

# OREGON REPUBLICAN.

VOL. 2.

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, MARCH 25, 1871.

NO. 3

## The Oregon Republican

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

BY R. H. TYSON.

OFFICE—Mill street, opposite the Court  
House.

### SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

SINGLE COPIES—One Year, \$2 00. Six  
Months, \$1 50 Three Months, \$1 00  
For Clubs of ten or more \$2 per annum.  
Subscription must be paid strictly in advance

### ADVERTISING RATES.

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

Professional cards will be inserted at \$12 00  
per annum.

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

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

### A Splendid Chance.

We will send the DALLAS REPUBLICAN and  
DEMOCRAT'S MONTHLY, which is itself \$3 for one  
year, to any person who pays us \$4

DEMOCRAT'S MONTHLY stands unrivalled as a  
Family Magazine. Its choice Literature, its  
superior Music, its large amount of valuable  
information on miscellaneous subjects, its  
practical and reliable information in regard to  
the fashions, and artistic illustrations, give it a  
just claim to its well-earned title, "The Model  
Magazine of America."

## The Best Teacher.

[From the Journal of Education.]

The best teacher teaches self-deter-  
mination—the direction of one's own  
practical endeavor—in this should be the  
object aimed at in our schools, not  
only in the theoretical spheres, but in  
the sphere of the Will. He is not  
counted a good teacher who flings his  
pupils into good behavior; for all  
know that good behavior upon com-  
pulsion is not permanent. The "form  
of Eternity" is a self-related one. The  
teacher who elevates his pupils to a  
feeling of their own responsibility is the  
one that all value. Under him, pupils  
feel that it is a disgrace to allow anyone  
to govern them except themselves, and  
accordingly they take the matter into  
their own hands, and become free by  
acting like freemen. This feeling of  
responsibility is so remarkably devel-  
oped in our population, that it attracts  
the first attention of foreigners who visit  
our shores. It is observable that chil-  
dren, even in their earliest infancy, do  
not rest in that perfect security which  
comes from implicit trust in outside  
protection. The necessity for self-help  
makes its way into the consciousness of  
the child before it can fairly walk  
alone.

The immense weight of responsibility  
which oppresses the individual causes  
this influence to descend hereditarily to  
the children. Indeed, an edict has gone  
forth to the New World in our Declara-  
tion of Independence: "Woe unto  
that head which cannot govern its pair  
of hands." Unto the lower races who  
fail in this, it reads the sentence: "If  
you cannot direct your own hands by  
your own intelligence, you only encum-  
ber the ground here, and can remain by  
sufferance in this place only so long as  
land is cheap. You must move back  
into the wilderness, like the Indian, or  
else absorb our culture and become in-  
tellectually productive, or else—die  
out." This is the judgment pronounced  
by the Anglo Saxon upon the lower  
races. It seems cruel—nay, the cruel-  
est edict ever proclaimed by a civilized  
race. It is not the way of the Spaniard:  
the Frenchman can get along with in-  
ferior races; the Spaniard can actually  
single with lower races and lose his  
identity. But the rule with the Anglo  
Saxon is otherwise. He does not es-  
teem mere life—animal life as such—  
worth preserving. It is only intellectual  
—rational—life that is sacred. But with  
this cruel alternative he offers to the  
lower race the highest boon as reward  
for his efforts in self-culture—he offers  
him free participation in the freest and  
highest civil community.

Thus it is that the period of school  
education is so much more important  
in America than elsewhere. As a sim-  
ple creature of habit—with such educa-  
tion as one derives from the family nur-  
ture alone—a man stands a poor chance  
of being highly valued here. Only in  
proportion to his directive power is he  
likely to obtain recognition. We can  
make a machine that will perform mere  
mechanical labor—one steam engine can  
do the work of a thousand men.  
The activity of our citizens is perforce  
turned into higher channels. The work-

man in his shop is known to be an  
American by his quick comprehension  
of the machinery over which he is  
placed. He not only studies to improve  
the product, but to improve the machine  
that makes the product. It is the age  
of comprehension. The backwoodsman  
can read Plato and Aristotle—it has  
been done by him. The mechanic can  
master La Place and Newton—it has  
been done. Even an American lady,  
resident in Lowell, Massachusetts, has  
threaded all the intricate mazes of La  
Place's *Mechanique Celeste*. What lofty  
goals beckon on the American youth!  
What teachers we need for the work of  
their instruction. Not the cramping,  
formalistic pedants who stifle all enthu-  
siasm in the souls of their pupils, but  
true living teachers are needed.

The model teacher is a student him-  
self, and because he is growing himself,  
he kindles in his pupils the spirit of  
growth—free from narrow prejudices,  
his very atmosphere disenthals the  
youth entrusted to his charge. An-  
imated by a lofty faith, all his pupils  
reflect his steadfastness and earnestness,  
and learn the great lesson of industry  
and self-reliance—thus preparing them-  
selves for the life of free men in a free  
state.

## THE BRIDAL WINE CUP.

A TRUE STORY.

"Pledge with wine—pledge with  
wine," cried the young and thoughtless  
Harry Wood. "Pledge with wine,"  
ran through the brilliant crowd.

The beautiful bride grew pale—the  
decisive hour had come. She pressed  
her white hands together, and the  
bridal wreath trembled on her pure, white  
brow; her breath came quicker, and her  
heart beat wilder.

"Yes, Marion, lay aside your scruples  
for once," said the Judge in a low tone,  
going toward his daughter, the company  
expects it. Do not seriously infringe  
upon the rules of etiquette; in your  
own house act as you please; but in  
mine, for this once, please me."

Every eye was turned toward the  
bridal pair. Marion's principles were  
well known. Harry had been a con-  
vivialist, but of late his friends had no-  
ticed a change in his manners—a dif-  
ference in his habits—and to-night they  
watched him to see, as they sneeringly  
said, if he was tied down to a woman's  
opinion so soon.

Pouring a brimming beaker, they  
held it with tempting smiles towards  
Marion. She was very pale, though  
more composed, and her hand shook  
not, as smiling back, she gracefully ac-  
cepted the crystal bumper and raised it  
to her lips. But scarcely had she done  
so, when every hand was arrested by  
her piercing exclamation of "Oh! how  
terrible!"

"What is it?" cried one and all,  
thronging together, for she had slowly  
carried the glass to arm's length, and  
was fixedly regarding it as though it  
were some hideous object.

"Wait," she answered, while an in-  
spired light shone from her black eyes,  
"wait, and I will tell you. I see," she  
added, slowly, pointing one jeweled  
finger at the sparkling, ruby liquid, "a  
sight that beggars description. And yet  
listen—I will point it if I can. It is a  
lonely spot; tall mountains clad with  
verdure rise in awful sublimity around,  
a river runs through, and bright flowers  
grow to the water's edge. There is a  
thick, warm mist that the sun seeks in  
vain to pierce; trees, lofty and beau-  
tiful, wave to the airy motions of the  
birds. But there a group of Indians  
gather. They float to and fro with  
something like sorrow on their dark  
brows; and in their midst lies a manly  
form, but his cheek, how deathly pale!  
his eyes wild with the fitful fires of  
fever! One friend stands beside him—  
nay, I should say kneels, for he is pil-  
lowing that poor head upon his breast.  
"Genius in ruins! Oh! the high,  
holy looking brow! Why should death  
mark it, and so young! Look how he  
throws the damp curls! see him clasp  
his hands! hear his shuffling shrieks  
for life! mark how he clutches at the  
form of his companion, imploring to be  
saved! Oh! hear him call piteously  
his father's name! See him twine his  
fingers together as he shrieks for his  
sister—his only sister—the twin of his  
soul, weeping for him in his native land.  
"See!" she exclaimed, while the  
bridal party shrank back, the untasted  
wine trembling in their faltering grasp,  
and the Judge fell overpowered upon  
his seat. "See! his arms are lifted to  
Heaven! he prays now wildly for mercy!  
Hot fever rushes through his  
veins! The friend beside him is weep-  
ing. Awe-stricken, the dark men move  
silently away, and leave the living and  
dying together."

There was a hush in the princely

parlor, broken only by what seemed to  
be a smothered sob from some manly  
bosom. The bride stood yet upright,  
with quivering lips, and tears stealing  
to the outward edges of the lashes.  
Her beautiful arm had lost its tension,  
and the glass, with its little troubled  
waves, came slowly towards the range  
of her vision. She spoke again; every  
lip was mute; her voice was low, faint,  
yet awfully distinct, she fixed her sor-  
rowful glance on the wine cup.

"It is evening now; the great white  
moon is coming up, and her beams lay  
gently on his forehead. He moves not  
—his eyes are set in their sockets—dim  
are their piercing glances—in vain his  
friend whispers the name of father and  
sister. Death is there—death, and no  
gentle voice to bless and soothe him!  
his head sinks back! one convulsive  
shudder! he is dead!"

A groan ran through the assembly.  
So vivid was the description, so unearth-  
ly her look, so inspiring her manner,  
that what she described seemed to  
them all actually to have taken place  
then and there. They noticed also that  
the bridegroom hid his face in his hands  
and was weeping.

"Dead!" she repeated again, her  
lips quivering faster and faster, and her  
voice; "and there they scooped him a  
grave, and there, without a shroud,  
they lay him down in the damp, reeking  
earth. The only son of a proud father,  
the only idolized brother of a fond sis-  
ter, and he sleeps to-day in that distant  
country, with no stone to mark the spot.  
There he lies—my father's son—my  
own twin brother—a victim to this  
deadly poison!"

"Father!" she exclaimed, turning  
suddenly, while the tears raised down  
her beautiful cheeks, "father, shall I  
drink it now?"

The form of the old Judge was con-  
vulsed with agony. He raised his head,  
and in a smothered voice he faltered:  
"No, no, my child—in God's name,  
no!"

She lifted the glittering goblet, and  
letting it suddenly fall to the floor, it  
was dashed into a thousand pieces.  
Many a tearful eye watched her move-  
ment, and instantaneously every wine  
glass was transferred to the marble  
table from which it had been taken.  
Then, as she looked at the fragments of  
crystal, turned to the company, saying:  
"Let no friend hereafter, who loves  
me, tempt me to peril my soul for wine."

Not firm the everlasting hills, than  
my resolve, God helping me, never to  
touch that terrible poison. And he to  
whom I have just given my hand, who  
watched over my brother's dying form  
in that last solemn hour, and the dear  
wanderer there by the river, in the land  
of gold, will, I trust, sustain me in that  
resolve. Will you not, my husband?"

His glancing eyes, his sad, sweet  
smile, was her answer.

The Judge left the room, and when  
he returned, and with an altered  
manner took part in the entertainment  
of the bridal guests, no one could fail  
to read that he, too, had determined to  
dash the enemy at once and for ever  
from his princely home.

Those who were present at the wed-  
ding can never forget the impression so  
solemnly made. Very many of the  
party form that hour foreswore the  
social glass.

THE LOWEST TYPE OF HUMANITY.

—On the Island of Borneo there has  
been found a certain race of wild crea-  
tures, of which kindred varieties have  
been discovered in the Philippine Is-  
land, in Terra del Fuego and in South  
America. They walked unusually, al-  
most erect on two legs, and in that  
attitude measure about four feet in height.  
They are dark, wrinkled and hairy.  
They construct no habitations, form no  
families, scarcely associate together,  
sleep in caves or trees, feed on snakes  
and vermin, on ants, eggs, and on each  
other. They cannot be tamed or forced  
to any labor, and are hunted and  
shot among the trees like the great gor-  
illa, of which they are a stunted copy.  
When they are captured alive, one finds  
with surprise that their uncouth jabber-  
ing sounds like articulate language.  
They turn up a human face to gaze at  
their captors, and females show instinct  
of modesty; and in fine, these wretched  
beings are men.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

A farmer who wished to invest the  
accumulation of his industry in U. S. se-  
curities, went to a broker's office to ob-  
tain treasury notes. The clerk inquired:  
"What denomination will you have them  
in?" Having never heard that word  
used except to distinguish religious  
sects, the farmer, after a delibera-  
tion, replied: "Well, you may give me  
part in old School Presbyterian, to  
please the old woman, but give me the  
left on it in Free-will Baptist."

## STYLE IN WRITING.

Style, according to my observation,  
cannot be taught, and can hardly be  
acquired. Any person of moderate  
ability may, by study and practice,  
learn to use a language according to its  
grammar. But such a use of language,  
although necessary to a good style, has  
no more direct relation to it than her  
daily dinner has to the blush of a  
blooming beauty. Without dinner, no  
blush; without grammar, no style.  
The same viand which one young wo-  
man, digesting it healthily and sleeping  
upon it soundly, is able to present to us  
again in but a very unattractive form,  
Gloriana, assimilating it not more per-  
fectly, in slumbers no sounder, trans-  
mutes into charms that make her a de-  
light to the eyes of every beholder.  
That proceeding is Gloriana's physio-  
logical style. It is a gift to her. Such  
a gift is style in the use of language. It  
is mere clearness of outline, beauty of  
form and expression, and has no rela-  
tion whatever to the soundness or the  
value of the thought which it embodies,  
or to the importance or the interest of  
the fact which it records. Learned men,  
strong and subtle thinkers and scholars  
of wide and critical acquaintance with  
literature, are often unable to acquire  
even an acceptably good, not to say an  
admirable style; and, on the other  
hand, men who can read only their own  
language, and who have received very  
little instruction even in that, write  
and speak in a style that wins or com-  
mands attention, and in itself gives  
pleasure. Of these men, John Bunyan  
is, perhaps, the most marked example.  
Better English there could hardly be,  
or a style more admirable for every ex-  
cellence, than appears throughout the  
writings of that tinker. No person who  
has read *The Pilgrim's Progress* can  
have forgotten the fight with Christian  
and Apollyon, which, for vividness of  
description and dramatic interest, puts  
to shame all the combats between  
knights and giants, and men and dragons,  
that can be found elsewhere in roman-  
ce or poetry. There are probably many  
who do not remember, and not a few  
perhaps who, in the very enjoyment  
of it, did not notice the clearness,  
the spirit, the strength, and the simple  
beauty of the style in which that pas-  
sage is written. For example, take the  
sentence which tells of the beginning of  
the fight:

"Then Apollyon straddled quite over  
the whole breadth of the way, and said,  
I am void of fear in this matter; pre-  
pare thyself to die; for I swear by my  
infernal Den that thou shalt go no fur-  
ther: here I will spill thy soul."

A man cannot be taught to write like  
that; nor can he by any study learn  
the mystery of such a style.

Unconsciousness is one of the most  
important conditions of a good style in  
speaking or in writing. There are per-  
sons who write well and speak badly;  
others who write badly and speak well;  
and a few who are equally excellent as  
writers and speakers. As both writing  
and speaking are the expression of  
thought through language, this capacity  
for the one, joined to an incapacity for  
the other, is naturally the occasion of  
remark, and has, I believe, never been  
accounted for. I think that it will be  
found that consciousness, which gener-  
ally causes more or less embarrassment  
of one kind or another, is generally at  
the bottom of this apparent incongruity.  
The man who writes in a clear and flu-  
ent style, but who, when he undertakes  
to speak, more than to say yes or no,  
or what he would like for dinner, hesi-  
tates, and utters confusion, because he  
feels self-conscious by the presence of  
others when he speaks, but gives him-  
self unconsciously to the expression of  
his thought when he looks only upon  
the paper on which he is writing. He  
who speaks with ease and grace, but  
forgets himself when he looks at others,  
and is occupied by himself when he is  
alone. His consciousness and his ef-  
forts that he makes, on the one hand to  
throw it off, and on the other to meet  
its demands upon him, confuse his  
thoughts, which through and jostle and  
clash, instead of moving steadily onward  
with one consent together.—*Richard  
Grant White*.

When a young lady on whom you  
have called keeps at her crochet  
work, and says nothing but Yes and No  
all the evening, and her father calls  
down the stairs, "Mary, Ann, isn't it 9  
o'clock yet?" you may take it for granted  
that nobody in that family will be  
offended at your taking immediate and  
everlasting leave.

We furnish the *Republican* and  
*Democrat's Monthly* for \$4 a year.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS, & C.

BREYMAN BROS.

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN  
DRY GOODS, Etc.  
MOORE'S BLOCK, SALEM.  
100,000 lbs Wool Wanted

For which the Highest Market Price will  
be paid. 3-3m

JOHN J. DALY,  
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW,  
Notary Public, &c.,  
BUENA VISTA. 41-4f

J. C. GRUBBS, M. D.,  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON.  
Offers his Services to the Citizens of Dallas  
and Vicinity.  
OFFICE—at NICHOLS' Drug Store. 34-1f

P. A. FRENCH. J. McMAHON.

NEW BLACKSMITH SHOP,  
Eola, Polk County.  
All kinds of Blacksmithing done on Short  
Notice, and to the Satisfaction of Customers,  
and at Reasonable Rates.  
Special attention paid to Horse-Shoeing.  
Oct. 27, 1870. FRENCH & McMAHON. 34-1y

REMEMBER!  
THAT THE  
INDEPENDENCE HOTEL  
Has been RE-FITTED, and no pains is now  
spared to make all who may call Comfortable  
and Happy.  
A good Stable is kept in connection with the  
House. Call and see us.  
Oct. 27, 1870. JEREMIAH GALWICK. 34-1y

J. R. SITES, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Dallas, Ogn.

Having resumed practice, will give special  
attention to Obstetrics, and the treatment of  
the Diseases of Women and Children.  
Office at his residence. 34-1y

W. D. JEFFRIES, M. D.,  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Eola, Oregon.

Special attention given to Obstetrics and  
Diseases of Women. 11f

C. G. CURL,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
SALEM, OREGON.  
Will practice in all the Courts of Record and  
Inferior Courts of this State.  
OFFICE—in Watkins & Co's Brick, up  
stairs.

P. C. SULLIVAN,  
Attorney & Counsellor-At-Law,  
Dallas, Oregon,  
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. 1

J. L. COLLINS,  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
Dallas, Oregon.  
Special attention given to Collections and to  
matters pertaining to Real Estate. 1

Geo. B. CURREY. H. BURLEY.  
CURREY & HURLEY,  
Attorneys-At-Law,  
LAFAYETTE - - - OREGON. 3-1f

MARION RAMSEY,  
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law,  
Lafayette, Oregon. 3-1f

E. D. SLOAT,  
Carriage and Ornamental  
SIGN PAINTER,  
Commercial Street,  
Opposite Starkey's Block. SALEM. 21-1f

RUSSELL & FERRY,  
Real Estate Brokers and  
Real Estate Auctioneers,  
OFFICE.—St. Charles Hotel Building,  
PORTLAND - - - OREGON.

WAGON AND CARRIAGE SHOP,  
Main Street, Dallas.  
[Second door north of the Drug Store.]

The undersigned wishes to inform the Public  
that he is prepared to do any kind of work in  
his line on the shortest notice, and in the best  
style. Thankful to his old customers and  
friends for former patronage, he respectfully  
solicits a continuance of the same.  
39-1f S. T. GARRISON.

SALT.—CARMEN ISLAND AND LIV-  
ERPOOL Salt, in quantities to suit, at  
COX & EARNHART'S, Salem.

## PROFESSIONAL CARDS, & C.

J. M. BALTIMORE,  
PORTLAND - - - OREGON.  
General News Agent  
For Oregon and Adjacent Territories,  
Also SPECIAL COLLECTOR of all kinds  
of CLAIMS.  
AGENT for the Dallas Republican.

COX & EARNHART,  
WHOLESALE & RETAIL GROCERS  
MOORE'S BLOCK, SALEM.  
Goods by the Package at Reduced Rate  
my10 31f

Underwood, Barker & Co,  
WAGON MAKERS,  
Commercial street, Salem, Oregon.

MANUFACTURE ALL KINDS OF WAG-  
ONS after the most approved styles and  
the best of workmanship, on short notice, and  
AT PORTLAND PRICES!  
21-4f

Saddlery, Harness,  
S. C. STILES,  
Main st. (opposite the Court House), Dallas,

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars,  
Check Lines, etc., etc., of all kinds, which he  
is prepared to sell at the lowest living rates,  
and will soon hear what you have to say.  
REPAIRING done on short notice.

BANK EXCHANGE SALOON,  
Main street. : : : Dallas, Ogn.

WINES, LIQUORS, PORTER, ALE  
Bitters, Cigars, Candies, Oysters,  
and Sardines will be served to gentle-  
men on the outside of the counter, by a gentle-  
man who has an eye to "biz" on the inside.  
So come along, boys; make no delay, and  
we will soon hear what you have to say.  
32 W. E. CLINGAN.

HURGREN & SHINDLER,  
Importers and Dealers in  
FURNITURE  
AND  
BEDDING.

The Largest Stock and the Oldest Fur-  
niture House in Portland.

WAREROOMS AND FACTORY  
CORNER SALMON AND FIRST STREETS,  
PORTLAND, OREGON;  
19-1f

EDUCATIONAL.  
LA CREOLE ACADEMY,  
Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.  
MR. M. M. OGLESBY..... PRINCIPAL,  
MISS C. A. WATT..... ASSISTANT.

This Institution was Re-opened on Mon-  
day, the 31st of October. The Teachers are  
determined to do everything in their power to  
make this School second to none, of its grade,  
in the State. They earnestly solicit the hearty  
Co-operation of the Community, and a Liberal  
Patronage from the Public.

EXPENSES.  
PRIMARY, per Term.....\$4 00  
COMMON ENGLISH, per Term..... 6 00  
HIGHER ENGLISH, per Term..... 8 00  
Latin or French Language, Two Dollars  
Extra.

These figures will be greatly reduced by the  
application of the Endowment Fund. All  
Students entering the School will share equally  
the benefit of this Fund.  
Students will not be admitted for a less  
period than a Half Term. Charges will be  
made from the time of entering.  
No deduction made for Absence, except in  
case of protracted Sickness.

N. LEE, Chairman Ex. Com.  
WM. HOWE, Sec. of Board.

For Sale.  
TEN ACRES OF LAND, with good House  
and Barn, all fenced and under good im-  
provement, situated in the Town of Dallas,  
Polk County, an extraordinary opportunity.  
For particulars inquire of the Editor of RE-  
PUBLICAN. 43-1f

NOTICE.  
ALL THOSE INDEBTED TO THE  
Common School Fund will please call at  
the Treasurer's Office in Dallas, Polk County,  
and settle the Interest due said Fund immedi-  
ately.  
R. M. MAY, Local Agent Polk Co.,  
51-1m

WANTED.  
INFORMATION CONCERNING A GER-  
man Girl, 15 years of age, named Anna  
Kau, who left her parents in Dallas, on the 1st  
of August last, with the avowed purpose of  
going to Oregon City, and has not since been  
heard of. Any information concerning her  
will be thankfully received at this office.