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May 1st, 1869.

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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.

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(late Surgeon U. S. Army.)
Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur,
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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.

Cheap Labor.

During Senator Williams' term of nearly six years, we find very little in his public utterances that commends itself to our approbation. The following extract, however, from his speech on the Chinese question will be accepted pretty generally on this coast as sound:

"Sir, I must be permitted to say in this connection that I deprecate the cry of cheap labor which capital has raised in reference to the importation of Chinese. 'Cheap labor' in this country means degraded labor. Cheap labor means a hard bed upon which to lay its weary limbs; it means crumbs from the rich man's table for its food and rags for its clothing. 'Cheap labor' in this country means labor without those aspirations and hopes and that ambition which have heretofore made the American laborer the equal of the highest and the greatest upon earth. 'Cheap labor' does not mean the white-walled cottage or the tasteful dwelling; it does not mean plenty and home; it does not mean the comforts and enjoyments of a happy household; but it means the hovel or the cabin; it means penury, dependence, servility. Sir, it means to divide the American people into two classes, one an aristocratic class with the capital of the nation in its hands, and another class laboring in a condition of hopeless poverty to enhance the profits of that capital. Sir, I would scorn to make an appeal to passion or to prejudice; but I cannot avoid saying in view of the importation of Chinese into this country for the purpose of reducing wages, that I sympathize with the movements made by workmen to resist that importation and to save themselves and their families and all that they hold dear and sacred from the pestiferous contact and degradation of coolie labor. Early this session I introduced a bill, the effect of which would have been to check the nefarious business of importing coolies; but without any fault of mine it has been sleeping in the hands of the committee to which it was referred.

Sir, I cannot but have strong feelings on this subject. I know that if I were a laboring man, with a family around me, at work for two or three dollars per day, upon which I depended for my and their support, and I were driven from that employment to beggary and starvation by a Chinese coolie who would work for fifty cents a day, I should feel that a great hardship was imposed upon me, and I should feel at liberty to employ all lawful means for relief."

Eight Thousand in Council.

The mass meeting of the workmen of San Francisco, at the Mechanics' Pavilion, last evening, shows how thoroughly public feeling is aroused in antagonism to Chinese immigration. It is a matter for congratulation that, despite the prompting of passion, these eight thousand people could calmly hear the question discussed, the evils existing and to come portrayed, and yet separate on the conclusion of the meeting as peacefully and quietly as they assembled. The action last night shows how much in earnest are the people, and how determined to insist upon the exclusion of an undesirable element of population. Self preservation is the first law of nature, and they invoke it. They have wisely determined to confide the management of the Chinese question to a convention of their fellow-citizens, who will assemble and take such measures to comply with the desires of the people as are consonant with law and order, and justice.—S. F. Chronicle.

GRIST MILL FOR FT. KLAMATH.—The Dalles paper of Saturday says: Dr. Wm. McKay started from here today, accompanied by his family, for Fort Klamath, with six wagons loaded with a grist mill, agricultural implements and goods, etc. He takes the old Stein road to Willow creek, where Capt. John Smith now lives, and then turns and crosses Crooked river, taking the route traveled some two years ago by the late Mr. Huntington, Superintendent of Indian Affairs for Oregon.

A Little History.

There are wheels within wheels. The removal of Mr. Motley from the post of Minister in London, while it is in so far defensible that it relieves the public service of an eminently useless even if not wholly unornamental functionary, uncovers a curious little subterranean "unpleasantness" also between that functionary and the President. When Mr. Motley was sent to London the President insisted upon his taking with him as Assistant Secretary of Legation one of the President's particular friends, "General" Adam Badeau. There seemed to President Grant to be something quite "literary and appropriate," as Mr. Malaprop would say, in this combination. Mr. Motley had written a history of the hero of which was a soldier—"William the Silent" of Holland. General Badeau had also written a history of the hero of which was a soldier—Ulysses S. Grant, also "the Silent" of America. There was a difference between the histories, to be sure, in that Mr. Motley was an interesting book which had brought profit to its publishers and to its author both profit and fame, while General Badeau's was a very dreary book which had brought anguish to its publishers and to its author neither gold nor glory. To this difference General Badeau naturally enough was blind while Mr. Motley, perhaps as naturally, saw this difference only too keenly. The consequence thereof was so much and such persistent snubbing of the Secretary by the Minister that the former returned in tears and wrath to Washington, complaining sorely to his hero. The hero heard and sympathized—as what hero could fail to sympathize—with the undervalued and insulted author of his Odyssey. He sent General Badeau back to London, not as a Secretary, but a Consul General, the head of our commercial as Mr. Motley was of our diplomatic representation in Great Britain. This displeased Mr. Motley as much as it delighted General Badeau, and the feud between the two grew even more and more bitter. The restiveness of Senator Sumner on the question of St. Domingo at last settled the matter. Mr. Motley, who was appointed to please Sumner, is now ejected to displeasure him, and General Badeau is avenged. The lesser historian of the dumb hero living triumphs over the greater historian of the dumb hero dead. So earthier happy is he who colloquies with silent Ulysses of Galena smoking in the White House than he who communes with silent William of Orange sleeping with in his immortal dykes. "Behold, O my son! with how little wisdom the world is governed!"—World.

We learn of a strange and startling occurrence at the Cove last week, a reason for which we cannot account. It was nothing more or less than that part of the valley was visited by a perfect shower of frogs, that instead of coming as frogs generally do, fell during a heavy thunder storm, as if it were from the heavens above. Incredible as this may appear, we have it from reliable authority that it is true in every particular, and that as evidence the parties point to the country at present literally alive with the disgusting reptiles. They are said to be about an inch in length, of a dark color and of the toad species, and are of a very lively disposition. The only solution that we can give is that they must have been drawn up from some other locality and dropped down into this valley, and if that won't do, somebody else must tell the reason why. At any rate the frogs are there and the next thing is to get rid of them. Oh, for another St. Patrick!—Mountain Democrat.

A Philadelphia cemetery contains seven graves, side by side, in which repose the lifeless remains of a man and his six wives. When his first wife died the third was three years old, and the fifth an infant of twelve months, while the last wife was not born until the year following the death of the first wife.

The Chicago Times says: Grant has now taken to a diet of blue pills. They are said to agree with him better than whiskey. At least, he walks straighter and more frequently.

Making Game of Her.

Sentimentalism is not the prevailing vice of our country, though it may have its dyspeptic American exemplars here and there, nor are the leading suggestions of life in the United States wholly poetical, although occasionally versatile. Thus it is that the sentimental art of polite fiction does not flourish here, and thus it is that even so simple a foreign poem as "Enoch Arden," acquires the following quaint variations when adapted to a native theatre: In Virginia City, Territory of Nevada, whither you go in stages from Sacramento over a series of such dizzy mountain roads as cause one's hair to radiate, there lived a gentleman whose limited means rendered the expenses of a wife and child an affront to credulity. Wife and child he had, however, and, weary of endeavoring to make them comfortable on about five dollars a week, he finally conducted them in tears to the shoe store of the lady's astonished father, and himself departed frantically to the "White Pine" region, where the new mines were, there to seek his fortune with pickaxe and shovel. Having gone, he remained absent so long without writing that the wife felt obliged to make inquiries and search for him. At first no trace of him could be found; then some returned miner thought that he could remember something about the death of a miner of that name; and, at last the shoe dealer's daughter felt justified in assuming widow's weeds and wiles. The reader already perceives what came next. A natty young cobbler, with a talent for gaiters and some felicity in dancing pamps, addressed himself manfully to the acquisition of the widow's hand, and succeeded instead of perishing in the attempt. The paternal Crispin gave consent, the wedding was celebrated with much fashion, and the happy pair entered upon a honeymoon of fairest promise. Once more the Tennessean reader knows exactly what is now to ensue, and prides himself insufferably upon his supernatural penetration. Yes, about nine days ago the original husband came back from the mines, not at all improved in personal beauty, and quite unsuspecting of what had happened. To the paternal shoe store he repaired, with mud to his waist, and heard the rest of the way up, and, having introduced himself to his father-in-law, asked about his wife. The news was broken to him gently; he heard it in sadness rather than anger, and went moodily forth to "interview" the natty young cobbler of gaiter renown. The meeting between the two was that of men who realized an "Enoch Arden" situation, but also realized that they were American citizens, and not to be governed by any English precedent. "Be cam, now! Be cam!" they said to each other, and then devised a perfectly fair and pleasing method of settling the little question of property between them. A pack of cards was produced, the celebrated inebriated native game of seven up was begun, and the stake was Mrs. —! Fate favored the returned miner, who held the most "trumps," and was victorious by "two points." Fairly defeated, the artist of the gaiters acknowledged it like a man, and, with drooping head, led the way into his recently happy home. The lady there domiciled shrieked with dismay when she beheld the gorilla like figure of her first lord, and, like a true cobbler's wife, stuck eagerly to her last; but, in a voice tremulous with noble emotion, the honorable young cobbler told her that, whatever might be his policy towards extortionate butchers and other common creditors, he always paid his gambling debts; and, placing her unwilling hand in the horny palm of the muddy miner, turned aside to hide the starting tear.

Now that Mrs. Lincoln has secured her pension, it is supposed that the "Count" will urge a speedy marriage.

It is still rumored that Schenck and Vallandigham are to be opposing candidates in the Ohio Third Congressional District. Senator Revels does not draw as a lecturer in the West. Only about two hundred and fifty people went to hear him in Cleveland. Mrs. Governor Alcorn, of Mississippi, declines to receive calls from the wife of Lynch, the colored Secretary of State. There's Radical gratitude for you.

Revelations of Astronomy.

The astronomical discoveries of modern days have increased the number of planets from seven to over a hundred. "The smallest of these," says Mr. Grove, "is only twenty or thirty miles in diameter, indeed cannot be accurately measured, and if we were to apply the same scrutiny to other parts of the heavens as has been applied to the zone between Mars and Jupiter, it is no far fetched speculation to suppose that, in addition to the Asteroids and Meteorites, many other bodies exist, until the space occupied by our solar system becomes filled up with planetary bodies varying in size from that of Jupiter (1,240 times larger in volume than the earth) to that of a common ball, or even a pistol bullet.

"As from time to time some of these small bodies become drawn within the influence of the earth's attraction, and fall to the ground as meteorites, we have the means of judging by chemical analysis of the constitution of what may be called planetary matter."

Sir William Thompson says of the earth's future. "The loss of heat by radiation implies that the time will come when, like a meteorite, it will become cold to the core, and when life will cease to be found upon it on account of the low temperature; provided that no collisions with other bodies happen to restore the heat which has been lost."

Arrested motion, Mr. Grove shows, takes the form of light and heat. The motion of the train is visible in the sparks that fly from the break, and the impact of a cannon ball on an iron target is seen in the dazzling flash, and felt in the heat of both ball and target. In like manner the heat and light of the sun are supposed by Sir William Thompson to have originated in the arrested motion of cosmical bodies which have fallen into it, and are considered by other eminent physicists to be maintained by the constant gravitation into it of asteroids, meteorites and planets. "If the planet Mercury, writes Prof. Tyndall, were to strike the sun, the quantity of heat generated would cover the solar emission for nearly seven years, the shock of Jupiter would furnish a supply for 95 years."

"It is absolutely certain that all planetary matter is inevitably gravitating towards the sun, which will be the common bourne of our system, and as surely as the weights of a clock run down to their lowest position, from which they can never rise again, unless fresh energy is communicated to them from a source not yet exhausted, so surely must planet after planet creep in, age by age, towards the sun. Not one can escape its fiery end."—Sir William Thompson.

The Red sea is said to be the hottest place in the world. The atmosphere for about fifty miles on that sea is steamy and sticky. Everything in the shape of iron or steel about a ship takes on a coat of rust. During the summer months no one travels on the Red sea unless compelled by business or military orders to do so. In the winter and spring the passage is delightful. Yet the navigation in that body of water is always attended with many dangers. The Red sea is long and narrow, with sunken rocks and projecting reefs, and counter winds prevail, which produce dangerous currents. There are three light houses in the sea, which must be kept by salmender like men, since the thermometer runs up to one hundred and twenty degrees in July and approaches ninety in early spring.

H. H. Fuller, of Stockton, (Cal.) ran away with another man's wife and has been sent to the Penitentiary two year for stealing the Clothes she had on, as stealing anything of the value of \$60 constitutes grand larceny. Hereafter, young gentlemen inclined to slope with some other man's juniper, should see that he is only encased in a calico gown and a shaker bonnet; any female half dressed nowadays can command for her togs at least \$200—so see that the lady is not dressed for "walking down Broadway." It will be observed that there is no penalty for stealing another man's wife if the thief takes the precaution to dress her for the occasion at his own expense.