the pumps, six hands were put, for this we did not care, For work, not soldiering was our drill, at all times through the year, As merrily each plied the Brake, for naught we knew to fear.

The wind South-West, our gallant bark, flew swiftly o'er the sea; Whilst thro' her stern and weather side, the daylight we could see; The leak increasing, pumps were man'd, by twice their former force, The down'd craft pitch'd and heaved, yet held her compass course.

The morning of the thirty-first, and last of the old year, Filled all our hearts with joy, for we knew the Port was near, Alas! how short is human bliss, the wind commenced to blow, Which caus'd our poor short handed crew, all caus'd for to stow.

The sailors hoist the vessel, to the soldiers worked the pumps, The Doctor and his brother Luff, betook themselves to banks, Because they were of richer grade, and wore the golden lace, Whilst many a gallant heart, that gale, stared hunger in the face.

For three long days and dismal nights, the tempest blew its best, The water broke into our hold; the pumps knew no rest, At length the angry seas grew calm, the howling blast was still, A balmy soft and gentle breeze, does our snow white canvass fill.

At five A. M. the vessel stuck, the morning of the third, Whilst fore and aft and either side, were roaring breakers heard, Again she struck with furious force, the water washed her deck, Another powerful parting blow, and the "Lincoln" lay a wreck.

A stitch in time and nine are saved, is a proverb old and true, For her open sides, and half paid seams lay plainly to our view, If things were done in "ship shape" style, the vessel could've staid, Young Lockwood would have saved his goods, and Uncle Sam, a craft.

So now I've told my shipwreck tale, an unvarnished one of truth, I'll bid good bye, a I am dry, and fill my aching Tooth, With a bumper of good brandy, my sorrows for to drown, For I'm bound to keep my spirits up by pouring spirits down.

When next I go on board a ship, the briny deep to roam, Oh! may it be when I am free, bound for my Hoosier home, For should I think in after years, of what I once have been, I'll drown it with all other cares, in a bowl of good "Potteen."

It will be remembered by many of the old settlers in San Francisco, Cal. and Port Orford, Oregon, that, the Schooner "Lincoln" was chartered by Government of San Francisco, to transport troops and sutler goods to the safe and commodious harbor of Port Orford for the purpose of protecting the miners and settlers of the newly discovered "Eldorado."

CUBA AND ITS WAR.—The rebels to the Spanish government in Cuba, seem to be gathering strength every day. Valiente, the rebel General, has issued an address in which he states that the rebels already hold two-thirds of the Island of Cuba, and the army under his command is steadily increasing.

MARRIED.—It was rumored says the Oregon Herald of the 23rd, that Byron Z. Holmer was married to a blooming belle of Jacksonville, Oregon.—Byron didn't marry but he tried hard to make a "Flutter" among the gay belles of this place.