

# POLK COUNTY TIMES.

VOL. 1.

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 23, 1869.

NO. 26.

## THE POLK COUNTY TIMES

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

F. R. STUART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

OFFICE—Main street, between Court and Mill streets, two doors south of the Postoffice.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

SINGLE COPIES—One Year, \$3 00; Six Months, \$2 00; Three Months, \$1 00. CLUBS will be supplied at the following rates:—Five Copies, one year, \$13 75; Ten Copies, one year, \$25 00, and for any greater number at \$2 50 per annum.

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One square (10 lines or less), first insertion, \$3 00. Each subsequent insertion, 1 00. A liberal deduction will be made to quarterly and yearly advertisers.

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Transient advertisements must be paid for in advance to insure publication. All other advertising bills must be paid quarterly.

Legal notices taken at their current value. Blanks and Job Work of every description furnished at low rates on short notice.

### THE POET'S CORNER.

#### "IT ISN'T ALL IN BRINGING UP."

It isn't all in "bringing up,"  
Let folks say what they will;  
To silver scour a pewter cup—  
It will be pewter still.  
Even he of old, wise Solomon,  
Who said "Train up a child,"  
If I mistake not, had a son  
Proved rattle-brained and wild.

A man of mark, who fain would pass  
For lord of sea and land,  
May have the training of a son,  
And bring him up full grand;  
May give him all the wealth of lore,  
Of college and of school,  
Yet, after all, make him no more  
Than just a decent fool.

Another, raised by penury,  
Upon his bitter bread,  
Whose road to knowledge is like that  
The good to heaven must tread—  
He's got a spark of Nature's light,  
He'll fan it to a flame,  
Till, in its burning letters bright,  
The world may read his name.

If it were all in "bringing up,"  
In counsel and restraint,  
Some rascals had been honest men—  
I'd been myself a saint.  
Oh, it isn't all in "bringing up,"  
Let folks say what they will,  
Neglect may dim a silver cup—  
It will be silver still.

#### MY LOVE.

Sweet is my love, so sweet,  
The leaves that fold on field,  
Swathe up the odors of the rose,  
Less sweetest bloom.  
True is my love, so true;  
Her heart is mine alone,  
The music of its rhythmic beat  
Throbs through my own.  
Dear is my love, so dear,  
If I but hear her name,  
My eyes with flow of rapture swim,  
My cheek is flame.  
Spare her, immortals, spare,  
Till all our days are done;  
Your heaven is full of angel forms,  
Mine holds but one.

### GENERAL MISCELLANY.

#### THE PRINTING OFFICE AS A SCHOOL.

A writer in the Louisville Journal, in the course of a series of interesting reminiscences of an old connection with that establishment, says:

For a young man that is not altogether a fool, and has had the advantages of an ordinary education, the printing office is undoubtedly a capital school of intellectual advancement. In regard to general knowledge no class of men who labor for a living can approach the printer. The studios among them, if natural gifts be not below the level of mediocrity, have equal chances with the so-called learned professions to acquire both worldly honors and literary fame. From the days of Saxon to those of Franklin, and from his day to our own, the craft has produced eminent men in every profession and in every walk of life.

A good printer is generally a good critic, not only of language and punctuation, but of the intrinsic literary merits of whatever comes under his hand. It is impossible that he should be otherwise, since so great a part of his life is made up, as it were, of facts that enforce reflection. The labor that employs his hands, gives to his mind neither exercise nor care. His fingers move intuitively to the exact points for the proper apportionment of his work, while his mind seizes the idea sought to be conveyed by the writer with whom he is engaged, and is only expelled therefrom after his judgment has passed sentence on its merits.

Many a one, without knowing it, possibly owes some unknown compos-

itor or proof-reader much more of reputation as a writer than he would be willing to acknowledge. If, by changing the reading of a sentence without affecting its meaning, he can give to it strength or smoothness, a good printer asks no questions about the matter but changes it at once. And so, if the grammar of a sentence is evidently faulty, he would be considered unfit for the business did he not rectify it in this particular.

I have known some printers, it is true, who could never learn the plainest rules of either composition or punctuation. To such a one might be used the identical words used by a well known Presbyterian, speaking to a young but particularly silly candidate for ministerial orders: "Young man, you have made a mistake; you have been called to another field—the corn field."

### New Definitions.

A correspondent of the Examiner furnishes the following:

Respectability—The accumulation of wealth at the expense of the confiding and credulous poor.

Virtue—A large bank account.

Charity—Paying a thousand dollars a year for a pew in Our Church, and discharging your servant girl because she dares to ask the payment of her hard earned wages.

Benevolence—Donating a hundred dollars to the Orphan Asylum, and adding double the amount to your rents.

Crime—Mistortune, Poverty.

Independence—A word without reality.

Patriotism—Serving one's country for a big salary.

Business—The art of taking advantage of your neighbors, cheating, and every species of dishonesty, save actual theft.

Justice—A fabled goddess, drowned in the Deluge of the World.

Religion—A cloak to cover your own rascalities.

Honor—An inflated bauble; an impoverishing nutriment.

Law—Legislative enactments made to protect the rich and oppress the poor.

Equality—Death.

LABOR AND CAPITAL.—That able statesman George H. Pendleton, in a recent colloquial speech at his house, thus spoke of labor and capital:

"The relation of labor and capital is now badly adjusted. Idle money—money which has no human wants, or affections, or sympathies—earns more than labor, with all its sweat, and toil, and suffering. Money combines with money, and seeks increase and immunity under acts of incorporation. When laborers combine for their protection, they are in some of our States denounced by the law, and everywhere looked upon with suspicion. They should not antagonize. They should cooperate. They should be in harmony. I do not know that the full solution of this great problem has been discovered; but I believe great progress has been made of late years to establish a juster and better relation. That progress will continue. It must continue the efforts of an advancing civilization, and the favor of a just God, until at last the human intellect and hand and blood, as they constitute the nobler, shall also be the better paid member in the great partnership of labor and capital."

WHILE Thad Stevens was a young lawyer, he once had a case before a bad tempered Judge of an obscure Pennsylvania Court. Under what he considered a very erroneous ruling, it was decided against him; whereupon he threw down his books and picked up his hat in a high state of indignation, and was about to leave the court-room, scattering imprecations all around him. The Judge straightened himself to his full height, assumed an air of offended majesty and asked Thad if he meant to "express his contempt for this Court?" Thad turned to him very deferentially, made a respectful bow, and replied in feigned amazement: "Express my contempt for this Court! No, sir! I am trying to conceal it, your honor," and as he turned to leave, "But I find it confounded hard to do it."

A correspondent of the Cincinnati Times says that the following recipe will preserve garden seeds and all kinds of seeds and grain from the ravages of cut worms, birds etc.: one pound sulphate of iron, one pound aloes. Dissolve in water heated to 90 or 95 degs., and pour over one bushel of grain, and in a similar proportion for a greater or lesser quantity.

### NEWS IN BRIEF.

—The Supreme Court at Dover, N. H., last week decided the case of Ricker against Freeman, giving the former three thousand two hundred and fifty dollars, damages for injuries received eleven years ago. The parties were school boys twelve years old, and had a scuffle, in which Freeman threw Ricker so violently against some hooks in the wall, that one entered his neck, and did injury from which he never recovered.

—In New Orleans is a large oak tree around which has been built a dwelling, so that the trunk of the tree is nicely housed, while its top completely covers the work of the eccentric builder.

—The Tehuantepec Railroad will be one hundred and seventy-five miles long. It will cost \$8,823,000. The difference in going from New York to San Francisco, by the Tehuantepec route over the Panama route, will be 1,477 miles, and from New Orleans to San Francisco, 2,334 miles, saving six days in the one case and nine in the other.

—Commodore Vanderbilt, who, although three score years and ten, or thereabouts, was married in Canada the other day, has had a colossal bronze statue of himself, with allegorical accessories, erected in his honor, on the summit of the western wall of the Hudson River Railroad depot, New York.

The statue covers an area of 3,125 square feet, measures 150 feet in a straight line, and 31 feet in extreme height, weighs nearly 100,000 pounds, and cost half a million of dollars.

—Gen. Sheridan denies that he is engaged to be married. He has had his Phil of engagements.

—An infant died in Westport, Conn., recently, from the poison taken into its stomach by sucking a green veil which the nurse had thrown over its face to keep the flies off.

—John Crenshaw, 23 years old, of Grundy county, Ill., was arrested last week for the murder of his father, who disappeared about four months since. He confessed the crime and disclosed the place where the body was concealed. He implicates his father-in-law as the crime, and he has been arrested, but denies his guilt. The murderer attempted suicide in his cell Monday, but was unsuccessful. The crime was committed for the possession of \$50.

—The University of Deseret, in Salt Lake City, contains 223 students, of whom 120 are males and 103 females.

—The Randolph (Mo.) Citizen says that a man with three revolvers strapped around him, and exactly answering the description of the noted Sam. Hildebrand, passed through Huntsville a few days since. He said he was going to Shelby, and the editor let him go. He did not try to arrest Hildebrand, he says, because he was "not fond of that sort of fun"; besides, \$10,000 was too insignificant a sum to induce an editor to neglect his business.

—The New Jersey savings banks have over \$11,000,000 on deposit.

—Ninety-nine towns in Kansas claim to be the railroad center of the State.

—General Alcorn has been nominated for Governor by the Mississippi Republican Convention, and James Lynch (colored) for Secretary of State.

—A young man at Nashville, a few days ago, undertook to commit suicide by jumping from the railroad bridge into the Cumberland, but a citizen, happening to pass just as he was about plunging, prevented him. He had proposed, the day before, to a young lady whom he had been courting, not knowing she was engaged. She had promised to answer him on Wednesday morning, and when he had called to get her answer, he learned that she had just been married and was gone on the bridal trip.

—A vile, mean Western paper suggests that if the names of war vessels are intended to frighten the enemy, instead of calling our gunboats the Fury, or the Terror, we had better baptize them the Cholera, the Susan B. Anthony, and so on.

—General Dent's main idea in his Mississippi canvass is to persuade the negroes that they are not indebted to the Republican party, or to the "white men of the Northern States," for their freedom, because, says this sapient fellow, emancipation was only proclaimed as a military necessity.

—Here is a feeling and genuine personal: One of the Washington papers advertises that "if U. S. G. will only return to his distracted friends, all will be forgiven and forgotten."

—A woman has just died at Worcester, Mass., aged 38. She was the mother of nineteen children.

—A negro in Lee, Mass., threw her refractory little pickaninny (a future candidate for female suffrage) into the river. Some boys rescued the little thing just in time to save its life. The authorities did not arrest the mother.

—Dr. J. C. Ayer, of Lowell, is spoken of as a candidate for Congress from the Seventh District. The New York Sun calls this "putting on Ayers." Not at all; the Doctor is one of the principal pillars of the Commonwealth.

—There are 130 Mormon settlements in Utah, and the adherents of Brigham Young are estimated at 130,000.

—They have down in Massachusetts one hundred and ten lodges of "St. Crispin" (shoemakers) who have used their organization to some purpose by contracting for coal in Philadelphia at wholesale. They got the coal delivered in Boston for less than nine dollars a ton. They are also buying flour at wholesale. Why cannot working-men elsewhere imitate this example?

—A lady in Rhode Island subscribed for a Newport paper, the other day, to be sent to a neighbor who worried her by borrowing her own.

—The Prince Imperial of France, who was born in 1856, will be declared of age for all legal purposes on the 16th of next March. Such at least is a statement not looked for from the Gaulois, a paper devoted to Napoleonism in France and Bourbonism in Spain. True or false, its currency at this time is a hint that the Emperor's recovery has not left the official mind entirely at rest.

—The Detroit Tribune thinks that the new moon, talked of, will not be of much service unless it is different from the old one, which is never seen on dark nights when it is most wanted.

—A notorious desperado, Stephen Clark, was taken from the custody of the Sheriff, at Clear Springs, Indiana, last week, by Regulars, and hanged.

—Senator Sprague is said to be the largest employer in the United States. He gives work to about eight thousand persons, and has recently raised their wages fifteen per cent.

—A San Francisco paper advertises that a picture gallery has on exhibition "Cherries" and "Strawberries," by Miss Cranberry.

—The course of true love having a smooth ending, is reflected in the following Indiana story: A young fellow named Empson wanted to marry a Miss Jamison, but the paternal and maternal Jamison couldn't see it. The father came down on the lovers in the course of a clandestine interview, whaled the daughter soundly, and took her home. She ran off to a neighbor's. The old man went for her, and was met by young Empson, who flashed a little gunpowder in his face. This exhibition of pluck had a good effect on the father, and he told Empson to "take her and be d—d."

—Speaker Blaine is now thought to be the most probable successor to the late Senator Fessenden. There is every prospect of a fierce fight over the seat. The contest between Hamlin and Morrill will be carried into this contest also.

—Mr. Lawes, writing of English farmers, says he finds the best on foot land, and the worst farming on the fastest land.

—The London Spectator justly remarks that in the United States "a tone of contempt towards the President is becoming apparent in both parties."

—The prosperity of the South warrants the statement that the internal revenue receipts from that section will be nearly fifty per cent. greater for the present fiscal year than for the last fiscal year.

—Touching obituary notices in a Chicago paper: "Amos Skeeter, a well known resident of this city, and a fine singer, was instantly killed at the Tremont House last night, by a guest who became angry at his attentions. He leaves a large family."

—Henrietta Grice, the negro who murdered a white girl near Macon for two dollars, has had her sentence commuted. The conservative Governor thought the price received too small to merit hanging.

—Teunyson is a typo-setter.

—The words, "No Irish need apply," are quite frequently to be seen in advertisements for servants; but in Springfield man has found a new class of "exempts." To an advertisement calling for a governess, he appends the words: "No woman's rights woman need apply."

—Regulators in Warwick county, Indiana, are causing terrible times and killing people.

### A QUEER LAW CASE.

A funny lawsuit is attracting attention in the town of Wauwatosa, near Milwaukee. Charles Last hired some land of Charles Hummel. From the bargain came a difficulty. Last, being a sort of ingenious delegate, sowed fifteen acres of the leased land to Canada thistles, whereupon Hummel brings suit against him for damages, bringing forward witnesses to testify to the fact that Last did sow thistle-seed.

From personal experience, gained when a boy on a farm in Chemung county in this State, we know that Canada thistles are a great nuisance, and harder to get out of the soil than stamenship out of Grant, or nearly so. Last was arrested and brought to trial, when he denied everything, and called for proof. The thistles have not yet made their appearance, and they cannot find the seed in the ground. And as a man cannot be tried twice for the same offense, there being no proof against him at present, it is the opinion of legal authorities of that country that Last has the best of Hummel, who this time next year may rejoice over a crop he little expected. Somebody has said that those are mighty cunning chaps who live out West. If this be the case, Last must be one of them.

There is a little more novelty attached to the suit from the fact that Last said he should not ever have thought of sowing the thistles but for the fact that Hummel sowed thistles in his domestic path by saying sundry funny little things to Mrs. Last, and making divers propositions to her of a sort of Don Juanic nature, when the exasperated thistle sower thought her affections were of that kind which would forever last. In the view of all these thistles, in the language of St. Paul, "It is time to kick against the pricks."

### PRACTICAL ADVICE.

A gentleman who knows Mr. Greeley very well is responsible for the following story: He says he was sitting in the private office of the editor of the Tribune when a well-dressed colored individual entered and approached the desk where Mr. Greeley was busy writing.

"Mr. Greeley," said the stranger, "I have called this evening on my way up town to consult with you on the propriety of advising our people to study the sciences."

There was no response. Mr. Greeley continued at his writing, and after a pause the man spoke again.

"Mr. Greeley, I have called this evening on my way up town to consult with you on the propriety of advising our people to study the sciences."

At this the editor looked up for a moment, merely to respond, as he discovered the complexion of his visitor, "Sciences, the devil! better advise them to go over to Jersey to cultivate potatoes."

This was a piece of practical advice that was not altogether expected, and the stranger retired without pressing the matter any further.

Mr. Greeley is noted for his practical views on all topics he touches, and nearly all his comments have the spice of terseness and originality. Some weeks ago I entered his office and found him with Packard's Monthly in his hands. "I have just been reading Olive Logan's article on the nude woman," he said, as he laid down the paper. I have never been at the theater where the nude woman is, and don't know how bad she looks; but if she is half as nasty as Olive Logan's article about her, she must be very bad."

Rev. Thos. K. Beecher, who for several years has had his own say and own way in a couple of columns of the Elmira Advertiser, writes thus:

"To pastors all and singular, living in cities not larger than our own loved Elmira, we say: Go to your city's newspaper, cotton in with the editor and proprietor, fish an invitation to edit a column in his paper, put into the preparation of that one column more labor than you do into a sermon. For by that one column you sensibly reach and mould and educate more minds than by all your pulpit work. And most of you, my brethren, if you will consent to write for a newspaper and take the knocks and rough and tumble of it, will find it advantageous to your style of thought and writing. You will get rid of long words and long sentences, involutions and cant. He who learns to write a readable newspaper article will find a sermon very easy writing indeed. The greater prepares for the less."

A Maine farmer recommends giving pigs rock salt twice a week in their food.