

# THE DEMOCRATIC NEWS.

VOL. 2.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1870.

NO. 17.

## The Democratic News.

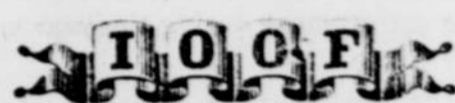
Published Every Saturday Morning.  
BY P. D. HULL,  
Publisher & Proprietor.

OFFICE—On Third St. Between California and C.  
TERMS:  
Subscription, per annum, in advance.....\$4 00  
Six months.....\$2 00

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## Business Cards.



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HOLDS ITS REGULAR MEETINGS ON every Saturday evening at the Odd Fellows' Hall. Brothers in good standing are invited to attend.  
JOHN McKEE, N. G.  
E. SMITH, R. Sec'y.

Wm. Bilger,  
H. Klippel,  
H. V. Helms,  
Trustees.  
May 1st, 1869.

### JAMES R. NEIL, Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,

Third Street, (west side), between California and Main.  
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 Land under the Pre-emption and Homestead Laws, and to the Entry of Mineral Lodes under the recent Act of Congress.

### C. W. KAHLER,

Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
JACKSONVILLE, OREGON.

Will practice in the Supreme Court, District, and other Courts of this State.  
OFFICE—In building formerly occupied by O. Jacobs—opposite Court House square.

### DR. GEO. B. TOLMAN,

(late Surgeon U. S. Army.)

Physician, Surgeon, and Accoucheur.

WILL PRACTICE IN JACKSON AND adjacent counties, and attend promptly to all calls on professional business.

### OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,

on 4th street, opposite the M. E. Church, Jacksonville, Oregon.  
Jan. 8th, 1870. jan 8-tf.

### Dr. L. T. DAVIS,

Office—On Pine street.

Opposite the Old

### ARKANSAS LIVERY STABLE.

Jacksonville, Oregon.

### E. H. GREENMAN,

Physician & Surgeon,  
OFFICE—At his residence on Fifth Street Jacksonville, Oregon.

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### DR. A. B. OVERBECK

WILL PRACTICE MEDICINE AND SURGERY, and will attend promptly to all calls on professional business. His office and residence are at

The Overbeck Hospital,  
On Oregon Street, Jacksonville, Oregon. 1-tf

### JAMES D. FAY,

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 Land under the Pre-emption and Homestead Laws, and to the Entry of Mineral Lodes under the recent Act of Congress. 1-tf.

## Pretty Women.

After all, is the world so very absurd in its love of pretty women? Is woman so very ridiculous in her chase after beauty? A pretty woman is doing woman's work in the world, not making speeches nor making puddings, but making life sunnier and more beautiful. Man has forsworn beauty altogether. It is hopeless to recall the Periclean idea of manhood, to insist on the development of personal beauty as not less manly than that of personal virtue, to demand the grace of Canning from statesmen or the dignity of Robertson from divines. The world of action is a world of ugliness, and the good looking fellow who starts for the prizes soon discovers what Madame de Girardin calls "le malheur d'être beau." He is guessed to be frivolous, he is assumed to be poetic, there are whispers that his morals are no better than they should be. In a society resolute to be ugly there is no post for an Adonis but that of a model. But woman does for mankind what man has ceased to do. She clings to the Periclean ideal. Her aim from very childhood is to be beautiful. Even as a school girl she notes the progress of her charms, the deepening color of her hair, the growing symmetry of her arm, the ripening contour of her cheek. We watch with a silent interest the mysterious reveries of the maiden; she is dreaming of a coming beauty, and panting for the glories of eighteen. Insensibly she becomes an artist, her room a studio, her glass an academy. The hours work with her, but she works with the hours. What silent musings before her mirror, what dreams, what discoveries, what disappointments, what careful gleaning of experience, what sudden flashes of invention! The joy of her toilet is the joy of Raffaele over his canvas, of Michael Angelo before his marble. She is creating beauty in the silence and the loneliness of her chamber; she grows like any great art creation, the result of patience, of hope, of a thousand delicate touchings and retouchings. But even to the Gioconda the moment of perfectness, of completion, comes at last; the master takes his work from the easel and gives it to the ages. Woman is never perfect; never complete. A restless night undoes the beauty of the day; sunshine blurs the evanescent coloring of her cheek; frost nips the tender outlines of her face into sudden harshness. Her pencil has ever to be at work even while the hours work for her, and the hours work against her at last. Care plows its lines across her brow; motherhood destroys the elastic lightness of her form; the bloom of her cheek, the quick flash of her eye, fade and vanish as the years go by. But woman is still true to her ideal. She won't know when she is beaten, and she manages to steal, fresh victories even in her defeat. She invents new conceptions of womanly grace; she rallies at thirty, and fronts us with the beauty of womanhood; she makes a last stand at sixty with the beauty of age. It is the same great artist who exhibits year after year, but whose style ranges from girlish innocence of a Fra Angelico to the severe matronage of a Zurbaran. She falls, like Caesar, wrapping her mantle round herself—buried in woolen! "twould a saint provoke!" Death listens pitifully to the longings of a life-time, and the wrinkled face smiles back its last cold smile with something of the prettiness of eighteen.

Woman is the art of home, the Giorgione whose brilliancy flashes through the quiet parsonage, the Perugino whose grace tempers the roughness of every day, the Rubens whose largeness and abundance flings a glow of comfort and ease over the most ungenial career. Life becomes more harmonious, it beats with a keener pulse of enjoyment, in the presence of pretty women. After all, a charming little figure, a piquant little face, is the best remedy for half the ills of existence, its worries, its dullness, its disappointments. And even in the larger and more placid types of beauty, in the beauty of a Lais Dumbelle, if there is a tinge of stupidity, there is at any rate an atmosphere of repose, a genial influence moulding our social converse and habits into gentler shapes. It is amusing to see how the prettiness of woman tells by her

dress, now the order and propriety of her dress tell on the home. The pursuit of beauty, the habit of prettiness give an ideal dignity to the very arrangement of her bonnet strings. In every movement, to the very sweep of her ample folds, in the pose of her languor, in the gay start of her excitement, one feels the softening, harmonizing influence of her last look in the glass.

She may be gay or sorrowful or quiet or energetic, but she must be pretty. Beauty exercises an imperceptible compulsion over her, which moulds her whole life into graceful and harmonious forms. Her dress rises out of the mere clothing of men into regions of science, of poetry, of art. A thousand considerations of taste, harmonies of color, contrasts, correspondencies, delicate adjustments of light and shade, dictate the choice of a shawl or the tint of a glove. And as prettiness tell on dress, it tells on the home. Flowers, pictures, the gay notes of a sonata, the coziest of couches, gorgeous hues of Indian tapestry glass work of Murano, a hundred exquisite something and nothings, are the natural setting of pretty women. The art of the boudoir tells on all but the chaos of the husband's study. Around that last refuge of barbarism floats an atmosphere of taste and refinement in which the pretty little wife lives and moves and has her being. And from this tone of the home grows the tone of society, the social laws of good humor, of propriety, of self-restraint, of consideration for others, of gentleness, of vivacity. The very hush of the rough tones that have thundered over Peloponnesus as Pericles bends over Aspasia, the little turns and delicacies of phrase, the joyous serfisms and idlenesses of the manliest and most energetic of men, tell of the triumph of pretty women.

SAD CASUALTY.—On Sunday morning, the 13th inst., Thomas Hickey, in company with his brother and a number of other young men entered the south fork of the Yamhill river, three miles from McMinnville, for the purpose of bathing. The two Hickeys, being good swimmers, swam across the river two or three times, and were about to go ashore when a young man sitting on the opposite bank cast an apple half way across the stream and told the brothers to see if they could secure it. Thomas recovered the apple and, turning to the shore, called to his brother to save him and sank immediately. Coming to the surface again, his brother attempted his rescue, but with the desperation of a drowning man, he caught his brother firmly by the waist and they both sank to the bottom. About three minutes after they went down, Wm. Hickey came to the surface and was hauled ashore by his comrades who, after using the proper restoratives, had the satisfaction of witnessing his return to life. A sailor near by recovered the body of the drowned man within a few minutes of his disappearance, but all attempts to resuscitate him proved unsuccessful. William Hickey relates that at the bottom of the river he and his brother stood face to face and that, becoming unconscious, he presumes his brother's grasp relaxed with death and he rose to the surface as above related. When deceased called to his brother for assistance, he is supposed to have been taken with the cramp, having been in the water for some time. Deceased was a young man of about twenty-three years of age and well known in this city.—Herald.

A Wisconsin gentleman insisted upon putting himself on the free list of a circus by crawling under the canvass lately, and in a debate with the gentlemanly and usabano proprietor was gathered to his fathers.

A party at Corniug, Illinois, went the other night, to serenade a man named John Burns. The recipient of the honor was so delighted that he treated the serenaders to a dose of buckshot, wounding two of them severely.

An Irish girl at Erie, a day or two since, caught another girl on the sidewalk who had on a hoop skirt and a white skirt, stolen from the party of the first part, and compelled her to take them off and surrender them then and there.

The Chinese Giant is eight feet tall. How is that for high?

## Poe's Song of the Bells.

The following incident was related to me by a member of the Baltimore bar, who at the time of its occurrence, was but recently admitted to practice. The truth of the statement may be depended on; and even to conversation introduced, I give, I think—nearly word for word as reported to me.

At the period referred to, there were several single storied houses on the east side of St. Paul street, each of which contained but two rooms. They were rather massively—according to present ideas—constructed of brick, but have been for a long time displaced by tall and stately buildings. One of these single storied houses was occupied by my informant. The front apartment was used as a law office, the rear as a sleeping room.

One calm and clear moonlight winter night, when the snow lay deep upon the city streets and roofs, Mr.—was making preparations to retire to bed, when his front door-bell was rung. He aroused his negro servant boy, who was nodding on his stool by the chimney corner, and sent him to open the door to the late visitor. The boy almost immediately returned alone. He said that nobody was at the door, but that a gentleman was standing in the snow in the middle of the street, talking to himself and tossing his arms about.

Mr.—now went to the front door himself. When he opened it he found one, who was evidently a gentleman—he could see that by the moonlight—standing on the pavement facing him.

"Was it you who rang my bell?" he asked.  
"Yes, sir," was the reply. "I owe you an apology for disturbing you at an hour so unseasonable. But the fact is, some thoughts came into my head which I wish to put on paper; and seeing a light in your back window," (the house stood upon the corner of an alley,) "and considering it a matter of course, that a lawyer's office is supplied with stationery, I took the liberty of ringing your bell."  
"You are very welcome, indeed," said the young lawyer. "Walk in, sir."

The stranger followed him into the inner apartment, where a bright coal fire was burning in the grate. The manner of his guest was so impressive of intellect that Mr.—offered him his bed but the visitor only asked the use of a chair, table, and writing materials. So the negro boy lay down upon his pallet on the floor, and the young lawyer retired to his bed, leaving the stranger bending over the table writing.

When Mr.—awakened in the morning his strange visitor was sitting in a chair with his head upon the table, asleep. The motion made by the young lawyer on awakening aroused the stranger. The latter seemed at once to be wide awake. He arose from his seat, thanked his host for his hospitality, and gracefully apologized for his intrusion on the previous night. He was then about to leave the room.

"You are forgetting your manuscript," said the young lawyer, pointing to some pieces of paper on the table.

"I have a copy of what I composed," said the stranger, "and leave the original with you as some acknowledgment of your kindness under circumstances so trying."

The stranger left. The lawyer did not know until a long time afterwards, when the "Song of the Bells"—of which he still has the original—had been published and became famous that his singular visitor was Edgar A. Poe.

Laurence Sterne, who never aspired to the reputation of a special morality, once wrote: "I should never drink: I cannot afford it; it costs me three days—the first in sinning, the second is sobering, and the third in repenting."

The Boston Traveler believes that there is really danger of troubles on the northeast fishing stations, and it asks the Government to have war vessels in readiness to defend the interests and rights of our citizens if they are interfered with.

A man in N. Orleans warned his wife not to light a fire with kerosene. She didn't heed the warning. Her clothes fit his second wife remarkably well.

## A Sunbeam.

The greatest of physical paradoxes is the sunbeam. It is the most potent and versatile force we have, and yet it behaves itself like the gentlest and most accommodating. Nothing can fall more softly and silently upon the earth than the rays of our great luminary—not even the feathery flakes of snow which thread their way through the atmosphere as if they were too filmy to yield to the demands of gravity like grosser things. The most delicate slip of gold leaf, exposed as a target to the sun's shafts, is not stirred to the extent of a hair, though an infant's faintest breath would set it into tremulous motion. The tenderest of human organs—the apple of the eye—though pierced and buffeted each day by thousands of sunbeams, suffers no pain during the process, but rejoices in their sweetness, and blessed the useful light. Yet a few of those rays, insinuating themselves into a mass of iron like the Britannia Tubular Bridge, will compel the closely-knit particles to separate, and will move the whole enormous fabric with as much ease as a giant would stir a straw. The play of those beams upon our sheets of water lifts up layer upon layer into the atmosphere, and hoists whole rivers from their beds only to drop them up again in snow upon the hills or in fattening showers upon the plains. Let but the air drink in a little more sunshine at one place than another, and out of it springs the tempest and the hurricane, which desolates a whole region in its lunatic wrath. The marvel is, that a power which is capable of assuming such a diversity of forms, and of producing such stupendous results should come to us in so gentle, so peaceable, and unpretentious a guise!

MODERN PARAGRAPHING.—The following is a specimen of the new fashioned way they have of telling bad news:

Mr. John Smith, of Nebraska, said that he could handle a live rattlesnake the same as a snake charmer. The churlishness of the undertaker, in demanding payment in advance, delayed the funeral four days.

A circus rider in Texas tried to turn three summersaults on horseback, the other day. The manager sent back to New Orleans, the next day, for another summersault man.

A man in New Jersey couldn't wait for the cars to get to the depot, and jumped off the train. His widow has sued the life insurance company.

Few men would try to dry dampened gunpowder in a kitchen stove, but a Canadian farmer did. His afflicted family would like to receive information of his whereabouts.

In Massachusetts last week, a man thought he could cross the railroad track in advance of a locomotive. The services at the grave were very impressive.

A boy disregarded his mother's orders not to skate on the river, as the ice was thin. At present she don't have quite so many to cook for as formerly.

An English collier kept a keg of powder under his bed, and went after some, while he smoked his pipe. When he went out doors he took the roof along with him.

A Delaware man tried a flying machine the other day, which had taken him seven years to perfect. His widow is around trying to trade the machine off for a common black walnut coffin.

CHINESE TAX.—The Shasta Courier states in substance, that the moment resistance is made by the Celestials to the collection of the Foreign Miners' Licenses, they will have to emigrate. Be this as it may, we hear that the collection of the Chinese tax is altogether discontinued in California, owing to fear of a prosecution under the odious Force Bill. It is said that the Deputy United States Marshals in that State have reported hundreds of cases in their principal where such tax has been collected since the Force Bill became a law, which cases will be prosecuted as soon they get through with the work of taking the census. This injustice will greatly enhance white men's taxes, while it relieves Chinese from contributing to the support of the State governments on the Pacific coast.

Who struck Billy Patterson? Who went to Yreka to arrest the man? More anon.