

THE DEMOCRATIC NEWS.

VOL. 2.

JACKSONVILLE, OREGON, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1870.

NO. 22.

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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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 Govern-
ments, 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,

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, Jack-
sonville, Oregon.
Jan. 8th, 1870. jan8-tf.

Dr. L. T. DAVIS, Office—On Pine street.

Opposite the Old
ARKANSAS LIVERY STABLE,
Jacksonville, Oregon.

E. H. GREENMAN, Physician & Surgeon.

OFFICE—At the U. S. HOTEL, on Califor-
nia Street, Jacksonville, Oregon.

DR. A. B. OVERBECK

WILL PRACTICE MEDICINE AND SUR-
GERY, 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 Govern-
ments, 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.

The Republic Declared.

We extract the following account of the
transactions at Paris in connection with the
setting up of the new Republic. It reads
very much like a repetition of the history of
'48:

About 6 o'clock the National Guard and
the troops of the line nearest the Legislative
Palace began to show signs of sympathy with
the people. Shakes were raised on the bayo-
nets, and cries uttered here and there of
"Death to the Prussians!" "Long live
France!" Shortly after a column, perhaps
a thousand strong, of National Guards, fully
uniformed and equipped, with a band playing
the "Marseilles," came down the line of the
quays from the Pont des Arts, and pressed on
to the Legislative Palace. The gate-keep-
ers made some resistance, but finally gave
way, and the people pressing in after the
troops, the whole enclosure was rapidly filled,
and the multitude, the troops still in front,
and in perfect order, surrounded the whole
building, and passed into the doorways and
up the numerous stairways, a number even
invading the buildings appropriated to the
residence of the Counsellors of State and
other officials. The cries of the multitude
were incessant. The Emperor's name was
never mentioned, not even in cries for his
downfall. The Deputies of the Left came out
of the hall to meet the people. Men embraced
each other, with cries of joy, shouting,
"Long live France!" The Deputies of the
Left were soon gathered in a body, and set
off, amid cries of "A l'Hotel de Ville," for
the Municipal Palace. Two stalwart work-
men in bousses and as many National Guards
in uniform seized Messieurs Picard and Gam-
betta, raised them in the air, and carried
them as in triumph to the Hotel de Ville.
The scene on their arrival was most impres-
sive. Some one had mounted the towers of
Notre Dame, and from each of the gray pinn-
acles floated three or four tricolor flags. The
gilded colossal lamps of the Place de l'Ho-
tel de Ville were wreathed in flags, and high
up on each was perched a boy waving a tri-
color.

The vast Place itself was a dense mass of
people, mingling with whom everywhere were
the uniforms and bayonets of the National
Guard and of the line. As the deputies ad-
vanced or were borne up to the facade of the
vast building, Henry Rochefort came out to
meet them, holding out both hands, with a
cry of "Vive La Republique!" At the same
moment half a dozen men burst open from
within a window in the facade, and began
throwing out a great cloud of small, white
papers, crying as they did so, "These are the
votes of the plebiscite!" Then for the first
time went up a great cry from the whole vast
crowd of "Down with the Empire!" It was
taken up and sent, with a noise like the roar-
ing of waves, along the quays and along the
Rue de Rivoli, both towards the Louvre and
towards the ancient City of Paris. Down
the great Boulevard de Sebastopol a proces-
sion of several thousand troops, surrounded
by crowds of men, women, and children, ad-
vanced with bands of music. The procession
and its wings filled the enormous street
from front to front of the houses on either
side, and the music of the bands was accom-
panied by the whole mass singing the "Mar-
seillaise." In all this time and in all these
places the shops were still kept open; the
police were swept in with the procession or
quietly disarmed. I heard of and I saw no
case of violence, no disorder, no robbery.
Everywhere the deepest excitement and the
most extraordinary improvised public order.
The Imperial arms were torn down from all
the public buildings, and in one or two cases
the windows of shops were broken which
contained them. In the Rue Vivienne a well-
known milliner's establishment was thus
menaced, but the proprietress came out and
remonstrated with the leaders, holding up a
gold Napoleon, and saying, "If that passes
to-day, why shall my windows be broken?"
The men cheered and laughed, the woman
cried "Vive la Republique!" and the crowd
passed on. One gate of the Tuileries on the
side of the Seine was burst open, and the

crowd poured in; but forbore to enter the
palace on the appearance of M. Emmanuel
Arago, who came out to meet them, and
said: "Citizens, the Empress left Paris at
midnight. This palace, the property of the
people, is under the protection of liberty and
of the law." The crowd cheered immensely;
guards of the National Guard were posted at
the gates. The Republic was proclaimed
immediately afterwards at the Hotel de Ville.

MORE RECONSTRUCTION NEEDED.—The De-
mocratic majority in Kentucky is fifty thou-
sand. The Democrats also carry North Car-
olina by fifteen thousand majority, electing
five out of seven Congressmen, two-thirds of
each House of the Legislature, and a United
States Senator. And in both these States,
be it remembered, all the negroes, recently
slaves, have voted. So the negroes did in
the State of New York last spring, when
Chief Judge Church, and the Democratic
State judicial ticket, obtained so large a ma-
jority. Under these circumstances, it is quite
evident we cannot congratulate the Republi-
cans on having made a great deal out of the
negro vote. In fact, it would seem as though
the Democrats in the South, at least, had
turned the tables upon them, and had cap-
tured Sambo bodily. It is evident that
Sambo votes the Democratic ticket to an un-
expected and utterly bewildering extent!
What is to be done about it? We respect-
fully suggest that Congress proceed again to
reconstruct the South. It has just as much
right to do it as it ever had. And it has pre-
cisely the same excuse for it that it always
had. And no more.—Pomeroy's Democrat.

INTERESTING DISCOVERY.—By many it has
been held as a theory that the Yuba desert
was once an ocean bed. At intervals, pools
of salt water have stood for awhile in the
midst of the surrounding waste of sand, dis-
appearing only to rise again in the same or
other localities. A short time since, one of
these saline lakes disappeared and a party
of Indians reported the discovery of a "big
ship," left by the receding waters. A party
of Americans at once proceeded to the spot
and found imbedded in the sands the wreck
of a large vessel. Nearly one-third of the
forward part of the ship, or barque, is plain-
ly visible. The wreck is located forty miles
north of the San Bernadino and Fort Yuma
road, and thirty miles west of Los Palamos,
a well known watering place on the desert.
The road across the desert has been traveled
for more than one hundred years. The his-
tory of the ill-fated vessel, can, of course,
never be known, but the discovery of its de-
caying timbers in the midst of what has long
been a desert will furnish savants with food
for discussion, and may perhaps furnish im-
portant aid in the elucidation of questions of
science.—Los Angeles News.

HOW THE MATTER STOOD.—A Detroit pa-
per of late date says:

"While the excursionists were returning to
the city from Toledo, on the steamer Dove,
on Sunday night last, one of the passengers
approached the steward and excitedly deman-
ded that a man who was then sitting in a
rather close proximity to a woman in one
corner of the cabin should be turned out.
The steward made a tour of the cabin, saw
the couple referred to, and reported to the
person who accosted him that he had seen
nothing to demand expulsion. 'But,' de-
manded the excited individual, 'do you see
that man with his arm around that woman?'
'Yes,' replied the clerk, 'he is probably her
husband.' 'No he hain't,' put in the party
of the first part, 'I am her husband, and
that's what's the matter!'"

WHAT IS MAN?—According to a French
statistician, taking the mean of many ac-
counts, a man, fifty years of age, has slept
5,000 days, worked 6,500 days, walked 800
days, amused himself 4,000 days, was eating
1,500 days, was sick 500, etc. He ate 77,000
pounds of bread, 16,000 pounds of meat,
4,600 pounds of vegetables, eggs and fish, and
drank 7,000 gallons of liquid, namely: water,
coffee, tea, beer, wine, etc., all together.
This would make a respectable lake of 300
square feet surface and three deep, on which
a small steamboat could navigate.

The Music of Peace.

The Louisville Courier-Journal gives the
following eminently wise views on the Demo-
cratic situation, and we commend the article
to the party in Oregon:

If the red-hot element is as strong as its
partisans claim, and as the Radicals are trying
to make out it is, how comes it that its efforts
to get up, not a wholesome and efficient party
spirit, based upon works, but a violent and
unreasoning party sentiment, based upon pre-
judices, are everywhere so unavailing? How
was it that a different policy was successful
in Tennessee and Virginia, whilst its policy
was a failure in Georgia and Alabama? How
comes it that it can only muster a few
scattered county newspapers and broken down
politicians, whilst the live organs and the
live statesmen of the time are everywhere
accepted and preferred? How comes it that
Brick Pomeroy and his red-hot Democrat are
wholly inappreciated in New York, and that
the World is a preeminent influence? How
comes it that Beck, of Kentucky, one of the
most liberal and liveliest of Democratic leaders,
is the almost universal choice of his district
against his red-hot competitors? How comes
it that the Chicago Times leads the Democ-
racy of the northwest, and that the Boston
Post leads the Democracy of New England
and that every effort to supplant them with
red-hot rivals has proven a costly and ridicu-
lous fiasco? How comes it that such presses
as the Day Book and the Freeman's Journal
and the Metropolitan Record have gone down
to next to nothing, and that even in the Re-
publican party the more liberal and temperate
of the Republican papers, the Tribune in
Chicago against the Republican, and the Ga-
zette and Commercial in Cincinnati against
the Chronicle, are preferred by popular sup-
port.

All these questions are easy enough to
answer. The red-hot elements—the Bour-
bons of the one party and the other—are but
a remnant of a by-gone, pre-revolutionary
period, and they miss the spirit of the epoch
in which they live, but with which they have
but little sympathy and no identification.
The revolution has passed, and with it the
passions which gave it force and purpose have
passed also. After the storm there comes a
calm. This country has had its fill of red-hot
Bourbonism. The party that is most moder-
ate, most thoroughly accordant with the
peace-hunting and rest-seeking temper of the
age, will be the party of the people. There
is a difference in the public sentiment which
produces revolution and the public sentiment
which revolution produces. The Democratic
party in the South has been a sectional party.
The Republican party in the North is still a
sectional party. The country wants, and is
going to elect, please God, a National party.
The National Democratic organization, which
is now re-forming itself into line, is the party
of the future, because it is the party of the
Constitution and the party of peace. Before
the first of January, 1872, the Bourbons will
either be silenced or huddled into a little third
party of their own, like the Van Buren men
in 1848—of no particular consequence to
anybody except the extreme Radicals. The
sword has decided that the Union shall stand;
and, if the North and South are to live to-
gether, the voice of common sense, no less
than the instinct of human nature, calls for a
truce to violent passions. The people of this
country are not prepared for an imperial
oligarchy or a Republican despotism. They
want a union of reciprocal interests, a mu-
tual and a just union of free and equal States,
and they know that this cannot be obtained
without some concessions and sacrifices on
both sides. The red hot Radicals and the
Democrats would commit us to an endless
war—to a war of ignorance and hate—which
could end only with loss of our liberties,
losing us, meanwhile, our laws. The National
Democratic party steps out boldly to the
music of the future—the music of freedom,
peace and union, a new and a god-like trinity
—marching under the flag of our fathers.

The flag of the Union, which has been
desecrated by a thousand unworthy uses—
which has been employed as the drop-curtain
in a partisan play-house, covering all sorts of

bad actions and bad men—is to be snatched
out of the jaws of death, chastened and puri-
fied by blood and tears, and raised once more
as a symbol of protection over the host of the
Lord. That host does not propose to sing in
honor either of John Brown's body or John
Brown's soul. It proposes, as it moves for-
ward to the light, to take up an older and a
sweeter song—a song suited to the ensign
and the cause; a song whose tones will bring
back many a wandering heart to its better
self, and recall many a vagrant footstep to
the beaten tracks that were worn into the
American system by the patriots of other
days; an old, God-blessed, familiar song,
which the people have not forgotten how to
sing—

And the star-spangled banner, oh, long may
it wave
O'er the land of the free and the home of the
brave!

Geo. W. Morgan, of Ohio.

The Democrats of the Central Ohio Dis-
trict have re-nominated General George W.
Morgan for Congress. In accepting the nomi-
nation, Gen. Morgan said:

I may well speak with hesitancy of the
company I have been in for the past few
months. (Laughter.) I can speak of the good
done by Congress in a few words. As God
is my judge, the only good thing I have been
able to discern in the action of Congress is,
that it adjourned (applause), but it didn't ad-
journ soon enough. To rightly pass in re-
view what they did would require a protract-
ed meeting with day and night sessions.

It used to be said, in speaking of parties,
that "there was a nigger in the wood-pile."
Now we may very well say that the Republi-
can party is lost in the wood. [Laughter.]
The Republican party has ceased to be any-
thing but an aggregation of rings. No ques-
tion can keep them together but one of the
purse or of the sword.

We have heard a great deal, of late years,
about the enfranchisement of the slaves. I
propose the enfranchisement of the people of
the West from the domination of New Eng-
land capitalists. I hold that the present con-
dition of things in our country illustrates
what I have always believed—that the masses
of this country are intelligent, whatever party
they may belong to. Parties are composed
of men. As men are liable to err, so are
the parties of which they are composed.
That mistakes and wrongs have existed, and
do now exist, is therefore not remarkable.
It is admitted on all sides that errors and
abuses do exist, and the question is not so
much as to who is responsible for them, as it
is how shall they be corrected? This coun-
try of ours does not belong to a party, but
to the people, and its free institutions can
only be preserved by the intelligent action of
the people as citizens, and not as partisans."

THERE are many amiable, good-hearted
men who are the may-be, don't know, unde-
cided sort of people. They never make up
their minds until somebody else comes to a
conclusion. They have no enemies and very few
particular friends. Such men will never
amount to much. They are good men to sit
on juries, as they never express opinion. Or
to pay taxes without grumbling. Who would
not rather have a regiment of enemies than
be a nonentity?

MISS BELLE SMITH has been engaged to
paint a portrait of the late E. M. Stanton.
Price, \$1,000.—Exchange.

Wouldn't Mrs. Surratt, struggling on the
gallows, be an appropriate back-ground;
and thousands of Union soldiers starving in
Southern prisons because he refused their ex-
change, might make a very suggestive com-
panion for the Stanton portrait.—State Rights
Democrat.

At a Boston prayer-meeting a brother was
praying while the church bell was ringing,
and the minister, thinking the bell had rung
long enough, told the sexton to "go and tell
that fellow to stop." The sexton, mistaking
his instructions, went and told the prayist
that the minister wanted him to "dry up."
A duel was prevented by an explanation.