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THE POLK COUNTY TIMES

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THE POET'S CORNER.

[Written for the Polk County Times.]

PRAYER AND THANKSGIVING OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

O God of Battles! once again,
With banner, trumpet and drum,
And garments in Thy wine-press dyed,
To give Thee thanks we come.

No goats or bullocks, garlanded,
Unto thine altars go:
With brothers' blood, by brothers shed,
Our glad libations flow!

From pest-house and from dungeon foul,
Where, maimed and torn, they die;
From gory trench and charnel-house,
Where, heap on heap, they lie;

In every groan that yields a soul;
Each shriek a heart that rends;
With every breath of tainted air
Our homage, Lord, ascends.

We thank Thee for the babe's gash,
The cannon's havoc won;
We thank Thee for the widow's tears,
The want that starves her child.

We give Thee praise that Thou hast lit
The torch, and fanned the flame—
That hast and rapine hunt their prey,
Kind Father, in Thy name;

That for the songs of idle joy
False angels sang of yore,
Thou sendest war—on earth ill-will
To men for evermore.

We know that wisdom, truth and right
To us and ours are given—
That Thou hast clothed us with Thy wrath
To do the work of Heaven.

We know that plains and cities waste
Are pleasant in Thine eyes;
Thou lov'st a heartstone desolate;
Thou lov'st a mourner's cries.

Let not our weakness fall below
The measure of Thy will,
And while the press hath wine to bleed
O tread it with us still.

Teach us to hate, as Jesus taught
Fond fools of yore to love;
Grant us Thy vengeance as our own—
Thy pity hide above.

Teach us to turn with reeking hands
The pages of Thy Word,
And hail the blessed crosses there
Of them that sheath the sword.

Where'er we tread may deserts spring
Till none are left to slay,
And when the last red drop is shed
We'll kneel again and pray.

JACK DOWNING.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

SUE MUNDY—AN EVENTFUL HIS- TORY.

[From the Louisville Journal.]

Nearly every pleasant day, pedestri-
ans on our principal avenues pass a
dark eyed brunette, of medium size, a
plump figure and richly dressed. In
the early spring of 1861, Sue Kitter-
idge, a lovely girl, just returned from
boarding-school, lived upon her father's
plantation in one of the rural districts
of Kentucky, that hung in a balance,
uncertain whether to risk her fate with
the new "Confederacy" or hang back
Sue was seventeen, and a frequent visi-
tor at the adjoining plantation of Mr.
Mundy, an old gentleman whose wife
and son, the latter a young man, com-
posed a happy family.

One day a company of Union caval-
ry rode down upon the place, plundered
the premises, carried off the valuables,
burned the residence, and finally slaugh-
tered the parents, who were defending
their own fire side, laying waste the
country in their track, and leaving
young Mundy and Sue orphans indeed.

Young Mundy was at last aroused, and
while being carried off a prisoner, no
word escaped his lips but "Sue," when
asked his name he repeated "Sue,"
probably from the effects of a disorder-
ed brain. His linen being examined
the indelible name of "Mundy" was
found, and ever after he was known as
"Sue Mundy," the constant terror of
Union citizens and soldiers in that sec-
tion.

After being released on parole, he
immediately returned and interred the
charred remains of his own parents, as
well as the body of Mr. K. Taking a
solemn and fearful oath of vengeance,
and accompanied by Sue, who was now
without home or friends in this wide
world, he started for a neighboring
camp of bushwhackers, or guerrillas,
where he was received with open arms,
and was soon promoted to the office of
commander of the force, while Sue, dis-
guised, and passing by the name of
"Kit"—an abbreviation of Kitteridge—
proved invaluable as a spy, a fearless
rider, and of undoubted bravery. Kit,
after serving two years as a spy and
general planner for the band, found her
health failing. Disguised, and armed
with the highest testimonials she suc-
ceeded in obtaining a position on the
staff of Gen. Cleburne, the hardest
fighting Irishman in the rebel army.
This position she held, doing her duty
like a man, until the battle of Atlanta,
July 12, 1864, in which Pat. Cleburne
was killed. Returning to her youthful
hero and his band, she again revelled
in the carnal of blood, and, though
her evil spirit was willing, the flesh
was weak, and Kit was transferred to
duty at Andersonville. Prisoners who
have shared the hospitality of that cele-
brated camp will perhaps remember a
short, stout and muscular young Lieu-
tenant with flashing black eyes, a face
smooth as a maiden's, and erect as
though a fiend incarnate lurked within.
This was Sue Kitteridge, the amiable
young boarding school Miss, the cheer-
ful companion, the once wealthy heiress,
the beautiful maiden, and firm friend
of young Mundy, whose life to her was
dearer than her own. Sue Mundy and
a part of his band was captured and
tried by a Court Martial. Kit was
present during the whole trial, and used
her greatest influence, but of no avail.
Sue Mundy was convicted and hung at
Lexington, Kentucky, in March, 1865.
The flowing hair still hung about his
shoulders, and when his youthful corpse
was taken down and laid away in his
narrow bed, the bleeding and broken
heart of Sue Kitteridge was buried
with it; and now, a wanderer on the
face of the earth, homeless and friend-
less, she passes the remainder of her
days.

POLITICAL TEMPERANCE.

The Pittsburg Dispatch takes the
following sensible view of the question:
"Our temperance friends who met in
Convention yesterday, ought to have
taken a lesson from their enemies.
The liquor men certainly understand
their own interests. They are mainly
shrewd men and manage to have such
laws as suit them and such men as will
enact and preserve these laws. Now it
would be valuable for the temperance
men to consider how they do this. Is
it by organizing a spirituous party and
nominating independent whisky can-
didates on a 'free liquor' platform? Not
by any means. The liquor dealers
know better than this. They know
that such a party could not poll more
than a small minority of the voters of
the State. They know that by doing so
they would drive all the friends not only
of total abstinence, but of temper-
ance, rightly so called, all the moderate
drinkers and many of the victimized
hard drinkers, too, into the temperance
party, and achieve for themselves an
overwhelming defeat and the enacting
of laws which would virtually extinguish
the liquor trade. So they go about it
in a different and wiser way. Instead
of attempting to breast and roll back
the current, they float with it and di-
rect it. They organize strong unions,
raise plenty of money, and keenly watch
votes and influence in such a way as to
give them the most strength in the State
councils. In this way they always se-
cure a large minority representation
pledged to their interests, and some-
times even a majority. Now why will
not the temperance men take the hint.
Instead of organizing a party and
thrusting the temperance question into
politics to the manifest injury of the
temperance people and the manifest
advantage of the party which has voted
solid at all times against temperance—
instead of indulging in this suicidal
folly, why do not the temperance men

adopt the wise and hitherto successful
policy of their opponents, the liquor
dealers? why do they not devote
themselves to extending and strength-
ening their organization, raise money,
watch their chances and make the best
use of their ballots by voting for the
most temperate men of the great politi-
cal parties, thus securing a political
strength they can never hope to get on
the independent plan, and compelling a
deference to their wishes, every time
a party platform is made or a party
candidate nominated?"

SURPRISE OATS.—These oats origin-
ated in DeKalb county, Illinois, and
are said to have yielded 133 bushels
per acre. Mr. O. Dickinson has been
testing them in his seed gardens near
this city, and believes they will yield
from ten to twenty bushels more to the
acre than any of the oats now generally
raised by our farmers, if sown as early
on the same kind of ground and having
in all respects the same treatment. On
the 10th of May last year Mr. Dickin-
son sowed 34 ounces, which yielded 70
pounds, and these 70 pounds sowed
again this spring have yielded 3,600
pounds, or exactly 100 bushels. This
he considers a great yield, when the
quantity of seed sown and the exceed-
ing dryness of the season are taken into
account. These oats weigh 45 1/2 pounds
per strict bushel measure.—*Farmer.*

REVIVING DROWNING PERSONS.—
As the bathing season has commenced,
and persons are liable to drowning sev-
eral times this Summer, the following
hints will tell how to bring them to:
If the drowned person be a politician,
whisper in his ear that he has just been
appointed to a fat office.

If a married woman, softly tell her
that her husband is just cutting it fat
with that woman she hates.

If it be a young man, slyly tell him
confidentially that another fellow is after
his sweetheart.

If a married man, slyly tell him that
a handsome young lady called yesterday
and is to call again to day at his office
on important private business.

If he be a carpet bagger, let him
down!—*Pomerooy.*

FANATICS AND MARPLOTS.—The
traveling correspondent of the San
Francisco Times, who is making a tour
of the South, says:

No gentleman who has not dismissed
his reasoning faculties, can travel
through the reconstructed States with-
out making the unfortunate discovery
that there exist, scattered here and
there all over this once beautiful coun-
try, hundreds of fanatics and marplots
of the most dangerous and unprincipled
type. They belong respectively to two
sections—the North and the South,
and are equally to be shunned and got-
ten rid of. One would elevate the ne-
gro at the expense of the white man,
and unapologetically infringe upon the mo-
rals of intelligent society. In the ex-
cess of his ardor, he would infuse all
sorts of impracticable, if indeed not
incendiary ideas into the poor Ethio-
pian's mind. The terrible effects of
such misguided teaching has nearly
transformed thousands of otherwise
blameless black men into brutes, and
transported as many more to kingdoms
of everlasting trouble, disgrace, infamy,
and death. Every officer in our army
will bear me out in this statement.

Mr. Cross, of Salem, is building
over still more ground, with the expec-
tation of fattening and putting up 85,
000 hogs, if he can succeed in purchas-
ing them. In view of an increase of
his business, he is having 5 large tanks
built, ten feet in diameter and about
five feet high, in which the meat will be
salted. The extent and capacity of
these may be estimated from the fact
that each will contain 2,040 gallons.
At the present time all hands are at
work killing hogs, of which Mr. Cross
has about 500 that are either fat or rap-
idly becoming so. Mr. Cross has be-
tween 700 and 800 hogs now being fed,
many of them being of the breed he
has raised and perfected by fifteen years
of experience and careful breeding.
He is so much impressed with the val-
ue of his stock, that he says he is wil-
ling to pay one dollar more a head for
stock hogs of that breed than for any
other in Oregon. He offers them for
sale at a low figure, for the purpose of
improving the stock of hogs in the
county, but the farmers seem to be gen-
erally indifferent to the question. He
says they are principally Irish Grazers
and Byfield, a cross that has no superior,
if we judge by the animals he has
there in good order, and which he is
willing to put on exhibition against
any of their fancy breeds.

TO THE FARMERS OF OREGON.

[From the Unionist.]

Do not be deluded by inducements
being held out for high prices on wheat,
but fatten your hogs; fatten them early.
Pork will be a fair price. Government
informs me they will again give us a
call for meat. They are well pleased
with meats received from Oregon last
season. I may not suppl. them, but if
you fatten your hogs well, and a good
article of pork is in the valley, some one
else will, and I shall purchase a reason-
able quantity, and will pay more for
pork than any farmer can make out of
wheat. I think that is all you had
ought to ask, but it was said by parties
last fall I got more for my meats, and
unless I paid more than others I could
not buy their pork. I do not propose to
pay more than other purchasers;
those wanting more need not apply.

In the fall of '67 I tried to buy one hun-
dred head of hogs near this city, but
the owner made bacon of his hogs.
Last fall, when he put his hogs up, he
asked me if I was again going to buy;
if so, what would be the price? my
answer was "about five cents." He
said it was enough and he would bacon
no more. I called upon him when he
was ready to kill and offered him six
cents for one hundred and thirty head,
but no, he would again bacon. Well,
I bought his bacon, and he then com-
plained he got less than I offered him
for the hogs in the fall. Now I am
mentioning this with a view of getting
at the question, what is the reason that
about harvest farmers allow themselves
to be worked up to the idea that they
are going to get big prices? It was so
last fall, and now it is starting again;
also about the time your pig is getting
ready for sale. I could mention a num-
ber of instances of men offering me
hogs at five cents, delivered in Salem;
then they wanted six cents at home
100 miles away or would bacon them,
and bacon some of them did, and I
leave them to answer whether they got
six cents after losing all their time.

Now, I propose to purchase your wheat
at any mill between Springfield and
Salem, and your stock hogs, if I can
get enough to feed one thousand head
at each place. I am fully of the opin-
ion that more money can be made out
of wheat put into hogs than any shipper
can realize and send it off. Put your
wheat into as small a bulk as possible.
Bacon from navigation put it into stock.
Now, in conclusion I say this, that if
there is pork sufficient we shall have
the refusal of putting up the whole of
the Government supplies; if not, a large
portion will be let, as it was last season,
in San Francisco. Farmers, I have
done my part—do yours. To any that
doubt about getting a good price, think-
ing I am trying to lead you on, I would
say, I am ready to make contracts at
reasonable figures, and make reasonable
advances. I start this week, and will
make a tour through the valley as far
as Umpqua, and those I do not see can
write me.

THOS. CROSS.

The Massachusetts experiment of
compelling people, by act of assembly,
to drink nothing but cold water, does
not appear to be successful. The Bos-
ton Advertiser, a radical paper, speaks
of in discouraging terms: "The sale
of spirituous liquors at public bars has
been much interfered with. But, on
the other hand, drinking clubs have
been revived on all sides; concealment
and hypocrisy have taken the place of
the effrontery of public drinking; the
hotels and eating houses continue to
supply their guests without interruption;
grocers and druggists find their trade
stimulated by the change in the current;
and the friends of the law have the sat-
isfaction of seeing a fierce and angry
commotion precipitated upon the State
without approaching, as yet, the results
they confidently promised themselves."
Such is ever the result of sumptuary
legislation—it increases the number of
hypocrites whilst it effects no reform.
—*Ex.*

In India where a horse can, and
will not draw, instead of whipping or
burning him, as is frequently the prac-
tice in more civilized countries, they
quietly get a rope, and attaching it to
one of the fore feet, one or two men
take hold of it, and advancing a few
paces ahead of the horse, pull their
best. No matter how stubborn the ani-
mal may be, a few doses of such treat-
ment effect a perfect cure.

"That's very singular," said a young
lady to a gentleman who had just kiss-
ed her. "Oh! well, my dear miss,"
was the reply, "I will soon make it plu-
ral;" and the villain did.

To criticize a newspaper is an easy
task, but to print one to please every-
body is a difficult undertaking.

HOW DOES MR. BOUTWELL. General
Grant's Secretary of the Treasury, re-
duce the public debt? The interest
bearing debt amounts \$2 172,741,300;
Mr. Boutwell has paid off several mil-
lions—we think about seven—since his
last Report. How he has paid them
off we have not been informed; wheth-
er in coin at par, or in legal tender at
par, or at the market price of about
five thousand dollars in greenbacks for
four thousand dollars in bonds.

We are also informed by the by-au-
thority printers for Grant's administra-
tion, that this payment of \$7,000,000
by Mr. Boutwell has run up the market
value of the Bonds in Europe fully two
per cent. The plain English of all
this is, that this money has been screw-
ed from the necessities of the people
and paid to the holders of public secu-
rities, and by paying them all these
millions our debt has been increased
two per cent., or just forty-three mil-
lions four hundred and fifty-four thou-
sand, eight hundred and twenty-six dol-
lars. This mode of managing affairs
at Washington is good for the lenders
of greenbacks, however hard it may be
on the taxpayers.

If every payment on Mr. Boutwell's
plan enhances the value of the bonds
still in circulation, we'll likely have a
jolly time. The bondholders will own
us all, and the railroad corporations will
be enriched.

Now suppose the Democratic plan
was adopted. The Treasury could re-
deem in greenbacks at par, say once in
six months; using its surplus for that
purpose. In this way the whole debt
could be wiped out within five or six
years without adding a penny to our
taxation. Many people sustain Mr.
Boutwell's course of action who would
be very loth to introduce it into their
individual business—to pay gold for
depreciated paper borrowed, after hav-
ing paid high interest upon it for sev-
eral years.—*Pittsburg Post.*

THE HAPLESS BLACK BROTHER.—
Really the ferocity of the rebel element
at the South towards truly loyal Amer-
icans of African descent is perfectly ap-
palling! The Tribune assures us, on
the authority of philanthropist Howard
(who hopes to get half a million or so
of "abandoned property" by playing
informers), that in Texas "many of the
freedmen have been compelled to resort
to robbery and indiscriminate plunder
to sustain life, and that the result is an
increase of the bitterness of the feelings
of the white population towards them."
Do we not recognize here the dreadful
and brutalizing influences of slavery
and secession in their worst form? In-
stead of sympathizing with and loving
these black "robbers" and indiscrimi-
nate plunderers, the unreconstructed
rebels of the South actually hate them
more and more, the more they "rob and
plunder."

There has been nothing like their
ferocity since the case of the Afri-
can sea wolves, of whom the compan-
ions of Vasco di Gama tells us: These
animals are extraordinarily savage.
When they are attacked they defend
themselves!—*World.*

THE PUBLIC DEBT.—The Cincinnati
Enquirer, in answer to the request of a
correspondent, asking the amount of
the public debt at various times since
the war closed in April, 1865, furnishes
the following figures—the cents omitted:
April 1, 1865, 82,366,935.977
September 1, 1865, 2,757,680.571
November 1, 1867, 2,401,594.459
November 1, 1868, 2,527,129.532
July 1, 1869, 2,645,170.294

The above tells the official story, and
shows how false are the statements of
the Radical press that the public debt
is being rapidly paid off. It is larger
now than it was on the 1st of Novem-
ber, 1868, by over one hundred million
dollars. By deducting the amount of
means on hand it would appear to be
fifty million dollars less, but that de-
duction was not made at the other times
with which we make a comparison, and
is therefore uniform. As it is evident
that the debt is considerably larger
now than it was when the war closed,
it may be taken for granted that we are
not paying it off very rapidly. Indeed,
at that rate, it would be some time after
eternity closes before we should reduce it.

ROUGH ON PEARNE.—The Nashville
State Journal, a Stokes organ, thus pays
its respects to the Rev. Thos. H. Pearne,
formerly of Oregon, but now editor of
Brownlow's old paper, the Knoxville
Whig, a Senter organ. It says: "The
diabolical corruption of Pearne knows
no light, no depth, no width, no breadth.
In him is concentrated all the vile con-
taminations which make up a fiend in-
carnate. Such is Pearne, of the Knoxville
Whig—a defamer, a blackguard, a
slanderer.

A ROMANTIC STORY.

For the past three days there has
been staying in our city a Cuban gen-
tleman whose history, properly written,
would be more romantic than any mere
novel of the day. He was born in
Mantanzas, in 1824, and from childhood
has been a bitter hater of Spain. His
father was a Spanish nobleman, but for
suspected treason when a youth was ar-
rested and condemned to death. He
fled, and ultimately came to America,
residing in New Orleans for several
years. He finally went to Mantanzas
under an assumed name, where he mar-
ried. In 1830, Senor Mendez, for that
was his name, was re-arrested, sent to
Spain, and after a time was executed.
His wife died soon after, leaving the
child, Carlos, in the charge of his un-
cle, a merchant in Havana. At the
age of 15, young Mendez was sent to
Spain to be educated. Here he remain-
ed for nearly two years, continually in
trouble with his teachers and fellow
pupils on account of his political views.
His career culminated in a duel with
the son of a Spanish Cabinet Minister,
whom he ran through the body, killing
him instantly. He escaped almost by
a miracle, and shipped as a common
sailor on board an East Indianman, then
lying temporarily for repairs at Cadiz.
Leaving the vessel at Calcutta, he ob-
tained a position in a Spanish commer-
cial house, but soon tiring of that, he
enlisted into the British army, several
regiments of which were then station-
ed in and near Calcutta. A year later his
regiment was sent to England, and from
there to Canada.

Tired of the army, he deserted and
made his way over the line into Maine,
and in December, 1844, he reached the
city of Boston. Finding several of his
countrymen he concluded to remain
there, and assisted by them, he com-
menced as a teacher of the French and
Spanish languages in a young ladies'
academy in Pemberton square. Having
an altercation one night in front of the
Tremont House with a Spanish hair-
dresser, he stabbed him, and learning
the consequences, he fled to New York.
Here he was arrested, but when being
taken back he sprang from the car
platform in the pitchy darkness of a
rainy night, breaking an arm and two
ribs. He managed to escape, however,
and by means of a fishing schooner got
to Nantucket, where he stayed until he
had recovered from his injuries. Shortly
after the Cuban excitement broke out,
and allying himself to a party of filibusters,
he at last landed on his native soil, after an absence
of nearly ten years. In a skirmish in a
few hours after he was taken prisoner,
and with several others was shot down
without ceremony. With two bullets
in his body and one imbedded in his
right leg, he yet retained sufficient life
to crawl out of the heap of dead where
he was cast during the night, and with
the aid of a sympathizer, found refuge
and shelter until his wounds were healed.

Six months later we find him again
in this country, but in New Orleans.
From there he went to California, and
in 1853 sailed for Japan, was shipwrecked
on the passage, and spent a
little more than a year among the bar-
barians of a cluster of islands north of
the Philippines, known as the Bashee
Islands. After his rescue he returned
to New Orleans, where he remained till
1861, at which time the war broke out,
he went to New York, raised a Com-
pany of Cubans and Frenchmen, was
commissioned as Captain and did good
service in the field, raising to a Colonel-
cy before the close of the war. He
tasted the horrors of Libby and An-
dersonville, was shot twice—once
through the right arm; lost two fingers
by a sabre cut on a cavalry raid,
besides having been blown up by the
explosion of a mine near Richmond in
1865. One can well imagine that he is
"one of the few, the immortal ones,
who are not born to die." Since the
commencement of hostilities in Cuba
he has been exceedingly active in rais-
ing men and money, and has actually
visited Cuba twice with vessels bearing
arms and volunteers, getting safely away
again; was with Colonel Ryan on the
last expedition which came to grief the
first of the week. He landed in New
London on Tuesday night with nearly
one hundred men, who scattered at once
—some returning to New York, and
others where their fancy led them.—
Providence Herald.

Acute and chronic rheumatism, as well as
gout, generally affect the joints, but other more
vulnerable parts are also subject to their attacks.
They are generally caused by vitiated blood,
which is produced by derangement of the di-
gestive organs. The most effective remedy that
can be used for curing these painful affections,
is Dr. Walker's VEGETABLE VINCAIN BITTERS
—a remedy speedy and efficacious, which will
eradicate the disease, and remove the cause.