

# LIBERAL REPUBLICAN.

INDEPENDENT IN POLITICS AND RELIGION.

VOL. 4,

DALLAS, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1873.

NO. 35

The Liberal Republican

Official Paper for Polk County.

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

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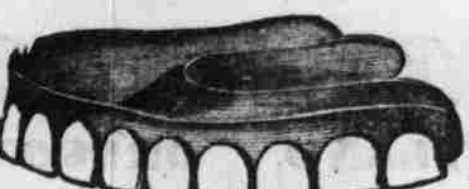
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PRAGUE AND ITS MEMORIES OF

THE CARLIST PRETENDER.

[BY N. S. DODGE.]

Any one whom business or  
pleasure detained in the time-honored  
town of Prague for several weeks,  
during the years of 1859 to 1863  
inclusive, will hardly have forgotten  
two remarkable personages he cannot  
have failed oftentimes to see. The  
elder of the two was a tall, mild-  
mannered, gray-haired gentleman,  
stooping a little in his gait, scholarly  
in his appearance, and dressed in the  
habit of a Spanish ecclesiastic. The  
younger was a well-grown youth of  
fifteen of manly bearing, with regular  
features, dark skin, black hair, and  
expressive black eyes. The latter was  
the first born of Donna Maria Beatriz  
and Don Juan de Bourbon, Don  
Carlos, the now Duke of Madrid and  
claimant of the Spanish throne; and  
the former, Don Ramon, since well  
known from his archaeological works,  
then both tutor and chaplain to the  
prince. The mother, with her two  
children, hunted from Modena  
when the estates of her father  
were taken from him, had found  
hospitality in the palace of her uncle,  
the Emperor Ferdinand, and here, in  
Prague, her eldest son and heir was  
receiving his education.

To Protestant or Catholic there is no  
city in Europe so rich in memories as  
Prague. Deeds of conservatism and  
reformers are sown thickly in every  
part. In Bethlehem-platz and the  
city-hall; in Grosse-Ring and the  
Zukaberg; in the Hradschin—as they  
call the antique palace of the Bohemi-  
an Kings; at the great Bridge and all  
along the banks of the swift-flowing  
river, acts of heroism and cruelty, reli-  
gion and superstition, daring and cow-  
ardice, which have occurred in the gone  
centuries, move continually before one's  
mind like ghosts that will not down.  
To take advantage of these memories  
in the development of a boy's mind  
which was unusually susceptible to  
historic influence, no man could be  
better qualified than was Don Ramon.  
To persuasive power of conversation he  
added accurate knowledge of local  
occurrences. His manner of teaching  
his royal pupil had about it an  
irresistible charm. Take for example,  
a talk at the gates of the ancient Town-  
Hall. "Here," he said, "right under  
this oriel window, twelve Hussites were  
beheaded in 1422; and from yonder  
door in the same room, the Hussites, at  
another time, flung down upon the  
enraged populace, first the burgo-master,  
and then upon the cry 'Heave them  
over,' five members of the council.  
Just round the corner of the platz, in  
1621, Otto von Loss and twenty-six  
defenders of the Protestant faith  
ascended the scaffold, each in success-  
ion kneeling in prayer, arising, laying  
aside his garments, and receiving the  
deathblow.

No one who knew the character of  
Don Ramon can have any doubt that  
he taught his pupil the facts of history  
fairly, whether they made for or  
against the church. Indeed the truth  
about this is no matter of conjecture,  
for there were those then in Prague,  
who, without being obtrusive, were not  
infrequent listeners to the talk of the  
old man eloquent.

"That old blind King," he said one  
day, "John of Bohemia, was unhorsed  
in this Square; and another, though  
not of royal blood, yet a King of men,  
and blind also,—that warrior of the  
two-fold weapon, sword and Bible, who  
beat the Emperor Sigismund at the  
head of 150,000 men, and who, even  
after his total loss of sight, continued  
to lead successfully the Hussite troops  
in their war for liberty, the grand old  
hero, John Zisca, died here. The type  
of heroes of the middle ages, a man of  
the Venetian dandolo mould, of immense  
bravery, and utmost devotion, Zisca's  
name will live so long as religious

heroism is honored among mankind.  
No doubt he committed excesses! No  
doubt they all did, those battle-armed  
warriors of faith! It is easy for us,  
peace-men of the nineteenth century,  
to shake our heads at the fanaticism  
and violence of fourteenth century men,  
who, mocked and threatened, aimed at  
and shot down, had to parry off death  
blows daily!"

On the east bank of the Moldau, in  
Prague, crowning the ridge of the hill,  
stands the gigantic palace of the  
Bohemian Kings. Its enormous reach  
of walls and windows, save a half  
dozen Gothic towers, possesses no  
architectural beauty. Never-ending  
stair-cases and wearisome corridors,  
huge unfurnished state apartments and  
dimly-lighted council chambers, old  
oaken chairs and tables, and grim  
portraits of those who occupied them  
four hundred years ago, looking down  
from the walls, do not greatly interest  
the visitor. But there are also political  
and martial memories in the grim  
palace, and of these the wise teacher  
did not fail to avail himself in his  
instructions to his pupil. The ruthless  
king of the Catholic Commissioners out  
of these windows, eighty feet from the  
trench, by the Protestant Deputies,—  
ruthless yet ludicrous, since they all  
tell uninjured on a dung heap; the  
troubles which ensued; the election of  
Frederick for king; and the commence-  
ment of the Thirty Years' War; the  
wise teacher availed himself of all.  
The royal pupil heard, here of his  
English kin, the Steuarts; of the  
Princess Elizabeth's marriage; of  
fidelity and broken promises; of  
ambition and its rewards; of splendor,  
reverse, and misery. When Elizabeth's  
husband hesitated to except the crown  
of Bohemia, this high-hearted wife  
exclaimed, "Let me rather eat dry  
bread at a King's table, than feast at  
the board of an Elector." Did some  
avenging demon, hovering in the air,  
take her at her word? She would be  
a queen, and was. But she lived to  
eat dry bread, aye, and beg it too.

Among the religious orders one sees  
in Prague—monks in uncouth vest-  
ments and unwashed faces—are the  
"Premonstratensian," descendants of  
that reformation of Reclus, which,  
springing up in the twelfth century,  
when exciting religious feeling took the  
turn of reviving monastic discipline,  
corrected its abuses and increased its  
severity. Their monastery crowns the  
height of the noble hills, which sweep  
up from the shores of the river  
Strahow, they call it; and here, looking  
out upon one of the loveliest landscapes,  
or poring over ancient tomes, were  
teacher and royal pupil wont to pass  
many hours. The Strahow library is  
one of the most remarkable in  
Europe. Alcoves of rare books,  
recesses of rich vellums and parch-  
ments, kept in admirable order, and  
drawers of illuminated classics on which  
no dust falls nor spider's web is  
woven, drew the Spanish strangers  
kindly towards the flannel-clad an-  
chorites who are its conservatives.  
Aware of the scholarship of the one  
and the exalted rank of the other of  
their two visitors, the recluses opened  
their literary treasures with gracious  
alacrity, and showed their six centu-  
ries old cloisters.

Those who know the Duke of Madrid  
had not been heard of. On the 29th  
of September, 1868, when the Queen's  
government was tottering to its  
overthrow, the London Times uttered  
the opinion of the whole world in  
saying that "Spaniards, even if they  
decide to rid themselves of the Queen,  
will be little likely to go back on the  
progeny of Don Carlos." Two years  
after that Carlists were to be counted  
by thousands; and to-day, while there  
is not a military leader to say a word,  
or the shadow of an army to strike a  
blow for the son of Queen Isabella—  
who at all events, is innocent of the

unfavorable to his cause, though  
holding office under the present  
government, has said, "I have no doubt  
that Don Carlos perfectly comprehends  
that, if he mounts the throne, he must  
not be the king of any one party, but  
of all Spaniards; the representative of  
Christian monarchy against dema-  
gogues and infidels; of a Spanish  
monarchy against foreign domination  
he will draw a veil over the past; will  
speak to the people the language of  
truth; and will establish a government  
that, keeping to the old foundations,  
will embrace all opinions and interests.  
He will enter Spain as no unscrupu-  
lous Jesuit arresting intellectual  
progress, guided by his father  
confessor, and re-establishing the  
Inquisition, but as a king of the  
people, asking the co-operation of all  
men of merit and property, and  
making the home of every Spaniard,  
be he Protestant or Catholic, inviolate  
for past political deeds or  
present opinion. No Spaniard will be  
sent to the scaffold; none to prison; no  
one driven into exile."

It is well to bear these professions  
in mind. The prospects of Carlism in  
Spain are not what the telegrams  
from Madrid represent. No truth  
comes that way. The public craving  
for truth is fed with lies. If there is  
to be a monarchy in France, with  
Henry V. at its head, there is no small  
probability of a monarchy in Spain  
which shall owe the name of Charles  
VII. Deplorable as it may appear to  
such of us as have nursed hopes of a  
Republic in benighted Spain, it is  
better if necessary, to accept  
gracefully the inevitable. "Straight-  
forward," as the German proverb says,  
"is always the best runner."

The wife of Don Carlos is Margaret  
favorite niece of the Count de  
Chambord. Her mother was the  
sister of the Count, and the attempt of  
Louis Philippe to stamp the birth of  
that sister with infamy has always  
endeared to him her children. They  
found a home at his house; they  
looked to him as a father, they clung  
to his fortunes; instructed by their  
grandmother, Maria Teresa of Beira  
they never, for a moment, in the most  
adverse times, doubted the ultimate  
triumph of his cause, and it was by  
his consent, from his home, with his  
blessing, that Don Carlos took to wife  
the oldest daughter of the Count's  
sister, the young Margaret of Parma.  
Whoever else should ever wear the  
crown of France, the sole representative  
of the elder Bourbons may oppose, be  
it Isabella II. or her son, or any  
foreign prince, or the President of a  
Spanish Republic, it will never be the  
husband of the Duchess of Berri's  
granddaughter.

Five years ago, when Isabella fled  
from Spain, any one who denied that  
Carlism was dead would have  
been laughed at as a fool. From the  
days when she and her uncle disputed  
the throne between them; when the  
Spanish middle-classes fought for  
Ferdinand's daughter because they  
wished to rid themselves of the  
medieval principles on which he had  
governed; and when her sex and age  
excited a chivalrous sentiment in  
every Spanish bosom until her foes  
were extinct, with the exception of a  
single futile rising in Catalonia Carlism  
had not been heard of. On the 29th  
of September, 1868, when the Queen's  
government was tottering to its  
overthrow, the London Times uttered  
the opinion of the whole world in  
saying that "Spaniards, even if they  
decide to rid themselves of the Queen,  
will be little likely to go back on the  
progeny of Don Carlos." Two years  
after that Carlists were to be counted  
by thousands; and to-day, while there  
is not a military leader to say a word,  
or the shadow of an army to strike a  
blow for the son of Queen Isabella—  
who at all events, is innocent of the

errors of his mother—there are three  
Carlism armies in the field, and many  
generals, who, regretting their  
defection in '68, have drawn their  
swords to repair the wrong by putting  
a Charles VII. on the throne. In three  
provinces, at least, Carlism is in the  
majority. In many others it is in a  
respectable minority, to which the  
excesses of the Insurgents are adding  
numbers every day. Everywhere, af-  
ter Spain, the Carlists are to be found  
in smaller or larger bodies—Carlists  
young and old, Carlists of the eve and  
Carlists of the morning, Carlists from  
conviction that a monarchy is best for  
Spain, and Carlists from hatred of  
republicanism. It is but ten weeks  
since Don Carlos, complying with those  
religious observances customary with  
Spanish sovereigns on returning to their  
homes after absence in a foreign land,  
caused a *Te Deum* to be sung for the  
living, and a *requiem* for the slain in  
battles, in the little church of the  
border town of Zugamurdi in the  
Pyrenees. His proclamation to his  
troops dates back no farther than  
the sixteenth of last July. If we are  
to believe the cable messages from  
Madrid he has met with nothing since  
but a series of defeat. And yet his  
progress has been steadily onward,  
without a single serious interruption,  
from the moment he untold the  
royal banner on the rugged pathways of  
Montserrat—order among his rough  
Basque followers has taken place of  
anarchy—and the material of war,  
arms ammunition and provisions, is  
constantly being received by his  
mountaineer soldiers both through the  
passes of the Pyrenees and at the  
mouth of the river Bidassoa. I do not  
believe in Don Carlos. Success to his  
cause would be ruin to Protestantism  
in Spain. But I do believe in truth.  
And to my mind far more improbable  
things have occurred in God's provi-  
dence, than that the flag of Charles VII.  
should be unfurled within sight of the  
snow-capped range of the Guadarrama,  
or that the representative of absolutism  
should be hailed by his whilom foes as  
their deliverer from the despotism of  
demagogues.

A man who was discovered asleep  
among a lot of tombstones in a stone  
cutter's yard said, on being awakened,  
that he had come in to buy a monu-  
ment for himself, and having picked  
out one, made up his mind he would  
try it one night before purchasing.

"James Jenkins," said a school-  
master to his pupil, "what is an aver-  
age?"

"A thing, sir," answered the scholar,  
promptly, "that hens lay eggs upon."

"Why do you say that, you silly boy?"  
asked the pedagogue.

"Because, sir," said the youth, "I  
heard a gentleman say the other day  
that a hen would lay, on an average,  
a hundred and twenty eggs a year."

A crowd of quarrelsome people were  
dispersed from the front of a residence  
in a very singular and sudden manner  
one night. A stranger visiting the  
family slipped into the crowd, unper-  
ceived, and extended an inverted hat,  
announced that he was making a  
missionary collection. Two minutes  
later he stood there alone, with not a  
single member of the turbulent mass  
to be seen in any direction.

Young gentlemen telegraph opera-  
tor in Hartford, after repeated calls for  
a young lady operator in another office,  
at last got a response, and then he  
telegraphed, back to her: "I have  
been trying to get you for the last half  
hour." In a moment the following  
spicy reply came tripping back to him  
over the wires from the telegraphic  
maiden: "That's nothing. There is a  
young man here's been trying to do the  
same thing for the last two years and  
he hasn't got me yet."

A lady reporter, sent to an agricul-  
tural fair, wrote of a lot of pigs, "They  
look too sweet to live a minute."