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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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Jan. 8th, 1870. jan8-tf.

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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. 1 tf.

Don Piatt Speaks.

We clip the following extracts from a letter addressed by Don Piatt, a celebrated Ohio Republican to the *Ohio State Journal*, the Radical organ in Ohio:

"The late Secretary of the Treasury, the Hon. Salmon P. Chase, informed the country that in our hour of distress and peril he was forced to purchase the bankers of the United States. And, to get these capitalists interested in the Government that protected them, he had to make most extraordinary terms—I will not say that they treated the Republic like a gang of Shylocks—but they were so treated by the eminent financier who was then at the head of the Treasury, and they accepted the terms and the character. It is no exaggeration to say, that for the purpose of enriching and sustaining these money-changers we pay more than our National Government cost us. Any attempt to amend, revise, or repeal these terms—considered a war necessity and temporary—is met by the violent opposition of eighty national bankers on the floor of the House, and enough in the Senate to give the leeches a majority.

All the corporations, firms, and persons interested in the iron business are openly organized into an association, and pay into a common treasury a fund that may be called a corruption fund, for it is used to influence legislation. Its filthy agents, when not members, reside in Washington, and are supported handsomely in their corrupt business.

The same may be said of the salt monopoly. Indeed, the same may be said of every interest that has money enough to use and is corrupt enough to use it.

Generally, your member of Congress has his family, through whom his vote is purchased. Sometimes organizations exist where in ten, twenty or thirty votes are represented by one agent, who sells out by direction of the caucus the entire pen full.

We have a corrupt Congress, and a stupid Executive, and the only arm of the Government that remains pure is the Supreme Court, and that a President has sought to pack with creatures of his own, and the Senate strives to destroy.

I say, then in all soberness, that if we are to accept the Republic as it now stands self-government is a failure. And to the philosophical student it would appear as if these were the net results of our boasted institutions. It may be there is a saving power yet held by the people, and that when the worst comes to the worst, this will be brought to bear upon the money changers in the temple, and drive them out."

Curious Volcanic Region.

The *Virginia Enterprise* of Sept. 30th has the following:

A gentleman from the Cerro Gordo mines tells us of a curious region in Owens Valley, called the Black Rocks, lying between Fish Springs and the town of Independence. The country of the "Black Rocks" is level and is completely studded with fantastically shaped masses of a black volcanic rock, rising on an average to the height of about eight feet above the surface. Among these rocks are holes leading to cavernous chasms below the surface, many of which may be entered by men. During the troubles with the Indians in 1861 and 1862, the "Redskins" used these holes as hiding places, popping into them with as much celerity as so many prairie dogs, greatly to the mystification of the whites who were on the warpath against them, and who often walked over them without finding them, as they drew over the hole into which they descended a piece of the black, lava-like rock with which the ground was thickly strewn. The Indians believe that when they die they will descend into these holes, and after many battles with rattlesnakes, lizards and wild beasts, will at last reach the waters of Owens Lake, through which they will pass by a large hole in the basin of the lake into the "happy hunting grounds," which are supposed to lie just beyond the shell of the basin and inside of the earth. They have many legends about volcanoes being seen in the vicinity, and spouts of hot water from the lake and rents made in the soil of the valley.

Lively Seeds.

We find the following in the *Santa Clara Index* of the 1st instant:

Dr. A. B. Caldwell, of this place, exhibited to us on Tuesday last one of the most wonderful natural curiosities we have ever seen or heard of. The curiosity in question is the seed of a plant which belongs to the order of *Euphorbiaceae*, or Spargeworts, the specie of which are very numerous, comprising the Castor Oil Bean, *Ipecacuanha*, etc. The seed presented for inspection matures in a globular-shaped ovary, containing three seeds, which gives each seed the appearance of a section of an apple cut into three equal portions, longitudinally. The history of the seed is somewhat remarkable. It was procured in the interior of Egypt, over five years ago, by a noted traveler, who bought it of an Egyptian Sorcerer, paying ten dollars apiece for ten of them, but the traveler could not by any means induce the Egyptian to show him either the plant upon which the seed matured, or tell him where it grew. The traveler brought them to this country, and presented one to each of his intimate friends. The one in question has been in possession of Dr. Van Zandt, of San Francisco, nearly five years, and he declares that its singular qualities are not in the least impaired. In appearance it is similar to any other dried seed, being in size about as large as a medium sized pea. Upon being placed upon a table, it appears as if imbued with animal life, actually moving around the table, without any system or regularity, sometimes sliding along as if pushed or drawn, at others moving by spasmodic jumps, sufficient at times to raise it half an inch from the table, and causing it to turn a complete somersault. Again it will rock itself from one side of its plain surface to the other. The most singular property it displays is that upon being held between the index or other finger, distinct throbs or pulsations are felt corresponding to its eccentric motions while lying upon a table. The Doctor's informant states that it is susceptible to the influences of the magnet, and that after having been placed in contact with one, its motion or vitality ceases for several days.

Immigration.

From the Washington Bureau of Statistics we learn that the total number of immigrants who arrived in the United States for the year ending June 30th, 1870, foots up 387,097. Of this number, 235,551 were males, and 151,546 were females. The following table shows the number from each country which furnishes this large accession to our population, and their nationalities:

Great Britain.....	103,683
Ireland.....	56,996
German States.....	122,648
Sweden and Norway.....	26,659
Denmark.....	4,083
Holland.....	1,066
Belgium.....	1,022
Switzerland.....	3,985
France.....	4,005
Spain and Portugal.....	911
Italy.....	2,891
Russia and Poland.....	1,130
Other countries of Europe.....	50
China.....	15,740
Africa.....	31
British North American Possessions.....	40,403
Mexico.....	453
South America.....	69
Cuba.....	1,173
West Indies.....	418
Azores.....	422
All other countries not stated.....	182
Total.....	387,097

STARTLED.—A New York tailor was startled the other day by the return of a bill which he had sent to a magazine editor, with a notice that the "manuscript was respectfully declined."

Galena has a population of 7,020—a decrease of 1,170 since 1860. Thirty years ago, Galena was the most prosperous town in all the Northwest.

The value of a dead horse in New York (for rendering purposes) is \$10; for a defunct dogonly \$1.

"Best Society."

"Nothing," said Sprague, "is more cowardly than a million, except two millions." Nothing is worse than good society except the "best society." This self-constituted social Freemasonry is the supernal essence of selfishness, the idolatry of one's conceit of one's self for which there is a furnace hotter than Nebuchadnezzar's kept burning in the other world. Will you believe there are people at Newport who would think it no credit to entertain General Sheridan, though he is the camp guest of a king, and who verily would go back even upon the king because he was not born in Boston? Folks there are under whose finger-nails dirt will grow; in whose coffee-cups grounds will settle, and on whose coffins the worms have their eyes, who have come to the conclusion that their set is full. So I am told. The report of this sort of character is not inviting, and I have not gauged it. There is a book by N. P. Willis—who threw his life away among the "best society"—called "Paul Fane," relating the adventures of an artist who made it the point of his life to conquer a "full" set like this, and he was only able to do it by making a young woman of that set "slop over." She crept into his room when she thought he was married a man in the "full set," true to the asleep, and kissed him. Then she went and last. It was so affecting a story that I ordered tripe and onions that day for dinner, to assure myself that I was in no danger of joining a "full set." It is not probable that any town but Boston could raise up a "first society" of this kind—a dogmatic circle of respectable automatons upon whom talent, wealth, courage nor good nature can make any impression. How will the world ever be cured of its propensity to be an ass? To think that Shakespeare wrote, and Luther preached, and the Pharisee prayed in the temple, and Balaam's animal took the text, and Bonaparte arose, and Horace Greeley wears a white coat, and that nevertheless there is a "best society," and a "full set" at Newport. They ought to make man over again.—George Alfred Townsend.

A Monte Christo in Murfreesboro, Tennessee.

The Monitor tells of a negro who attempted to escape, recently, by cutting his way through a three-inch oak plank floor, and after burrowing his way through the ground like a mole for ten feet, with no other instrument than a single twenty-penny nail, which is the history of an actual fact which was brought to a conclusion last Tuesday morning by Mr. Arnold, the jailor. He had sharpened his nail on the iron grates of his cell until he got it in the shape of a chisel, and had been engaged in his enterprise about three months when caught. He had been in the habit of working all night and sleeping all day on his little pallet over the hole that he had made in the floor. He had already made his way to the back wall of the prison, and there is no doubt that in two nights more every obstacle between him and liberty would have been removed, had it not been for the inauspicious movements of Mr. Arnold, which cut off his retreat.

The effeminate man says *Josh Billings* is a weak poltice. He is a cross between a root beer and a ginger pop, with the cork left out. A fresh water mermaid found in a cow pasture with a handful of dandelions. He is a tea cup full of syllabub—a kitten in pantalets—a sick monkey with a blonde mustache. He is a vine without any tendrils—a fly drowned in oil—a paper kite in a dead calm. He lives like a butterfly—nobody can tell why. He is harmless as a cent's worth of spruce gum, and as useless as a shirt button without a hole. He is as lazy as a bread pill, and has no more hope than a last year's grasshopper. He goes through life on tip toes, dies like cologne water spilt over the ground.

HE SECONDED IT.—A California lawmaker, more accustomed to the acts and phrases of legislative halls, once seconded a motion by saying, "Mr. Speaker, I straddle that blind."

The Young Man of Means.

I arrived in New York a few days ago, and immediately took rooms at the Astor. I have always made it a rule to have the best of everything, even if I am obliged to get trusted for it. I hadn't been at the Astor but one day when the clerk brought me my bill.

"Is it customary," "to pay by the day?" "It is with men of your stamp," he replied.

"What kind of a stamp do you take me for?" said I.

"You look like a two cent stamp," he replied, very insulting. "You either pay this bill or get out. Have you got any money?" said he.

"My estimable young friend," I replied, "you have probably heard of Ben Franklin, long deceased. That eminent physician was at one time in the proverb line, and did a very good business. He said, among other things, that time is money. Now, I haven't got any money, but as regards time, I am in affluent circumstances, and if you will receipt that bill, I will give you a check for as much time as you think equivalent, and throw you in a couple of hours for your trouble.

He made no reply, but from the fact of the porter's coming up immediately after, removing my trunk to the sidewalk, and hustling me out after it, I inferred that I wasn't considered a financial success.

I immediately called a hackman, and told him to take me to a cheap but respectable hotel. "And the cheaper it is," I added, "the more respectable I shall consider it."

He drove me to the Excelsior House and I told him I was under a great obligation to him, and if at any time I could do him a favor, I should feel grieved if he didn't speak to me about it, for my proud spirit spurns an obligation.

"If you don't fork over them fifty cents said he, "there'll be a funeral in your family, and it won't be your wife, nor none of your children."

"But I'm busted," said I. "If meeting-houses were selling two for a cent, I could not buy even the handle of a contribution box."

He swore at me awfully, and said he would have it out of my trunk, so he burst it open.

But the contents of that trunk are far from valuable, for I carry it filled with sawdust. It looks just as respectable, and in an emergency of this kind is invaluable.

Mechanics' Wives.

It is in the middle rank of life where we behold woman in all her glory—not a doll to carry silks and jewels; not a puppet to be flattered by profound adoration, revered to day, discarded to-morrow, admired but not esteemed; ruling by passion, not by affection; imparting her weakness, not her constancy, to the sex she would exalt; the source and mirror of vanity—we see her as a wife, partaking the cares and cheering the anxieties of a husband; dividing his toils by her domestic diligence; spreading cheerfulness around her for his sake; sharing the decent refinement of the world without being proud of them; placing all her joys and happiness in the man she loves. As a mother, we find her affectionate, the ardent instructress of the children whom she has tended from their infancy; training them up to thought and virtue, to piety and benevolence; addressing them as rational beings, and preparing them to become men and women in their turn. Mechanic's daughters should make the best wives in the world.

The Democrats of Kansas have spoken out in favor of women suffrage. At their State Convention, on the 15th instant at Topeka, the following resolution was adopted: "That as the Fifteenth Amendment confers the right of suffrage upon all male citizens, irrespective of race or color, the enfranchisement of women is in our judgment the most responsible and timely enterprise, and cannot longer be justly postponed." We trust the ladies of Wyoming Territory and elsewhere will "read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest."