

Should be Increased.

One of the first things that the incoming Legislature should do is to remodel the State Constitution as far as compensation of public officers. The idea that the Governor should receive but \$1,500 a year, when scores of mercantile clerks in Portland and Salem receive two-thirds more than that sum, is a disgrace to the State. Three thousand dollars per year is enough, and yet it is little enough. We will venture to say that the fact of our Governor only receiving \$1,500 a year has kept hundreds from emigrating to this State; it gave outsiders an idea that we were a poor and groveling people. In like manner we favor the raising of all other State officers to a reasonable living rate, say \$2,400 per year.

We know that enemies of the Democratic party will charge us with doing this to help along the Democratic party and increase the pay of Democratic office holders. But this cannot be done. The compensation of no officer can legally be increased or diminished during his term. It will take four years to amend the State Constitution so as to increase the pay of State officers, and by that time another election will have taken place. The idea that the Sheriff's office in a mining county should be worth \$5 or seven thousand dollars a year, while the Governor of the State gets but fifteen hundred, cannot fail to strike the most careless observer as unjust and ridiculous.

California pays her Governor \$7,000 per year, which is too much; Oregon pays hers too little. There is no sense in this "penury wise and pound foolish" economy, and it does not wish to remain behind our sister States forever let us now submit the question to the people: Shall our State officers receive adequate compensation for their services and heavy responsibility?

An Anniversary.

This day, fifty five years ago, the battle of Waterloo was fought, and the pride of Napoleon forever humbled. The standards that had waved victorious from the Neva to the Nile, were driven in disgraceful rout before the legions of the brutal Blucher. Europe, long drenched with blood of her noblest sons, breathed free again as the word went forth that the Corsican was crushed. Mourners thronged every cottage and pale cripples crowded every street. It was time that this carnival of blood, to gratify one man's ambition, should be quieted. The sun at last rose one day in peace, but the eagle-eyed man of destiny was now a captive. The sequel is known. The modern Alexander, who signed for worlds to conquer, died an exile and a captive on the barren rock of St. Helena.

His treacherous queen, Marie Louise of Reichstadt, spurned him as an adventurer, and it was to marry her that he had divorced Josephine, who loved him so truly and so well. Alone he lived the rest of his wretched life, alone he died.

But mark the gigantic revenge of time. The grandson of that very divorced wife today sits upon the same throne from which Josephine was discarded; and he is a greater ruler than the man of Marengo ever dared to be. He has made France the greatest of European nations in sciences, manufactures, while he allows no relaxation of her prowess as a warlike nation. The darkest stain upon Napoleon's character was his divorce of Josephine; the brightest glory of the whole Bonaparte dynasty is that the son of Hortense should resurrect that dynasty from poverty, exile and disgrace.

A STORY WITH A MORAL.—Down in California, during the war, they had a regular old-fashioned Methodist South camp meeting, and a seventy-horse power preacher was going it wide open. After everybody had been up to the mourner's bench, he called out, "Are there any more who are desirous of marching to glory in the army of the Lord?" Here an inebriate individual replied: "Rev'n father, if you want any more (hic) recruits for th' army of the (hic) Lord, you'll have to (hic) draft 'em!" That's a good deal the way with the black-and-tan ticket sired by Bill Ish and dam-ned by Dowell. If they want any more voters for it, they'll have to "draft 'em."

CANDIDATE.—We learn that W. K. Ish, Esq., is a candidate for United States Senator from the State of Goose Lake. He feels confident of being elected, as the Republican are all in his favor. The party has an overwhelming majority, and consists of nineteen soldiers and a McCormick's reaper.

Insulting the Dead.

If ever there was a doubt of the meanness and narrowness of soul of the leaders of the Radical party, the recent occurrence at Arlington Cemetery has set all such doubts at rest. In that "god's Acre" there are some three hundred Confederate soldiers buried, and on "Commemoration day" the graves of these poor fellows have printed placards, signed by John A. Logan, Chief Engineer of that partisan machine known as the Grand Army of the Republic, forbidding any person from placing flowers thereon. As this lion's skin stripped from off the braying quadruped revealed the ass, so this order of "Dirty Work Logan" strips him of all pretensions to soldierly characteristics and shows him to be nothing but a coarse and venal politician, willing ever to pander to the very harshest prejudices of the ignorant and debased of the bigoted party of which he is a shining light.

In all refined nations and communities, the grave has been the great leveller of every earthly distinction. The pauper and the prince alike are joint heirs to six feet of the earth's clay, and a common resurrection awaits them both. The great world with its panoply of pride and pomp, the joys of the rich and the sorrows of the poor, are alike forgotten when the clouds rattle upon the bier. Beyond it nothing is known. It is indeed "the last of earth," and there all friendships and enmities alike are interred. Love lingers there, but hatred is never seen in that city of the silent majority.

In his ever memorable speech at the dedication of the Soldier's burial-ground at Gettysburg, President Lincoln said "But in a higher sense, we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it above our power to add or detract." So spoke the man who had more cause than any man of this era, to hate those who fought beneath the Confederate banner. But do we find him casting a stigma upon the Confederate dead? No, all those distinctions had been swept away in death and the President was not the man to revive them. When we consider his moderate and elegant language on that occasion, while the war was still raging with unabated fury, how cowardly does this behavior of Logan seem by contrast. Their Radical professions of reverence for Lincoln's memory would seem more genuine if they would imitate his impartial and Christian-like example. The name of Logan will henceforth be more execrated in the South than that of Butler.

A TEMPEST IN A TEACUP.—Jacksonville was thrown into excitement last Monday by the announcement that Judge Tolman was in town. The cause of his visit was the subject of much conjecture. Some said he had come to commence a \$20,000 suit for larceny against Bill Ish, who begot the fusion ticket. It turned out, however, that he just came in to hear the votes counted, for his own satisfaction. It is not true that he voted for Fay for Senator. The fact that he employs a Chinaman named Ben Holladay in his tannery, probably gave rise to this absurd rumor.

DON'T AGREE WITH HIM.—An emaciated individual with dyed whiskers and a demoralized pug hat, interviewed Ben Holladay in Portland the other day. He told the man with a cold nose that he had been "bundling" down in Jacksonville, with Old Dowell and Bill Owen, and that he had been badly stayed with. A gentleman who was present says he looked foolish, acted sheep-ish, talked gibberish, and his name was bill-ish. Ain't that misery enough for one day?

A MISTAKE.—When Bill Ish sent to Grant county for his hay makers to go to Goose Lake and cast fraudulent votes to defeat the will of the people, he was evidently thinking of the old proverb "Make hay while the sun shines." But William badly overshoot his mark when he thought because all flesh is grass that he could make hay of Fay and Klippel. Those corpulent individuals don't see it in that light.

OBSTETRICAL.—The rumor that Dr. Hyde would open a lying in-hospital for abandoned bolters after the 7th prox, needs confirmation. This recent abortion on the fusion party has somewhat discouraged him.

ATTENTION, FOOL KILLERS.—The Fool Killers are requested to meet at the Hall over the Union Livery Stable on Monday evening next, at 7 o'clock, p. m., for the purpose of organization.

GET ENOUGH.—It is said Owen refused to eat some broiled chicken the other day because it was a "Dominick." He said it reminded him too much of the fusion ticket.

IS IT TRUE?—That Dowell has got a milk leg since the election?

Charles Dickens.

This distinguished novelist died at his residence at Gadshill, London, on the 10th inst., from a stroke of paralysis. His age was fifty eight years. For the last thirty years he has been (in the shape of his novels and his Christmas stories) a welcome visitor at every fireside where the English tongue was spoken. Geography prescribed no limits to his works, and while the gold diggers of Australia were seeking in their midst for the original of Wilkins Micawber, Magistrate, the speculating denizens of Boston were cogitating as to which of them was meant by the eccentric Jefferson Brick. As a writer he had no successful imitators. He was emphatically a man of the people; the aristocracy feared his candor, though they professed to worship his genius. Every novel in which he attempted to depict the higher orders of British society, was a complete failure—witness "Bleak House" and "Great Expectations." But when he came to speak of every-day men and women, then he showed himself the great fiction-painter. Not only did he contrast the virtues of the lowly strongly with the vices of the rich, but he was instrumental in reforming many serious evils. For instance, there were many cases where orphan heirs had been sent to boarding schools in the north of England, and there starved and beaten into death or idocy. His "Nicholas Nickleby" was the means of reforming that abuse, by amending the laws relating to guardians. His "Sir Mulberry Hawk" showed English parents the dangerous character of many aristocratic men whom they admitted to their home circle. Moreover, his characters were all representative men. Take the bluff old one armed sailor in "Dombey & Son"; is he not as he himself says, "Edward Cuttle, mariner of England?" See how his great manly heart bursts with homely grief as he tells Florence that "Wally is drowned!" Take "Daniel Pegot" in "David Copperfield," with his gentle and holy love for his fallen niece, or Agnes Wickfield, the pure, true English woman, whose only claim to aristocracy is the nobility of the soul; and Uriah Heep, the canting hypocrite, whom we see every day in life. Indeed, we can call up hosts of his pen-statutes which stand out in bold distinction from the characters drawn by other like the *bas reliefs* of Thorwaldsen.

And he is gone. Gone to slumber beside the great and noblest of earth in the storied halls of Westminster, this man of humble birth whose early life was a battle and a signal triumph over trowning poverty. Future generations, that shall laugh at Sairy Gamp, shudder at Bill Sikes and weep over poor blind Bertha, shall learn a lesson from his splendid contempt of misfortune.

His domestic infelicities are nobody's business, even if Harriet Beecher Stowe does see fit to insult decency by unearthing them, as she did those of Byron. The man is dead; therefore perish his vices, from which none of us are exempt. His virtues a grateful nation shall delight to perpetuate. We know him but as the Abou Ben Adhem who "loved his fellow men." May the daisy that blooms over the nameless grave of Little Nell wait its fragrance to the sculptured urn where repose the ashes of one of Albion's noblest sons.

"Breathe for his fleeting soul a passing sigh, Oh, happier Christian, while thine eye grows dim; In all the mansions of the house on high Say not that mercy has not one for him!"

T. B. M.

Ashland, June 15th, 1870.

CELEBRATION MEETING.—The citizens of Ashland and vicinity met at the Ashland House on June 15th, 1870, at 7 p. m., to take preliminary steps towards appropriately celebrating the coming Fourth of July. E. Emery was called to the Chair and O. C. Applegate was elected Secretary. It was unanimously decided that we make use of our most zealous efforts to have a rousing old fashioned celebration at the Ashland grove, that we have a basket dinner, and that we extend a general invitation to the people of the country. Committees were chosen as follows: On General Arrangements—A. D. Helman, Jacob Wagner, George Patterson. On Orator, Reader, Chaplain and Music—C. K. Klum, S. D. Whitmore, S. J. Downing. On Toasts—J. M. McCall, O. C. Applegate, C. K. Klum, T. B. Merry, L. B. Applegate. E. Emery, H. M. Thatcher. On Reception—S. J. Downing, S. D. Whitmore, S. Booth. The Secretary was requested to forward a copy of these proceedings to each of the papers of the county for publication. Adjourned, sine die.

E. EMERY, Chairman, O. C. APPLGATE, Sec'y.

The Gospel of Railroads.

ACCORDING TO ST. THOMAS.

1. In those days it came to pass that the people of Oregon began to be jealous of the people who dwelt in the land of Kaliphornia, because they had roads of iron and wagon that run thirty miles in an hour. And the people, which were waders in the marshes and therefore called Webpheat, envied the people of Kaliphornia.

2. Then came among them one Benjamin, surnamed in honor of the holy day on which he was born, and he had been muchly endowed with the goods of this world.

3. And he was desirous that the Webpheat should have a road of iron like unto those of Kaliphornia. And he desired but two things more.

4. He desired first that the people of Oregon should build the road of iron for him, and secondly desired he that the people should pay him for riding upon it.

5. And he said unto himself "Am I not wealthier than was Leland, the soap-boiler, when he began to build his road in Kaliphornia? Yea verily, and I have more riches than Charles, the crockery man, had. And I will obtain a gift of land from the government, which is called Unculpalm, to aid me in building the road. And I will imburse and subsidize upon the people of Oregon, to pay me in advance for building the road."

6. "And I will run the road with a cold nose; yea, verily, with a cold nose."

7. For Benjamin was a strange man, and when he walked before the world he was a straightforward man; but when he was not before the world he was "slautindicular."

8. And he remembered the Sabbath to keep it holy by turning jack from the top of the deck; and the other six days he turned it from the bottom.

9. And he made unto himself many friends among the tribe of the Summerites and the Gorhamites who love the descendants of Ham.

10. And he said I will spend my wealth to elect unto the council of Unculpalm George the lawyer whose surname is Palaxbrake.

11. For he is the friend of Ulysses the King, and of Sheridan, the Philistine, and of Sumner the eunuch, and of Benjamin, with the slautindicular optic, whose surname is Butler.

12. Also of Sickles, the adulterer, and of Porney, the fornicator, and of Hoar, the whoremonger.

13. And Benjamin said to George, the lawyer: "Be thou my servant and I will enrich thee. Thou shalt have great possessions of houses and lands, and be a ruler among the nation."

14. And George said unto him "I will obey thee to the end."

CHAPTER II.

1. In those days there was a certain man in Jaxonvil and his name was Jimphay, and he was a mighty captain in the hosts of Bedrok.

2. And he was of the earth, earthy, which caused the hosts of Bedrok to say that he had the sand.

3. For the men of Bedrok were of the tribe of Webpheat and were possessed of a peculiar virtue called Bakbohn.

4. And they repudiated Georgell, whose surname was Woods, as well as George, whose surname was Phlaxbrake.

5. And they set up unto themselves a leader named Grover and depised the pilgrims and the Palmers, the chief among which was Joel.

6. And Jimphay hated Benjamin, because he would impoverish the people.

7. And it came to pass in those days that one Henry, a disciple of Tubal Cain, a worker in metals, wished to be centurion of Jaxonvil; and Jimphay loved him muchly.

8. And there was also a man named Billowen, of the tribe of Grundy, and he was a rival of Henry.

9. And he had many friends among the Ephephrees and the Paldees, but Henry's friends were the children of Unculpalm and of Jirmanee.

10. Then Benjamin sent word to Jimphay and said to him, "Verily I say unto thee, there is gold in my coffers and wine in my vaults; and there is fine raiment for thee, even store clothes, if thou wilt worship me."

11. And Jimphay answered and said unto him, "I'll see thee damned first before I will do this thing."

12. And he girded up his loins and went to take counsel of Silas, the scribe and of Poushplee, the chief pedagogue, that he might overthrow the designs of Benjamin. (Here endeth the first lesson.)

GEN. Joseph Lane, "the noblest Roman of them all," made a congratulatory speech to the Democracy of Douglas on Saturday afternoon last, at Roseburg.

Hayden and Fay.

It is a great source of gratification and congratulation to the Democracy of Jackson, that in the recent bitter struggle against Geo. H. Williams' corrupt influence and Ben. Holladay's money bags, combined with traitors in their own ranks and open enemies without, their Democratic brethren throughout the State, and in California, watched the contest with earnest sympathy, and from time to time cheered us with their words of hope. Every Democratic paper in the State, with one or two exceptions, have congratulated the gallant Democracy of Jackson upon their recent glorious victory. In to-day's issue we republish these cheering words:

To-day the Press under the management of the Association of Gentlemen (so called) is suspended, perhaps forever. Our mission is ended. We have triumphed over all of our political enemies. It is but just that in conclusion we should say something in merited praise of the worthy heroes of the Oregon Democracy. This campaign has been fought through against the most fearful odds. Our veterans have stood by the party colors with a heroism deserving of the highest admiration of our people. Perhaps no two men were ever in any country opposed with such bitterness as those which head this article. The combined influence of men and money were brought to bear against Mr. Hayden in Polk, and Mr. Fay in Jackson, by Ben Holladay and George H. Williams, but both these gentlemen with a courage worthy of emulation led the gallant Democracy to the charge and triumphed. With Fay and Stout in the Senate, and Hayden Whitaker and Helm in the House as leaders we need entertain no fears but that the members of the Oregon Legislature will prove faithful to the confidence entrusted to them. Democracy has proven itself invincible and the names of our gallant leaders will long be remembered for their heroic deeds in the campaign of 1870.—*Salem Press*.

ELECTED.—Notwithstanding the strong opposition made by the Radicals and some Democrats to Hon. Jas. D. Fay in Jackson county, he has been triumphantly elected over all his enemies. He will make a live member in the next State Senate, as his past record fully proves. When he was the only Democrat in the lower House, he was more than a match for the Radical crew that invested that body.—*Oregon City Enterprise*.

In Jackson County no effort was spared to defeat Fay and the balance of the Legislative ticket, but the people, with an instinct, truer than the cunning of some of their would be leaders, scouted the proffered coalition with the enemy.—*Yreka Union*.

Jackson County—Official Vote.

Congress—Jas. H. Slater 771; Jo. Wilson 520.

Governor—L. F. Grover 793; Joel Palmer 490.

Secretary—S. F. Chadwick 785; Jas. Elkins 500.

Treasurer—L. Fleischner 782; M. Hirsch 500.

Printer—T. Patterson—786; H. R. Kincaid 500.

District Attorney—H. K. Hanna 684; E. B. Watson 561.

State Senator—J. D. Fay 611; A. H. Martin 600.

Representatives—Jackson Rader 663; Jos. Wells 653; A. J. Burnett 683; J. C. Campbell 556; Orsen Stearns, 558; E. H. Greenman 552.

Sheriff—Henry Klippel 635; W. A. Owen 573.

County Judge—T. H. B. Shipley 603; C. W. Kahler 593.

Commissioner—John S. Herrin 647; Thos. Wright 705; John Bilger 596; W. A. Childers 502.

Clerk—S. J. Day 614; Max Muller 588.

Treasurer—John Neuber 718; G. Karewski 422.

School Supt.—L. T. Davis 563; Wm. M. Turner 655.

IN POOR HEALTH.—Old Granny Dowell, since the death of his hopeful brat, the Fusion ticket, has lost his appetite. It is said he intends to take another trip to Washington, to look after her mules and sparejoes. Having rid the nation of Stanton on his last trip, she will now turn his attention to working Mr. Grant into a coffin. Bully for Dowell. May her years reach fourscore, and his shadow grow never the less. We ask pardon for the indiscriminate use of personal pronouns in connection with his name, but since his seduction by Bill Ish and his acquiescence by Dr. Hyde, his sex has been most confoundedly mixed.