

POLK COUNTY TIMES.

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THE POLK COUNTY TIMES

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F. R. STUART, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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THE POET'S CORNER.

THE THREE CALLERS.

Morn called to the fair boy straying
Mid golden meadows rich with clover dew;
She calls—but he still thinks of naught save
Playing.

And so the smiles and waves him an adieu;
Whilst he, still merry with his drowsy store,
Deems not that Morn—sweet Morn!—returns
no more.

Noon cometh—but the boy to manhood growing,
Needs not the time—he stes but one sweet
form.

One young fair face, from bower of jasmine
glowing.

And all his loving heart with bliss is warm.
So Noon, unnoticed, seeks the western shore,
And man forgets that Noon returns no more.

Night tappeth gently at a casement gleaming
With the thin freight, flickering faint and
low.

By which a grey-haired man is sadly dreaming
O'er pleasures gone as all his pleasures go;
Night calls him to her, and he leaves his door,
Silent and desolate, and returns no more.

GENERAL MISCELLANY.

TO YOUNG MEN.—You are the architects of your own fortunes. Rely upon the strength of your own body and soul. Take for your motto, "Self-reliance and industry"; for your stars, faith, perseverance and pluck; and inscribe on your banner, "Be just and fear not." Don't take too much advice; keep at the helm and steer your own ship. Strike out. Think well of yourself. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position. Don't practice excessive humility—you can't get above your level—water does not run up hill. Put potatoes in a cart and over a rough road, and the small ones will go to the bottom. Energy, invincible determination, with a right motive, are the levers that move the world. The great art of commanding is to take a fair part of the work. Civility costs nothing and buys everything. Don't drink; don't swear; don't smoke; don't gamble; don't steal; don't deceive; don't tattle. Be polite; be candid; be earnest; be self-reliant; be prompt; be generous; be kind; study hard; play hard; read good books; love God, your fellow-men and your country, and obey the laws; love virtue; do what conscience tells you to be your duty, and leave the consequences with God alone.

THE HEARTSEASE.—There is a good fable told about a king's garden, in which, all at once, the trees and flowers began to wither away; the oak, because it could not yield any fair flowers; the rosebush, because it could bear no fruit; the vine, because it had to cling to the wall and could cast no cool shadow.

"I am of no use in the world," said the oak.

"I might as well die," said the rosebush.

"What good can I do," murmured the vine.

Then the king saw a little heartsease which all this time held up its little cheerful face, while all the rest were sad.

And the king said, "What makes you so bright and blooming, when all the rest are fading?"

"I thought," said the little heartsease, "you wanted me here, because it was here you planted me; and so I thought I would try and be the best little heartsease that could be."

Young reader, are you like the oak, the rosebush and the vine, doing nothing because you cannot do as much as others can do? Or, will you be like the heartsease, and do your very best in the little corner of the vineyard in which God's hand has put you?

A PHILOSOPHER'S OPINION.

Thomas Carlyle, the British philosopher and author, having been interviewed and interrogated by a curious Yankee as to his opinion on the "political situation" of the United States, gave the following answer:

"As sure as the Lord reigns you are rushing down to hell with desperate velocity. The sum of the world has got possession of your country and nothing can save you from the devil's clutches. Not, perhaps," cried he, raising his voice to its shrillest notes, "a hell burning with material fire and brimstone, but the wide, weltering, fiery chaos of corruption in high places, and the misery of the people. A fine republic, that! England follows in the train, and is even now on the brink of the infernal precipice—and hell below."

This is the opinion of a keen and shrewd observer of political affairs from an elevated standpoint where distance lends enchantment to the view. Could he realize, by an actual personal presence, the workings, in all its sickening details, of a system of corruption which has been introduced into our political fabric by a remorseful and proscriptive radicalism, he would be struck with amazement at the infatuation of one portion of the people and the forbearance of the other. Mr. Carlyle certainly has no very elevated opinion of our system of government or the intelligence or virtue of our people.

THE TWO-HEADED GIRL.—The wonderful two-headed girl is still on exhibition in New England. She sings duets by herself. She has a great advantage over the rest of her sex, for she never has to stop talking to eat, and when she is not eating she keeps both tongues running at once. She has a lover, and this lover is in a quandary, because at one and the same moment she accepted him with one mouth and rejected him with the other. He does not know which to believe. He wishes to sue for a breach of promise, but this is a hopeless experiment, because only one-half of the girl has been guilty of the breach. This girl has two heads, four arms and four legs, but only one body, and she (or they) is (or are) seventeen years old. Now is she her own sister? Is she twins? Or, having but one body (and consequently but one heart) is she strictly one person? If the above named young man marries her will he be guilty of bigamy? This double girl has only one name, and passes for one girl—but when she talks back and forth with herself with her two mouths is she soliloquizing? Does she expect to have one vote or two? Has she the same opinions as herself on all subjects, or does she differ sometimes? Would she feel insulted if she were to spit in her own face? Just at this point we feel compelled to drop this investigation, for it is rather too tangled for us.

PUDDING RIVER.—A great many times we hear the question asked as to how "Pudding River" received that name. When riding in the stage from Portland the other day in company with Rev. J. L. Parrish, he related an incident of Oregon history that solved the mystery. Ever so long ago (a third of a century at least, for it was several years previous to 1840, when Mr. Parrish came to Oregon), a party of the then residents, old Hudson Bay Company men probably, took an elk hunt up the Willamette Valley, and killed several elk on the stream, then known as the Han-che-uke, near the point where it joined the Willamette. These forest epicures feasted on elk meat and wound up the orgie with a blood pudding. This delectable dish was not well made, for it had no salt in it. The effect on the eaters was quite unsatisfactory, for it couldn't be kept down. In fact, that pudding worked them so treacherously and so thoroughly that when the story got currency the name Han-che-uke was no longer preserved in history, and the name Pudding was adopted in its stead.—[Statesman.]

A friend of Horace Greeley called and stated that he wished to secure a place upon the Tribune for a highly educated young man, urging that the aspirant for editorial fame had just graduated from college with all the honors. Greeley looked at him with disgust depicted on his countenance, and bringing his fist down with emphasis, exclaimed, "Of all horned cattle, deliver me from a college graduate!"

The Princess de Metternich is to retire from the diplomatic world of Paris for a few months. She hopes it will be a boy.

WHY THE WORD "WHITE"?

The sentiment so emphatically uttered by Douglas that this was a "white man's government, made by white men for the benefit of white men and their posterity," has latterly been scouted in certain quarters as an abominable heresy. What will those who so furiously scout the idea of "a white man's government," say to the following, which is a portion of an address delivered before a recent Educational Convention of colored men, at Louisville, Ky., by P. H. Clark, a negro resident of Cincinnati:

"I trust that I shall shock nobody's prejudices, alarm no person's fears for my sanity, when I, a colored man, and a life-long agitator for colored men's rights, declare, as I now do, that this is a white man's country. In all its wide-spread grandeur of mountain, valley and plain, of river, lake and ocean, of densely-crowded city and uninhabited wild, from sterile, frozen Alaska to the warm shores of the Gulf, this country belongs to the white man, to him and his heirs forever. It was a white man's ship that burst through the gloom which had shrouded this continent from the eyes of the old world for so many centuries, and it was a white man who leaped first upon the shore, claiming the new land for himself and his brethren. White men have conquered this continent. Its teeming fields, its mines, its wealth-producing industries, its thousand cities, belong to them. This is a white man's civilization. We gain enlightenment from a literature which, in all its varied departments—philosophy, theology, physics, mathematics, poetry and the drama—white men have been perfecting for three thousand years. Our Union of States, our guaranties of free thought and free speech, our method of enacting laws by men selected by the people—all these are his peculiar modes, and are the crystallized results of his intelligent experience. In numbers, in intelligent energy, the white man stands at the head of all the races which have found a home in America. White men have come to us by hundreds of thousands each year, by millions every ten years. They have, do, should, and will control the destinies of the people residing upon this continent."

There is food for thought in the story that is told of a young man who for the first time had accompanied his father to a public dinner. The waiter asked him, "What will you take to drink?" Hesitating for a moment, he replied, "I'll take what father takes." The answer reached his father's ear, and instantly the full responsibility of his position flashed upon him. Quick-er than lightning various thoughts passed through his mind, and in a moment his decision was made; and in tones tremulous with emotion, and to the astonishment of those who knew him, he said, "Waiter, I'll take water." Fathers, take warning, for the decision of your sons to "take what father takes" may not come to your ears so opportunely.

CHICAGO.—A late visitor to Chicago writes as follows to his home paper: "I went to hear Dr. Hatfield preach and pray yesterday afternoon. He prayed that the Lord would remove from Chicago all intemperance, fraud, bath-breaking, licentiousness, Sabbath-profane, cheating, and every form of vice; and then I did not hear the next few sentences, because I was thinking what would be left of Chicago! I finally concluded that the Chicago river and some perfumery would be left, and so I gave attention to the rest of the prayer."

Daniel Webster was right when he remarked of the press: "Small is the sum required to patronize a newspaper; amply rewarded its patron; I care not how humble and unpretending the gazette he takes. It is next to impossible to fill a printed sheet without putting into it something that is worth the subscription price."

Let a young woman take the degree of A. B.—that is, a bride—and she may hope in due time to be entitled to that of A. M.

The man who flatter women do not know them sufficiently; and the men who only abuse them do not know them at all.

The man who gives his children a trade and habits of industry, provides for them better than by giving them a fortune.

Four things that come not back—the spoken word, the sped arrow, the past life and the neglected opportunity.

BEAUTIFUL EXTRACT.

We take the following beautiful extract from the speech of ex-Governor N. S. Brown, of Tennessee, on the commemoration day: I believe in the capacity of the people for self Government. Constitutional Government is not dead. Like Lazarus, it has only stumbered. It will rise again in all its fulness and all its glory. In the language of another, "Like the last tower of a ruined palace, it still holds its head to heaven, where the walls of its splendor and the bowers of its delight lie in desolation around." Its germ is still alive and vigorous, and will re-produce the same venerable tree of liberty beneath the broad, green shadows of which all these weary millions, North and South, will nestle and find protection and repose. To accomplish all this requires time and patience, and endurance, and charity, and justice. There never was a civil war yet that was not followed by evils and disorders of greater or lesser magnitude. Like the ocean when lashed by the tempest, the sturdiest art and experience are impotent to resist, and when the storm is over the waves still roll and break upon the beach, but with less and less volume, until at last the humblest bark can ride with safety and security. This national ocean of ours has been disturbed by a tempest such as we never before encountered, brought on by fate, or folly, or crime, or passion, or by whatever other cause. And though its thunders have ceased to roar, its elements are still in commotion, but gradually yielding to the mysterious laws which govern human society—laws of interest, of justice and of patriotism, and quiet and potent as those which govern nature in her wide dominion.

What Piatt Says About the Radicals.

In a late letter, Donn Piatt writes: "I have no reason to be ashamed of the fact that much of the larger and better portion of my life was passed as an earnest, active Democrat. And while my opinion of the present organization is not complimentary, I must say that in all the political issues of the day, other than those that grew out of the extension of slavery and the late war, I am yet a Democrat. I believe in a specie currency, free trade, a strict construction of the Constitution, and an honest and economical administration of the Government. The belief has become popular that I have come to be a Democrat, because, for nearly three years, I have been loud in my denunciations of the frauds, thefts, and unjust taxation of my own party. If this were a Democrat, I feel sorry for our own organization. The people are sick and weary of this political wrongdoing, and if to be a Republican involves the necessity of its support, our minority will be insignificant."

Whereupon an exchange remarks: We never saw a man who deserted the Democratic party, but bragged of the fact that he was once a Democrat. They look back to it as the hardened criminal does to the days of his innocence—the Egyptian to the time when she was pure. No one ever bragged of being a Radical—no one of once being a horse thief.

Mr. Piatt is sick of his present companions in politics. Being behind the scenes, he has seen so much of the corruption that prevails in the organization, that he is ashamed of his companionship.

COMPELLED TO GO TO SCHOOL.—Connecticut compels her children to be educated. By a recent law, children under fourteen years of age cannot be employed to labor in any manufacturing or other business, unless each child shall have attended, for three months out of the twelve, some public or private day school, under the charge of a teacher qualified to instruct in orthography, reading, writing, English grammar, geography and arithmetic. Any person employing such child is liable to a penalty of \$100 for each offense.

A calm blue-eyed young lady down east received a long call the other day, from a prying old spinster, who, after prolonging her stay beyond the young lady's endurance, came at length to the main question: "I've been asked a good many times if you were engaged to Dr. C— Now, if folks enquire again whether you be or not, what shall I tell 'em I think?" "Tell 'em," answered the young lady, "that you think you don't know, and that you are sure it's none of your business."

A little house well filled, a little land well tilled, and a little wife well willed.

NEWS IN BRIEF.

—Bonner's colt Joe Elliott made a mile to wagon in New York City lately in 2:19.

—George Peabody died in London, England, on the night of Nov. 4. The London Times says that the news of his death will be read with no common sorrow on both sides of the Atlantic. Sentiments of regret will not be mere passing tributes to the munificent benefactor. He was a New Englander, who, when the South was bowed down to the dust, stepped forward and claimed the right to succor her. He was no courtier, yet he was honored by sovereigns. He was as profuse in charity as he was profuse in philanthropy. He was liked and highly honored. There was nothing hard or narrow about his philanthropy. He simply did whatever good came in his way.

—Miss Laura Ellis, of Louisville, Kentucky, is anxious to learn something in regard to the whereabouts of her father, C. S. Ellis, whom she says is a miner, and lived in Nevada City at one time.

—A woman gave birth to a pair of twins on a Pennsylvania railroad train lately. She said it always did make her sick to ride on the cars.

—A petition was filed in a St. Louis Court on Nov. 3, by a woman named Lucy Hall for a divorce from Ben. C. Sanford, a wealthy young man of this city and married to the daughter of one of the first families. The woman claims she was married to Sanford in Indiana, in 1865, not knowing that he was a married man, and that three children are the result of the union, Sanford's friends assert it is a black-mail case. Others believe the woman's statement.

—The Board of Education at Cincinnati, after a long discussion, has resolved to prohibit the reading of the bible in the public schools of that city, by a vote of 25 to 15.

—Of eighty-four steamers which ply between Europe and America, but five are owned by American companies.

—Paper petticoats having come into fashion, the following advertisement thereof appears in England: "Mme. Percelle begs leave to call the attention of ladies about to visit the sea-side to her new and richly embroidered paper petticoats at one shilling each. Each petticoat contains an installment of a new novel of great domestic interest, by Anthony Trollope, entitled 'Tucks or Frills.' The story will be complete in fifty weekly petticoats."

In Wheeling, a few days ago, a photographer took the picture of a well-known toper as he was lying upon the side-walk, and he was soon on exhibition in all the shop windows. The indubiate signed the pledge next day.

—An ingenious man in Illinois has patented a self-acting water elevator. It is about the size of a quart cup, but will raise thirty gallons of water from a well or cistern in an hour, and, by the necessary piping, will lead it all over the house.

—A man by the name of Ecke Eads, in Greene county, N. Y., is strangely deformed. He is without ears, and never had any. He gathers sounds through the medium of his mouth, and can hear anything said to him in an ordinary conversation. And, equally as strange, his hair is black, with white spots, nearly as large as the palm of a man's hand, interspersed through it. He is about 45 years of age, and the happy possessor of thirteen living children. His occupation is that of a chairmaker.

—A man and his grandson went out hunting in Arkansas. The boy got behind some bushes and whistled like a turkey, and his grandfather shot him.

—While the "Rev" John Jackson, of Ledbury, Herefordshire, England, was preaching a few weeks ago, his former cook walked up to the top of the middle aisle, with a young baby, and told the congregation it was the rector's.

—Human nature is constituted a good deal like the donkey. Tell it it shan't and it will; put on the break and it increases in speed; crack the whip and it strikes a halt; tickle its ribs and it returns a blow on the peepers; stroke its back and it hoists its tail.

—Emma Webb lectured in Brooklyn the other evening in favor of woman's modesty, grace and beauty, and opposed the strong-minded females.

—The ladies of Austin, Minnesota, are very particular. A man was fined \$13 for squeezing the hand of one of them.

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