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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 ff.

The Gospel of Railroads,

ACCORDING TO ST. THOMAS.

Chapter. III.

1. And in those days it came to pass that a council of the army of Democriese was held in Jaxonvil.

2. And a portion of them were of the hosts of Bedrok; and others were of the tribe of Sophtak, who were opposed to Jimphay.

3. But the hosts of Bedrok were omnipotent in the council of Democriese and they overcome the men of Sophtak.

4. And Jimphay was nominated for Centurion; and Henry, the iron worker, was chosen for Centurion; and Silas for chief scribe; and Kauberjohn for keeper of the gold and silver; and Tomshiplee for magistrate; like wise David, of Ashland for levier of taxes.

5. Then the men of Sophtak took council among them-selves that they might destroy the hosts of Bedrok and encompass the defeat of Jimphay and Tomshiplee.

6. And they sought comfort of the Rhadikuls, chief among which was a lawgiver whose name was Be eph doul.

Chapter IV.

1. In those days came unto Jaxonvil William, the Ishmaelite, the high priest of Benjamin, whose surname was Hauldeigh.

2. And he was a contractor of the Pshaw dee persuasion.

3. And he carried with him a thousand shekels of gold—in his pockets.

4. And he also carried with him seventy shekels of brass—in his face.

5. For he desired to bribe men to vote that he might over throw the will of the people and elect Palaxbrake unto the council of Unculpsalm.

6. Therefore took he counsel of the Sophtaks and the Soarhedz, likewise of the Rhadikuls.

7. Then they met together in a dark garret with sealed doors and joined all the forces together.

8. And they took Pattdone off the Rhadikul ticket and put on Billowen; likewise supplanted they one Kahler with Gerrimartin.

9. Then walked they out into the open streets after the manner of the men of E Clampus Vitus, crying aloud "Satisfactory!"

10. But the multitude which were in the streets and market places cried out with loud voice and said "We don't see it!"

11. Then arose William, the Ishmaelite and spoke unto them.

12. Blessed be the man that invented hash, which his name is Horn.

13. "And he dwelleth in Jaxonvil and keepeth an inn named in honor of the government of Unculpsalm."

14. "And I say unto you, whosoever is a voter and an hungered, let him go thither and feast to his fill."

15. "And let him carry neither money in his scrip nor corn in his sack, for I will pay all the bills."

16. But the men of Bedrok had heard of Eau and refused to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage.

Chapter V.

1. And it came to pass that on the sixth day of the sixth month, that the army of Dominik met the army of Bedrok in battle array.

2. And they numbered among their hosts all the Sophtaks and Soarhedz, likewise all the Rhadikuls.

3. Then the men of Bedrok, under command of Jimphay fell upon them and defeated them after a desperate conflict.

4. And they slew Billowen, and Gerrimartin, and Mackemullah and Bilhide, the scribe; likewise all who fought under the banner of Be ephdoul and William, the Ishmaelite. And for them there was no resurrection.

5. And they buried them deep, that it might be fulfilled which was spoken of the prophet "They shall be interred forever."

6. And William, the Ishmaelite, returned unto the land of Salem, where he slew himself with a stuffed club.

7. And George of Palaxbrake became henceforth an outcast, for he was elected to stay at home.

8. And Benjamin, of the tribe of Hauldeigh mourned like Rachel for the defeat of Palaxbrake and refused to be comforted.

9. And he rent his store clothes and was muchly embarrassed.

10. And he covered his loins with gunny sack cloth and wept bitterly.

(Here endeth the Gospel.)

Frauds.

The Radical press has much to say about frauds perpetrated at the late election. It is a notorious fact that there never was a party in this State or any other that has been guilty of as much rascality, illegal voting, purchasing, importing, exporting, and intimidation, as the Radical party of Oregon were during the last campaign. They charge on the Democracy foul play in certain counties. The truth of the matter is this: In Yamhill, Benton, Marion, Douglas, Clackamas and Washington counties, the Radicals had everything their own way, these counties being in their hands. In Multnomah their roughs took possession of the polls and prevented hundreds of Democrats from voting. In Yamhill they voted more illegal votes than their majority is. In Benton they did the same thing. In this county the same thing. In Marion they polled at least 100 votes illegally. The Democracy dealt fairly in every county they had control of. It is a notorious fact that when the illegal votes are thrown out in this and Yamhill (which will be done) every Democratic candidate on the county ticket will be elected. If Ben. Holladay's minions were thrown out in Multnomah, that county would be Democratic. If the cattle who are employed on the custom house at Astoria and the mint at the Dalles, and who were driven to the polls and voted as their masters dictated to them, were thrown out, each of these counties would have given at least fifty votes less for the Mongrel ticket. Where the Democracy made the largest gains was in counties in the hands of the Radicals—Douglas for instance. This cry of rascality and fraud on the part of the Democracy is only gauded up to cover the infamous and corrupt proceedings of the Radicals. They played the part of scoundrels from the inception of the campaign, and nothing was too low or mean for them to resort to. Gentlemen, you may as well acknowledge that the Democracy defeated you by a fair and honorable fight against the combination of more money, rascality and fraud than ever was perpetrated by any set of men. Your own sins were enough to sink you forever.—Enterprise.

BEN HOLLADAY'S MONEY.—It is stated that Ben Holladay used \$200,000 in the late election. What has he got for it? Nothing. His strikers now boast that he will buy up the Legislature, and we have reason to believe that the statement comes from him direct. He thus insults the Democratic members elect to that body by declaring that they are purchasable material. We notify him now, that the Democrats elected to the Legislature are men of honor and trustworth, that they have been elected against his infamous influence, and to defeat his aims, and that any attempt on his part to tamper with that body will receive the merited scorn which he and his master—Geo. H. Williams—received at the ballot box. Because he has been with the Radical scoundrels at Washington purchasing them, he need not think that he can do the same with the Oregon Legislature. He has made his boast without knowing the men he will have to deal with. "Get behind me, Satan."—Enterprise.

A correspondent at Rome says that visitors to the Vatican Council are shown, in the Church of St. Augustine, the cord with which Judas Iscariot hanged himself, a wing of the angel Gabriel, the comb of the cock that crowed when Peter denied his Lord, the beard of Noah, and the staff with which Moses divided the Red Sea.

The Coming Issue.

Upon no question was the Democratic party ever more united than that of opposition to debauching their organization by a wild hunt after negro votes. Believing, as the Democrats do, that it is unsafe to trust the negroes with the ballot; believing, as they do, that that right was conferred upon them by force, fraud, and deception, and against the will of a large proportion of the people, the party is closing up its ranks and preparing to wrest power from that organization which inflicts this outrage and wrong upon the white men of the country. To do this they will appeal to white men only. Their interest are at stake in this contest. They settled this nation. They felled the trees, planted the corn, erected the log cabins, the school-houses, the churches, projected the political structure, fought the war of the Revolution, framed the Constitution, and launched the nation on its career of unexampled development and prosperity. This was the work of white men, and now, when the radical party are attempting to change the form of government by means of negro votes, the Democracy raise the old banner of white suffrage, and summon that race to the rescue. And that summons will be obeyed with alacrity and enthusiasm. In this city and State the party is a unit in favor of keeping the organization on a white basis. There is not enough dissent to ruff the surface. All the old men who have carried the flag of the party in a hundred fights are sound on this question, and the young men will not agree to be put upon an equality with negroes in workshops, in manufactories, in counting houses, and all other places. This is the position of our party in this locality. Across the river the gallant Democracy of New Jersey have taken the same stand. In alluding to the issue, the Newark Journal says, "the Democratic party of New Jersey, is the white man's party; the administration party is the negro party, known of all men as such, and whatever the politicians of New York may do, the Democrats of New Jersey have hoisted their colors, and will stand by them. The Republicans are welcome to the negro votes; the Democratic party can do better without them, and we propose to make the political atmosphere red-hot this fall against the party that has forced the Fifteenth Amendment fraud and negro voters upon us, contrary to the wishes of the people." This is the voice of the Democracy of New Jersey, heard through one of their most spirited and reliable organs. It is plain, to the point, and easily understood. The negro vote will not be an element in the contest as far as the Democracy is concerned. They will not put men on the ticket to propitiate the "new citizen," or recognize them in any way in their conventions. The old path of duty will be followed, the intelligence of the white masses appealed to, honest men nominated for all positions, and the column pushed on by reason, facts and arguments, showing the inevitable result of allowing the radical party to remain in power, either in the nation or the State. And this will be the action of the party in all portions of the Union. Connecticut was redeemed after the proclamation of the Fifteenth Amendment, and in all sections of the West the white man's ticket has been successful in the late election. Thus instructed, the Democratic party has hoisted its banner for the coming struggle, drawn the sword and thrown away the scabbard.

We want no cowards in this fight,
For they'll our colors fly,
We want brave, honest-hearted men,
Men not afraid to die.

Philadelphia Age.

ARCTIC RIVERS.—Some of the streams which flow into the Arctic Ocean are remarkable for their extent and depth. The McKenzie, which lies in the British possessions, is from one to two miles wide, and is navigable for steamers for a distance of 1,000 miles up from the Arctic Ocean to Slave Lake. Colvill river, in Alaska, is another noble stream. It takes its rise by one branch in the British possessions and flows across nearly the whole width of Alaska. Last summer an American fur trading company, it is said, ran a steamer one thousand miles from the coast on this river.

Lost and Found.

The romance of our great Western plains is fading away. The grand and once trackless floral ocean of the prairie is bridged by the railroad; the slow, but picturesque and adventurous, "prairie schooner" is supplanted by the swiftly-thundering "lightning express;" and along those vast expanses of wild grass and woodland where once the noble savage enacted tremendous stories, with hard names, for our excellent weekly periodicals of romance, the baggage master utters his harsh note, and the real-estate genius stakes off eligible building lots. It is proper, then, that the most should be made of such little patches of the departing romantic as yet occasionally blossom along the trail of the setting sun, and even the intensely practical prose of journalism may still soften to something like poetic grace in yielding record of their finding. For example, late in the spring of 1850, when the tide of overland travel to California, across the "Great American Desert," was at its full, a small family of Virginians became accidentally detached on the plains from their wagon train, and wandered farther and farther astray. A husband and wife, with their infant daughter, were of this little band, and with them lies the beginning of the romance here recorded. While the estrays toiled on through the high grass, filled with alarm at their isolated condition and peering anxiously in all directions for some sign of their lost train, a band of marauding Indians swooped suddenly upon them like hawks, and, in a murderous instant, slew every member of the party, save one. The solitary life spared by the savages was that of the infant. The pleading baby-face of the poor little mite of an orphan was too much for the red wretches, and, instead of slaughtering the babe, they confined it to the maternal offices of a squaw, and carried it away into captivity. Three years after these events, a party of trappers, who happened to be trading with this same tribe of Indians for "peltries," observed the white child in the wigwam of her swarthy foster-mother, and inquired her history. With characteristic reticence the red warriors declined conversation on the subject; but, upon being offered a large extra supply of ammunition and fire water by the trappers, in exchange for the child, consented to sell her. Thus returned to civilization by grace of a mercantile transaction, the youthful waif of the wigwam was sent back by her humane purchasers, to Council Bluffs, in Iowa, and there adopted as their own by a generous married pair to whom no children had come in the course of nature. Transplanted from the desert to the fireside, the prairie-child grew into a beautiful and happy young womanhood, unconscious of any other parentage than that by which she had been rescued from the wild, and remembering her infancy in the wigwam only as a misty dimly recalls some impossible tale which had an unreasoning credence in its childhood. There was, however, one link of reality with the unrecognized past, to which the girl could not be wholly indifferent, although it troubled her with no definite regrets. This was a locket, containing the portrait and initials of her true mother, and the name of her parent's home in Virginia, which the savages had, for some superstitious reason, never removed from about the neck of their little captive, and which, to this day, she wears. Some two years ago, when the adopted parents of the young lady were upon a visit with her to some friends in St. Joseph, Missouri, this locket attracted so much curiosity that a portion of the story behind it was elicited, and even found a kind of disguised public mention in the columns of the St. Joseph Herald. To such publicity it seems in due the sequel of the romance. A wealthy resident of Virginia, having by some accident read the newspaper's story of the locket, its inscriptions and owner, has written to St. Joseph lately for further particulars. The initials, he says, were those of his sister-in-law, who, with his brother, met death at the hands of the Indians while on a journey across the plains to California twenty years ago. He has not a doubt that the owner of the locket is his niece, and offers her a daughter's share in his luxurious Virginian home if she will come to him. The young lady's great and natural love for her adopted parents in Council Bluffs renders it doubtful whether she will accept the invitation, but the latter, whatever its results, makes the romance of her story complete.—N. Y. World.