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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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WILL PRACTICE IN JACKSON AND adjacent counties, and attend promptly to all calls on professional business.
OFFICE AND RESIDENCE,
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Jan. 8th, 1870.

Dr. L. T. DAVIS,
Office—On Pine street.
Opposite the Old

ARKANSAS LIVERY STABLE,
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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.

One Honest Person Just as Good as Another.

It is something most laughable to witness the efforts of the would-be somedobies in this world, who aim to be "exclusive." Mrs. Codfish objects to Mrs. Catfish because she is short in the scale of what she calls indispensable, and Mrs. Catfish won't have anything to do with Mrs. Cod, and pronounces her an exceeding scaly fish. Each is ignorant of the fact that neither could, if they would, cultivate the acquaintance of the other, so they swim along with contemptuous airs, which are entirely lost on both. Neither is impressed with the importance of the other.

In justice to manhood it must be specified that this is almost strictly feminine nonsense. Men do not turn up their noses at each other so long as they are honest and industrious, no matter what the difference in their positions as do women.

It is woman's nose that has this foolish, hateful proclivity, and that fact alone proves that men are fifty years in advance of woman in progress toward the perfection of God's designs. But there are other signs of the lagging of woman behind men on the way up to a sensible, useful life, and not the least of these is her dress as compared to his. Women judge each other largely by their dress, and a woman who cannot afford to wear silks and satins isn't good enough to associate with! What absurdity. Why, good woman, you who haven't had a silk dress in ten years, perhaps never owned one in your life, may be leagues ahead of that little bundle of far belows—on your road to Heaven. And you are just exactly as good, and probably ten times happier than she. Your husband never made your house ring with angry protests against paying immense bills you ran up at the dry-goods shops, jewelers', and dress-makers', but hers has.

And she lies awake many a night, while you are sweetly sleeping, the anxiety of debts oppressing her mind, fearing to tell the good man who slaves for her and can then only keep his ears above the waves of bankruptcy and ruin.

If a fine-feeling woman flirts past you because you live within your income and dress plainly, just congratulate yourself you are a desirable associate for you. Don't feel bad. Go home, and sing, and sew, and read, and work, and plan little nice things to make home pleasant, and some time your children will grow up to fill positions which will amply repay you for all your present selfdenial.

What does dress amount to, bless your heart. Very little indeed after the comforts and necessities are supplied. The extent to which dress and extravagance is carried in this age by people who cannot afford it, is ruin to many men of business, and consequent blight to many homes.—*Elm Orlow.*

The soul which ever aims Heavenward is gradually lifted above the petty annoyances of earth, to enjoy the freedom of noble aspirations and lofty ambitions, without one low or narrow intention holding it in thrall.

The influence of the sympathetic soul of a true friend assists in calling out the better nature, developing good qualities, and guiding the footsteps into paths of purity and usefulness.

He who can boast of one such friend is blessed with peerless riches, which few possess. True, many are unworthy of a deep abiding friendship which casteth out selfishness and deception, but thousands of the true-hearted and deserving vainly hunger and thirst after real sympathy, appreciation, and friendship.

The Roundout Courier gets the following story from a telegraph operator in that village. A member of the Masonic Order telegraphed to a companion down the river somewhere: "Make room for ten Royal Arch Masons. Coming to-day." When the companions arrived they found a pen had been built for their accommodation, the telegram at its destination reading, "Make room for ten R A M's Coming to-day."

Of Tradesmen and Their Position.

Theoretically, it is easy to solve the labor problem. Practically, every man must reach the solution himself. Nobody can solve it for him, nor can he solve it for any other. Yet the solution of the problem by another may be of untold value to those who are earnestly at work in the same direction; for the succession of generations is little more than a repetition of history. Therefore, when we read in almost every paper we take up a leaf from the life history of Thurlow Weed and James Harper—a leaf which contains the secret of their business success—we begin to wonder if any discontented worker who may read it will muster pluck enough and application enough to imitate their glowing example.

Such a thing is not likely to happen. Mr. Weed and Mr. Harper had peculiar notions of the road to success. Peculiar in the light of modern example, we mean. They regarded labor as the highest vocation. Their study was, not how to escape it, but how to accomplish most by it. They turned it to a triple good—exercise, diversion, profit. We may suppose that those sturdy, common-sense young men wasted precious little time watching the sun or the clock hands. In fact, we are led to conclude that they thought little of the passage of time and a great deal of faithful service and the increased wages of over-work. They had an odd habit of rising early before day, and beginning the work of the day. They had another singular habit of working later than the contract required. Neither of these habits would be regarded as a sort of harmless insanity now-a-days. But Weed and Harper indulged them, and not only grew up men of intellect, superior intelligence, and enviable fame, but became wealthy. Would you know the secret? They went to their tasks not like galley-slaves; they wasted no time in plotting against one whom Mr. Weed quaintly calls "my master." The master of these apprentices saw that they worked as much for his as for their own interest, and in consequence gave them every opportunity to make for themselves more than was named in the contract.

LITTLE things mar the happiness of whole lifetimes. A little bother-to-day, fratted in to a great one, spoils the entire day, and tomorrow some new flaw in the picture is discovered, which is scratched at and fussed over until it is past mending.

And so the days, weeks, months, and years pass away under clouds which might be as easily dispelled as the sunshine clear away the clouds after a summer shower, if we would but learn not to borrow troubles and worry over trifles.

When Lingard was impersonating different characters on the stage of a New York theater, he came out one night as "Our Saviour," and in order to show the meekness of the Saviour, he allowed the audience to "revile" him and persecute him, by throwing peanuts at him, which he stood bravely, until a boy hit him on the side of the head with a rotten egg. Lingard looked at his watch and said: "Gentlemen, this Saviour business will last about a minute, then you will see me go for the d—d brute who threw that egg."

A farmer of Oxford, Me., has a dog that produces a yearly fleece of six inches in length. The animal is regularly sheared with the farmer's sheep.

Bentwell is looking for an advance in our bonds, in Europe, in consequence of the war. The bonds will advance—in force upon the United States.

New York has public baths. It ought also to have some moral bathing places. It is, in this respect, the dirtiest city on the continent.

At Bangkok lately the Consul General of Portugal was bathing in the river Menam, when he accidentally touched an electric eel, sank, and was drowned.

The Road for Southern Oregon.

The question of most importance in choosing railroads for Oregon is this, what route can be easiest constructed and will supply and aid the development of the most valuable portion of the country? This is the question which comes up most forcibly in connection with the proposed Oregon Branch of the Central Pacific railroad, called familiarly the Humboldt Branch. It seems to be positively the fact that which ever road is built will prevent the building of the other for many years to come, as the country cannot support more than one road—if it can that—for the next twenty years. If the only object is to go through this valley and connect a seaport on the northwest coast, with the Central Pacific Railroad, that can be best performed by constructing the Oregon Branch direct from the Bend of the Humboldt to Eugene City, and an investigation of that route and its advantages, as compared with the road through the Umpqua and Rogue river valleys is the object of this article.

We have sought information from all persons we have met who were familiar with either route, have received communications written on this subject, and have quite lately met with Hon. Jesse Applegate, who has been making preliminary surveys of the Southern passes, by which a railroad can cross the Cascades from Jackson county to the Klamath country. These sources offer us much valuable information, bearing directly upon the matter in hand.

The proposed Humboldt route, direct from Eugene, commences by entering the mountains and continuing in them in a southeasterly direction until reaching the region of ashes and pumice stone. It cannot be supposed that the lands in the mountains offer great advantages for settlement and occupation, or that a railroad through them will materially aid the State's development. Coming down into the interior basin it would pass for sixty miles over the volcanic region above referred to, a region that is and ever will be a sterile, barren and worthless waste. Then for a hundred miles it bears southeasterly, skirting the Klamath marsh and thence to Goose Lake, over much excellent agricultural land, but after all, only touching the east edge of the valuable country of the Lakes, the pride of Southern and Middle Oregon.

The road meets its greatest difficulties in the Umpqua valley, and in crossing over the Grave creek hills to Rogue river. Its construction through Rogue river, and even through the Cascade mountains, is much less difficult, and we are surprised to learn that the road over the Cascades from Rogue river, is not only easy of construction, but that at an elevation of about 5,000 feet the summit of the mountain presents an area of level land nearly extensive enough to form a good sized county, and that, too, of land the most valuable and productive. This region is known as the Dead Indian Country, and it is becoming the favorite summer resort for the people in the valleys, who not only enjoy the pure and bracing mountain air, but also are delighted by the presence of the most romantic and remarkable mountain scenery. On the east bench of the mountain, descending about 500 feet, are found wide plateaux, greedily sought for settlement, for this land on the mountain summit is attracting many settlers, and much enterprise. The descent on the east is only 1,000 feet. The interior basin, wherein are situated the Klamath Lakes, being at an elevation of 4,000 feet above the sea level. This rich and extensive exterior basin, watered by magnificent lakes, and possessing soil of the richest character, is said to be as valuable to Oregon as is the Willamette valley, being capable of as great production and of sustaining as much population. The route of the railroad, as viewed by Mr. Applegate, would pass between the upper and lower Klamath Lakes, crossing Link river, which connects the two, then it passes on to the east shore of Rhett lake, where it reaches the Oregon line.

The Humboldt route for one hundred miles, or perhaps less, runs through the eastern

edge of this valuable district, but does not offer to develop it. The railroad to Rogue river will have to pass through the very heart of this valley region, and directly between its lakes, which can be made to assist development greatly, for they are navigable, as are also the streams which flow into and out of them. So that the point where the road shall cross Link river must eventually become the site of a great interior city, to which shall come all the trade of a region as extensive as the Willamette valley. Above is the Upper Klamath Lake, navigable for forty miles, with the finest of sugar pine, abundant on the west shore, which can be cut and rafted down to the rapids on Link, the only obstruction to that river, where it falls seventy feet in the course of one mile, offering an unlimited water power easily controlled because there is never over three feet variation between high and low water mark there. Sprague's river, which empties into the Upper Lake is said to be navigable for sixty miles, and the stream which connects the marsh with the Upper Lake, Williamson's river which is twelve miles long, can also be navigated, and moderate labor judiciously expended will drain the marsh and make it one of the best pieces of land on the coast. Fremont discovered the marsh in his expedition of '43 and '44, and says it "can easily be reduced to cultivation and become a paradise." A canal would connect it with the railroad and effect this result. Lower Klamath, which lies partly in California, could send steamers to the railroad, and Rhett Lake lying to the east of it, and not connected save by a slough which empties into Link river in time of overflow, and this slough could be deepened to bring it also into communication.

So when we compare the benefits to result, we find that the route advocated and insisted on by the enemies of Senator Williams only skirts the edge of this great and valuable region, while the road from Humboldt to Rogue river would develop every portion of it, and would traverse a magnificent region capable of settlement and cultivation in crossing the mountains. In addition to this it will be a vital benefit to the beautiful and extensive valleys of Umpqua and Rogue river.

The more the subject is considered the easier it is to perceive why the Hon. J. S. Smith has concluded to support Senator Williams' bill. Oregon will not support any man who opposes it.—*Daily Statesman, Aug. 16th.*

Great Fire at Canyon City.

The Portland Herald contains the following account of the burning of the above mentioned city: A terrible calamity has befallen Canyon City, a mining town in Grant county, Oregon. The town was located in a beautiful little canyon, and is well known to old miners in Oregon and many citizens of this city.

DISCOVERY OF THE FIRE.
Last Friday afternoon about one o'clock flames were discovered issuing from the roof of the International Hotel, better known as Beison's Restaurant, on Washington street. An alarm was at once given, and all the people in the town were soon at the scene. Every effort was made to extinguish the fire; but it had obtained too much headway before it was discovered, and owing to the dry condition of the building it was soon enveloped in flames.

EFFORTS TO SAVE GOODS.
From the building the flames communicated with those in the immediate vicinity, and in a few moments it became apparent to all that there was no hope of arresting the progress of the fire, and that the entire city proper, huddled together as it was, would be destroyed. Citizens now rushed wildly to their houses to secure their most valuable articles. Behind them the flames shot high in the air and then bent over as if to lap up the tinder-box houses on every side. On, on they came, driving people from their houses and creating a scene that beggars description. Parents seized their children and leaving their homes, fled to the knoll known as Rebel Hill, out of the reach of danger. Some of the men stayed behind and dragged a portion of their household goods into the middle of the streets in the vain hope that they would there be safe.

SCENE FROM REBEL HILL.
The scene as witnessed from Rebel Hill is said to have been magnificent and awful. In less than half an hour the entire town was one vast sheet of flame, from the surface of which dark volumes of smoke rolled heavenward. There was not a breath of air stirring at the time the fire broke out, but now the heat caused by the immense fire brought the air rushing to fill the vacuum created. Light, half burned boards were torn from the burning buildings and hurled high in the air. In about an hour all that remained of Canyon City lay in a smouldering pile of cinders. About seventy-five houses were totally destroyed, and about one hundred and fifty people left without homes. There are three buildings, which stood apart from the town proper, now standing. Several houses back of the town, on Rebel Hill, were of course uninjured.

Thomas Boyce