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Jan. 5th, 1870. jan8-tf.

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slow burning furnace they have been subjected to for five years past has shown that, without being less brave and passionate than we esteemed them, they possess profounder properties of heroism than they have been credited with. Their condition at the close of a four years' exhaustive and unsuccessful war, in which absolute failure had followed the expenditure of all their resources, was pitiable to a degree that has seldom been witnessed. Defeated, disarmed and utterly impoverished would appear to make up the full measure of misery to a people; but in the case of our Southern countrymen there was added to this the rare humiliation of being placed in political subjection to their own ex-slaves—an ignominy which none but themselves can fully comprehend. For a time the accumulated burdens seemed more than they could bear, and the commencement of a dependent migration to Brazil was apprehensively regarded as the initiative of a movement that might possibly make the South the desolate exclusive home of semi-barbaric Africans. But fortunately for the Southern people themselves, fortunately for their Northern kinsmen, and fortunately for the Government that seemed resolved to drive them to despair, the Southern leaders came forward and exerted the personal authority which had demonstrated such potency in the war. They condemned the Brazil movement, and advised their people to remain at home and accept what might come. Their counsel was obeyed, and they thus became the instruments of saving to the country an element which that country appeared anxious to get rid of, but which it will yet learn to appreciate. Beaten in the war, disarmed, deprived of the political rights which were a part of themselves, harassed by constant military interference, and annoyed by the offensive conduct of the ignorant masses into whose hands had been entrusted the authority they once wielded, there was nothing left them but to seek a partial oblivion of their afflictions in hard labor in their mortgaged cotton fields, while their ex-slaves wallowed in franchises they knew not the value of, and an unfriendly party in Congress spent year after year in passing measures to perpetuate the subjection of four million Americans to four millions Africans. It was this weary ordeal of five years, in which Southern heads were smitten down whenever they dared to lift themselves up, that has added to the Southern character a fortitude that it was not supposed to possess, and such as few people have ever exhibited. Had this people been brave and passionate only, they would have broken out in repeated futile resistance to the Federal authority. But they made no such resistance. Their submission at Appomattox was absolute, and has been maintained unbroken every day and every hour since then. They recognized that it was their duty to suffer, and they have endured their sufferings, not with apathy and despair, but with an uncomplaining patience thoroughly heroic. They have added their valuable cotton crops, produced by their own labor, to the wealth of the country; they have assisted to pay a debt that represents the cost of their defeat; they have submitted without opposition to orders and processes issued by those who were once their servitors; they have seen their hardly earned substance devoured by greedy and characterless adventurers from distant States; and they have done and borne all this without either resentment or indifference. In view of the spectacle they have thus presented, and are still presenting, it may be asked in their behalf, if it is not time that their oppression should cease? Has the Government of the United States, this day, more valuable and virtuous citizens in any part of its entire domain than these proscribed white people of the South? And can any government, with justice to itself, persist in oppressing and disabling a people whose only answer to the infliction is the mute eloquence of a fortitude that has scarcely a parallel?

The area within these limits is 18,315 acres, through which curves the river Seine, kept within bounds by a solid stone embankment, and crossed by numerous superb bridges. The city is built on a nearly level plain, which is only one hundred and ninety feet above the sea, and is broken only on the right bank of the river by a range of hills. From the chalk formation underlying the city have mainly been drawn the materials for the construction of houses for the living, while the space thus excavated has been partly utilized as a depository for the dead, forming the famous catacombs. The fortifications of Paris were mainly constructed in the reign of Louis Philippe under the instigation and direction of M. Thiers, who was at one time the Premier of that monarch, and who seems to have had a shrewd apprehension of a coming struggle with Germany. It was in remembrance of this fact that the Empress Eugenie lately toasted M. Thiers, as reported by the Paris journals, and it is only a just recognition of his energy and skill in planning defensive works that he has just been added, against his wish, to the Committee of Defense. The fortifications consist of a bastioned and terraced wall which averages nearly 40 feet in height, surrounded on the outer wall by a ditch nearly 20 feet deep and from 50 to 160 feet wide, the sloping bank, or escarpment of which is faced with masonry for 34 feet against the wall. The wall and ditch form an irregular circle about the city, nearly 22 miles long. The wall presents 94 angular fronts, and has 65 entrances, namely: 51 gates, which are notable architectural works, 10 passages for railways, and 4 posterns. A continuous carriage road and railway follow the interior of the wall, intersecting all the railroads and other thoroughfares leading to and from the city. The system of defense is completed by 17 detached angular forts on the outside, each in itself a powerful fortress, and all presenting 93 fronts, defending the approaches in every direction, and connected by a series of strategical roads.

The walls and forts were armed in time of peace with 2,238 mortars, cannon and howitzers, and 575 rampart guns, 200,000 muskets, and an adequate supply of projectiles and powder. Since the present war began the number of guns on the ramparts and forts has been increased to 4,000 or 5,000—according to telegraphic reports—manned by 18,000 experienced gunners from the fleet. The defenses are garrisoned with 200,000 troops, who are constantly being reinforced by troops from the country, supported by volunteers from the resident population, including a large number of workmen who have closed their shops or thrown down their tools to assist in the defense of the Capital. Paris was never so well prepared for defense as at this time; but whether it is provisioned to sustain a long siege, or whether its crowded population would long consent to be exposed to the horrors of a siege, is not so certain. If the Germans are able to resume their march on the city, they will find the approaches to it in a circuit of forty miles obstructed, and the most expected avenues will doubtless be defended by troops. Railroads will be torn up, bridges destroyed, and carriage ways blocked. To prevent an approach under cover of the Bois de Boulogne on the west, and of the Bois de Vincennes on the east, portions of those forests have been felled and earthworks erected along the roads leading through them. Numerous houses have been torn down outside the walls to leave a clean sweep for the guns, and the trees felled have been used in the construction of abattis.

A Japanese potentate, twenty eight years old, has a promising family of thirty-three sons and forty eight daughters. The rest of the children are supposed to have been drowned.

White Yankees can now marry niggers. Niggers can now make laws to govern white people. Yankees can now rob negroes with impunity. Negroes can sit on juries and decide the most important cases, though they can't tell how much twice two is. Negroes can now steal instead of work for a living. Negroes can now raise riots and shoot down white men, and then get the Governor to defend them with the secret service fund. Lands are now allowed to grow up in weeds and bushes, for want of labor to till them. We can now hear the yells of drunken negroes, and the musical reports of guns and pistols at all times of night. Our Yankee officials can now get rich off of the fees of office. There is only about twenty murders now to where there was one before the war. We are troubled with selling more than half the cotton now that we sold before the war. Taxes are only about ten times as heavy now as they were under our former government. White children have the privilege of attending nigger schools. Our people are relieved of the trouble of selecting their own officers. In fact, the condition of affairs is remarkably gratifying to Yankees and niggers, and it don't make any difference whether poor white trash are pleased or not. They are rebels, and have no rights that a loyal Yankee or nigger is bound to respect.—Brandon, Miss., Republican.

A Deified American.

A correspondent writing from Canton says that Ward, the American filibuster, who went to China and entered the service of the Emperor, aiding in suppressing the rebellion, has been deified. The people accept all the gods that may be decreed, and now an American has been thus favored.

Ward was of great service to the Emperor in putting down the rebellion. His success was wonderful to the Chinese, and at the time he was accidentally shot by his own men, they looked upon him as the greatest General that had existed for two thousand years.

At his own request his coffin was left at Ningo Po, according to Chinese custom, above ground and uncovered. Nine months after (1863) the Emperor ordered the body to be removed to Sung Kong, and deposited in the court-yard of the Temple of Confucius. Within the temple was set up a tablet bearing his name as the "Captor of Sung Kong and many other cities."

The Emperor has seen fit to go farther, and in a recent edict, has placed him among the major gods of China, commanding shrines to be built and worship paid to this American.

The people are worshipping him along with the most ancient and powerful deities of their religion, as a great deliverer from war and famine, and a powerful god in the form of a man. In every household, school and temple, his name will thus be commemorated. The remembrances of millions of people secures his immortality.

GRANT has appointed a fellow at Washington as associate judge of the Supreme Court who never was admitted to the bar, except the whisky bar. There is a row among the lawyers about it. But Grant naturally thinks that if he can be President, any other loafer can be Judge. This is what the *Day Book* says, and it is to the point.

A man passed through Council Bluffs, on his return to Missouri, after having tried to live in Minnesota. "Don't like to live up there," said he. "Have nine months of winter, and the rest of the time it's d—d late in the fall."

A Richmond Jenkins threatens to kill a printer because he put an "h" in the "black skirt" of a White Sulphur belle.

The tramp is sprung, and another victim sought. The ministerialariat thrown and another help-less bumpkin writhing and dancing on the airy nothingness of honeymoonish delight. One by one our boonest companions are passing away to that bourne whence no voyager returns, save through a Chicago divorce court, or the expense of a first class funeral. At present rates the jermoid of the last dog-fennel blossoms will ere long be ours: "All our blooming associates are faded and gone" to happiness of the connubialistic type. A few years since a noble band of handsome and high-airing friends stood around us—fresh, bright, verdant young plants. The matrimonial simoon swept over the plain—and where are they now? Smitten, blasted, cut down like the grass of the field, which to day is, and to morrow is made into hay to feed a donkey or line goose nests. Faded, withered, dry enough for pea sticks. Alas! alas! what has got into the youth of the land? Caught by a giggle, see how they wriggle! In vain do we expostulate and warn them. The tingle of a guitar, or the rippling "teechee" of maidenly merriment, comes floating on the air, and the admonitory roar of friendly Niagara would be unheard. Heedlessly, modestly, scornfully, onward they're rushing, surging and pushing, down to destruction, or to matrimony, which amounts to the same. The young, the brave, the gay, the grave, the ugly, the pretty, the silly, the witty, the brilliant, the stupid, all yield to Cupid—all seem resistlessly bound to travel the broad, gudgeon-beaten path that leads to beatific moonshine, white kids, orange blossoms, altars and benevolent parsons, vine-clad cottages, grocers' bills, wash days and biscuits, slop-coffee, seedy hats, patched elbows, faded calicoes, drudgery, "squalls" and variegated unpleasantness! Poor wretches! Heaven help them!

BATHING BEAUTIES.—One of the bathing-place gentry writes: Did you ever see a thin girl take a bath in the surf and come out with her bathing dress sticking tight to her like a poor woman's plaster? Funny, wasn't it? Well, it's nothing compared to a fat girl in the same "posish." I do think, of all the comical sights in the wide world, the funniest is a fat girl when she comes out of the surf. I have seen puppy dogs with blue ribbons on their tails, and neatly embroidered flannel shirts on their dear, dear little necks, and I've seen Horace Greeley at a party, but they are as naught, and the dust in the balance, alongside of a wet fat woman in her bathing clothes. I don't think men look any better, but we don't expect grace and beauty in our sex, and can stand the sight. If you are very much in love with a girl and want to break the spell, take her to the Branch and see her in her surf toggery. If that don't knock the spooney out of you you'd better marry her and call it square.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS.—A good story is told of the venerable Dr. Slop, of Mad rabbit, who was a Doctor of the Experimental and Eclectic School of Medicine, years ago. It was a rule of the Doctor's never to have anything wasted, and therefore when any prescription remained untaken, after the patient had died or recovered, he would empty it in a bottle kept for the purpose, that became the receptacle of a heterogeneous compound that science could not analyze. A younger member of the faculty noted this as a very singular fact, and asked of him the reason for it. The Doctor hesitated a little, and then replied that though in ordinary cases he knew well what to do, there were instances when all his medical skill failed, and he was floored with doubt. At such times it was his custom to resort to the big bottle, and leave nature and accident to accomplish the cure, "and will you believe it," said he, "some of my most brilliant successes have resulted from it?"