

# THE POLK COUNTY ITEMIZER.

INDEPENDENCE, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 18, 1882.

## The Westernmost West.

This is the far West—the very West. When a boy studying Geography “back East,” the West was to us as distant as the moon, as dim as dreamland, as vague as shadows seen in sleep. It was a region of which we had a confused conception. We only knew that the Rocky Mountains were there. These mountains to us comprised “the West,” embodied it, over-topped it, and then shelved off precipitously into the sea. On the other side were only daring waters clinging to the rocks, and grizzly bears growling from the gorges at the sea-surges below them. “The West” was always in after years associated with these ideas. The impression was not corrected, until, one morning, we found ourselves across the Rockies, and stretching before us a -untry large enough for an empire.

It is now a perpetual surprise that the Rocky Mountains are East of us. We cannot get over it. It is as if a man should wake and find sun-rise on the wrong side of the house.

It is said that there are more crazy persons and more suicides on this coast than any where else in the world. We don't wonder at it. The mental confusion arising from having one's notions so upset is enough to make one wax desperate with imagination. Just tackle the paradox that to us, there is no West. For if we travel toward the setting sun we are approaching the land that has for immemorial ages been styled “the East.” Horace Greely's maxim “Go West, young man,” utterly fails here.

This is a land of paradoxes. Here is found the first and only illustration of an eastwardly moving people. The migration of the peoples has been with the course of the sun, since the Aryan, the “mother of races” first stepped out from its Asiatic home. Slowly as the infant crawls, across Europe to the British Isles, one grand stride across the Atlantic, another across the American continent, and the latest civilization stands upon the sunset shore. But Berkeley's “star of empire” hangs still and tremulous over the western verge. It moves no more. It has found its destination. The ocean claps its white hands and shouts to the on-rolling waves of humanity: “Thus far shalt thou go and no farther and here shall thy proud waves be stayed.”

The last billow of a tide that started on its course ages ago from Asia is met by another tide—also from Asia—coming from an opposite direction. The Caucasian and the Mongolian, after ages of separation, have met again face to face, and the disciples of Christ and Confucius are intermingled.

As we are the farthest West, we are the farthest ahead. There is no royal road to civilization. It is a growth, a toil; a tumultuous battle. It is a race, “unhasting, unrelenting.” Every conflict, every anguish, every disgrace, every wrath, every defeat, every triumph, every triumph, every triumph, or Appomattox, or Crownwell or John Hamilton, or Jack Code, the dead Lee or the living Grant, Homer or Milton; each of these is a factor, which eliminated, the result would be different from what it is. Oregon is the latest development, the highest rung in the ladder, the top-most blossom upon a tree that is rooted in the soil of the immemorial ages. We may not be as open as the Boston bud, but when we do expand we'll drink the clouds for dew, and be the nearest heaven. And shall we, the “heir of all the ages” have to fear the rivalry of the barbarian who has not moved for a thousand years? Can the sediment of the centuries “become cream, or the lees of the wine of human life sparkle like the foam of the mantling cup?”

So Oregon is “the West” and the best. And it comes to pass that the latest link in the evolution of man has—web-feet.

The usual biennial political hub-bub has begun. The availability of candidates is discussed pretty freely, and there promises to be a lively contest for the offices. It is desirable that both parties put up good and competent men, and then, although it may be death to the defeated ones, it can't help but be fun for the people. We also hope that the contest will not give rise to any rancorous and rantanorous personalities.

## The Grand Jury of Multnomah

The Grand Jury of Multnomah county investigated the matter of the alleged caning of Mr. Simpson by the Messrs. Duniway. The return was “not a true bill.” As the law does not justify an assault for words spoken or written, and as it is to be presumed that the Grand Jury did its sworn duty, it follows that there was no caning at all. The Portland press was mistaken. The Northwest, itself, in confessing the fact of the caning was evidently in a somnambulistic condition. The editor of the Sunday Welcome has been laboring under a hallucination; no doubt had simply a night-mare. We are glad that the Grand Jury have corrected the erroneous impression abroad. It is now in order for the Portland press to make the proper correction, for the Grand Jury have said they were mistaken; and the Grand Jury are “honorable men.”

## Wanted—A Poetic Name.

The need of more sonorous, stately and high-sounding name for this country has long been felt by our statesmen and writers, and particularly by our poets. Our emphatic dissatisfaction with a name too inflexible and unromantic to be capable of classical adaptation or poetic uses could not be more strikingly illustrated than in the painful diligence with which poets avoid it. We are positively ashamed to put the name United States in poetry. There is no other national name on the globe so destitute of inspiring capitals. There is something in “Old England” that thunders with a mighty melody; and if a softer name is desired it is found in Albion, taken from the white chalk cliffs that look across the channel towards France. Scotia is full of poetic fire. Erin possesses a sweetness and pathos not found in any other name in the world unless it be Zion of the Hebrews. France, Germania, Italia and Hispania are names which readily yield themselves to heroic uses; but what poetic or æsthetic transformation can be discovered in the commonplace compound United States—the United States—destitute alike of physical capabilities, symmetry and sweetness? It may be said that if we cannot Latinize this name and thus invest it with classic habiliments we can find an alternative for it in America or Columbia. This is true, and it is the very best we can do. But we never use the first of these named without being painfully reminded that there are several Americas. North America, South America, Central America, British America—and, before the stolid Esquimaux of Labrador, the naked natives of the Musquito coast and the Patagonians have an equal property in the name with ourselves. Besides, this name is a perpetuation of the historical injustice which gives to Amerigo the honor that really belongs to the great Columbus. Columbia is far better. Indeed, it would be entirely satisfactory if we could only monopolize it. It embodies the name and fame of the great discoverer, and sounds well in stately poetry. But there are too many Columbias in the Western hemisphere to permit us a special proprietorship in the title, and of late years, we have almost ceased to use it except for the designation of numerous counties, towns, and institutions that exhibit a laudible desire to perpetuate the memory of the Genoese navigator who first taught the world how to make an egg stand on its end. The name Americans was fastened on us during the Revolutionary struggle, when it became necessary to designate the intrepid colonists with a title that could have a place in history—and it will probably stick to us forever; for we are not only the most powerful body of Americans in the wide western world, but we are a conglomerate English-speaking people for whom it would be difficult to find a different name. Still, we cannot avoid wishing that it were possible to limit the United States to the unromantic domain of law and diplomacy, and invent an exclusive and more individual name for holiday and poetic occasions.—*St. Louis Republic.*

Since the assassination of President Garfield and the sentence of Guiteau to be hanged, it is strange that nothing should have ruffled the equanimity of Portland except a champion prize fight in Mississippi. Our real estate boom held its diminished head in very shame of its insignificance at the excitement produced by two professional fighters slugging each other for a purse. Whether this be the fault of our modern civilization, or an outgrowth of advanced æsthetics we are not prepared to say, but it is evident that there is something radically wrong somewhere.—*Standard.*

## The Coming Wife.

The coming wife to be don't want his coming husband to be too highly educated. He has written to the *British Standard*, and complains that his girl is learning everything under the sun, save what she ought to learn, in order to make him happy. The only thing she needs is what she will use as the mistress of the household. Of what use will it be to her to learn Greek or mathematics, science or the fine arts, except as she can make use of these branches in the family? Before she is obliged to teach Greek and mathematics to her children she will have forgotten them, and as for the arts, she will have very little time to practise them. Women need some education, but not as much as progressive reformers would have us imagine. Most of them are spoiled for wives because they know too much. The coming husband thinks if he is to have a wife he should have some voice in her education. If he is to live with her a life-time he should be permitted to prescribe what she shall study in order to make him happy.

Now, this is an English view of the subject, and one rather new to us Americans. It presents a view of woman's education we have never thought of before. We commend it to our readers, as containing food for thought. Would it not be well to commit to coming husbands the entire direction of the education of coming wives? They could then be suited, at least, and could have a wife as simple and uneducated as they pleased.

As an illustration we have just noticed that the refined modesty of New York medical students has been recently severely stretched by the presence of an honorable and earnest woman-student at one of their lectures. It is said that these coming doctors resorted to the most degrading insults in order to drive this coming wife and physician away. Evidently young doctors think that their wives do not need to study medicine. The delicate and refined taste of young physicians is proverbial. It eminently fits them for the most important perils of their profession.

## He Interviewed the Fool.

An English merchant who had amassed considerable wealth in the India trade, made excursions to Scotland, partly for his health and partly to see the people. He had taken a fancy that he would like to be a moral philosopher; and to that end he must look understandingly into the characters of the different kind of his fellows.

Arrived in Dundee, our philosopher was seized with the fancy that he would like to interview the most consummate fool, and the most wise and erudite man of the inhabitants, and he applied to an affortime correspondent, who had been born and reared in the town to furnish him the means of gratification.

“Certainly,” said the friend, “I have the two men in my mind—the acknowledged fool of Dundee, and our best and wisest man. I will take you to the fool first.”

And he introduced the philosopher to a worn, and tattered, and drunken “caddy,” or street porter—a man who did the work of a mule—called “Dundee Jock,” informing the latter-named that the gentleman wished to converse with him.

“Yes,” said the Englishman kindly, and coaxingly; “I wish to ask you a few Bible questions, and if you will answer them properly, I will give you five shillings—five silver shillings.”

Jock bobbed his frowsy head, and grinned, and bade the gentleman go on.

“Well, Jock—now tell me—who was David's father? That is a Bible question.”

“Hech! So it be. Aye—it wer' Jesse, I woen.”

“Yes—you are right. Now tell me—who slew Goliath?”

“Why—samon aleeve—who but David himself?”

And so the philosopher went on, and it was not in his power to propound a Bible question which the fool could not answer. The secret was, that from his infancy Jock had pursued the Bible story with an avidity which nothing could check. He could not himself read; but he got others to read for him.

In the end the gentleman was so well satisfied with Jock's answers that he gave him, instead of five shillings—ten—assuring him that he was worthy of them.

But poor Jock shook his head. He did not feel that he had earned ten shillings, and hence, he was unable to take them.

“But,” said he, “if you will answer me a question we can settle it. I will ask ye only one, and it shall be as simple as simple can be. If ye answer it I shall not take your money; but if you canna answer it ye shall double it, and give me twenty shillin'.”

The philosopher assented. “Go on,” he said. “Put your question, and I will answer.”

“Well, sir—ye ask me who was David's father, an I telled ye. Noo, tell me—who was my father?”

Suffice it to say—the philosopher paid the twenty shillings; and he did not interview the wise man.

## A Spoilt Picture.

Lee's surrender to Grant was a ceremony simple enough, and will probably never be a scene put on canvas. Colonel Schaffner, who was with General Grant, said to a writer in *The Courier-Journal* recently that when on the road to Appomattox, he found an occasion to ride beside Grant, and, he adds, “after much circumlocution I said to him that as the surrender would be formal and ceremonious, I supposed, I wanted to have a sketch made at the time in order to have a large painting made of it for the Capitol. Having listened to what I had to say, he very quietly and with some sentiment remarked that he would not like to see such a picture, nor was it his intention to have a surrender with ceremony. He continued for some minutes, stating among other things that these are our people, and it would have a bad effect to humiliate them. They are not foreigners, but they belong to us and we to them; and all we want is for them to stop fighting, and for us all to live at peace as a Union. I made a slight effort to change his views upon the subject, and expressed the opinion that future generations should see the end of an attempt to destroy the Union. He answered that the traces of the armies left evidences more than sufficient. \* \* \* After the surrender had been concluded, Lee requested Grant to inform him if the terms of his letter permitted his private soldiers to take with them their private property. Grant examined the letter and said he thought not. Lee responded that he so understood it, and desired to know, as all his cavaliers owned their horses, Grant then very promptly said he did not know that, but he would give orders to allow them to take their horses, as they would be needed to cultivate the crops. Lee answered, ‘I thank you; it will have a good effect with the people.’”

## Leave-Taking.

Not all have learned the art of leave-taking in an appropriate manner. When you are about to depart, do so at once, gracefully and politely, with no dallying. Don't say “It's about time I was going,” and then settle back and talk on aimlessly for another ten minutes. Some people have just such a tiresome habit. They will even rise, and stand about the room in various attitudes, keeping their hosts also standing, and then by an effort succeed in getting as far as the hall, when a new thought strikes them. They brighten up visibly and stand for some minutes longer, saying nothing of importance, but keeping every one in a restless, nervous state. After the door is opened the prolonged leave-taking begins, and everybody in general and in particular is invited to call. Very likely a last thought strikes the departing visitor which his friend must risk a cold to hear to the end. What a relief when the door is finally closed! There is no disguising the fact that they are truly glad he has at last gone. Don't do that way. Make your leave-taking generally short. There is no need of being offensively abrupt, but when you are ready to go—go.

The custom of shaving the beard was enforced by Alexander of Macedon, not for the sake of fashion, but for practical ends. He knew that the soldiers of India, when they encountered their foes, had the habit of grasping them by the beard, and so he ordered his soldiers to shave. Afterwards shaving was practiced in the Macedonian army, and then among Greek citizens. The Romans imitated the Greeks in the practice, as they did in many other things, and spread it into the other European nations yet barbaric. In the middle ages, at the time of the Renaissance, shaving was retained, though classicism gave place to romanticism, and that in its turn gave place to realism. The beard was a source of trouble to Peter the Great, who simultaneously with the introduction of his great reforms into Russia, tried to induce his people to imitate the shaving nations. This innovation was resisted by his subjects with the utmost persistence, and they preferred to pay a heavy fine rather than suffer disfigurement as they believed, of the image of God. To the Russians of olden times the beard was a symbol of liberty. In several countries of Western Europe and in the United States, the beard was restored to honor only about twenty years ago, but even yet a majority of men respect the custom introduced by Alexander the Great.

Queen Victoria does not approve of carpets. Probably her promising son has had a way of coming into the best parlor with his muddy boots on, covering the carpet with the foot of Prince of Wales.

## WIT AND HUMOR.

A tom cat sits upon a shed,  
And warbles sweetly to his mate;  
“Oh, when the world has gone to bed,  
I love to sit and mew till late.”

But while this tom cat sits and sings,  
Up springs the student, mad with hate,  
He shoots that cat to fiddle strings—  
He also loves to mew till late.

“Oh! yes,” said Mrs. B. as she surveyed with pleasure her little parlor side-board, covered with old china and decorated with highly-colored titles. “Mr. B. remarked last night that I was becoming quite an atheist,” and the old lady's countenance fairly beamed with delight as her eyes rested on a sixteen cent Japanese tea-pot.

There never was a better example of the witty and concise form of expression common to the real Western American than the answer of the grim man of the Sierras, who, when asked about the character of a neighbor, sententiously replied: “Mister, I don't know very much about him; but my impression is that he'd make a first-class stranger.”

“You can't add different things together,” said an Austin school teacher. “If you add a sheep and a cow together, it does not make two sheep or two cows.” A little boy, the son of a Texas milkman, held up his hand and said: “That may do with sheep and cows, but if you add a quart of water and a quart of milk together, it makes two quarts of milk. I've seen it tried.”

A member of the rhetorical class in a certain college had just finished his declamation, when the professor said: “Mr.—, do you suppose a general would address his soldiers in the manner you spoke that piece?” “Yes, sir, I do,” was the reply, “if he was half scared to death and as nervous as a cat.”

An exchange makes this touching appeal to delinquent subscribers: “Gentlemen, we must have wealth. The nights are growing cold, and this thing of forcing a ten cent mustard plaster to do the work of an all-wool undershirt is growing monotonous.”

An Illinois man, with a foresight worthy of a better cause, popped the question on a railroad train, and now the maiden is at a loss to decide as to which county she had better commence proceedings in for a breach of promise.

Thomas Schofield, aged ninety-one years, walked nine miles to renew his subscription to a New London paper. It is the general impression among publishers that there are a number of subscribers who are waiting until they are ninety-one years old to come in and pay for their paper.

“What is the connection between heresy and immorality?” asks the *Chicago Times*. The following example is given by the *Commercial Advertiser*: “Immorality is stealing a ham, and heresy is believing that the ham, and not the man will be fried.”

In Arkansas, when a couple of ten-year-old boys are not at home for supper, their mother looks troubled and observes: “Now, where in the world are them children? If they're out robbing trains again, I'll take the hide off 'em when they come home.”

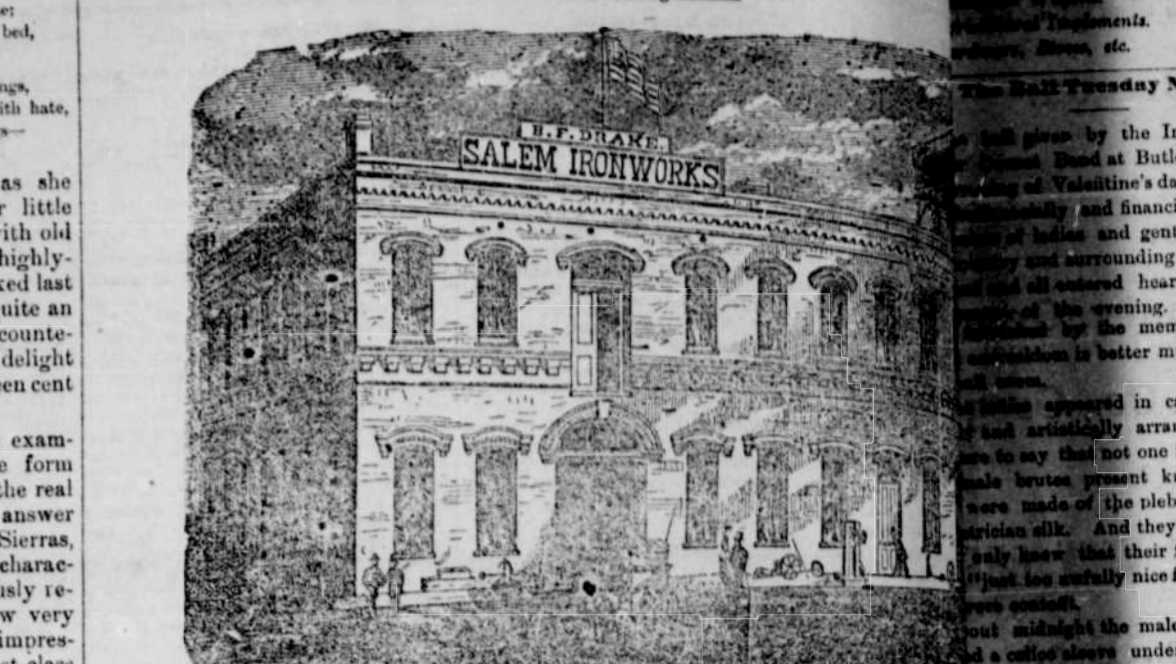
An advertisement reads thus:—“Wanted—A young man to be partly out-door and partly behind the counter.” “What will be the result when the door slams?”

Baillie McScrew (to Smith, who is on a short visit to the North):—“An' what are ye daen' to-morrow night, Mester Smith?” Smith: “To-morrow! Oh! nothing in particular. I've no engagement.” Baillie: “And the next night?” Smith: “Ah! on Friday I've promised to dine with the Browns’—” Baillie: “Man, that's a petty! Aw was gaun' ask ye to take yer denner wi' us o' Friday!”

Some of our educational journals criticize other journals on account of their want of originality. They are accused of hiring a pair of scissors in place of an editor, but the fact is a pair of scissors in the hands of a man of brains will write better editorials than a gold pen in the hands of a brainless one. If no originality is present, its ghost, when it is called up by all the necromancy within the power of a brainless editor.

Mr. Talmage thinks that success in life comes from stick-at-itiveness. Among the blunders he enumerates the following: Consenting to be either a lounge or a bore. The greatest affliction of all is a speaking boy, who takes the floor in all meetings, and must speak or burst. Another blunder consists in being discouraged at bad treatment from others. Another is found in excessive amusement. Too much devotion to amusements is ruinous as well as the formation of wrong kind of domestic relations. The greatest of all blunders is in attempting to enter life without enthusiasm and enterprise. There is a work for each one to do which no one else can do as well, or can do for us.

## SALEM IRON WORKS



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Income for 1880, : 340,641.00  
Losses, paid since organization, : 1,635,202.84  
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STABLE  
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can be made elsewhere I  
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