

The Democratic News.

SATURDAY MORNING, JULY 2, 1870.

The Coming Struggle in Nevada.

The silver-haired daughter who came into the family of States while the "erring sisters" were out of it, holds her gubernatorial election this year. Both parties are sanguine of success and are marshalling their forces with a view of putting none but the very best men upon the ticket. Among the prominent Democratic aspirants to that position, we recognize the names of Hon. George G. Berry, of Humboldt, a life-long Democrat and an able jurist; Col. A. Munro, a capitalist of Reese River, who is universally respected; and William B. Hombury, of Virginia City, formerly Sheriff of Yuba county, California.

The people of Nevada, if left to themselves, are naturally Democratic, but the influences of the large mining corporations of Virginia and White Pine have all been exerted in behalf of the Republicans heretofore. The Bank of California has the controlling interest in every mine of the Cumbstock ledge, and a majority of its Directors are Republicans. The late Treasurer of State, E. Rhoades, was a heavy defaulter and the agents of the Bank of California were on his bonds to a large amount. Hence, it is said they will not attempt to control elections there any more. During the year 1868, Irish miners working in the Kentuck and Yellow Jacket mines were openly threatened with dismissal unless they voted for Grant and Colfax and the Republican legislative ticket. This was to secure the re-election of Stewart to the United States Senate.

The indecent haste with which the Legislature of 1868-9 rushed through the vote of ratification of the Fifteenth Amendment has not been forgotten by the masses of the people of Nevada, and never will be. It had been no issue before the people at the election which chose that Legislature, and there had been no chance for an expression of popular sentiment thereon. But Stewart telegraphed from Washington "do not adjourn without ratification," and his lackeys rushed it through. It was "now or never" with it, for the wily demagogue knew very well that the proposition would be negated by a vote of two to one, if it went over to another election. Hence the hurry. Such snap judgment will never be tolerated by any enlightened people, and we may look to see it meet with an overwhelming rebuke at the forthcoming election. Nye will never return there, and Stewart will only be treated with toleration by a people who have been tricked and duped by his low duplicity.

Nevada has an energetic and intelligent population. They read newspapers, and what is more, they pay for them. Most of them are old Californians, men who believe in the common-sensical plan of "a white man's government." They never liked slavery, either of negroes or Chinamen. They have endured great hardships, to build up an empire of free labor upon barren mountain deserts. They are second to no race of men on earth, in the great cardinal virtues of energy, honesty, industry and generosity. And it's our belief in their intelligence that at the next election they will show their sovereign contempt for a profligate and corrupt Congress, as well as for a recreant President who has falsified the pledges upon which he was elected. You cannot bind such men down by ties of party; they rise superior to such paltry considerations. There is no slavery so base, no servitude so galling, as that which compels men to support a party whose measures show an utter want of decency and justice. Hence we may look for an overwhelming Democratic victory in Nevada this Fall, to show the tyrants in Washington that the Pacific States are an united trinity, opposed to their usurpation and treachery.

"It's an ILL WIND, &c."—The wheat crop in Scott and Shasta valleys has been almost entirely destroyed by frost. There is scarcely one field in ten where it will pay to harvest it. While we cannot exult over the misfortunes of our California neighbors, we are confident it will be a great gain for our Rogue River farmers and millers, who will find a market in Yreka for their surplus grain and flour. The mills in Siskiyou have already raised the price of flour to seven dollars per barrel and it will probably reach eight by the first of October.

RETURNED.—Hon. J. N. T. Miller returned Thursday night from California. N. Langgel, Esq., returned, Tuesday night, from Astoria, whither he had gone as Representative to the Grand Lodge, F. & A. M.

LONG TIME JOHN.—Frank Leslie's calls the Chinaman the "coming man." If that is the case we hope he may always be coming and never arrive.

"Hark! from the tombs a doleful cry!"

One of those unfortunate bolters, who departed this life on the 6th of June, has burst his cements and emerged from the tomb to hold a social combat with our venerable and venerated Grandmother on the corner. We did not know, until the communication from this unquiet ghost appeared in the shape of a wail in the *Sentinel*, over the result of the last election, that, to his very many social and mental accomplishments, Granny Dowell added that of spiritual mediumship. But so it is. We presume that he became "developed" during his late severe attack of milk leg, and has since had many an interesting seance with his defunct spotted baby. He evidently regards this sepulchral communication with special awe and reverence, because he awards it the place of honor in his paper—the first column first page—that spot formerly sacred to the "chronological record and patriotic song, selected by B. F. Dowell, Attorney, Jacksonville, Oregon." Like most ghostly communications the one in hand has neither rhyme nor reason about it. It seems to be made up in equal parts of a wail of the spectre over its doom, a defence of the private character of Dr. Hyde and Reames, (two of its fellow corpses,) and vain prophecies regarding the future fate of Klippel, Fay and Shipley, who are charged with the slaughter of the political Phisitines on the 6th of June last. His ghostship must have been troubled with dreams while roosting in his sepulchre, and fancied in his slumbers that somebody had attacked the private character of the Doctor and Mr. Reames.

If Dr. Hyde and Mr. Reames sent this ambassador from the spirit world to defend them, we must say they could not have made a worse selection. They would have done much better to have opened their coffin lids and come forth themselves; for this bewilderer ghost has mistaken his dreams for realities, and puts in a defence of their private reputations where no assault was made upon them. Persons less charitable than ourselves, might reasonably wonder why this haste to defend where no charge is made; and suspicious persons might cite that odious adage, "a guilty conscience needs no accuser." We, however, are a believer in the maxim *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, and hence made no charges against the private characters of either the late Dr. Hyde or the late Mr. Reames; hence, the elaborate defence of Dowell's ghostly visitant is purely wasted. Let him put it away until the charges are made.

As to his lugubrious prophecies we must say, with all due reference to his ghostship, that we have become so much accustomed to see prophecies in the *Sentinel* which invariably turn out to be false, that we don't think any ghost, really gifted with the spirit of prophecy, and good sense besides, would choose the columns of that paper as the medium of its communications to mortals. We think that ghost is humbugging Dowell; he is a bad spirit, and a very bad egg, besides. Why don't he lay down in his sepulchre comfortably with his brother bolters, like a decent corpse, and pray to be forgotten as soon as possible, as they do. Like the rest of the dead, his grave was dug, his funeral preached, his epitaph written in the *Bolter's Record* and published in the *News*, and he was dutifully interred. Let him read his epitaph again, and if a bolter living or dead can blush, let him blush and go back to his grave and stay there. Our business is with the living, not with the dead,—least of all dead and buried bolters. Git! wrap your dusty cements about you and vanish! Don't bother poor Dowell! Hasn't he enough to bother him? What, with the death of his mottled baby, the milk leg, and puerperal fever, the triumph of Democracy, the defeat of Williams, and the consequent loss of his "bill mare claim," he has misery enough without being bothered with the vapid communications of peripatetic ghosts. "Shoo! fly don't bodder" him.

Mr. NEIL has been whining around town seeking consolation for the castigation inflicted on him in the last *News*. He went to Geo. Ingram for sympathy, and George, like many others, told him it served him right. But about the most assinine proceeding of "Neil," was an application to the publisher of this paper for an affidavit as to who was the author of the "Life, Times and public services of James R. Neil, Esq.," also of the "Bolter's Record," asserting at the same time that he knew the author. If he wants private satisfaction, by applying to the person he suspects of the authorship, he can most probably get it. But no person about this office will make any affidavit for Mr. Neil. Next Monday he had best beware of the Fool Killers; for if their name is any indication of their business, they will take his scalp before 10 o'clock a. m.

THE BOLTER'S RECORD.—The record we published in the *News* after election has created a big sensation in the Fusion camp. Take up the last *Sentinel* and see how the treason branded bolters squirm, and how their clammy defender makes their cause infinitely worse by his defence. Next week we shall refer to Dowell's defence of Dr. Hyde and Reames.

Letter From Cramond.

Ed. News:—The *Sentinel* of last week, in one of its characteristic eruptions of spleen, accuses me of having written to Governor Woods within the last few months, asking his influence to obtain a situation on some Republican paper in this State. It is a rather broad assertion.

Last winter, in California, I heard that the editor of the *Oregonian* had gone East. Not knowing how long he might remain and thinking perhaps a good opening might be obtained, I addressed a letter to the publisher of that paper and solicited a position upon it, and as Governor Woods was the only man in the State with whom I had a speaking acquaintance, I referred to him. Of course, it would not be right to do so without notifying him of the fact, so I wrote him a letter to that effect, adding that if he could assist me in securing a position, I should feel thankful for it. I see no great harm in that, when we consider that the *Oregonian* is not regarded by newspaper men at the Bay as a party paper. It is classed in the same category as the *Sacramento Union*, and *Bulletin*, well known to be independent papers that do not live upon political patronage. I should not now undertake to edit or publish a party paper were I ever so badly pressed for employment; my experiences in that line are already too painfully fresh in memory.

The choice and elegant language of the editor of your cotemporary shows his refined instincts, but I am too nearly allied to the rhinoceros to mind his shots. It is hard work for a man so notoriously corrupt and bigoted that all the better men of his party scratched him when he ran for Judge against Prim, to slander anybody. I am far from being faultless, but I have not atoned for having worried two men (the late E. M. Stanton and his clerk) into premature graves. I need no trouble myself about him. The melodious bard of the telegraph office, the poetic Klum, can "turn him over and let him howl" again, and make him still more ridiculous than he has already done himself. While applying the names of animals to others, he has taken great care to write himself down one of the long eared tribe. No wonder he wants pay for his mules—but it is the first case on record of a Republican trying to sell his own flesh and blood.

As to my being a short time a resident of the State, that is neither here nor there. I evidently don't like "carpet baggers," but in *Knapackers* he delights; I mean the kind whom his clique transported sixteen miles from Grant county and voted illegally at Goose Lake. His failure to send two delegates for Williams to the Legislature reminds me of a saying of Gen. Rosecrans, that "I don't do for little men to play the big game."

CRAMOND.

The Spirit of '76.

The State of Connecticut has refused, through the vote of her Legislature, to strike the word "white" from her Constitution, in obedience to the dictation of the nigger workshop majority in Congress. Honor to her! Let the cry of congratulation go up from California and Oregon, that Nevada may join them a few months hence. The sturdy Yankee yeomanry have set their feet of condemnation upon the iniquities sought to be perpetrated upon a loyal people by placing them upon a common footing with States that had rebelled against the Federal authority. Washington, Jefferson and Franklin founded a white republic; Sumner, Wadsworth and Grant destroyed it. Connecticut is the first State to raise her voice for its restoration.

The people of Connecticut are second to none upon the continent in intelligence and mental cultivation. Turn back the pages of her history and you will find no executions of men and women for witchcraft, upon the testimony of children; no hanging of Quakers because they did not kiss the Plymouth Rock—"the Blarney stone of New England." Can Massachusetts say as much? Connecticut brings up her sons to free labor and teaches them its dignity; she provides the best free schools of any State in the Union for her children. So the Radicals cannot plead that her opposition to Pope Sumner's dogma of infallibility, is the result of slavery in her workshops or ignorance for want of schools. They see the danger of placing the black and yellow races upon an equality with the white, and are determined to resist it to the last. This refusal to trample upon the rights of white men, tells us the spirit of Nathan Hale, who "regretted he had but one life to lay down for freedom," yet lives. It tells us that the blood of sturdy old Roger Sherman and Oliver Wolcott has not yet run out, and that the legacy of patriotism, they bequeathed to their posterity has been faithfully guarded. All honor to the Nutmeg State—where shall we find a greater?

Intercepted Correspondence.

Through the courtesy of Hon. Eph Horn, sexton of the Dead Letter cemetery at Washington, D. C., we are enabled to lay before our readers some important correspondence on which the writers had neglected to pay the postage. It will be found somewhat interesting "to whom it may concern."

ROSEBURG, June 6, 1870.

DEAR JERRY:—Some things have occurred here to-day that seem somewhat discouraging, but I am constrained to say in the language of the eloquent Bagshot, "All is not lost—I am here—trust in me!" It is somewhat unpleasant to find that though all the colored population are voting the Republican ticket, many old Republicans, who voted for Fremont in 1856, are going the bed-rock Democratic nominations. Where this will end I cannot say, but I hope you will be elected as I shall be many a dollar out if you are not, Fear God, and put your trust in Goose Lake.

Yours, W. K. SHODDY.

P. S. We have just voted two Chinamen, whom we beached 4 days in a solution of chloride of lime. They went for Palmer of course.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 15th, 1870.

H. N. BOWEN McDOWELL, JACKSONVILLE.—DEAR SIR:—Your letter has just reached me. I feel "the die is cast" and I must not have bid a long farewell to all human greatness. I feel that had I served my country with half the zeal I served Sambo, it would not have left me naked to mine enemies. Oh! now forever farewell the tranquil mind and the big greenbacks that make bribery a virtue! And oh! ye big champagne dinners at the White House, farewell! Flaxbrake's occupation is gone.

I cannot but regret that the white voters of Oregon were so blind to their own interests as to defer the completion of a railroad the next century. Holladay was indiscreet. He talked about running the railroad "with a cold nose." I am not prepared to admit that he is the equal of James Fisk, Jr. in liberality and accommodation. But I did expect better things of the people of Oregon. They have sought to clog the wheels of the great triumphal chariot of progress and reconstruction, by electing me to stay at home. Well, they are only a poor miserable lot of Missourians, deserters from Pap Price's army, anyhow. I could not expect much better of them. They can't help their color. Yours more in sorrow than anger.

GEORGE WASHINGTON FLAXBRAKE.

P. S. It is uncertain when I shall return, as I must remain to look after my interest in the St. Domingo job, and other little legitimate perquisites.

JACKSONVILLE, June 10th, 1870.

MEYER ROSENBAUM, SAN FRANCISCO.—I wish I was in h—ll! The election is over and Mox Muller is peat py dem psalm-singing Republicans down to Ashland, who scratched him on account of his religion. These be of the stock of Barabbas, and I am satisfied of their treachery and duplicity. So help me Cot, I will never vote a Black Republican ticket again—never, as Cot is my righteous judge. Yours in Israel.

LAZARUS SOLMONS.

JACKSONVILLE, June 12th, 1870.

TO AN GUY, HONG KONG:—Welly bad news! Goose Lake no good. All dem clats elected 'cep Doc, Davis. Me no likee. No buildee hailand long time. Mellikan man no marry China gals long time. Welfort no smokes opium. Iishman get all de work for Ben H. Holladay. Me tink heap no good. Bime by come, see you.

WEL HUNG.

JACKSONVILLE, June 10th, 1870.

SCIPIO AFRICANUS CLAWSON. (At de Clam Soup Shop, Washington D. C.)—My unbleached bndder:—Alas! de woes ob de children ob Ham will never cease. De Democracy has done win de election, in spite ob de Fifteenth Amendment. I aint a gwine to stand dese vere white trash a puttin' on airs no mo! I'm a gwine to some free country where every nigger—I mean sunburnt American—has an office. May be I comes to Washington this winter. Ax Mr. Williams to get me a place in de Senate, afore he goes out. I have good deal ob experience carryin' de target in de Brighton Artillery; ax him if he can't get me 'lected clerk ob de Committee on de Whole. I feel dis yere State ob Oregon is a gwine to be 'stroyed by an erfquake, and den de superiority ob de brack man will be vindicated. In de language ob Cole Squealfax:

"True crushed to erf shall rise agin!
De 'ternal ears ob de mule am hers;
But Error, wounded, rides in pain
And dies among de cockle-burs."

Far you welly, ole chief; keep your brace an' be firm. De day will come when a brack man shall sit in de Oregon Legislature and Fay shall keep a barber shop. Palmer am to blame for all dis triblashun to de kullered race. He let an Injun kiss him and tried to swear it on to a nigger. Yours in de gall ob litterness.

REV. HANNIBAL CICERO GRUBBS.

The effect of Dr. Walker's VINEGAR BITTERS, even when taken for its cathartic properties, are very different from those of any other medicine prepared specifically for that purpose.

There is no nausea or disturbance of the stomach, and instead of causing any sense of languor, or debility, it seems rather to invigorate the whole system, and excite the keenest appetite.

DIED.

BROWN.—At the residence of his son, Wm. W. Brown, on Pleasant creek, Jackson county, Oregon, June 17th, 1870, Gabriel Brown; aged 86 years and 2 months.

New, Co-Pay.

WILLIAM DAVIDSON,
Office, No. 64 Front Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

REAL ESTATE DEALER.

Special Collector of Claims.

A large amount of CITY and EAST PORTLAND Property for Sale.

Also, IMPROVED FARMS, and valuable un-cultivated LANDS, located in all parts of the State.

Investments in REAL ESTATE and other PROPERTY, made for correspondents.

CLAIMS of all descriptions promptly collected. HOUSES and STORES leased.

All kinds of Financial and General Agency business transacted.

Parties having FARM PROPERTY for sale will please furnish descriptions of the same to the AGENTS OF THIS OFFICE, in each of the principal CITIES and TOWNS of this State.

July 2d, 1870. jly 2-ff.

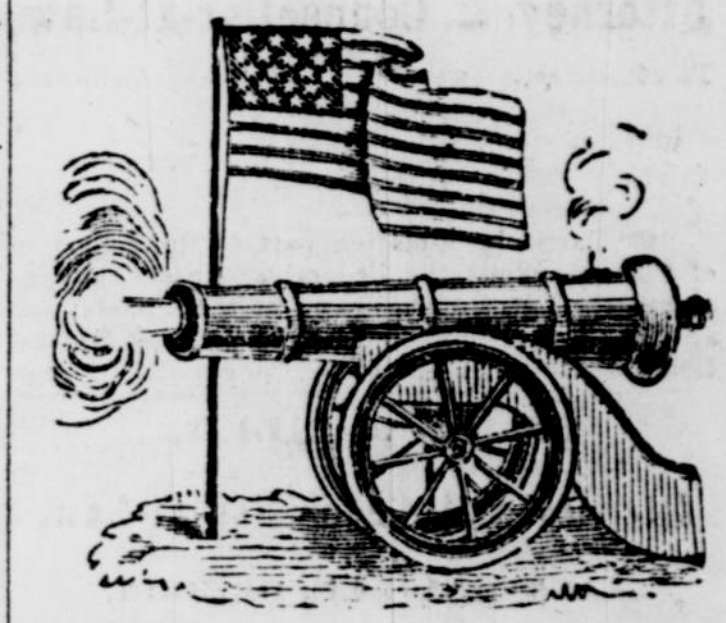
WILLIAM HERMAN, MERCHANT TAILOR, FROM LONDON,

HAVING LOCATED IN JACKSONVILLE, informs the citizens of this place and vicinity that he is now prepared to take orders for all kinds of gents' and boys' clothing at reasonable prices. Satisfaction guaranteed.

CLEANING and REPAIRING done. jly 2-ff.

July 2d, 1870. jly 2-ff.

FOURTH OF JULY!



1776. 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 1/2 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.
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 Hon. 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 sports 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.