

POLK COUNTY TIMES.

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THE POLK COUNTY TIMES

Is Issued Every Saturday Afternoon at Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.

F. R. SYDNEY, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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Polk County Official Directory.

Polk county covers an area of about 1,250 square miles. Number of voters, 1,277. Acres of land under cultivation, 93,276. Value of assessable property, \$1,234,329. The Land Office for this District is located at Oregon City—Owen Wade, Register; Henry Warren, Receiver.

COUNTY OFFICERS.—Commissioners, E. C. Dice, R. Tatom; Judge, J. L. Collins; Sheriff, J. W. Smith; Clerk, J. I. Thompson; Assessor, H. Davis; Treasurer, R. M. May; School Superintendent, J. H. Myers; Surveyor, S. T. Burch; Coroner, C. D. Embree.

TERMS OF COURT.—Circuit Court, R. P. Boise, Judge, convenes in Dallas on the 4th Monday in April and 3d Monday in November. County Court convenes on the 1st Monday in each month.

NOTARIES PUBLIC.—T. Pearce, Eola; W. W. Brown, Independence; J. L. Collins, Dallas; H. N. George, Buena Vista. POST OFFICE TOWNS.—Bethel, Bridgeport, Buena Vista, Dallas (county seat), Eola, Griggs, Harlan, Independence, Lickskanatee, Lincoln, Lewisville, Monmouth, Rickard, Salt Creek, and Zea.

U. S. MAIL leaves Dallas for Salem on Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 7 a. m., returning same days at 6 p. m.; for Independence, each Tuesday at 1 p. m.; for Lafayette, Monday and Thursday at 3 p. m., returning Wednesday and Saturday at 10 a. m.; for Corvallis, Wednesday and Saturday at 10 a. m., returning Monday and Thursday at 3 p. m.

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THE MORNING AFTER.

[The following lines are from the pen of the creative mind of Francis Brown, who was an eye witness to the late destructive fire that swept its blighting breath and flames over the devoted city of Corvallis, on the night of July 21st. Study them, reader, and see the point.]

Lulled in the traces of drowsy years—
In fits and long repose,
Corvallis never borrowed tears,
But waited for the annual shows;
Was happy when the circus came,
And courteous to her old school-ma,
And jealous of their liquid fame—
Their moss of memory and gloom.

And justly zealous for thy good
Like Salads by the dusty way,
And "took the stranger in," and could
Restore the languid pulses' play,
'Twas here the red Confusion swept
In orbits like the stars of wrath—
And still the dizzy madness crept
A cloudy demon in its path.

And yet, Corvallis, when the Moon
Hung low and lovely in the west—
An angry tumult hoarse with doom
Roared o'er thy lattered dream of rest;
A whirl hand aroused thee then,
We saw thee wrapt in crimson death,
And thou—the rush of startled men
With flutterings of blood and breath.

'Twas done! The purple flag of morn
Trailed o'er an ashen wilderness,
A single "bummer" stood forlorn—
A picture of severe distress,
Like Marius that unused of old
When Carthage crouched to Time and Rome;
His eye looked thirsty as it rolled
On bar-room relics—crisped and strown.

Ah, me! what dreams were in that look
O years on years of liquid bliss—
Of morning dreams that gently shook
Night's cobwebs from that throat of his;
Rich suitors strown along the day
Like oases on desert wastes—
Delicious night cups that delay
In moistened raptures on the taste.

And cold, cold "hands" from icy packs
Like spectres rising o'er the "dram,"
And husband-d, unhappy "jacks"
Were figments of the past; he saw—
Judicial functions exercised
To solve the mystery of a "play,"
And swift decisions that despatched
No path where drinks prospective lay.

Some say the hot baptism was well,
Though mournful in its common blight;
Singe all that shadow peopled hell
Whirled darkly through the gorge of night
Medusa like a scorpion twist—
Oh awful moanings r-bod its brow!
Vile stumorous things that never blissed
A warning for the perished vow.

Yet vainly shall the "bummer" sigh
For vines and fig trees as before,
Like Noah's dove as rain—and dry
Mid boundless water evermore;
The blossom of the glass shall fade
Along the sad, neglected nose—
His joints unmoistened, shrink & smaynt
And creak and rattle as he goes.

A LIFE THEORY.
Leaf by leaf the roses fall,
Drop by drop the spring runs dry;
One by one beyond recall,
Summer beauties fade and die;
But the roses bloom again,
And the springs will gush anew,
In the pleasant April rain,
And the Summer's sun and dew.

CORRUPTION.

The following truthful and startling article is from the San Francisco Commercial Herald. Coming from a source entirely outside of politics, it must carry conviction to the minds of all unprejudiced men:

Does any intelligent person doubt that corruption, unparalleled in its extent, exists throughout the land? The spectacle we now present to the astonished and sneering gaze of the world should make every American blush for shame. The whole Union rings with charges and countercharges of foulest corruption. Senators and representatives hurl accusations of the most debasing character at each other in the halls of Congress, and repeat them on the stump. State Legislatures are denounced as being so corrupt, so vile, that it is only necessary to become a member to insure obliquity and suspicion. The highest officers in the country are denounced as mere agents of iniquitous "rings" and felonious equities. Moneyed corporations and special privilege combinations overrule all existing laws and originate all new enactments. Labor has arrayed itself against capital, and capital has wantonly made labor its bitterest enemy instead of its most valuable auxiliary.

A contest has been inaugurated which bids no good to society. So wide spread and universal is the venality complained of, that Boards of Supervisors and Boards of Education, and other municipal bodies are said to be reckless in vice. Official position is sought solely for the opportunity it gives to steal and plunder at leisure. The name of legislator has become a synonym for that of public robber. Superior abilities are prostituted for the enactment of superior villainies. The honor formerly bestowed upon virtue, integrity and patriotism is now paid to the possession of wealth, regardless of the manner of its acquisition. The colossal fortunes obtained by gambling speculations and the use of fraudulent devices have demoralized the nation, and depressed legitimate business. When we know that Government has been swindled out of more than one hundred and fifty millions of dollars in a single year, and from one source of revenue, we begin to realize the extent of the villainies practiced. When we hear the Senate chamber resounding with reciprocal charges of bribery, corruption and downright scoundrelism, we commence to have some clear idea of the men to whom it is filled. When the House of Representatives echoes with language such as highway-men use towards each other, we come to some comprehension of its occupants. When State Legislatures become the arenas of personal abuse and vituperation we arrive at the character of the men who compose them. When Labor Unions address their representatives in Congress through the public prints, and openly hurl upon them accusations of bribery and undisguised venality we know what opinion they have come to in their regard. When a great national policy cannot be accomplished without the procurement of brokers, consisting of editors, legislators, ambassadors and go-betweens, who share millions to effect the desired object, we comprehend the dispositions of the parties to whom negotiations have been entrusted.

When even the appointment of Bell-ringer or town crier must be bought, we are furnished with a certain assurance that the times are rotten. We are slumbering upon a volcano. Elements of destroying force are silently at work beneath our feet. Honest men are overwhelmed with disgust, and determined upon a sweeping reform. They have been robbed and gossiped until their patience is exhausted. Business has dropped and enterprise repressed, while taxes have been increased to make good the deficiencies caused by public robberies. The nation has been bled to enrich special monopolies. Producers have been impoverished that railroad kings might add to their wealth. Ship building has been destroyed that a few capitalists might increase their stores. The laboring and mechanic classes have been systematically made to feel that capitalists hold the reins of government. It is not possible in a country where education and intelligence are so widely and so universally diffused, to maintain a condition of affairs which excites the disgust and indignation of the masses, who are the legitimate rulers of the country. Sooner or later the revolution must come. The men who have been prominent in legislative scoundrelism will then meet their reward. Already associations are forming all over the Union to blot them from political and social existence. A revolution mightier than that of the

sword will consign them and their associates to the doom of everlasting contempt.

VICES OF GENIUS.

Coleridge was such a slave to liquor that he had to be kept an unwilling prisoner by Christopher North, on an occasion when some literary performance had to be completed by a certain time; and on that very day, without taking leave of any member of the family, he ran off at full speed down the avenue to Ellery, and was soon hidden, not in the groves of the valley, but in some obscure den, where, drinking among some low companions, his magnificent mind was soon brought to the level of the vilest of the vile. When his spree was over, he would turn to the society of his friends.

De Quincy was such a slave to the use of opium that his daily allowance was of more importance than eating. An ounce of laudanum a day prostrated animal life during the forenoon. It was no unfrequent sight to find him asleep on the rug before the fire in his own room, his head on a book, and his arms crossed on his breast. When this torpor from the opium had passed away he was ready for company until about daylight. In order to show him off his friends had to arrange their supper parties so that, sitting until three or four in the afternoon, he might be brought to that point at which in charm and power of conversation he was so truly wonderful.

Burns was no less a drunkard than Coleridge. It was the great weakness of Charles Lamb. And who can remember the last days of Poe without an irrepensible regret? He was on his way to marry a confiding woman, stopped in Baltimore, and was found by a gentleman who knew him in a state of beastly intoxication, unconscious as a log, and died that night in the ravings of delirium tremens.

Douglas Jerrold was a devotee of gin; so also was Byron, Steele, the brilliant author of the "Christian Hero" was a beastly drunkard. Men wrote of him that he would dress himself, kiss his wife and children, tell them a lie about his pressing engagements, heel it over to a grogery called the "Store," and have a revel with his bottle companions.

Robin says of Alexander the Great, that the true poison which brought him to his end was wine. The Empress Elizabeth, of Russia, was completely brutified by strong liquor. She was often in such a state of bacchic ecstasy during the day, that he could not be dressed in the morning, and her maids would loosely attach her robes, which a few clips of the scissors would disengage in the evening.

MILITARY STRENGTH OF NATIONS.—The comparative strength of European nations, which are so often reported as assuming a menacing attitude towards each other, is a matter of interest as the prospects of war increase. This strength so far as is represented by men, according to the latest estimates, is as follows:

Russia, 1,400,000; Prussia, 1,280,000; France, 1,850,000; Austria, 1,100,000; Italy, 480,000. A few days ago it was officially announced that France could bring into the field, on 30 days' notice, 1,100,000 men.

In the event of a great European war, Russia and Prussia are likely to be arrayed on one side, with France and Austria on the other. The allied forces would foot up thus: Russia and Prussia, 2,680,000; France and Austria, 2,450,000.

The rating of England one of the Great Powers does not appear. She is not likely to be involved in European complications. And were she to be drawn into war, the fighting would be done in great part on the sea. England seeks peace and the care of her millions who must have daily bread, and for whom war would, sooner or later, mean famine. It has become common, of late, to taunt England with a growing weakness and aversion to war. There is no evidence that she is not as strong in war resources as at any former period of her history. The little brush with Abyssinia revealed the fact that the military spirit was not lost but only held subordinate to the arts of peace.

A FAST PEOPLE.

The managers of the State Fair evidently consider us a very fast people. As usual the highest premiums are to be given to the fastest running and trotting horses. The best short horned bull will be awarded \$20 to \$30. The finest milch cow shown, in a State that imports no inconsiderable amount of butter from California and the West, will receive \$15 to \$20. The best ten acres of what raised in Oregon, where the famous "Imperial" flour is made, depending largely on the export of that staple for her prosperity, will be rewarded by the magnificent sum of \$20.

The best and most numerous collection of agricultural and gardening tools and implements manufactured in Oregon, which is at present paying a heavy tribute to California manufacturers and exporters for all such articles, will be recognized by the princely donation of from \$10 to \$20. The best span of work horses taken to the State Fair at much expense by their owner, and exhibited, will draw the nice sum of \$15 to \$20. For the finest exhibit of flannels, tweeds, cassimers and other kinds of cloth manufactured in a State that should some day manufacture for the whole Orient and for herself, the luck exhibitor will be astonished with the enormous sum of \$5!

For the best cock and two hens of foreign varieties the exhibitor will get \$2 to \$3. For the largest lot of canary birds, which never lay any eggs for export, \$5. But now behold the magnificent generosity of the Board of Managers! Bring out the running and trotting stock! show them the horse that can make the best time round the track amid the shouts of excited and half drunken jockeys and the delighted screams of untrained urchins, whose highest ambition is to swear, chew tobacco and waste their substance, if they have any, betting at horse races, and the highest premium—a purse of \$150 is yours. No matter if your horse is of no use in the world to you or to any one else till the next trot comes off, it is all the same. No odds if the poor, clumsy draft horse can out-plow or out-draw him; no matter if the slowest locomotive can out-wind him, his speed will give outsiders a good idea of our fastness as a people; his points symmetry and glossy coat that brings no income, will delight the rising generation, exalt their idols, instill a proper admiration of the "horse sense" of the Board—and 'tis well!

SELLING EGGS BY THE POUND.—The best way, as well as the only honest way, is to sell eggs by the pound. There is between the smallest and the largest eggs sometimes half difference—one dozen weighing say sixteen ounces, and another from twenty four to thirty-two ounces. Why should the producer sell and the consumer buy the large ones at the same price that each sells and buys the small? A neighbor has hens that lay eggs which average nearly three ounces each. It costs double to keep his stock than it does a smaller variety. If his eggs are twice as large as ours, why should he not have double the price per dozen.

We hope to see the practice inaugurated at no distant day. When eggs were ninepence a dozen it made less difference, but now when they are sometimes as high as sixty cents, it makes some difference whether a man pays his sixty cents for sixteen ounces or thirty-two.—Ez.

AN ACRE.—Five yards wide by 988 yards long contains one acre.
Ten yards wide by 464 yards long contains one acre.
Twenty yards wide by 242 yards long contains one acre.
Forty yards wide by 121 yards long contains one acre.
Eighty yards wide by 60½ yards long contains one acre.
Seventy yards wide by 69½ yards long contains one acre.
Two hundred and twenty feet wide by 198 feet long contains one acre.
Four hundred and forty feet wide by 99 feet long contains one acre.
One hundred and ten feet wide by 396 feet long contains one acre.
Sixty feet wide by 726 feet long contains one acre.
One hundred and twenty feet wide by 363 feet long contains one acre.
Three hundred and forty feet wide by 181½ feet contains one acre.

A GOOD SENTIMENT.—"I am rich enough," says Pope to Swift, "and can afford to give away a hundred pounds a year. I would not crawl upon the earth without doing good. I will enjoy the pleasure of what I give by giving it alive and see another enjoy it. When I die I should be ashamed to leave enough for a monument, if a wanting friend is above ground."

HOW TO RAISE THE WIND.

The latest plan adopted to raise the atmosphere has just brought to our attention in the case of a young lawyer, at a 1000 miles from here. The attorney is a young man just twenty-one, has wealth by parents who do not appreciate his "fastness," and consequently, curtail his expenditures, and as moreover good looks enough to fascinate the young and giddy beauties who flutter about him, and die all for love.

He dresses well, deals in real estate, and has a real estate office, or at least has a magnificently sweet-scented card to that effect, which he never fails to place in the hard palm of simple hearted passers-by. He is brim full of matrimony. He proposed to every daughter he met, whether on the street or in the parlor, but invariably met with a rebuff, as most of the favored ones had heard of his escapades, and cared more for the room he made than for his company.

At last he met Nannie, a blonde of ruffled tongue. Poor went the question. "Marry right off with me," said he to her. With her, wait for further advice from a widowed mother. At last she consented, but the consummation was not to be that day, but the next. She had the wherewithal. He knew it, and was set red with a loan of a cool three hundred with which to prepare for the happy nuptials. The ink on the check was scarcely dry until he was on his knees sending up another supplication to another one of Eve's female descendants, and who said "yes" to his pitiful appeals. The parson sealed the bargain, and with the three hundred borrowed from the former betrothed, and as much more as he could "raise" from g-n-r-t-r-o-s friends, he "toured" his trip as fast as wings of steam could wind them.

Moral: Young ladies should lend money to their betrothed until after marriage.—Council Bluffs. (Iowa) Non-Parade.

The main wheel of a watch makes 4 revolutions in 24 hours, or 1440 in a year; the second or center 24 revolution in 24 hours, or 8760 in a year; the third wheel 192 in 24 hours, or 60,480 in a year; the fourth wheel, which carries the second hand, 1440 in twenty-four hours, or 525,600 in a year; the fifth or scape wheel, 12,964 in 24 hours, or 4,728,400 revolutions in a year; while the beats or vibrations made in 24 hours, or 868,800, 141,82,900 in a year. There are many who think a watch ought to run and keep good time for a year without even a drop of oil, who would not think of running a common piece of machinery a day without oiling.

A FOOL KILLER WANTED.—The Indianapolis Mirror advertises for a Fool Killer to engage in the following duties, and we want to go into copartnership with the Mirror in a venture. The duties of the Fool-Killer are thus set forth: He is to kill—
The uneasy cuss who wants to know what the politics of the paper, and is afraid it is getting a "little coppery or too radical."
The inquisitive cuss who asks—what is your circulation?
The benevolent gentleman who, in a burst of generosity, wants to tell us how to make the paper a "success."
The mean, vindictive and cowardly sneak, who wants us to abuse some citizen editorially, to gratify his own personal spite.

The sly and stingy sneak who wants to get a half column puff of his business inserted as an item of general interest.
The sanctum bore who takes liberties with all loose manuscript, and can't take a hint to leave.
The fellow who wants to know if we are candidates for several offices.
The patent medicine agent who exhibits spurious contracts from other papers, when he wants to "jew down" prices.
Other miscellaneous fools will have to be killed as they present themselves; but the above will comprise the bulk of the business.

OHIO DEMOCRACY.—The New York Tribune says: The Democratic platform just evolved from the Ohio Convention, on which Messrs. Valandigham and Pendleton are to meet Gen. Rosecrans and embrace him; is made up in about equal proportions of resolutions denouncing the Government for extravagance in paying honest debts, and defending their own Legislature for extravagance in creating new ones of doubtful honesty. Beyond this we do not observe anything of the slightest consequence, save the cheerful assurance that the reserved rights of the States are gone to the dogs with the defeat of secession, and that the Government is to be consolidated despotism.