

L.P. Fisher



Washington Independent

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THE INDEPENDENT

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LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Notice.
U. S. Land Office, Oregon City,
Oregon, December 15th 1874.
To John Pool and his assigns, and to whom it may concern.

A petition having been filed in the General Land Office on the part of the heirs at law of Jane Pool, deceased, late wife of said John Pool, alleging that a wrong appropriation has been made of the donation land claim of said parties, as recited in certificate No. 3228, of this office, being claim No. 69, and parts of sections 7 and 18 in Town 1, North Range 2 West, in Washington County, Oregon; and asking for a re-appropriation of said claim, and that the South half thereof be allotted to the said John Pool and the North half to the heirs at law of his late wife, the said Jane Pool, deceased, and the said petition having been referred to this Office hearing: You are hereby notified that the case is set for hearing at this Office on the 24th day of February, 1875 at 10 o'clock a. m. when all parties interested will be afforded opportunity to make such showing as they may desire.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has been appointed by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, administrator of the estate of Ransom P. Baker, deceased. All persons having claims against said estate will present the same with the proper vouchers, at my farm two miles northwest of Gaston in Washington County, Oregon, within six months from the date of this notice, and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment of the same.

Notice of Final Settlement.
NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT I have filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County my final settlement account as administrator of the estate of T. G. Naylor, deceased. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that Thursday, the 7th day of January, A. D. 1875, has been appointed by said court for the final hearing and settlement of said estate.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT the undersigned has filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, his final account as Administrator of the estate of George W. Davis, deceased. All persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that Thursday, January 7th, 1875, has been appointed by said court for the final settlement of said estate.

THOS. D. HUMPHREYS,
NOTARY PUBLIC and CONVEYANCER.
LEGAL papers drawn and collections made. Business entrusted to his care attended to promptly.
OFFICE—New Court House.

Montezuma Lodge No. 50, I. O. O. F. Meets every Wednesday evening, at Masonic Hall, in Hillsboro.
Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.
By order N. G. 35-1f.

FOREST GROVE LODGE, No. 136, I. O. G. T.
MEETS AT ITS HALL EVERY SATURDAY evening, at 6 o'clock. All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend.

PACIFIC BOOT & SHOE HOUSE
GEO. A. PEASE, PROPRIETOR.
The Largest Stock on the Coast,
S. W. Corner of First and Morrison streets
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Particular attention given to house-building and framing.
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MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
HARNESS,
SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS & LASH
Repairing promptly attended to. n12 2

BLACKSMITHING!
J. L. THOMAS,
BLACKSMITH AND MACHINIST.
AT Hoy's old stand. Agricultural implements repaired with neatness and despatch by an experienced workman. Blacksmithing of all kinds, horse-shoeing done with despatch. All kinds of work done at my shop. A few cash customers wanted daily. We are always on hand to wait on customers.
J. L. THOMAS, Main st., Hillsboro

THE COMING DAWN.

The morning dawns and glows like fire,
Illuminating the brightening East,
And Glory gilds the sacred spire
Where dwells the altar and the priest.
The three-fold flock that Jacob saw
Shall drink at Nahor's unscathed well,
Receiving each, the ancient law—
One Creed, One Church. Together dwell
Christian and Jew: alike await
The glory of their coming Lord,
Who comes to change earth's gloomy state
According to His sacred Word.
The sacred city of our God,
Jerusalem, a mourning dove,
Shall shine in dazzling light abroad,
Blest with her Maker's changeless love:
Thou hast the relics of the past—
The Cross, the Sceptre—David's Home—
The Ark, whose sacred treasures vast
Lie hid beneath its mystic stone.
The holy Tribes shall dwell in peace:
Earth shall her bounteous harvests yield,
Abundant in her rich increase,
And flowers adorn the fruitful field.
The Tribes of Israel, all restored,
Shall rest in Jacob's ancient fold;
On David's throne sit David's Lord,
Like blest Melchisedec of old.
The vista of the coming years,
Though darkened by the gloaming earth,
Nature awaits, through all the coming years,
The coming of her Second Birth.
W. N. GOODILL.

AN ILLINOIS FEUD.

Two County Families Killing One Another Out.

A Quarrel over Fifteen Bushels of Corn, and What has Followed Within a Year—the Whole County Taking Sides, and Nobody Safe.

CAIRO, Ill., December 16.—A vendetta, the parallel of which the history of Illinois does not furnish, has been progressing in Williamson county, just north of Cairo, for over a year. News received here last night give information of the attempted assassination of the latest victim, who is the tenth or twelfth on the record of the feud.

Something more than a year ago a dispute occurred between two families, farmers—the Sisenys and the Bulliners—over the measurement of some grain. The quarrel was about fifteen bushels of corn. From this dispute came a fight in which Siseny is said, introduced a shovel as an effective weapon. The Bulliners were driven from the harvest-field, but soon came back armed with guns. Siseny ran, was shot through the leg, and fell. The attacking party, supposing they had finished him, withdrew. Siseny, however, got well and brought suit against the Bulliners. The suit was undecided, and from it came another fight. One Sunday after church Siseny, reinforced by the Russels and Hendersons engaged the Bulliners, Craues, and Hinchcliffs. Clubs, stones, and knives were freely used, and the battle lasted an hour. No one was killed in the encounter, but Siseny and one of his sons were terribly beaten. This increased the hostility and intensity which death only could satisfy.

SHOOTING NIAGARA.

Descent of a Schooner down the Rapids and Plunging over the Precipice.

A correspondent of the Louisville Courier-Journal, writing from Clarksville, Tennessee, under date of December 19th, sends the following description of a remarkable scene witnessed at the falls nearly half a century ago:

The following copy of an old letter, dated Buffalo, New York, September 9th, 1827—nearly fifty years ago—gives an account of the descent of a vessel over Niagara Falls on the 8th of September 1827. Probably there are but few surviving witnesses of the scene, and, as it describes an experiment which I believe has never since been attempted, I have transcribed it for the readers of the Courier-Journal. The letter is as follows:

be anxious to learn the particulars, and, to gratify your curiosity, I will endeavor to give you the story in detail as much as possible.

The schooner Michigan, as you have already learned from me, was the largest on Lake Erie, and too large, in fact, to enter the various harbors on the lake, and, being somewhat decayed in her upper works, the thought struck the owner, Frazer, formerly of New York, that she would answer the purpose of testing the fate of a vessel that by accident might approach too near the stupendous cataract of Niagara, and also the fate of animals that might be caught in the rapids of these swift-rolling waters and carried over the falls.

The proprietors of the large public houses at the falls, on both sides of the river, and of stages and steamboats, made up a purse to purchase the schooner, aware that they would be repaid by the company which the exhibition would attract; and in this calculation they were not deceived. For several days previous to the 8th the stages came crowded, as well as the canal-boats, so much so that it was difficult to find a conveyance to the falls; and such was the interest that the descent was the only topic of conversation among all classes. On Friday night, the 7th, wagons filled with country people rattled through this town all night and on Saturday morning Buffalo itself seemed to be moving in a mass toward the grand point of attraction. To accommodate those who could not find passage in carriages, five steamboats had advertised to leave here on Saturday morning, and great numbers chose this conveyance. They were the Henry Clay, William Penn, Pioneer, Niagara, Chipewa, being all the steamboats on Lake Erie, except the Superior. The Chipewa was appointed to tow down the pirate schooner (as she was termed,) the Michigan, which service she performed. I took my passage on this boat, and we got under way before the others, passed through the basin at Black Rock, and about a mile below the rock took in tow the vessel destined to make the dreadful plunge. As soon as we got under way the scene became interesting. The sun shone in full splendor, the waters of the Erie were placid, there being scarcely a ripple upon its surface, and a few miles astern of us four steamers crowded with passengers, and with bands of music on board, were plowing their way down the rapids of Niagara. Our little boat towed the Michigan as far as Yale's Landing, on the British shore, within three miles of the falls, where she anchored; at this place the Chipewa landed her passengers, as well as the William Penn, and they were conveyed thence in vehicles of all descriptions. The other three steamboats landed their passengers on the American side.

Three o'clock was the hour appointed to weigh anchor on the Michigan. The task of towing her from Yale's Landing to the rapids (and a most hazardous one it was) was intrusted to Capt. Rough, the oldest captain on the lake. With a yawl and five oarsmen, of stout hearts and strong arms, the old captain got the schooner under way and towed her until within half a mile of the tremendous precipice—as near as they dare approach—and cutting her adrift, she passed majestically on, while the oarsmen of the yawl had to pull for their lives to effect their own safety. Indeed, such was the fear of the hands, as I have understood, that on approaching near the rapids they cut the tow-line before they had received orders from their commander. And now we approach the interesting moments of the exhibition. The high grounds on both sides of the American and British shores were lined with people, having a full view of the vessel. And now it was that a thousand fears and expectations

were indulged, as the Michigan, unguided by human agency, approached, head on, the first rapid or descent, and apparently keeping the very course that the most skillful navigator would have pursued, having an American ensign flying from her bow-sprit, and the British Jack displayed at her stern. She passed the first rapid unhurt, still head on, making a plunge, shipping a sea, and rising from it in beautiful style, and in her descent over the second, her masts went by the board, at the same moment affording those who had never witnessed a shipwreck, a specimen of the sudden destruction of spars of a ship at sea in case of a wreck. Expectation of her fate was now at the highest. She swung round and presented her broadside to the dashing and foaming waters, and after remaining stationary for a moment or two, was, by its force, swung round stern foremost, and having passed to the third rapid, she bigged, but carried her hull, apparently whole, between Glass Island and the British shore to the Horse Shoe, over which she was carried stern foremost, and launched into the abyss below. In her fall she was dashed into a thousand pieces.

I went below the falls immediately after the descent, and the river exhibited a singular appearance from the thousands of floating fragments, there being scarcely seen any two boards nailed together, and many of her timbers were broken into atoms. Such was eagerness of the multitude present to procure a piece of her that before sunset a great part of her was carried away. I believe I have neglected to inform you of the animals on board. They consisted of a buffalo from the Rocky mountains, three bears from Green bay, and Grand river, two foxes, a raccoon, a dog, a cat and four geese. The fate of these you will probably wish to learn. When the vessel was left to her fate they were let loose on deck, except the buffalo, who was enclosed in a temporary pen. Two of the bears left the vessel shortly after she began to descend the rapids, and swam ashore, notwithstanding the rapidity of the current. On reaching the British shore they were taken. The buffalo was seen to pass over the falls, but was not visible afterwards. What became of the other animals is not known. Those who had glasses could see one of the bears climbing the mast as the vessel approached the rapids. The foxes, etc., were also running up and down, but nothing was seen of them after the schooner passed over. Two of the geese were the only living things that passed over, and they were taken unhurt. Major Frazer obtained one, and an Englishman purchased the other for \$2. Respecting the cages, of which there were several, the only one I saw below the falls was Gen. Andrew Jackson, apparently uninjured, throwing his arms about and knocking his legs together in the eddies, the only one of the crew that escaped unhurt. There were over 30,000 people in attendance, and you may judge of the situation of affairs when I assure you that I stopped at Forsythe's about 4 p. m. and was unable to obtain even a cracker or a glass of water. It was the same on the American side.

When I was a boy there was but one permanent ambition among my comrades in our village on the west bank of the Mississippi river. That was to be a steamboatman. We had transient ambitions of other sorts, but they were only transient. When a circus came and went it left us all burling to become clowns; the first negro minstrel show that came to our section left us all suffering to try that kind of life; now and then we had a hope that if we lived and were good, God would permit us to be pirates. These ambitions faded out, each in its turn; but the ambition to be a steamboatman remained.—Mark Twain, in the Atlantic.

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