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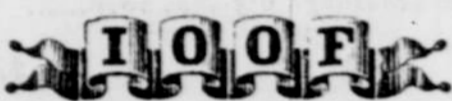
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Jan. 8th, 1870. jan8-tf.

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Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,
OFFICE—In Court House, up stairs.
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.

A Trip to Buck Lake.—Continued.

We broke up camp at Buck Lake Saturday morning July 23d, and returned as far as Lost Prairie. From this point Mr. C. W. Kahler and the undersigned separated from the balance of the expedition with a view of going around and ascending Mount Pitt, or Mount McLaughlin as it is sometimes called. After an impressive farewell, in bidding which the aid of onions was invoked to start the tears that would not flow, we plunged into the dense woods at the Northeast end of Lost prairie, traveling that course most of the way until we came to Lake of the Woods—a distance of about 10 miles. Occasionally we met with the fresh blazes of the new wagon road, then being reviewed and blazed out by O. C. Applegate and party through to Klamath Lake. The route certainly seems a feasible one, and by the outlay of a little labor and means, can be made the best road leading to that section. In the vicinity of the Lake of the Woods we lost our trail, and, after wandering two or three hours through the heavy timber surrounding the Lake, very conscientiously arrived at the conclusion that one lake, at least, was appropriately named. Lake of the Woods fully comes up to one's ideal conception of what a lake should be. It is large enough for a small navy to maneuver in its bright and crystal waters, and trees, and rocks, and mountains are beautifully mirrored upon its surface. Its extreme length is near five miles and its width about one; waves a foot and a half high surge against the Eastern side of it and make a person imagine himself on the borders of a miniature ocean. We were disappointed in finding any fish in this lake. Just below the lake is a beautiful broad spreading prairie that, by drainage might be converted to some useful purpose. Five or six miles from the lake we came to where the trail intersects the old Drew road, leading to Fort Klamath, not a great distance from Klamath Lake, and camped for the night. We started early next morning, returning along the Drew road to the summit of the mountain, at the foot of Mount Pitt, whose Northern and Eastern slopes are still covered with perpetual snows. By the margin of one of the transparent lakes fed by the constant melting of the snow, seemingly almost perpendicular overhead, we tied our horses on a plot of grass, and began, on foot, the ascent of the Peak. Over fallen timber, rocks and brush, we trudged about three miles, before reaching what was really precipitous climbing. Once upon the snow our progress was easier, until the increasing abruptness of the mountain and hardness of the snow rendered such climbing dangerous. Veering off from the snow we found ourselves on one of the steepest ridges running up to the summit—the Northeastern angle of the mountain. Our experience along this ridge was a giddy one. At times we were on a sharp backbone from which, had we made a false step, we would have been precipitated thousands of feet below. Some of the chasms are frightful to look down. At times our progress was made in between the snow and cliffs of rocks, where the reflected heat of the sun had melted a path just wide enough for a single person to march in, and through the snow to a depth of ten feet. Where the snow was entirely melted away, flowers seemingly more beautiful than any seen growing in our best flower gardens, were found blooming in beds of pulverized stone, clear up to the summit.

After five hours weary climbing, scrambling and struggling, up almost perpendicular rocks, under overhanging cliffs and among loose and constantly descending debris of rock, we finally reached the top, and took a long and welcome rest, "viewing the landscape o'er."
No description of a view had from such an eminence can possibly come up to the reality of beholding it for oneself, and one portraiture of the scene is about as good as another; any one of them is necessarily far from complete. It is hoped what follows may not prove less interesting in consequence of its being set to rude measure. The highly imaginative reader is asked to believe the following lines were written on the summit—

less inspired individuals will suppose they were written afterwards.

Mount Pitt! thy dizzy heights, at length, I tread,
And gaze on Nature's bold expanse below.
Within the circle of our vision what
A range of objects greet impatient sight!—
Lakes, mountains, valleys, woodlands and leas
Environ thee; and thou art, seemingly,
The top o' this vast rotunda called the Earth.
Rogue River Valley, Scott's and Klamath's, each,
Seem hanging on thy ample skirts. Close by,
In almost speaking distance, Shasta stands
Adorned with e'en a whiter garment than
Thy own; along the Cascades to the North
A colony of pyramids arise
To keep thee company in the upper air.

How strange and multiplied the thoughts that crowd
Into the brain of him who, weary in limb,
Sits down upon thy lofty parapet
To muse o'er God's own page of written Truth!
The wonder is: How long since first thou cam'st
A meteor from the molten world below?
And hath the adamant fusing furnace that
Evolved those streams of lava, which are here
Congealed in tattered spirals, fully ceased?
I feel to own how great and powerful is
The hand of Him who rearest such columns in
The twinkling of an eye. It only needs
His all-sufficient fiat to go forth
That all Earth's crust might shatter be, to atoms!

Immured beneath eternal snows, thou stand'st—
Most venerable heap of loose and crumbling stones—
Except where Phoebus long hath shot his rays
Of light and heat, thro' days continuous, on
Thy Southern front, and sent thy melted snows
And glaciers rippling to the ocean. I
Have gazed upon thy "lone magnificence"
From boyhood up, and curious pride hath oft
Incited me to visit this thy crest.
Whil' at here, I learn a lesson that I might
Have known, full well, by rote long, long before—
Thy exaltation lifts thee up to cold,
Unfrequented realms of isolation; thy
Proud grandeur seems to cost thee dearly, when
Such blessings as a humbler station and
A warmer friendship should, of right, beget—
Where changes of the seasons e'er are wrought.
So with vain man, whom mad ambition spurs—
He climbs to "frozen altitudes," and, when
He finds himself the head and focus of
The fiercest, coldest wintry storms that blow,
And no protection left to mantle him from
The storm, resembleth but a lofty peak
That never knows the genial warmth of Spring,
Nor Autumn's ripe and proudly beaming splendor!

Practically speaking,—and not metaphorically,—dear reader, "how is that for high?"
Will you be surprised if, after the production of the above, the writer should confess himself too thoroughly exhausted to ever complete the sketches of mountain adventures. What's the use of him occupying space describing to you our descent and return to Jacksonville—all of which, of course, was performed?

PERAMBULOUS.

THE WHEAT TRADE OF THE WORLD.—In the ten years ending with 1863, Great Britain imported wheat from all countries to the amount of 175,459,000 centals. This averaged 17,545,900 centals per year. As the English wheat crop is something short of the average this season, the amount required will probably be not less than 20,000,000 centals, or 33,334,000 bushels. Of the above ten years foreign supply the United States furnished twelve bushels to every twenty two from all other parts of the world. Prussia furnished eight and Russia about seven bushels to our twelve; together, Russia and Prussia furnished fifteen bushels to our twelve. This year the Prussian supply is cut off, with the probabilities in favor of Russia being also shut out before she can market much of her surplus. This country would then have to make up the deficiency from Russia and Prussia. In short, the United States promises this year to enjoy a monopoly of the British wheat trade, and prices ought to rule higher than they have for many years. This, of course, depends upon the contingency of the war. If France draws back from her desperate enterprise, Prussia and Russia, who have good crops, will soon reduce the Liverpool market.

A committee of two ladies of the town of Winona, Michigan, have given notice to the liquor dealers to leave town or be put out.

Wisconsin still contains 9,811 Indians.

A MOTHER'S DEATH.—Few persons who have lost their "first and dearest friend" can read the following with unmoistened eyes:

Death comes an unsought guest to every board, and at his special bidding some beloved one goes forth to his mysterious home.

Time and philosophy may teach resignation unto hearts made desolate by his coming; but they can never fill the vacancy therein, when she that was our mother no longer casts a halo about our darkened hearth.

A mother's place—so loved, so worshipped—once empty must be forever so. A breast once panged by a mother's death, no medicine can reach with healing.

No mind, however sacred, no heart, however hardened, can forget the gentle being whose sufferings begot his life.

A mother is truly our guardian spirit upon earth. Her goodness shields and protects; she walks with our infancy, our youth and mature age—ever sheltering us with her absorbing love, and expiating our many sins with her blessed prayers.

And when our mother, with her burden of love, her angelic influence, her saintly care, ceases her bounteous life, how much we lose of home, of happiness, of Heaven, no one can reckon; for our mother was none but ours, and we only can know how holy she was—how sacred her memory must ever be.

But may we not borrow consolation from the thought that our loss is Heaven's gain; that surely one angel watches over us, erasing with grateful tears the records of our sin, and making easy our path to her with blessed and blessing prayers?

The Coming Comet.

For years predictions about the appearance of a wonderful comet have been made with unrivalled regularity. Since the beginning of the late war these prophecies have been annually repeated.

Each year astronomers have calculated the erratic movements of the fiery visitant. They measured the parabola of its winding way, and knew the precise moment the shining pillar would flame across our vision. But none of these prophecies have been realized.

One comet, searching for society through the solitudes of space, came in sight about 1862, but it only stayed some three days. This was promptly decided to be a wandering son of a comet, and not the phenomenon that was to startle us with its brilliancy continued for months.

So other prophecies were delivered and have remained unrealized until this present year of grace. Now the promises are renewed. The comet is to come this time undoubtedly, and is to be the king of the comet host. Astronomical figuration is not to fail any more. Somebody, as learned as Prof. Leopolis, who decided that the stars could not fall in England at the very time when the meteoric shower was fearfully grand, gives us the data about the incomparable comet coming in 1870.

It is to come soon and uncomfortably close. In size it will cover half the northern sky, and be visible in the brightest noontide. At night it will outshine the stars, and even put the moon to shame. Nay, we are to have no nights. This brilliant stanger will be a light that will make darkness visible.

Among so many prophets one ought to be found whose anticipations will be confirmed and possibly this may be the case now. Who knows?

Since the adjournment of Congress General Carl Schurz has gone back to Missouri to lead the "Liberal Conservatives" in that State, who are supporting B. Gratz Brown for Governor, and are working to remove political disabilities from 75,000 men disfranchised by the Missouri Constitution. The German element in that State is going in strong for re-enfranchisement. The liberal Germans cannot look with allowance upon the radical Republican doctrine of giving the negroes suffrage and at the same time depriving a large and intelligent class of white men of it. We wish Carl Schurz and his coadjutors success in this right move.—Herald.

PROTECT YOUR EYESIGHT.—Milton's blindness was the result of overwork and dyspepsia. One of the most eminent American divines, having for some time been compelled to forego the pleasure of reading, spent thousands of dollars in value, and lost years of time in consequence of getting up several hours before daylight and studying by artificial light. His eyes never got well.

Multitudes of men and women have made their eyes weak for life by the too free use of the eyesight, reading small print and doing fine sewing. In view of these things, it is well to observe the following rules in the use of the eyes:

Avoid all sudden changes between light and darkness.

Never read by twilight, or moonlight, or on a very cloudy day.

Never sleep so that, on waking, the eyes shall open on the light of a window.

Do not use the eyesight by light so scant that it requires an effort to discriminate.

Never read or sew directly in front of the light, or window or door.

It is best to have the light fall from above, obliquely over the left shoulder.

Too much light creates glare and pains and confuses the sight. The moment you are sensible of an effort to extinguish, that moment cease, and talk, walk or ride.

As soon as the sky is blue and the earth green, it would seem that the ceiling should be a bluish tinge, the carpet green, and the walls of the same mellow tint.

The moment you are instinctively prompted to rub the eyes, that moment cease using them.

If the eyelids are glued together on waking up, do not forcibly open them, but apply the saliva with the finger—it is the speediest diluent in the world—and then wash your eyes and face in warm water.

A LITTLE BOY, in the habit of bringing flowers to school, was much annoyed because his teacher, a young lady, so much admired them that she took them from him and kept them for her own gratification. To get "square" with the teacher he one day brought to the school a very large and attractive rose, of a rare variety, having first carefully sprinkled it with Cayenne paper. Taking two of his schoolmates into his confidence, the rose was passed from one to the other and all pretended to smell it in turn until the teacher espied it. She ordered it brought to her at once, and as she received it she gracefully applied it to her nasal organ, and indulged in a prolonged sniff, which was succeeded by a sonorous sneeze—"a chee hoo! a chee-hoo!" repeated twenty times in less than two minutes, to the infinite delight of the boys, as they witnessed her sneezing fit, indicated that she was much tickled, if not pleased, with that pungent rose.

European War News.

PARIS, Aug. 1st.—Bourse opened quiet @ 40. No news of any serious engagement up to 3 this afternoon.

LONDON, Aug. 1st—4:30 p. m.—No news of battle yet. The streets are full of rumors. One is, that the French fleet have attacked Hamburg; it is discredited. The Prussian decree, prohibiting exportations, is ascribed to the probable existence of a blockade.

ROME, Aug. 1st.—His Holiness, the Pope, yesterday received General Dumont, Commandant of the French troops. Another detachment of the French army left Civitita Vecchia for Marseilles on Sunday.

MEMPHIS, Aug. 1st—1:30 p. m.—A terrible steamboat disaster occurred thirty miles above here at 30 minutes past midnight last night. The steamer Silver Spray, while on her way from New Orleans to Cincinnati, exploded her boiler, killing and wounding a large number of her passengers and crew. She burned to the water's edge.

Some French cavalry were repulsed with a loss of 13 men. The destruction of the French railway Betch is complete. Another skirmish occurred near Saar-Louis. French retreated, leaving an officer and 8 men on the field; 3 Prussian cavalry wounded.

At a banquet given in London, Gladstone alluded to the war as the most mournful and miserable ever witnessed by man; and said England's first idea was neutrality; her second, preparation for the worst.