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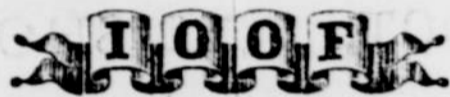
The Democratic News.

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Jan. 8th, 1870. Jan 8-1f.

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California Street, in building formerly occupied by Dr. E. H. Greenman.
Will practice in the Supreme and other Courts of this State.

Particular attention paid to the collection of Claims against the Federal and State Governments, the Entry of Lands under the Pre-emption and Homestead Laws, and to the Entry of Mineral Lodes under the recent Act of Congress. 1 tf.

TO MY MOTHER.

Mother, once I read a story
Of a shell from ocean's bed,
Carried far o'er land and water,
By a stranger's hand, 'tis said;
Which, though long o'er dreary desert,
With its captor forced to roam,
Never ceased its wailing, sighing,
For its pearly ocean home.

So thy child, my precious mother,
Though he wanders far from thee,
In his heart is ever longing,
Longing by thy side to be;
I would hear thy loving counsel,
Feel thy tender sympathy;
—Have thy soft and soothing accents
In my heart make melody.

When my day of toil is over,
And I lay me down to rest,
I would have thy loving fingers
Smooth the cover o'er my breast;
I would feel the gentle pressure
On my hot and wearied brow,
Of thy lips so pure and holy—
Ah, that joy has left me now.

Mother, if in life's hard battle,
I should quit me brave and well,
And for God and man and country,
Do such deeds as shall excel;
It was you who shaped my bearings
In my plastic infancy,
Under Him who gave me being,
Mother, be the praise to thee.

Increase of Moral Forces.

More and more as mankind becomes enlightened, the world is governed by moral forces. War becomes frequent as popular intelligence is diffused. A single human mind may put into play motive powers which, like the speculative lever of Archimedes, may disturb the equilibrium of the world. In the present time the chief instrument of the moral forces is the printing press. It has supplanted the ecclesiastic, the traveling monk and the troubadour. In our own country it becomes an actual despot, declaring war, concluding peace, dictating treaties and deposing rulers. There was a time when a republican people, about to form a government, stipulated for the liberty of the press, and the time may come when they will require some safeguard against its despotism. When the *New York Tribune* demanded an advance on the Confederate capital, half disciplined armies were compelled to move, in spite of the remonstrance of commanders; and everybody knows how ingloriously the Federal arms were defeated.

How mighty, then, must be the monster-minded press, giving out its oracles in every city and village of the nation, and following the explorer toward the sluggish tropics, or to the fierce latitude of the poles. In every civilized atmosphere breathed by civilized men, under every sun that lights the inception of enterprise, this autocrat of the moral forces stands with heart of fire and breath of steam, and with its hundred arms to drag and crush out the usurper.

A STRANGE EXPERIENCE—ADVISED OF HIS MOTHER'S DEATH.—The *Auburn Advertiser* publishes the following statement, with the remark that from its knowledge of the gentlemen by whom the account is given, it is prepared to give entire credit to it: "Some weeks ago a prominent citizen of Auburn was in the city of Chicago transacting business connected with his manufacture in this place. One evening, after an active day's work, feeling somewhat fatigued, he retired to his room at the hotel a little earlier than usual, and made his customary arrangements for the night, but just as he had composed himself to sleep, he experienced a singular sensation, and heard a voice, apparently very near and as plainly and distinctly as though it issued from the throat of a human, pronounce the words, 'Your mother died to-day!' and with the words came an assurance that the announcement was too true to doubt it. He arose in the morning after having passed a sleepless night, and made immediate preparations for a journey home. As he started for the depot, he met a boy with a telegraph dispatch in his hand, and calling him to his side he asked if the message was not for him—giving his name—and sure enough it was from his family, confirming the truth of the announcement of the unseen informant, that his mother had died the day previous at Auburn. He had received no intimation but that she was enjoying her usual health, nor had there been anything to excite in the slightest degree his apprehension for her safety, until the occurrence of the incident related."

A Tennessee girl in order to make a sure thing of it, allowed two young men to take out a license to marry her.

The Climate of Alaska—Very Remarkable and Interesting Facts.

We are indebted to Professor Doremus for some very remarkable and interesting facts and statistics, communicated to him from Mr. J. A. Tonner, a resident of Sitka, Alaska, on the climate and products of that locality. We will first give the facts thus received and then some explanation of their peculiarities for the information of the general reader.

First, then, Sitka is the largest town in Alaska, a town of about sixty homes and eight hundred inhabitants, chiefly Russians, of the lower class, but divided from it only by a stockade is an Indian village of nine hundred more souls. The products of the regions round about are limited to fish, furs and timber. Potatoes, turnips, radishes and onions can be raised, but they are small. They have there over thirty varieties of indigenous grasses; but hay cannot be cured—not sun enough. Coal is found in thirty miles of Sitka, but it is so bituminous that it has burned out the smoke stacks of steamers using it. Gold is found in several localities, but not in paying quantities. The mountain tops behind Sitka are white all summer; but along the coast there, near the sea level, it seldom snows, even in winter, and the thermometer hardly ever falls below the freezing point. About the 23d of December at Sitka the night takes up the whole twenty-four hours, and about the 23d of June the evening daylight blends into that of the morning. The coldest day from the records of a whole year at Sitka, did not reach lower than twenty-two degrees above zero; and the warmest point of the warmest day marked sixty-nine degrees above zero. There were two hundred and eighty-four cloudy and rainy days in the year and fifty fair days, and only five days of snow at that point of the seaboard in that high latitude. The rainfall of the year was only ninety-two inches, or about three times the average rainfall of New York. They had fourteen inches of rain in Sitka in February last, which is equal to about fourteen of our heaviest summer storms.

Now, how are we to account for this remarkable climate of Sitka? We have heretofore touched upon it, but the facts submitted will justify fuller explanation. First, then, between the fifty-fifth and sixtieth parallel of north latitude there is a string of islands with a narrow selvage on the sea coast, say fifty miles wide, between the sea and coast range of mountains, which selvage may be called the panhandle of Alaska; and Mount St. Elias, seventeen thousand eight hundred feet high, at the northern junction of this panhandle with the main Territory, may be called the silvery frost-rivet binding the handle to the pan. Sitka, near the fifty-seventh degree of north latitude, is in the centre of this pan handle. The pan itself, or about four hundred square miles of Territory, lying between the sixtieth and seventeenth degrees of latitude, is absolutely worthless except to the hunter and trapper.

But how is it that at Sitka the cold seldom sinks the mercury lower than twenty-two degrees above zero, while in the same latitude in the northern extremity of Labrador the cold for weeks together is forty degrees below zero and snow covers the land all the year round? How is it that at Sitka, above the latitude of Moscow, they have hardly a colder day in winter than they have in New Orleans, and nearly three times the annual average rainfall in New York? The prevailing westerly winds in our Northern hemisphere, and the great equatorial ocean current of warm water which from Japan sweeps around and across the Northern Pacific Ocean and down by Alaska, British Columbia and Oregon, explain it all. The same causes, on a similar scale, applied to the Gulf Stream make the pleasant climate of the British islands. On the contrary the comparatively cold and dry climate of the Atlantic slope of North America is due to the prevailing westerly winds blowing over a frozen continent in winter and from great mountain ranges covered with snow even in the summer. The horribly cold climate of New England, Newfoundland, Labrador and Greenland is, however, due to the cold Arctic current which, with its icebergs from Baffin's Bay, flows down into the Atlantic between our sea coast and the Gulf Stream from the South.

But of what practical utility is all this? It is of the greatest practical utility in reference to the movements of emigration from one country to another. For example, in these facts and figures from Alaska, knowing the enduring causes thereof we know that Mr. Seward, in his estimate of that vast region, is wrong, and that General Thomas is right, and that Alaska, to the white man, excepting that little aforesaid selvage of sea islands and sea coasts, will be utterly worthless and uninhabitable for perhaps ten thousand years to come.—*New York Herald.*

CURE FOR CROUP.—The white of an egg in sweetened water is a French cure for croup. To be given in repeated doses as long as necessary. It is said to be a sure cure.

A Visit to a Chinese Silk Factory.

A correspondent to the Cincinnati Commercial writes from Canton:

"I directed my guide to take me into the silk weaving districts. We soon entered them. I at once dismounted to make a careful observation of their modus operandi for the production of this renowned fabric of Oriental looms. All around me was silk, silk, nothing but silk. In small, dark houses, little better than hovels, were seen people, chiefly women, dyeing this delicate textile. Outside, in little filthy yards and pig sties, over the ground where the family swine were wallowing, were placed bamboo poles, whereupon were hanging skeins of silk just from the dye, and glowing with the most vivid hues, as they hung for drying in the sunshine over the loathsome pools below. I visited several of their weaving shops. They were quite similar in their fixtures and arrangements. I spent some time in examining one of the largest. It was, perhaps, about one hundred feet long and sixteen feet wide. The walls were of coarse clay blocks, sun-dried, unpierced by a single aperture for air or light save at the front, which was entirely open the whole breadth of the building. The floor was simply of trodden clay, uneven and untidy. An aisle ran down the centre, just wide enough for one person to pass; on either side of this were ranged the nearest looms, and standing as close together as they could be placed.

Two or three persons were employed on one loom. The looms are plain, common looking affairs, almost precisely of the same kind, as to appearance and mode of manipulation, as were those upon which our grandmothers in Ohio used to weave the linsey-wolsey for the wear of us Western boys, when even the preacher was almost a stranger to broadcloth. Squatting myself down by one of these friendly-looking acquaintances of my boyhood, I leisurely watched the delicate and diligent manipulation of the weaver and his assistants as the shuttles flew to and fro in the mazy mystery of figures and flowers that came gradually out larger and plainer upon the glowing surface of the gorgeous fabric, which those skillful workmen were there creating under my eye. So complex were the movements of the men on these simple-looking machines, and so marvelously beautiful were the products resulting therefrom, that I gazed with unbounded amazement upon this work of silk weaving as it progressed before me.

The weather being warm and the shop crowded, the workman were almost naked. My visit interested them manifestly, yet not a loom ceased its clicking, clacking noise, not a man left his employment to gaze, but I detected them giving furtive glances and exchanging mutual smiles among themselves at the curious stranger who had thus unceremoniously squatted himself down in their midst, by one of these humble looking looms, on a common dirt floor, within homely clay walls, where, nevertheless, are produced those magnificent fabrics which for ages and throughout the world, have been the pride of wealth, the envy of beauty, and the admiration and desire of royalty. Far down, and nearly to the extreme limit of this long room, was a plain board counter, extending quite across the room. Behind it stood the proprietor of the factory, a smooth-faced, richly-clad Chinaman. Directly over him the building was unroofed, thereby affording a spacious skylight; except this window there was none. Through this skylight and down upon the counter below, the sunshine fell upon the finished work of this dingy, dirty, squalid looking workshop. The proprietor was busy measuring off and packing up the product of his looms.

And as the sunlight streamed full upon the gorgeous colors of those magnificent silks, satins and brocades which the proprietor was tossing about him in billowy radiance, it seemed to my eyes, as I stood far up in the feeble light of the center of the room, as though he were tossing and toying with rainbows. From places so humble and surroundings so squalid as this come those royal fabrics which are to decorate palaces and to adorn the persons of princes and monarchs of the earth."

SHALLOW PANS FOR MILK.—Use only shallow pans for milk, and the larger the surface, and the less the depth, the better. Then put into each pan, before straining, one quart of cold spring water to every three quarts of milk; then the cream will begin to rise immediately. Skim every twelve hours, and the butter will be free from all strong taste arising from leaves, or coarse pasturage. The object of the cold water is double. It cools the milk so that the cream rises before the milk sours, for after milk sours it furnishes no more cream, and also impairs the flavor of the cream already produced.

Two passenger cars and the smoking car of a train on the Rome and Ogdensburg Railroad, were thrown from the track by a broken rail on Jan. 25, near Ogdensburg, N. Y. One passenger was killed and several others injured.

Sudden Fright—Its fearful Effects—A Lady Driven Insane.

A case of sudden or violent fright occurred in our neighboring town of Abingdon, on Monday last, which should prove a sad and impressive warning to all who are partial to indulging in practical jokes. It seems, from what we can learn, that on that day a party of boys, disguised by hideous masks and grotesque garments, called at the residence of an estimate lady, Mrs. George H. Marshall, in that place. They entered noiselessly at the back door, and succeeded in frightening an infant almost into convulsions. Mrs. M., hearing the horrid scream of her child, hastened to its assistance, to shield and protect it from harm. In hurrying to her child, she suddenly encountered the masked figures, and fell fainting to the floor. She was shortly afterward found by her friends, and proper remedies were at once administered, but her revival only witnessed the horrifying fact that she was hopelessly insane. Up to this writing, we regret to say that no lucid intervals have been developed, and the woman, once a happy wife and proud mother, is now a raving maniac, bereft of reason, and cowering in fright.

This sad affair has caused a deep feeling in Abingdon, and Mr. Marshall has the deepest sympathy of the community in his sudden and distressing bereavement. The boys who participated in this masquerade, which has brought so dire a gloom and sorrow upon a once happy household, realize the situation keenly, and are struck with sincere sorrow for the results of their reckless thoughtlessness. This is but another warning, in an already long and dreary catalogue, against practical joking and its inevitable results, and we trust it will be remembered for some time to come, in that locality at least. All right-thinking people, it is to be hoped, will discourage any amusement which has for its object the mortification or fright of the victim upon whom it is inflicted. A blighted and darkened home is the latest realization of this fantastic mummery, and as such should speak silently, yet eloquently, against the perpetration of such doubly wicked "fun" in the future.—*Galesburg, Ill., Free Press.*

GRAPE CURE FOR CONSUMPTION.—The use of grapes, according to accounts frequently published during the past two or three years, has been very successfully applied to the cure of consumption, in its earlier and less decided stages in particular. The "grape process" is conducted now to a considerable extent on the banks of the Rhine, where several physicians have establishments in which patients afflicted with consumption, or with deranged digestive organs, are treated by eating grapes as in other places they are by drinking water. The patients assemble in the gardens twice a day, and each fills a basket with grapes, under the watchful eye of a special doctor. They then sit down to slowly suck the juices of the fruit, while lively music is played in their hearing. From four to six weeks is the time required for a cure. This story, if true, may prove a sad discouragement to doctors and proprietors of quack medicines, which are upheld to cure consumption; but we believe the main virtue of the "grape process" will be found in the regularity of habits which the treatment otherwise imposes. A gentleman, for many years connected with a celebrated water-cure, once told us that this imposition of regularity in sleeping, eating, drinking, bathing, and walking, constituted all the virtue that existed in the water-cure process.

HOW CORKS ARE MADE.—Cork, which is the bark of a tree, is received at the factory in the form of slabs, a few feet in length, some of which are over two inches thick and a foot or more wide. The slabs are sliced up into square pieces by a circular knife hung exactly like a circular saw. This circular blade is ground to a thin, sharp edge, which will cut up slabs of cork, without removing a kerf, faster than a saw will cut plank into pieces of equal size. The square pieces are then held by the hands of boys in a kind of lathe, in such a position that the sharp and thin end of a hollow mandrel will cut out a perfectly round cork in an instant. Mandrels of various sizes are employed to cut out of the desired size. Each cork is then placed by little fingers, in corresponding recesses, in a feed-wheel of an automatic machine, where the corks are tapered by the removal of a thin shaving from the periphery of one end. The shaving is removed by the sharp edge of a circular cutter over two feet in diameter, which revolves horizontally. The edge of every instrument that cuts cork is brought in contact with the material to be cut with a very drawing stroke, as such spongy material could not be cut satisfactorily by a crushing stroke. Thick slabs of cork are cut into large corks, while the thin ones are worked into corks of a corresponding size.

It must be comforting to a man, no matter how ugly or despised he may be, to think he was once a baby, beloved by a large circle of relatives and friends. It is a comfort we would not deny him.