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Bayard Taylor's Travesty on Joaquin Miller.

Bayard Taylor's new book, "The Echo Club," contains the following: "Any one who has read Joaquin Miller will recognize the cleverness of the lines below:

THE FATE OF THE FRONTIERSMAN. That whisky jug! For, dry or wet, My tale will need it help, you bet!

We made for the desert, she and I, Though life was lathsome, and love a lie, And she gazed on me with her glorious eye, But all the same—let her die!

For why? There was barely water for one In the small canteen, and of provisions, none! A splendid snake with an emerald scale Slid before us along the trail,

With a furnished parrot pecking its head; And, seizing a huge and dark brown rock In her dark brown hands, as you crush a crack,

With the dark brown rock she crushed it dead. But ere her teeth in its flesh could meet, I laid her as dead as the snake at my feet, And grabbed the snake for myself to eat.

The plain stretched wide, from side to side, As bare and blistered and cracked and dried, As a meersault sea of buffalo hide. And my throat grew hot as I walked the trail, And my blood in a shizzle, my muscles dry, My blood in a shizzle, my muscles dry,

A crimson glare in my glorious eye, And I felt my shoes as whiter and fall, Like one who has lavished, for fifty nights, His pile in a hell of gambling delights, And is kicked at dawn from bottle and bed, And sent to the gulches without a red.

There was no penguin to pick or pluck, No armadillo's throat to be stark, Not even a billow's bill to be hoop, To slash my tongue with its indigo dew, And the dry, brown palm trees rattled and roared, Like the swish and swizzle of Walker's sword.

I was high rubbed out, when far away, A shanty, baked in the furnace of day, And I peered on, for an hour or more, Till I dropped, like a manny hound, at the door.

No soul to be seen; but a basin stood On a bench, with a meek and cautious look, Stringy and doughy and lumpy and thick As the clay ere flame had turned it to brick, I gobbled it up with a furious grin, A prairie squab of hungry desire, And strength came back, when lo! a scream Closed my stomach and burst my dream.

She stood before me, as I like and tall, As a musketeer of the Pina's wall; Flere as the Zuni's bold and leop, Fair as the slim Apache sheep, A lariat draped her broad brown hips, And she stood and glared with parted lips, While piercing stitches and maddening shoots Ran through my body, from brain to boots.

I would have clasped her, but ere I could, She flung back her head and her eyes, And screamed in a voice like a tiger's ear, "You've gone and eitt up my pizen for rats!" My blood grew limp and my hair grew hard As the steely tail of the desert, par, I sank at her feet, convulsed and pale, And kissed in my anguish his brown toe-nail, You may rip the clouds from the freestone sky, Or tear the man from his place in the moon, Fur from the buzzard and plumes from the coon.

But you can't tear me from the truth I cry, That life is lathsome and love a lie, She lifted me up to her brown face; She cracked my ribs in her brown embrace; And there in the shanty, side by side, Each on the other's bosom died.

She's now the mistress of Buffalo Bill, And pure as the heart of ailly sibil; While I have killed all who cared for me, And I'm just as lonely as I can be; So pass the whisky—we'll have a spree!

Amis.

Miss Vane said she was never more annoyed in her life than when Hamilton Prescott said he loved her. She was completely astonished; she who often had boasted of never being taken by surprise. It was an awkward situation, truly, Tony, as she called him, was a member of the family household—Aunt Margaret's step-son; a cousin by courtesy—Miss Vane called him so, because of the convenience of the arrangement, and because of the precious fellowship it imparted. They had been more intimate than the young lady knew. Tony had taken yards when she had given inches, and now—

It was near Easter, one of those still, white nights peculiar to the season. The ground was bare, the landscape barren by day, but night was soft in its mysterious beauty. Weird lights and shades played over the distant hills and along the roadside. The scene was idealized. Cornelia threw on her cloak, and, leaving the gentlemen talking, ran out on the piazza to get a breath of fresh air. Hamilton followed her, as she expected he would.

"Isn't it a splendid night?" she said. "I wish I had a little hollow moon to go sailing up in."

"You haven't said you were glad to see me," said he.

"Glad to see you," she replied, shaking her shoulders. "Don't you know that you are the king of Boreston, and that the time we spend together is counted by leaders bulls, not diamond sparks—that I forget your very existence when you are away, and ever so much more?" Here she looked at him.

Instead of a reply, he kissed her. Then followed the irrevocable words.

"Oh, Hamilton, you are in a kind of dismay, yet trying to laugh it off; don't be making a victim of me. Are there not girls enough in Troy?"

"There is only one in the world to me, as you know, Cornelia."

"You have been taking an overdose of Byron. Drink beer, eat beef, and recover."

"Be serious, Cornelia; I merit that grace."

"So you do. Let's go in."

"Not until you have answered my question. Do you love me?"

"Obstinate! Yes, very much; but not as you mean. You'll be glad a month hence that I said it."

"You treat me like a boy," said he, bitterly. "As one who does not know what it is to worship a woman."

"It's a college epidemic, Tony, of which I cannot take advantage."

He turned away with an expression of misery she could not bear, so she laid her hand on his arm.

"Don't let me lose my friend for these words. Forget the freak, and promise to say no more about it!"

With all her prevented and rejected lovers, Miss Vane knew little of love. As the painter who dreamed of the Andes, saw them, in their over-arching splendor, bowing down his soul, so she took her experience when it came. She made Hamilton do as she said. He went back with her into the house, and only one detected that their manners masked pain.

Miss Vane had called him that of the sun, here as her cousin's was her own woven. A very pleasant way of life was broken up. I think they were both relieved and a little unhappy when the day of Prescott's departure came.

"L'ontant d'agit, l'ontant d'agit," cried she, and immediately proceeded to verify the proverb.

The season beginning with unusual gaiety, she dashed into society with more zest than ever. Success intoxicated her. Triumph dazzled her. I have heard Mr. Hamilton say she was insolent in her behavior. That may be a harsh way of putting it, but she certainly played all the pranks of a spoiled beauty.

November brought the engineer again. Cornelia was at somebody's party, so he had to wait five months had passed. He was annoyed at the laughing, warm reception he received from his old friends; he wanted to see Cornelia. His eyes coursed the dancers, but in vain. A sudden motion of the crowd swept him near her. She was hanging on the arm of the great Philadelphian, as the girls called him—Livingston Livingston.

A new sense of her beauty struck him painfully. A dress of white gossamer material floated and waved about her in rhythmic volutions. Her hair, fastened with the heavy black hair, was a scarlet fly; its buds and leaves made a half coronet, which suited the peculiar yet regal style of her features. Her eyes were glancing here and there in merry pride, while those of her companion were fastened on the face he seemed to find so fair. There they walked up and down, and he heard it said that the fastidious Mr. Livingston Livingston was entranced at last.

Not that Prescott was really jealous, but that the man to slightly touch the Cornelia would ever take him for her husband; but for the first time he realized that wealth and station was what was befitting she should possess.

By and by she caught sight of him. Brilliant was the change in her check and lip. She laid her hand on the arm of her cousin's arm, with a few words of explanation. Her cavalier bowed with an air of surprise, and walked away.

"Well, Tony,"

"Did you come for me, or to show your newly-gathered honors to the crowd?"

"Mamma Margaret sent me for you. I was not unwilling."

"It is almost one. I will go home now, if you please."

"What is your service?"

While lying on her bed, Cornelia wondered at the change she discovered in her friend. He was no longer the supple-lying lover. The look of abasement had gone out of his eyes. Low, fastened on the morning she took a good look at him. Was it the moustache that gave him the stronger air? The sweetness that lurked in the lips was now concealed by this silky fringe. He talked of the events of the winter in such an easy strain, that Cornelia found herself silent. He met her eyes, and his took a close survey of her face.

"Where are your pink cheeks? You don't rouge at night, do you?"

"Nature's answered him. "I keep it within call," answered his cousin.

"You are altered. It must be that French way of wearing your hair."

"Is it unbecoming?"

"For the worse? Tell me; I don't want to look ugly." And Miss Vane was conscious of an irresistible giggle.

"It suits you very well," he returned, coolly. "After all, it is the face I find fault with."

"Tony," coaxingly.

"What is the matter with you?"

"Nothing," with a suppressed air.

"But there is," she said; "you are so cold—and here tears came in spite of her efforts at repression."

An awkward silence ensued. Miss Vane turned to leave him.

"Cornelia," said he, "we are apt to overdo our parts, and mine is not an easy one. I stay but a short time, why not let me be as noisy and unbearable?"

"Oh, Tony, Tony!"

"Do you care a straw whether I'm happy?"

"Of course I do."

"Very much?"

"Yes."

"As much as this?" he whispered, taking her in his arms.

Now, Cornelia was not going to answer that question. She could not give him up. Then the moment he held her she had not known a happier; but oh, those bonds! If we could love and ask nothing, thought the young lady. But while she was thinking, she had answered Hamilton sufficiently.

I wish I could describe Hamilton as he seemed to his friends. His features can be drawn, but the indescribable some-

thing that individualized him and made him different from other men cannot be caught in words. His was not a handsome face, but a high-bred one. The features possessed a certain feminine delicacy, corrected by the deep blue eyes, keen and cool often, then dancing with electric fire. A most bewitching cleft chin, like the tempting end of a peach. But his manners were the attraction after all. They were the most audacious, the most winning, the most courtly ever met. Sometimes you would think the very essence of his enjoyment lay in the bare fact of existence; he revelled in a kind of animal life, infusing the most solemn prigg with something of his frolic. Again, he showed such keen sense, so complete a grasp of the subjects in which men delight, that his own sex called him keen-headed, and admired him as much as the women, whom he interested at will with melancholy, philosophy, or merry fun.

Cornelia was not satisfied with herself. Her heart led her one way, expediency another. She had no settled plan of action; irresolution cooled her manner.

Hamilton was in the hall when she came down to her late breakfast. He was at her side instantly.

"Sentiment before breakfast?" expostulated she.

"But you are engaged to me," said Hamilton.

"Am I?"

"Am I not, say rather. You cannot gainsay it."

"You will not hear me. Let me go, I want my breakfast."

"Once again I love thee," cried he, in mock heroic style, masking his tenderness.

She sang the line after him, and he followed her into the breakfast-room. That day was the rose-day of Hamilton's life. He gathered his thorns after.

When he had breakfasted, he was in doubt and tears came back. She had lived too long with the Fifth Avenue philosophers not to believe as they in the supremacy of wealth. She had long ago determined never to marry a poor man.

There was one objection, she could have married two, three fortunes, but she took Prose the bookkeeper, turns her dresses and goes to the opera once a year. She was content; but Miss Vane was sure she could not be. Books, music, pictures, flowers, travel, ease, all the sweet satisfactions of life can give, were needs of hers. No sorrow or lament had power to cancel one selfish act, or make her dearly-bought wisdom other than unavailing. Perhaps her aunt was the only one who did not think she bore her trials wondrously.

When she looked at her, she perceived that she was smiling when any one looked at it; the voice had no evidence of regret. But the waters had overwhelmed her, and if she did not struggle or cry out, it was because of the strength of the waves.

They say that the wretch committed to the gallows, when the dread executioners cease their work for a moment to hear the wrong confession, feels a delicious joy; for the pause brings to the body, and just parting soul, a bliss unexpressable. In Cornelia's intervals of mental strain and depression came moments of luxurious dreamy content.

It was on a Thursday, that slow pacing along the upper hall, she thought she heard Hamilton's voice. Was it longing fancy she wondered, her hand slipping down on the banister rail. She poised one foot on the stair, but hesitated; old emotions came back over her; the present had changed for each of them. He saw her, and bounded up the stairs. A warm grasp of the hand, a few words of welcome on her side, and they came to the downstairs, pallid face, and Hamilton put out his hand to help her down.

She put her hand on his shoulder, and suffered his aid, but said, laughingly, that she could get about the house very safely now; but at first, an intense look into the depths, and hurrying herself. When in the sitting-room, he gently placed her in her own green chair, and was strangely speechless.

"Now," said Cornelia, "tell me all about yourself. It is very long since I have seen you. You could not speak as if she could not see."

"Three years," answered Hamilton. "Well, there is very little to say."

"You are well, at most, they tell me, and are what people call success-stal man."

"Yes, I believe so; but you should say a promising young man. I'm not yet old enough to be called successful."

"I wish I could see you. Are you changed?"

"I'm older, stouter, *abrogato*; read for yourself," and he lifted her hand and pressed it over his face. A tear fell on Miss Vane's fingers.

"And so you are going to be married?"

"I'm older, stouter, *abrogato*; read for yourself," and he lifted her hand and pressed it over his face. A tear fell on Miss Vane's fingers.

"Do you wish to be released from your engagement to me?" he asked, commencing to stab a pin-cushion with pins.

"Perhaps I should not put it in that way," said he, looking at her. "I will then say I release you from any fancied bond. I dragged you into it half against your will, I am afraid. You have not been happy, and I suppose a marriage with me would be called throwing yourself away. So, if you please, we will forget it all—and I will allow you as fast as I can."

While he talked, he watched her face; he read eagerness there, but not softness. Now she bent it to her hands. He rose and stood a moment.

"It will not be convenient to make a scene; so, if you can bear to see me about a day or two, and at the rare periods of my return, matters can resume their past appearance. My presence here is disagreeable to you?"

"No," she said.

He waited for another word; but, as she was still silent, he walked out.

Three days after his departure, Miss Vane accepted Mr. Livingston. Then she entered into the abnormal life of an engaged woman, as gazed at by adoring eyes, was talked to as a poetess, and wooed by loves. If it could have lasted forever! It lasted months, and Mr. Livingston began to offer remonstrances. He thought her manner by far too gracious; she had no exclusiveness. One evening, after waiting near her in gloomy silence, at length found an opportunity to say—

"Who's that queer genius with his hair parted in the middle, who has been haunting you so long?"

"Oh! Albert Gerard, the artist."

"The Dickens take the painters! They are always hanging about you, and they care for those unpronounceable Dutchmen and whether the light comes from the left or right in their stupid pictures?"

"I care. I love to hear artists talk."

"I suppose you do. Perhaps you had rather have talked about Russia all the evening, and left me standing here, waiting for the waltz you promised me."

"Oh, I did promise to dance with you!

didn't I? There's plenty of time; you won't let me dance with anybody else."

Livingston looked grim, and was hardly melted by some sweet little speech of Cornelia's which followed. He now found fault so continually—scolding, Miss Vane called it—that the young lady began to feel irritated as soon as he approached her. A visit on the future relations stifled all rebellion. They came in a body to see the prospective wearer of the name of Livingston. They stood in their still drawing silks in Aunt Margaret's little drawing room, and patronized Miss Vane and all her belongings in a most comfortable way.

The year that was to bring the wedding day dawned on a fortune fallen. A severe cold settled in Cornelia's eyes; she caught a prevailing epidemic, and, after months of prostration, aged sunning, with profuse blisters, she died. Mr. Livingston had sent his own family physician and a celebrated oculist to decide on the case. He had done everything that money could buy; still, all the time, Cornelia had fancied that her lover was less ardent.

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Containing the principles of making what may be termed a good foundation for a beef soup.

The pieces of beef the most esteemed for making a good broth, are: the rumps, the knee, the edge-bone and the breast. The broth of veal is not very good, except for the sick, as it is weak and colorless.utton, especially the pieces of the fore quarter, that is to say, the neck, the shoulder and the breast, make an excellent broth. Barn-yard fowls, especially old hens and cocks, sensibly improve the savor and strength of the broth.

Take then the size or pieces of meat which you intend for your broth; trim and tie them as you desire, put them in a kettle large enough to contain two quarts of water for each pound of meat; fill up with cold water in this proportion, and place it over a good fire. As fast as the broth rises, you must skim it off carefully. It is only after the scum ceases to rise that you must salt the broth. At that time diminish the fire, or raise the kettle further from the heat; put in carrots, turnips, celery, roots of parsley, cloves, and two laurel leaves, and a burnt onion, to give it a good color.

Have a care now that your pot boils with a very small fire, but does not stop boiling entirely. It takes, ordinarily, an hour and a half to make a good broth, and while the meat is well cooked, you have an excellent and very healthy broth.

Delicate persons and those of refined taste are not fond of broth made with cabbage, nor to have many turnips in their soup, as these vegetables give a harsh taste, and are indigestible. It is better, if you are fond of these, to boil them in a small pot or saucepan by themselves; then throw away the water in which they are first boiled, and put them afterward in the broth, a short time before it is served.

Be careful, also, that the piece of beef or butter, if you put any in, is not rancid. Some calves' feet or a jaw added to the broth, has a very good effect.

Observe that at the moment of serving you fill not instantly the tureen, in which you wish to put the broth; but first put in merely enough broth for the bread to swim, cover the tureen, and about ten minutes after pour in the rest of the broth which you design to have served.

It is not well to boil the butter with the broth, as it changes the taste and quality of the broth.

Some persons put the vegetables upon the bread in the tureen; others prefer to have them upon the plate with the boiled meat. On fashionable tables, the piece of boiled beef is surrounded with green parsley.—*Gooley's Lady's Book.*

Sympathize with Children.

Do you want to learn how to make children love you? Do you want the key that will unlock the innermost recesses of their nature? Then sympathize with them always. Never allow yourself to ridicule any of their little secrets. Never say, "Oh, pshaw!" when they come to you with their kite or marvellous toy, and "I can't be troubled" when the hard knot won't be untied, and two and two obstinately refuse to make four on their little slates. Kites and knots are only the precursors of older thoughts and deeper trials, which the parents may one day plead in vain to share.

Don't laugh at any of a child's ideas, however odd or absurd they may seem to you; let them find you sympathize readily in all their wanderings and aspirations, and there any man so wise in his own conceit as to have forgotten that there was a time when he was also a child? The little folks are too much crowded out in this world; people generally seem to think they can be put anywhere, or made to do anything, or crammed into any out-of-the-way corner to amuse themselves anyhow. We don't agree with these cross-grained wisecracks. Children have just as much right to the carriage window as any other body. It doesn't make much to make a child love you and trust in you; and the benefits to him are absolutely incalculable.

Oh! how much better is it for children to bring all their cares and troubles and temptations under the gentle eye of a kind parent! What a safety net it is for them to feel that there is always a kind ear to listen to their doubts and griefs, and a gentle shoulder for their little heads to nestle against! Respect their rights; never think you can say bitter things in their presence, or do unjust actions. They are the finest discernment of fair and unfair in the world. Somebody says: "When you are inclined to be cross with children for being slow to learn, just try a moment to write with your left hand. See how awkward it proves, and how much more they will be pleased to listen to you when you are kind and patient. Preserve us from those precocious infants who spring up ready-made philo-sophers and consist: cherry-cheeked little orphans are infinitely preferable. Above all, do not be ashamed to let them know that you love them. Remember they will be men and women some day, and the slightest word which may influence their future lives should become a thing of moment in our eyes.—*Church Union.*

The following is said to be a good recipe for making apple butter: Pare, quarter and core one-half bushel of sour apples. Put them on to cook, with water enough to cook them, until they become soft. Then add two quarts of molasses, one quart of sugar, one quart sweet cider, or one-half pint boiled cider, one tablespoonful each of ground cinnamon, cloves and allspice; cook three hours, stirring continually. This makes an excellent sauce, and if well cooked will keep the year round. For a larger quantity it will require more cooking.

To keep a tin tea-kettle bright, rub it every day with newspaper. It will keep it very bright, without any washing. To keep copper or tin tanks in their original brightness, rub every day with dry newspaper.