THE DEMOCRATIC NEWS.

VOL. 2. JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 10, 1870. NO. 20.

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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First insertion, (ten lines or less).....$3 00
For each week thereafter.....$1 00

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May 1st, 1869. t—f

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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 Lands 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,

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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. jan8-tf.

Dr. L. T. DAVIS,

Office--On Pine street,

Opposite the Old

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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.

North Carolina Election.

Exit Carpet-Baggers and Enter Democrats.

The New York *Journal of Commerce* has the following excellent article on the North Carolina election :

The returns that come in from the North Carolina election, we say "better and better," because the larger the majority against carpetbag-ism and Governor Holden's militia and President Grant's regulars, the more certain it is that the sun of carpetbag misgovernment is setting at the South, and that the day of military interference with elections is passing away. The carpet-bagger and the bayonet have been, since the war, the twin oppressors of the beaten South. They have always been found together. The carpet-bagger has always invoked the aid of the bayonet against the peaceful opposition that would have overthrown him at a fair election, and the bayonet has always stood by the carpet bagger. By a majestic but calm uprising of the people of North Carolina, five conservative Congressmen against two Radicals have been elected ; thirty-two conservative Senators against eighteen Radicals, and seventy-five conservatives to forty-five Radicals in the Lower House. This is one of the greatest political revolutions of the age—greater even than the whirligig of revenge that brought Governor Walker of Virginia to the top. So complete is it, that the carpet baggers of North Carolina and all through the South stand aghast at the result. So fairly was the victory won, that no radical paper in or out of the State hints at bogus votes, or disorderly conduct or intimidation or bribery to explain the phenomenon. They see and confess that they have been soundly and squarely whipped ; and are now packing their spare paper collars and manuscript speeches into the huge cavernous, iron-jawed receptacles from which they take their name, and hieing them to the fresh fields and pastures new of unreconstructed States. Their stay there, too, we hope, will be a short one. The indignation, if not blood, of the South is now up, and the carpet-bagger hereafter will have to move with the almost ceaseless march of the Wandering Jew. The man must be a thorough-going partisan who is not glad to throw a shovelful of earth upon the political coffin of the carpet-bagger. He has been the curse of the South during his brief locust-like existence there. He took nothing there but his carpetbag, with its paper contents as aforesaid, his hate of the South and his unscrupulous ambition. He had no interest in southern industry or southern development. He was a messenger of war, and not of peace ; or was it out of the disturbance which he spared no effort to foment, and for which he always had at hand the remedy of powder and cold steel, that he expected to profit. It is the carpet-bagger, operating with his allies in Congress, which has so long kept peaceful Southern States from representation at Washington. He was ready to aid in their re-admission only when he was elected Senator or Representative. At the Capital he is the same evil genius that he is among the people whom he misrepresents. His vote at the last session was generally to be found on the bad side of all political and financial questions. For jobs he has the fondness of a mouse for cheese, and was usually detected burrowing away in the centre of every rich contract or franchise. Such is the species carpet-bagger—the worst of all the genus politician. We congratulate the South and the country that the fiat of a plundered and indignant people is about to stamp the life out of the whole odious race.

All four of the Republican candidates for Congress in South Carolina, says the *World*, are negroes. Prior to Whittemore's withdrawal the ticket stood three negroes to one white ; but in the place of the great expelled a negro has been nominated, and the ebony quadrilateral is thus complete. With Revels in the Senate, it has been impossible for the party leaders to discourage negro nominations by arguing, as heretofore, that black men in Congress would hurt the cause.

What is our Progress ?

BY AN OLD FOGY.

Our modern progress is merely a change. We invent machinery to spare muscular labor. Great is our shout of praise when a new sewing machine, for instance, comes in. The croakers who hint that, after all, it may not be such a boon to the weary operative, are laughed to scorn.

Well, we have been running machinery at a top speed this half century, and now the apostles of progress are again crying out. The sewing machine, in two years, destroys the spine of our women and render them sterile. The workingmen are burning down houses in riot (as at Chicago), demanding the reduction of labor to eight hours a day. Medical authorities concur that the lack of healthy excercise combined with the cramped condition of people who work on machinery, is rooting out and absolutely destroying the lives of laborers in civic hives. Ministers of the gospel and the moral censors of the press agree that our large manufacturing centers are the hot-beds of crime and misery. What in the world are we going to do, then ?

We can't be old fogies and acknowledge that our fathers understood some things better than we. We can't tear down the machinery, and employ and give happiness to three times as many men. That would be too medeval to be thought of. We must go on, like in tight corsets, to comsumption and early extinction of the race ; permitting our places to be filled by foreigners who come from those slow countries beyond the Great Sea.

It really seems as it the spirit of evil takes especial delight in marring every step of our modern progress. If we travel faster, we get smashed up, and sent, unprepared, to kingdom come. If facilities of emigration are afforded to this generation beyond all preceeding, countless souls are lost or driven to shame by the transition. The intellect of man sharpens and the body decays. The beardless youth of to-day, knows more than his grandsire of yesterday. We have brought the hills of the moon within fifty miles of us; but faith in the Son of the Omnipotent God, who died for the world, is dying away. With every good we progress towards evil. The bright coin is ever dimmed with the filthy alloy.

By pride and avarice, the evil spirit seizes hold of every successive scheme of modern progress. If wages advance, another story goes up on the house of the laborer. Silks supplant cotton ; two hours more are added to the domestic slave. Old fashioned solid erudition vanishes, and trashy sentimentalism usurps its place. Men are made beasts of burden to support shams. The newly discovered machinery only adds to the demands of luxury. By great ingenuity, the arch-enemy of man so orders things, that we have sensation preaches even, and the loudest declaimers against shams are the greatest shams themselves. No one wishes to labor, either, is old old fogy. The very sewing girls go to their homes at even, with books in their hands that they may be mistaken for wealthy misses. The devil inspires the heart of the employer with avarice, and then he tunes the wheel of progress to the doleful key that suits the strain of human misery ; so he, (the villian !) stirs the heart of the household of the poor man to luxury and vain display, till the stooping shoulders and whitening hair of that poor man mark the premature approach of darkness. The remedy for all this is to abolish the worship of appearances—vain shadows. *Esse potius quam videri.* Be, rather than seem to be

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Accident.—This summer has been fruitful of accidents, and we are again called upon to record a very painful one. On last Saturday, as John Stinger, a young man about seventeen years of age, a son of L. Stinger of Canyonville, was hunting, he exploded his gun by drawing it toward him by the muzzle. The charge entered his right elbow shattering it terribly. Dr. Plummer amputated the arm on Sunday, and we learn the patient is doing as well as could be expected.—*Plain-dealer.*

Gen. Donn Piatt Hears the Hon. Horace Greeley Swear ; in Saratoga, too.

(Saratoga Correspondence of the Cincinati Commercial.)

While descending the broad, beautiful stairway of the hotel, the other night, I saw my venerable agricultural friend, Horace Greeley, making his way over the marble floor, as if taking heavily against a headwind. My rural friends, who study with amazement all that Horace knows about farming, must not gather from this that I mean to intimate that my old cold-water friend was under the influence of liquor. By no manner of means. I only mean to express the impression the venerable philosopher makes upon me when he walks. It is so peculiar that I think, incontinently, of a heavy sea and head winds.

"Hallo ! Mr. Greeley," I said, shaking his agricultural arm in the heaviest way ; "where did you come from ?"

"New York," he responded, backing his journalistic behind against the banisters of the stairway. "And an excellent place to come from, is it not ?"

"I think so, since you have put it under Democratic rule. And you have come to open your agricultural bowels with the waters of Saratoga ?"

"No ; I have not," he replied. "I am trying to harmonize the elemonts of this Republican party that you free traders are striving to destroy."

An contraire, my guide, philosopher and friend. We are striving to purify and perpetuate the great party."

"Yes, by running off such men as Schenck. See, you have run off Schenck."

"Thou canst not shake thy agricultural locks at us, and say thou didst it."

"Yes, I can. It was your d——d stupid hammering at him about the tariff that run him off. And it's a cursed shame that the tendency of the day is to small potatoes. We are getting men into Congress that the place honors, and we wonder how the devil they got there. Schenck honors that place ; he is a remarkable man, of great benefit to the country, and ought to be sustained."

"I acknowledge all that, and discovered General Schenck's value long before you did, and I would be glad to see him returned to the House, and have worked hard to get him in the Senate. But then, Greeley, the trouble about Schenck is his deplorable ignorance of the tariff. He don't know as much as you do, and he is as difficult to teach."

The venerable philosopher's face, when I uttered this, was a study. It said, plain as words, "Well, I'll be d—d ! Here's impudence for you." I don't know what explosion would have followed, but a tall, substantial individual broke through the circle that surrounded, us, and carted my big potato off to introduce him to some ladies.

Brigham on Lawyers.

In a late discourse at Salt Lake, Brigham Young thus paid his respects to the lawyers :

"I will say right here that of all men who ever did live upon the earth, lawyers are the worst. Doctors and priests are bad enough, but lawyers will ruin everybody and send all to hell. They are the worst and most unfit for human society of any beings that live, and if mankind would do as Peter, the Emperor of Russia, talked of doing when watching the doings of lawyers in Westminster Hall, England, they would not do a bad thing. Being asked, 'Do you not have lawyers in your kingdom !' Peter peplied : 'Yes, I have two, and when I get home I shall hang one of them.' If all lawyers were served in the same way, communities would be saved a great deal of anxiety and trouble."

Hard on the Patent.—Two physicians in consultation at the bedside of a patient disputed as to the nature of the disease. At last one of them ended the discussion by saying. "Very well, have it your own way now, but the post mortem will show that I am right." The patient was not much encouraged.

Matrimonial Instructions.

An anxious mother to her daughter, who is stopping at a watering place :

New York, July 12.

My Dear Daughter :—How are you getting on, dear ? Well, I hope, for you know I do want to get you off desperately. Thirty-seven, and still on my hands ! Mr. Gusher of the Four-hundred-and-thirty-ninth avenue, goes down on next Saturday. He will hunt you up. Mr. Gusher is a nice man—so sympathetic and kind ; and has such a lovely moustache. Besides, my dear Sophy, he has oceans of stamps. Quite true, my child, he hasn't much of anything else, but girls at thirty-seven must not have too sharp eyes, nor see too much. Do, dear, try and fix him if you can. Put all your little artifices into effect. Walk, if possible, by moonlight and alone ; that is, with him. Talk, as you know you can, of the sweets of love and the delights of home. Dwell on the felicities of love in a cottage, and if he doesn't see it, dilate on the article in a brown stone front, with marble steps. Picture to him in the most glowing terms, the joys of the fireside, with fond you by his side. If he hints that a fireside in July is slightly tepid, thoughtfully suggest that it is merely a figure of speech, and introduce an episode of cream to cool it. Quote vehemently from Tennyson, and Longfellow, and Mrs. Browning. Bring the artillery of your eyes to bear squarely on the mark. Remember that thirty-seven years and an anxious mother are continually looking down upon you.

Cut Smirch. Smirch is a worthless fellow. Would you believe it ? his father makes bootpegs for a living. The house of Wiggins cannot consort with the son of one who pegs along in life in this manner. Never. Banish Smirch. Don't let Smirch even look at your footprints on the beach.

Then there is Mr. Bluster. What is he ? Who ? Impertinent puppy ! Pretended to own a corner house on the Twenty-fifth avenue, and wanted to know how I should like it ? Like it ? I should like to see him in Sing Sing ! He own a house ?—a brass foundery more like,. and that in his face ! Keep a sharp eye on Bluster and his blarney. He's what our neighbor calls a "beat," whatever that is—a squash, no doubt.

Don't spare any pains, my dear, for a market. I was only twenty-six when I married the late lamented Mr. Wiggins. And a dear good man he was—only I wish he had paid his bills at the corner groceries. How he did love, my dear—that favorite demijohn in the corner ! And then when he came home at night with such a smile—he'd been taking them all day. Don't fail to catch somebody. Gusher, depend, is the man. Money is everything. Never mind what he hasn't got under his hat. It is the pocket you must aim at. What is life and society—what New York without money ? Say you love him to distraction. Declare your existence is bound up in his. (Greenback binding). Throw yourself at his feet at the opportune moment and victory must be yours. Impale him at all hazards. Remember you are thirty-seven, and well on in life. Your own loving

Maria Anastasia Wiggins.

Clearing James River.—The Engineer's Burea has completed its arrangements for clearing the obstructions from the James river, which were placed there during the late war. Much labor will be required, and considerable time must elapse before the river is again in a navigable condition. At Drury's Bluff the following obstructions will be removed : The wreck of the iron-clad ram Fredericksburg, sunk with armor, guns, &c., on board ; the iron gunboat Raleigh, 150 tons, sunk with guns, &c., on board ; the war steamer Jamestown, wooden, 1,200 tons, sunk with guns on board ; the steamer Curtis Peck, 450 tons, the schooners Wythe, 300 tons, and Roach, 225 tons ; a brig, 175 tons ; and a small schooner, between 80 and 100 tons ; also, eighteen or twenty cribs of timber and stone, each twenty-two feet square, averaging eighteen feet high.—*Washington Chronicle.*