

Political Prospects.

We often hear it said that the Republicans are becoming disgusted with the absurdities forced upon them by the leaders of that party, and are flocking to the standard of Democracy. This is to a certain extent true but not altogether.

One of the gravest blunders a great national party ever committed was that of the Republicans in supposing that the vote rolled up for Lincoln and Johnson in 1864 was a Republican vote. It was composed of several elements.

All kinds of corruption have been perpetrated in the name of loyalty. The Parisian Harlan has been proved to be but a pliant tool in the hands of the horse leeches who infest the Indian Bureau; Cole is the head devil of the St. Domingo plundering scheme; Howard, of Christian Commission notoriety, is now being hauled over the coals for peculation and fraud; and this, added to the recent cadet peddling of Whittemore and R. D. Butler, has about satisfied all decent men that the Radical party won't do to tie to.

The growth of the Democratic party is then to be attributed to returning reason in the breasts of Northern men. They are sick of this running the machine to the tune of "Marching thro' Georgia" when the nation is at peace. They do not believe that the Union can be held together if the old war animosities are kept up after the rebellion is at an end.

Oregon and California are all right and Nevada only awaits the opportunity to redeem herself this coming autumn. Hitherto the Bank of California has been the controlling power in that State and its money influence has been thrown in favor of the Republicans. But the defalcation of State Treasurer Rhodes has set people to thinking. He squandered \$34,500 of the State's money in stock gambling, and the agent of the Bank of California was his principal bondman. So it is probable that the great moneyed corporation has had all the politics it wants for some time to come.

WAGON ROAD.—Five hundred dollars have been subscribed by the citizens of Ashland towards the building of a road from that place to Pelican Bay, on Klamath Lake, by the way of Dead Indian Valley. This will shorten the road to Fort Klamath nearly thirty miles. Work will be commenced on it immediately.

PERSONAL.—Hon. John C. Crigler, of Lake county, Cal., has been buying several hundred head of cattle here, during the past three weeks. He is very favorably impressed with Rogue River valley and has some idea of making it his future home.

Popular Education.

It has become a recognized axiom in all free governments that as you increase the facilities for education you proportionately decrease the desire to commit crime. Experience has shown that jails cost more money, both to build and to maintain, than school-houses, in addition to which there is the danger to property and life to be considered. Therefore all men who desire to see our State become prosperous must desire to see her sons and daughters receive a good and liberal education, to enable them to grapple with the work-day world.

But while we are in favor of a comprehensive and liberal public educational system, we desire to see one that is commensurate with the growth and progress of the State. There are some among us who favor the establishment of a State Normal School by the incoming legislature. In our opinion, that movement is premature. What we need is this: First, the establishment of a State Educational Department, with a Superintendent of Public Instruction at the head of it who will attend to it and nothing else. It is unfair to impose this task upon the Governor any longer. Second, the establishment of a State Board of Education, to consist of the Governor, Secretary of State, Superintendents of Common Schools in and for the Counties of Marion and Multnomah, and the State Superintendent, the latter to act as Secretary of the Board. Third, the establishment of quarterly Boards of Examination in each county, to consist of the County Superintendent and two teachers, who shall issue certificates based upon a uniform course of Examination prescribed by the State Board of Education. Fourth, a State tax and a County tax upon property for the support of schools, like every other State has. Fifth, a uniform system of school-books in all the counties of this State. The present system of allowing District School officers to select just such books as they like, is so manifestly unjust that any Statute which permits it is a disgrace to our boasted civilization.

We learn that Hon. James D. Fay will introduce a bill having the above enumerated features at the coming session of the Legislature. It has been carefully prepared under his supervision by a practical teacher, who has had several years of experience in the school of California, and embodies many of the features of the California Law, which, though drawn by a Republican and passed by a Republican Legislature, has been deemed so equitable by the Democracy that they have ever since refused to alter or amend it in any shape. Mr. Fay's bill will be presented early in the session and from the persistent way that he has of advocating measures we are confident it will become a law. It does not provide for any State Normal School, it being the opinion of the author that ten years hence is time enough to think of that. The tax necessary to support such an institution would be better expended, for the present, upon the Common Schools of the State. When Oregon acquires twenty thousand more population and increases her taxable property twenty millions of dollars, then it will be time enough to talk about a State Normal School.

We hope to see every Democratic vote in that Legislature cast in favor of Mr. Fay's bill, to show the enemies of our party that Democrats are willing to further the cause of popular education in every way consistent with the resources of the State. And to the Republican members we would say that there is no party question involved in a measure that affects the property and advancement of an entire people. We trust to see it pass by an overwhelming majority and be enrolled among the Statutes of Oregon, as an evidence of the progress and enlightenment of her people.

WILL some well informed Radical please tell us what has become of the Radical or Republican organization in Jackson county? Dowell & Co. deliberately abandoned the organization, withdrew the ticket from the field, and substituted a mongrel bastard instead; threw overboard such men as Beekman, Langel, Hayden, Karewski, Enoch Walker, and others, whose money, brains, and energy, have kept up the organization in spite of defeat caused by Dowell's bad management; and were ingloriously defeated, as has always been the case when our venerable Grand mother had anything to do with the placing the ticket in the field. Now the question is, where is the Republican organization? Has Hyde and Owen captured it; and will they be permitted to run it hereafter, to the exclusion of the old liners, as they used to run the Democratic organization?

The Life, Times and Public Services of Jas. R. Neil, Esq.

We intended to give an extended biographical sketch of this distinguished gentleman, including the history of his birth, babyhood, youth, manhood, and political and official life; but have since concluded that the space in these columns proposed to be so occupied, could be devoted to a more useful purpose. We designed to describe at length his professional career,—six years at the bar and still a briefless barrister, while lawyers of two years standing in his own county have each a flourishing practice. We intended to sketch his frantic chase after the County Judgeship; his absurd pilgrimage to Albany in pursuit of the nomination for Secretary of State; and his intrigues to have the nomination of District Attorney remitted to the County Conventions of Jackson and Josephine, in order that he might still get a nomination, which he affected to despise, if he failed to receive the nomination for County Judge.

We intended to comment on the overweening self-conceit which prompted him to aspire to the nomination of Secretary of State, the duties of which office he does not comprehend, and for which he has not the first qualification. We intended to review his official career as District Attorney, when the criminals in this District had a jubilee, and rascals went unwhipped of justice, simply through the incapacity of the Prosecuting officer. We designed, also, to review his political tergiversations; his secret attacks upon Democratic nominees, while he did not have the manhood and honesty to vote against them; his pilgrimage to the Sentinel office, in pursuit of manuscript alleged to have been furnished by one of the Democratic nominees two years ago; and after his application had been met by the answer that no manuscript had been so furnished, his falsehoods and slanders in relation thereto. The scene between himself and Mr. W. A. Owen at the polls, after he had voted the Democratic ticket straight; when the latter upbraided him with falsehood and deception, accusing him of having violated his pledge to vote for the Fusion ticket, for which he had worked so hard secretly; and Mr. Neil heard these insulting accusations with the most exemplary patience and christian meekness, by his silence admitting the truth of the shameful charges and the futility of any defence. All these things we intended to refer to, but won't do it, because "the game is not worth the candle," and this was the argument which influential Democrats successfully used to induce us to omit the Life, Times and Public Services of Mr. Neil.

For ourself, however, as regards Neil, and others like him, we are in the situation of the man who was found by a neighbor belaboring the carcass of a dead pup. Said the neighbor: "Why, hello Sam! what are you pounding that dog for? Don't you see he is dead?" "I know it," said Sam, continuing his labors, "but I want to convince this d—d son of a sea-cook, that there is a punishment after death." Mr. Neil and his compatriots are politically dead and d—d; but it is problematical whether Mr. Neil's constitutional obtuseness will enable him to understand that there is a punishment after a political death. We merely wished to convince him that posthumous punishment is a solid fact. That's all.

A VOTE BY PROXY.—HOW HONEST RADICAL ELECTED JUDGES PERFORM THEIR DUTIES.—On election day a Radical named Hamrick rode up to the polls in Manzanita Precinct, in this county, just after the polls closed at noon. He expressed great regret that the polls had closed, as he could not wait until they opened again, and was exceedingly anxious to vote the Radical ticket, John B. Wrisley, one of the Judges, and a bitter Radical, unwilling that a Radical vote should be lost, told Hamrick to give him his ticket and he would have it recorded when the polls were opened again. Hamrick gave him the ticket and immediately mounted his horse and rode off. When the polls were opened at 1 o'clock he was miles away, nevertheless John B. Wrisley, his proxy, actually caused the vote to be recorded, and there it stands to this day. Hereafter, Radicals who happen to be in San Francisco on election day intend to vote by telegraph.

THE BANNER COUNTY.—Jackson claims the honor of being the Democratic banner county of Oregon. Notwithstanding the G-ose Lake swindle, Ben Holladay's money, Williams' influence and patronage, Radical frauds and traitorous Democrats, she gave the largest Democratic majority for Governor of any county in the State: The following are Governor's majorities in the various Democratic counties: Jackson 303; Josephine 79; Douglas 48; Clatsop 1; Lane 126; Linn 205; Polk 61; Columbia 67; Wasco 8; Umatilla 257; Union 183; Grant 50; Baker 177.

THE HAUNTED MAN.

BY OFLAN AGAN.

Once upon a midnight dreary  
Poor old Stanton, weak and weary,  
Sat within his office cosy, by the firelight so  
rosy.

Reading Byron, Keats or Moore;  
When at once there came a tapping,  
Just like Catherine Fox a-rapping,  
Rapping on the office door,  
Only this and nothing more.

The date I hardly can remember,  
Unless it was in last December,  
That Stanton smoked his strong Havana,  
(A present from U. S., the tanner,  
And sprang in anger to the floor.  
Who could come at such an hour  
To defy this Draco's power,  
Who could be this tardy bore?  
Some old bumper—nothing more.

Poor old Stanton, pale and gasping,  
Quivering like the leaf of aspen,  
Pulled a pistol out of his hat,  
Tearing the ghost of Mrs. Surratt  
And trembling marched toward the door.  
He opened it to see a stranger  
Dressed just like a Webfoot ranger  
From Rogue River's golden shore—  
Jackson county—nothing more.

Then with glances sad and sombre  
Stanton interviewed the hombra,  
Who had brought him so much panic  
And, with thunder tones Satanic,  
Asked "Have we e'er met before?"  
Quoth the stranger in a how (e) l,  
"My name, sir, is B. F. Dowell  
(Accent strong upon the vowel)  
Only we—and no one more."

Long ago in fifty-seven,  
I had pack mules, ten or eleven  
Stolen by the Cayuse Diggers—  
Thievin' Injuns black as niggers—  
Near the Unpukka's rocky shore.  
Now, if you will not betray me,  
Uncle Sam must surely pay me  
(For the Radicals obey me)  
All along Rogue River shore.  
This I ask and nothing more.

Scared to death, this poor old Stanton  
Foamed at mouth and fell to ranting—  
Ranting like that famous preacher  
Whom the Puritans call Beecher,—  
And then fell upon the floor.  
"Why hast thou come in this fashion?  
Hast thou bowels of compassion?  
Hast thou no compassion, Dowell?"  
Quoth the Webfoot, "Nary bowel!  
Pay I want and nothing more."

Dowell then pulled out his vouchers  
Well endorsed, like Ish's "smouchers,"  
And he laid them on the table;  
Smelling like th' Arkansas Stable  
Used to smell in days of yore.  
Smelt of mules long since departed,  
Mules he "singed" till broken-hearted  
Ere he thought of pleading law  
Wearying judges with his jaw.  
M. D.—Mule Driver—nothing more.

"Friend," cried Stanton, "thou art laughin'  
Like Jim Fisk or Tenny Claffin,  
In the hope of speculation  
On a claim without foundation.  
You must take us all for fools.  
Go right back to Jackson county  
For in Uncle Samuel's bounty  
You can never hope to revel  
Be you woman, man or devil—  
D—n your eyes and d—n your mules."

"Be these words our sign of parting,"  
Cried the Webfoot chief upstarting;  
"I will come at night to haunt thee,  
Come as now, when you don't want me  
To tap upon the office door."  
Then at Dowell's rear end nether  
Stanton swung his patent leather,  
Kicked like Dowell's mules of yore,  
Kicked behind and not before!

But next morning all the streamers  
Told that to the land of dreamers—  
Told by sad, half-masted bunting  
That unto the happy hunting  
Grounds poor Stanton now had gone.  
Gone beyond life's stormy billow,  
Gone to meet the fierce "gorilla"  
Who dashed Seward on his pillow  
Years ago in Washington.

Now they say 'tween midnight dreary,  
Just as Dowell wakes weary,  
Weary of the day's delusions,  
Of the People's party fusions,  
Comes a ghost in specs and beard,  
Comes the ghost like bullgine pantin',  
Like Ned Forrest, just a ranting',  
This must be the ghost of Stanton,  
Poor old Dowell! How he's skeered!

Go to 'Laska, stay all summer!  
Find some antiquated bumper  
Fond of corn (in mild solution)  
And versed in "circumlocution"  
To urge your claims for those 'ar mules.  
Take the Pullman palace jolters,  
Leave the Jackson county bolters,  
Leave the Cayuse birds of evil  
To go, as they should, to the d—l  
Politics won't do for fools.

Our Black and Tan brethren found a Democrat from Applegate in town on election day, and having ascertained that he had not voted spent about ten dollars in whiskey on him, and then hiring a two-horse buggy, put him in charge of "Blue-mud" Johnson, with instructions to take him to his precinct and make him vote the Cayuse ticket. When the couple arrived, our Democrat immediately called for the straightest Democratic ticket that could be found, which he immediately voted in presence of "Blue mud." It is said the air turned lurid under Johnson's furies, and all the way back his oljargations could be heard a mile off. "How is that for high, Blue mud?"

At the last election the Democracy of Jackson had to fight Ben Holladay's money, Williams' patronage and influence, the treachery of so-called Democrats, their old foes, the Radicals, Wrisley's proxy votes, all manner of lies, slanders and frauds, the influence of the Federal Administration, and, at Goose Lake, the U. S. Army. But the party went in gallantly, and "cleared the whole kit and biln' out." How is that for high?

THE NOBLE ETHIOPIAN.—As yet the colored people of Oregon have only availed themselves of the Fifteenth Amendment, so far as relates to voting. But down in Marysville, Cal., they had a live negro jury last week in a seduction case, and awarded the black saint \$3,000 as the price of his wife's lost honor. The tadpole citizens deliberated over the case for several hours.

DOUGLAS COUNTY.—We rejoice to hail the redemption of Douglas from the control of the Gazley's and the Willis'. The gallant democracy of that county have long maintained an almost hopeless fight against their foes; but have finally achieved a signal and lasting triumph. We congratulate our Democratic brethren of Douglas on their glorious victory.

MARRIED.

SACHS—HELLER.—In New York city, Wednesday, June 22, 1870, by the Rev. Dr. Adler, at the Temple Emanuel-El, Samuel Sachs, formerly of this place, to Miss Carrie Heller, of New York.

[Accompanying the above notice, was the compliments of the parties and some good old wine; and the office proceeded to take a recess and drink to the health, long life and happiness of our old friend and fellow-citizen, Sam. Sachs, and his New York bride.]

DALLAS—NOLAND.—By the Rev. R. C. Oglesby, at the residence of the bride's father, June 19th, Charles W. Dallas to Miss Sarah C. Noland. Both of Jackson county.

DIED.

BUZAN.—On Bear creek, June 19th, 1870, John E. Buzan, of consumption; aged about 34 years.

New, Co-Day.

FOURTH OF JULY!

1876. 1870.

94th Anniversary of AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE IN JACKSONVILLE, MONDAY, JULY 4th, 1870. PROGRAMME:

The following programme has been adopted: National Salute at sunrise and hoisting of National Flags. Federal Salute at noon. At 9 o'clock, a. m., the church bells will be rung, when the procession will form in front of the Court House in the following order: Marshal of the Day and Band. Orator, Reader and Chaplain. Assistant Marshals. Societies. National Car. Citizens in Vehicles. Citizens on Horseback. Citizens on Foot.

On arriving at the ground, the following exercises will take place: 1. Music by the Band. 2. Prayer by the Chaplain. 3. Reading of the Declaration of Independence, by T. G. Reames. 4th. Music by the Band. 5th. Oration by H. n. Lafayette Lane. 6th. Music by the Band. Dinner. Officers of the Day. Chief Marshal, Henry Klippel. Assistant Marshals, C. C. Beckman and E. D. Foudray. At 2 o'clock, the Fool Killing Company will appear upon the Ground, when rare sport is anticipated.

A cordial invitation is extended to every body throughout Southern Oregon and Northern California to join with them in celebrating the Nation's 94th Anniversary. No pains will be spared to make the celebration the grandest ever held in Southern Oregon.