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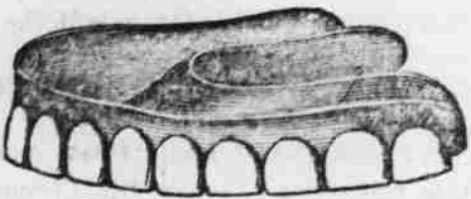
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**DENTIST.**  
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### GENTLEMAN OF THE JURY.

#### Charge by the Judge.

Our friends of the Jury I turn to address Who so long have attended us here— So long that their faces some languor express, Which the rest of us share in, I fear. However, the case now approaching an end, All the evidence having been heard, I will sum up the facts, while you kindly attend, And your duties explain in a word. Those gentlemen wise (pointing to the counsel for the prosecution) have endeavored to show That the guilt of the prisoner is plain: While these their best efforts have used, as we know, His honor to prove without stain. One point remains clear, that our neighbor and friend, Much lamented, has gone to his rest. Does Justice demand that to join him we send The gentleman under arrest? Supposing his hand to have done the sad deed, Let fancy his agony paint! Remember how sorely his heart-strings yet bleed, And ask Justice her ground of complaint. But Mercy is calling you! lift up yourselves, And behold the soft light of her smile; Her wings bring cool breezes as downward she flies, And she whispers sweet counsel the while. It is human to err; let the man without sin At his brother now cast the first stone. The forgiveness of heaven we all need to win, And we gain it through mercy alone. The accused should receive the advantage of doubt; For both Justice and Mercy agree That, until his transgression is clearly made out, His innocence granted must be.

The prisoner's presence is proved, as we fear, On the spot to the murder assigned; But his counsel would argue an *alibi* clear, To wit: aberration of mind. The freaks of insanity no one can tell, And instances yearly increase Where the purest and noblest fall under the spell Of this fearful destroyer of peace. All anger is maddening, the poet hath said; So reflect, lest you sanction a wrong, That the prisoner's emotions respecting the dead Were doubtless exceedingly strong. Again: if the prisoner were proved to be sane, His motives consider with care; Ask if the deceased left a name without stain, As honest, obliging and fair. Then decide on the case as between man and man, All sinners alike before heaven; And your verdict return with what mercy you can, That mercy to you may be given. If the prisoner is guilty, then so you must say With the deepest compassion of heart; If not, then acquit him without more delay That we all in gladness may depart.

**NEXT SCENE OPENS IN THE JURY-ROOM.**  
**D. DRESWELL, Esq., (Foreman):** Well, gentlemen, our duties now appear extremely plain, Since all hard points his Honor has endeavored to explain; But free discussion being the order of the day, We each and all are ready, friends, to hear what each may say. What says our neighbor on the left?  
**PATRICK ROONEY:** An' sure the spache was fine. Be jabbers! how his Honor calls the big words into loine. The Judge is fully confident what verdict we shall give. The money 's quickly earned, you know, and surely we must live.  
**JOHN SMITH:** You've got me there, confound it all! I'm out of work and poor, Or else you had n't seen my face inside the Court-room door. If I give in will you, my man? (to McElroy)  
**McElroy (With a sigh of forced resignation):** Weel, good 's a bonnie thing; An' we might be a muckle fash gin we sould gar him swing.  
**DRESWELL:** The verdict is unanimous, then, we may understand; And the prisoner being duly tried by the laws of our good land, Before a jury of his peers, we, twelve good men and true, Find him Not Guilty on the charge just brought before our view. A. I. M.

**JOHN SMITH:** I think the fellow's guilty, men, for all the lawyers say; And I've listened pretty carefully to their talk here day by day. But the smartest of them can't quite pull the wool across my eyes, Or make me take for gospel truth half they confounded lies— Their shams about insanity, emotions, and all that,

And phrases full of Latin words, trundled in so pat. John Smith knows somethings, too, I guess.  
**JAMES McELROY:** Ay, neebor, there ye're reet, An' sae does Jamie McElroy aye stand on his ain feet; For ilka mon, the proverb says, should gae his ain free gate, Sae dinna let the lawyers put fule notions in your pate. An' as for you misguided carle, His een 's enough for me, For I' the face of honest mon, sic een could never be. He looks to gleg and canty, too, to suit wi' a' their pleas O' how he spends the hours o' neet sair greet-ing on his knees. I trow the mon he bare a grudge might weel hae cause to greet, An' though his bed be soft as snaw, his sleep had no besweet.  
**TAM DUNCAN:** Noo hand yer peace, ye daft auld whig, he 's aye an open bond, An' a purse weel filled wi' siller, too, as ony i' the bond. Besides, ye ken our turn may come.  
**SETH CUTTS:** And that is true, Tam, for you. When wit is out and liquor's in, who knows what he may do? These accidents will happen, so I reckon the best way Is just to let the fellow slide; most like we 'll get our pay.  
**TIMOTHY O'REILLY (Rattling his pockets):** Faith he's an honest gentleman.  
**DRESWELL (to DELVER):** Well, friend, what's your good word?  
**DICK DELVER (shrewdly):** I don't know hardly what to say; 't aint much that I have heard, And do n't waste time on newspapers, or any such like trash. But I guess we better let him go.  
**SHARPLEY:** Yes, things go cheap for chash.  
**STEPHEN TENDERHEART:** I really think, my friends, we ought to save the prisoner's life; I'm sure we could n't bear to see the grief of his poor wife. And then, you know, he may repent and change his courses hold.  
**JOHN SMITH:** The man he murdered leaves a wife and child reet too, I'm told.  
**WILLIAM STOVER (COLORADO BILL):** I've waited patient, so fur, but now I'd like to know When this 'ere bizness will be through, so 't'll be free to go. When I was down to 'Frisco, boys, come August twenty year We've hang a dozen men in half the time we've loafed round here.  
**DRESWELL:** Suppose we take a vote, my friends, to see just how we stand. Will those who think the prisoner Not Guilty raise the hand? [They vote, all but Smith and McElroy raising the hand.] It surely can't be possible! what! only ten to two? Good Heavens! gentlemen, I beg, consider what you do! If you are rick it's very fine, but I, for one, ust sa I can't afford to waste my time and lose my honest pay. The Judge is fully confident what verdict we shall give. The money 's quickly earned, you know, and surely we must live.  
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An unstamped letter, dropped in the Springfield Post Office, was recently forwarded by the Young Men's Christian Association and reached its destination. On being opened, it was found to contain the following: Send me another barrel of that gin.

### BAD OUTLOOK FOR FENCE CANDIDATES.

Twenty States of the Union now contain one million eight hundred thousand voters who are members of Farmers' Granges. In Iowa alone there are one hundred and six thousand and this class of voters, which gives the granges nearly ten thousand majority in the total vote of two hundred and two thousand seven hundred and sixty-two cast in that State at the last Presidential election. In this State there are about forty granges which already control a sufficient number of honest votes—votes that are not for sale and cannot be bought—to decide the election this fall. This is an unhealthy outlook for such legislative aspirants as Thomas Fowler, who on the subject of "no fence" misrepresented the counties of Fresno, Tulare and Kern, in the two last sessions of the State Senate. Mr Fowler is a stock raiser, and though his district contains a large area of grain-growing land, the owners of which were anxious for the passage of a no-fence law, their Senator disregarded their wishes and petitions, and with what ability he possessed persistently advocated the interests of a few stock men, and insisted that the farmer who sowed, wheat must fence to keep out the stock.

Mr. Fowler and a few other Senators held that fifty farmers must fence their fields, because one man in the neighborhood owned stock. The old principle, the greatest good to the greatest number, had no weight with the Senator from Tulare. But for his stubborn opposition to the passage of a no-fence law applying to the counties he represented, their wheat acreage would have doubled what it is this year. Mr. Fowler's term is about to expire, and he is a candidate for re-election, with but little show of success. He has arrayed every farmer in his district against him, and from the granges which will be formed in the three counties before the day of election, he need not expect a single vote. In many localities the farmers do not wish a no-fence law; but they sympathize with those in other sections who do, and they will vote for no Legislative candidate who believes it right to compel four-fifths of a community to fence their land, because the remaining fifth wish to turn their cattle on the common.—Chronicle.

**TRAGEDY IN LEIPZIG**—A terrible tragedy is narrated by the German papers. Herr Schweinhoff a merchant of Leipzig, aged 65 years, after losing his first wife married a young girl of eighteen, who, of course, was only enamored by the old man's wealth. Schweinhoff had, by his first wife, a son who seems to have been a rather wild character. On returning home after a two hour's absence, the son, who was aged 25 years, commenced a liaison with his stepmother. Schweinhoff suspected the intimacy, and soon determined to be avenged. Having acquired proofs of the treachery of the couple, he awaited his opportunity. On July 5th he took a horse and road to a country house then occupied by his wife. On entering the grounds he beheld her and his son seated at the edge of a small lake engaged in conversation. He at once put spurs to his steed, and trampled the woman under the horse's hoofs. She flying fell into the lake. The son then sprang upon the father, and during a struggle which ensued after Schweinhoff had been pulled from his horse, he stabbed him fourteen times in the face and breast with a poniard which the father had carried in his own belt. Then he ran to the rescue of his mistress, and leaped into the water, but his strength failed him before he reached her. The lifeless remains of the guilty pair were recovered an hour later. Leipzig was in a state of consternation.

**EMMIGRATION OF MENNONITES.** On Friday last a delegation of nearly a hundred Mennonites, from the Crimea, arrived in this city on their way to the West to make arrangements for an extensive emigration to this country. They are from the villages of Friedensteig ("Stone of Peace") and Bruderfeld (Brothers' Field) in the Crimea, five miles from the shore of the Black Sea. It is now five weeks since they left Russia, journeying to this country by way of Theodessa, Odessa, Berlin, and Hamburg. They are essentially German, speaking the language of Fatherland. They emigrated a long time ago to Russia on account of their religious principles, one of which is that they cannot perform any military service. Representatives of this sect are found in the Netherlands, Germany, Russia, Switzerland, France, and America. The whole valley of Vistula is scattered over with them. In the Crimea, they have their own church, schools, which their children are obliged to attend from the age of six to fourteen years. They have also their higher schools, up to the grade necessary for teachers of the children's schools. They are nearly all agriculturists. In settling on the steppes of Southern Russia every colony planted forest and fruit trees, and now every house is surrounded by an orchard, with a piece of woods in the vicinity.

By a Russian edict of the 4th of June, 1871, they, with all the colonies in Russia, were allowed to choose between emigration, not having emigrated at the end of ten years, to become subject to all the laws and obligations of ordinary Russian subjects. The Canadian Government held out inducements to the mennonites to settle in Canada, promising them complete immunity from military service but the people refused, saying that if they were obliged to emigrate they would prefer to come to the United States. This advance guard is principally composed of young men, with their families. They held religious services at Castle Garden on Sunday last. The Rev. Mr. Neumann, of Brooklyn, with whom they have been previously in correspondence, and who has taken a warm interest in them, preached.

A deputation representing forty thousand Mennonites has been in America some time, searching for suitable lands on which to establish a colony. They have visited Colorado, Minnesota, Texas, and Illinois, they have not yet determined where to locate the colony, but will decide upon their return to Russia, and they hope to send out a company of least five thousand Mennonites in May next.

**TOO MUCH RULE, BY HALF.** You see, my fellow teacher, that the sense of the above heading would be ambiguous if it were not for the comma! And as it is, I fear you will interpret the main substantive by hickory, or cherry, or birch. Your pupils, maybe, would gladly give that phase to my proposition, should they see it. Perhaps it would not be amiss if yourself should chance to carry the same view; for I have just come from visiting a school, where, if the shades of hickory or birch were not darksome, yet the omnipresence of a raw-hide, *ipso facto*, added a ridiculous gloom to the otherwise cheerful school room! The fact, concerning that weak and much-to-be-pitied schoolmaster was, that in his former school he had well nigh made a failure in point of government, and had been apprised of that fact. This time, therefore, he would look out for breakers. He would take time, and pupils both, by the forelock. He was not to be caught napping, not he. He selects a good riding-whip, an imperishable, sarcastic, or, if you please, stinging raw-hide

This instrument shall be a constant companion from the very first day in the new sphere of action; it shall be the *sine qua non* of a successful line of government; it shall be a perpetual reminder of his former deficiency, as he should carry it about hither thither. In sympathy and pity, I told my friend of the dangers of such a constant display of the scepter of authority and discipline that "familiarity would surely breed contempt;" that the "hiding of power were a wise plan with both gods and men. The next day the rod was put out sight, and I trust with good results.

But I have in my mind "rule" in the sense of law, or regulations. Right here was the cause of the failure of our friend, and doubtless of a thousand other teachers and parents. They have "too much rule," that is, too many specified regulations; so that if these should all be enforced the pupil or child would be trimmed down to a puppet, that could open its eyes only as you might please to pull the wire! Alas, for individuality of character, freedom of thought and action when scholars shall be taught to go to school, and to live, pre-eminently for the rules!

To illustrate the legitimate and logical results of a multiplicity of microscopical rules in the school room, one of which was to the effect that "there should be no kind of communication in the room during recess."

This, under the circumstances, in a country school, though it might have been a wise regulation in some places, was entirely uncalled for and intolerant. Hence it was broken by stout boys; hence the offended dignity of the teacher; hence a disturbing scene of corporal punishment, followed by odium against the teacher and popular prejudice. Of course there was also a loss of confidence in his wisdom; and I know not how near he came to giving up the school. Perhaps the visit of the writer was just in time to save him from the crash. Here was a plain case of "too much rule." Establish but few fundamental rules as absolute, whose transgressors shall be in all cases called to account, and let the public sentiment of the school—not an easy thing to create, I acknowledge—take care of the rest.

It will be found that not all boisterous boys are wilfully so. But by all means keep the rod sacredly out of sight for special and urgent occasions.

**IRON WIRE FOR PLASTERING.**—Wire netting for plastering is being rapidly introduced to take the place of laths. It takes less labor to place on the walls, is more continuous and will not burn—Coarse netting with one inch mesh, and made of strong wire, is found to answer best. For ornamental cornice work it is especially valuable, as it can be bent into any desired form. Secured to iron studding in a brick building, our greatest danger on account of fire would be removed. A little further application of this plan is to make round bags of wire resembling barrels, and to coat them inside and out with cement. When it hardens they resemble stone barrels. Filled with sand and sunk in rows and masses they make excellent material for breakwaters. Another extension of the idea has been tried with success in England. It consists in making iron framed buildings, covering them with wire nettings, and spreading concrete on both sides. It is claimed that a house, walls, floors, roofs, doors, partitions and all has been built that is strong, firm and absolutely incombustible. Various applications of the huseofwire netting, and plaster or cement, readily suggest themselves, and the matter is worthy of attention of mechanics and builders.—Farmer.

The joy of the dumb is always unspeakable.