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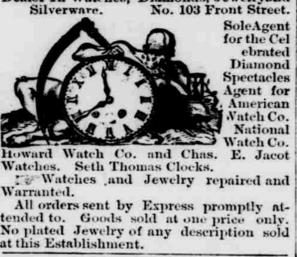
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THE NEBRASKA SUFFERERS.

An Account of the Situation from an Eye Witness—Extracts from General Bristow's Official Report—Dreadful Sufferings and Privations.

Stopping at the cabins by the roadside to see for myself how the families were living, I met among others Mrs. Russel and her daughter. They live on a creek seven miles from Arrapahoe, in Gosper county, Nebraska.

General B.—Mrs. Beck, will you please tell me when you came here what condition your family is in, and what you need? Speak frankly, as though talking to a friend.

Mrs. Beck—I will sir. We have been out here two years, and came from Champlain county, Illinois. We live on a soldier's claim. My husband was a soldier in the Second Illinois Cavalry for four years, and served under General Ord.

Mrs. Beck was accompanied by a bright little girl, and both Miss Russell and Mrs. Beck were remarkably handsome and intelligent ladies.

"The other day, as I was eating my dinner in the room behind the store, where my wife and I live, a little girl came into the store and my wife invited her to come in and be seated until I was done.

"I have four children, aged seven, six and three years, and a baby seven months old. My husband has gone to Iowa to see if he can get help for us from friends there.

"My father and mother are out having for a neighbor. There are five children of us. I am the oldest. We have a little flour in the barrel.

the eldest aged five years, and the youngest two years. My husband is a laborer, but finds it hard to get work now. He came here with some money, bought a lot and commenced to build a house and a mill. The house is unfinished. I live in the school house, which the director has kindly allowed me to occupy until after my confinement.

Before leaving Arapahoe for Harlan county, I visited Mrs. R. T. Hopkins and received from her the following statement relative to her condition: "My husband is away. He went on to get work. I think he is at North Platte. I expect to be confined soon, and have no one to take care of me. I am nineteen years of age. I have clothing enough for my baby and plenty of clothing for myself to do through the winter.

Mr. Haney informed me there was a young girl living at his house whose mother was very badly off. I called at the house, and the following is Miss Lizzie Schneider's statement relative to her mother: "Mother is a widow and has four children. Father has been dead ten years. My mother lives on a homestead of 160 acres near Arapahoe. We put in ten or eleven acres of corn, but the grasshoppers eat it all up. We had a few potatoes—a bushel or two perhaps. We live in a dug-out. Mother washes when she can get work to do. She gets seventy-five cents a week for washing. She is sickly. She needs shoes. She has now no work. We are very poor.

Miss Schneider, a young lady of sixteen, broke down before she got through her statement. Mr. Harvey informed me that Mrs. Schneider was in delicate health, and that there was literally nothing in the house. Mr. Alber said he thought this woman had no bed or furniture, and he doubted if she had any food. I left an order for seven dollars with this family. On my way down from Arapahoe to Melrose I stopped by the roadside to visit a poor woman who lives in Harlan county, near Watson's postoffice, eight and a half miles from Melrose. She made the following statement:

I have four children, aged seven, six and three years, and a baby seven months old. My husband has gone to Iowa to see if he can get help for us from friends there. The grasshoppers eat up all we had. I have forty pounds of flour and ten cents worth of tea, but nothing else. We have no stock. The children have no meat, I have no coffee or sugar. I nurse my baby. My milk is drying up. Dr. McCoy got me the flour on credit and said he would pay for it himself if I could not. I do not know where I can get any more when that is out. None of the children have shoes or underclothing. I have but one old calico wrapper. I am in want. My cabin is very open and cold at night. My name is Martha Duncan.

The following is the statement of a little girl who was at home keeping her brothers and sisters: "My father and mother are out having for a neighbor. There are five children of us. I am the oldest. We have a little flour in the barrel.

Father had a pig, but he killed it and we ate it all up long ago. Father says, 'When the flour is out we will starve,' but mother says, 'God will take care of us.' Our neighbor Mrs. Winter, is as badly off as ourselves and Mr. Foster is worse off. We have no shoes or stockings. We have one dress apiece. Mother has no shoes. Father and mother are out working to get six dollars to pay Mr. Austin. We owe him that much and father says it must be paid. We have no sugar, tea or coffee, nor anything to eat but flour, and we are thankful for that. I know money when I see it. That is money! Billy, come and see the money! I will take good care of it and give it to father when he comes home. He will be very glad. I wish I had some clothing. I would like to go to school; I went last summer and learned to read. I am ten years old, and my name is Lizzie Chamberlain."

The family was very poor. The cabin had no furniture, and the children were almost naked. I gave the children two dollars for their parents, and left an order for six dollars on Mr. Tinkum's store. In many places the larger girls hid themselves, ashamed to be seen by a stranger, and the older women felt confused, constantly apologizing for their ragged appearance and the poverty of their homes.

Nearly the whole population in many places, is barefooted, and half of the people are nearly naked. I heard a great deal of poverty and distress in all directions, and wherever I traveled not over ten or twenty day's supplies of rations were to be found.

THE CHARLEY ROSS CASE.

The abduction of little Charley Ross is one of the saddest cases which have ever been made public not only in the event itself, but in the distressing consequences which have resulted from it to the family. The alternate hope and despair which the father and mother have suffered; the slanders which have been heaped upon them; the practical jokes which have been played upon them by heartless people, and the malicious manner in which certain journals have followed them for the mere sake of sensation, have been hitherto unparalleled in such cases. The little boy was abducted by two men on the 1st of July last, while playing with his brother, and was carried off in a buggy beyond the reach of his parents. The father offered a reward of \$300, which only brought out an anonymous communication that the boy would not be returned for less than \$10,000. It was not till nine days that the Philadelphia police took any steps toward ferreting out the abductors, and then commenced operations by issuing a descriptive circular, which was so loosely and vaguely drawn that numerous innocent parties were arrested upon suspicion; meanwhile, the father kept receiving anonymous letters offering to surrender the child for a stated sum. The police authorities, however, would not allow him to act upon the ground that public justice ought not to be defeated. The city of Philadelphia then offered a reward of \$20,000 for such information as would lead to the discovery of the child. The largeness of the reward induced Allan Pinkerton and numerous detectives, both public and private, to go to work, and Mr. Ross had hopes something would be done. Something was done, but that something was of such a nature that it only added to the distress of the family. On the 25th of July, news came of the arrest of a man in Richmond, Va., having the corpse of a child supposed to be Charley Ross, but it turned to be a child 10 month of age. On the 4th of August a woman was arrested in West Philadelphia with a child which subsequently she proved was her own. Then came a dispatch from Bennington, Vt., that a woman had been arrested there with a child

answering the description of Charley Ross. Like the others, this child was shown to belong to another. Thus Mr. Ross was kept traveling from point to point, always in eager anticipation of finding his child, but always disappointed. Then came the news from Odell in this State, with which our readers are familiar, containing an account of the arrest of two men and a woman having a child supposed to be Charley Ross in their possession, who turned out to be the son of one James Henderson. Next came the story of a mythical Pittsburg detective, who was on the eve of discovering the child—a story which was soon exploded like the rest. Similar stories followed each other in rapid succession from Washington, Jeffersonville, Ind., Lincoln, Neb., and scores of other places of a similar character, each one of which excited hopes in the mind of the parents only to be cruelly dissipated. Other dispatches have been received from parties who are confident they have seen the child. In addition to these distressing disappointments, the family have been in the constant receipt of threatening, scurrilous and cowardly letters from anonymous sources. Sensational newspapers, under glaring head-lines, have printed all sorts of vile slanders, cruel descriptions of the family and heartless narratives of their grief, and some have even accused them of being corrupt and mercenary, and of having connived at the abduction of their child for the sake of gain. The sacredness of their grief-stricken home has been intruded upon by prying and ungentlemanly reporters and correspondents, who have written up most false and cruel letters. These heartless slanders, cruel persecutions, and heart-breaking alternations between hope and despair have at last worked upon Mr. Ross that they have driven him insane, and his physician reports him in a sinking condition. The friends of the family, unable to stop the malice and recklessness of these sensational journals in any other way have brought suit for libel against the most of them, which will probably have the effect to silence the rest of the pack. The poor mother who waits and watches against hope for the return of her child will have the profound sympathy of the public, and the heartless wretches who have added to her troubles by their fiendish cruelty nothing but its profoundest contempt and indignation. —Chicago Tribune.

THE TERRITORIES.

The hemp crop in Southern Utah is almost a failure, but it is thought there is enough for all practical purposes. About a score of persons accused of gambling were indicted and paid fines ranging from \$15 to \$25 each at the late term of the District Court at Walla Walla.

Judge McFadden, Delegate to Congress from Washington Territory, has so far recovered from his severe illness as to be able to return to the National Capital. One of the most prominent Bishops in Salt Lake had the disposal of the stock captured of the emigrants at Mountain Meadows. He will probably have a chance to explain some very unpleasant facts. The official returns of the vote for Delegate have been received from all the counties, and Judge Jacobs' majority is 1,260, the largest ever gained by a candidate in Washington Territory. It is a good thing for a candidate to be known as an upright man.

At the conference of the Congregational Churches of the Territory, held at Central, October 28th, a resolution was adopted authorizing the Committee on the Congregational College to receive proposals from Gov. Evans and others in the regard to the location of the college in Denver, instead of Colorado Springs.