

Washington Independent.



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Physician and Surgeon.

HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Special attention given to DYSPEPSIA, also CHRONIC ULCERS.

OFFICE.—Main street Hillsboro, Oregon.

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Physician, Surgeon and Accoucheur.

HILLSBORO, OREGON.

OFFICE.—at the Drug Store.

RESIDENCE.—Three blocks South of Drug Store.

WILSON BOWLBY, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

OFFICE.—At his Residence, West of Johnson's Planting Mills.

W. H. SAYLOR, M. D.

Physician and Surgeon.

FOREST GROVE, OREGON.

OFFICE.—At the Drug Store.

RESIDENCE.—Corner Second Block south of the Drug Store.

GEO. H. DURHAM, H. Y. THOMPSON, District Attorneys.

Durham & Thompson.

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No. 100 First Street,

PORTLAND, OREGON.

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BALL & STOTT,

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PORTLAND, OREGON.

THOMAS H. TONGUE,

Attorney-at-Law,

Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

JAMES WITCOMBE,

VETERINARY SURGEON,

HILLSBORO, OREGON.

Will be at the Oregon Livery stables, Corner of Morrison and First Streets, Portland, every Friday.

[Written for the INDEPENDENT.]

CHEHALEM.

Alone, Chehalis, thou dost stand,
Unlike thy lofty sisters near;
No darksome firs or murmuring pines
Waken their sad music here.

No shadow falls upon thy brow,
For here the sunshine loves to rest,
And grasses green and flowers fair
With song-birds' notes are thy best.

Mountains in wild magnificence
On every side around thee rise,
Whose rocky heights and dark ravines
Enraptured hold our wondering eyes.

A dome of nature, Helen stands
With snowy crest of glittering white,
Fit emblem of the domes on high
With radiance of translucent light;

While Hood in silent grandeur points
Her rocky finger to the skies,
Thus in voiceless language telling
That there the land of glory lies;

And westward like embattlements
The broken Coast range mountains tower
Billowing old ocean's stormy waves,
"Thus far, no farther urge thine powers!"

While nestling softly at thy base
Like beauteous smiles of nature lay
Sweet fertile plains and fertile glens
Irradiant with the day-kings' rays.

LEWISTON.

Correspondence

OHIO LETTER.

Sherburn, Delaware County,

Ohio, January 16, 1875.

ED. INDEPENDENT:—Through the kindness of my old friend, D. M. C. Gault, I have had the pleasure of reading some of your papers, and believing that some of your readers may be not unwilling to know how an old Oregonian of eighteen years standing, feels after an enforced absence of six years, I will, with your permission, attempt the description, and as a preliminary will say that I am only happy when dreaming that I am back with my family.

I drove a cow team across the plains in 1851, worked for a few months on the Clackamas, then for several years in the Waldo Hills and on the Tautoua, remaining there until the winter of 1855, and all the time I was disgusted with Oregon. I had left my family in the "States" intending to send for them if I liked Oregon but I determined to leave the "blest" country, and did leave. I got home in December and was happy as a coon for a few days until I was thoroughly frozen through, and disgusted with the manners and customs of the people, so different from Oregon. By April 1856 I was as ready to return to Oregon as I was to leave it, and I did return taking my family with me and stayed contentedly until 1869, when my duty to my old mother called me back here, where I must remain while she lives, but if I live longer than she does, I will want the wings of several doves to "carry me back to old Oregon." The Pacific Railroad will not be fast enough.

I do not know that any of your readers hanker after the flesh pots of their old Eastern homes. If they do and have there they will find the pots filled with a very different preparation and not as palatable as they anticipate. You may, and probably do, have some mean, peevish people in Oregon, but they are the exception and not the rule, but here the business is almost all done on the peevish plan, though I do not intend to say that the people, as a class, are of a peevish character, for there are many kind-hearted, liberal-souled people all through the "States." I have not yet, as long as I have been back here, got used to the manner of doing business. Why, you will see here every day persons go to a grocery store and buy a penny's worth of anything they may happen to want, and the proprietor will enrage a dollar greenback to get his penny. I call that small business and can't get used to it.

I presume the smallest coin you have yet is a five cent piece and I do not believe your traders would go far to hunt change to secure even five cents.

You have a more beautiful and better country, a more healthful climate, and in every respect save one, superior to any State in the Union. That exception is that your markets are not quite as good as we have here. For all substantial, your markets equals ours, but for cast-offs as I may call it, you have not much demand. Here everything will sell for something, even your old boots and shoes, any kind of castings or iron, old copper, brass or any rubbish you choose to pile up, some fellow will be after such things most every day in the week. All this is very well, but will not offset your clean bills of health. With you, doctors may be few and far between, here you must keep one in sight all the time, for it is seldom that in a family of six or eight persons all are well at the same time. But I am encroaching on your space, and will only say further in this communication to your readers to stay contented where you are. None out of ten who leave Oregon wish themselves back, and knowing what I do, I do not wonder.

The time will come, and before long, when there will be a rush to Oregon. Hundreds of thrifty farmers are learning of your resources, and a break once made the crevasse will not be easily dammed.

My prayer is, that I may live to get back and spend the remainder of a life, of which eighteen years of the happiest part, was spent there.

F. B. SERAGE.

OREGON.

Between \$15 and \$50 has been subscribed at McMinnville for the relief of the grasshopper sufferers.

G. F. Crawford, A. S. Looney and several other farmers, have filed articles of incorporation of the Granger store, Albany, fixing the capital stock at \$20,000.

The *Mountaineer* says the winter in Ochee so far has been most delightful, stock doing well without feed, and but little snow has fallen. The people are generally well, but money matters—tight.

The *Yamhill Courier* learns that the fall snow which is seriously damaged. That which was exposed so that the wind had a good opportunity to blow the snow off is almost entirely killed, while those portions that were not so much exposed look well. Some contend that the freeze will be a benefit to the land, as it will kill out the cheat, wild oats, etc.

A Baker City letter of February 3d says: "To-day is bright and clear overhead, with 20 inches of snow under foot; roads good and sleighing excellent; thermometer 25° above zero; last night, however, was very cold. A few cattle and sheep have died, and should the grass not make its appearance before March more will die, as feed is short; plenty of grain, but little hay."

THE TERRITORIES.

From parties on Salmon river, Idaho, the *Northener* learns, that not so much stock is dying from the lack of feed as are being killed by sliding down over rocky points, and into almost bottomless canyons. The thaw there has just been enough to wet and pack the snow, and the second frost made it like a glare of ice. Whenever an animal begins slipping and loses its foothold on those side-hills it is sure death for it.

A man who recently went up on Snake river from Boise City, informs the *Statesman* that the cattle are suffering terribly. He saw many hundreds in different bands, where they were huddled together, and many were lying dead from starvation. He says the cattle have come in from the hills in a starving condition, and go through the fences and devour straw and hay stacks, and pass on from one farm to another, taking what little forage there is without respect to owners, and in fact without a great deal of benefit to the cattle, as they must nearly all die if the hard weather continues as the appearances indicate.

A PERSIAN VISION.

Abou Ben Adhem was annoyed one morning by an elderly gentleman, who desired to learn the ideas the Persian sage had of the hereafter; particularly as to the style and quality of people who would be likely to reach a state of future bliss.

Abou removed his chibouk from his lips, and, moistening his throat with a long draught of sherbet, spoke to him thus:

My friend, many hundred years ago when I was comparatively a young man, I dreamed one night that I had shuffled off this mortal coil, and was in the land of the hereafter. I thought I was decently deceased, had been gently buried, and a tombstone had been erected to my memory, on which was inscribed, "Enough virtue to furnish a dozen." I blushed a spirit-blush when I read that tombstone and discovered what an exemplary man I had been, and I likewise wept a spirit-weep when I thought what a loss the world had sustained in my death.

I ascended, and was knocking at the outer gate of Paradise for admittance. The season had been a very healthy one, for a national convention of fifty physicians had been drowned while taking a steamboat excursion on the Persian Gulf, so the door-keeper had but little to do while my case was being decided. I whiled away an hour or two ascertaining the whereabouts of my old acquaintances, who had deceased the ten years previous.

"There are a large number of my friends up here?" I remarked inquiringly.

"Not very many," was the reply.

"Ebn Bear is here, I suppose?"

"Not any Ebn Bear," was the answer.

"I am surprised," I answered; "Ebn Bear, the date seller, not in Paradise. Be Chess, no man in Israhah was more regular in his attendance at the mosque, and he howled his prayer like a dervish. He was exceedingly zealous in keeping the faithful in the line of duty."

"True," said the door-keeper, "true. But you see Ebn kept his eagle eye so intently fixed on his neighbor's feet that his own got off the road, and when he pulled up it wasn't at the place he had calculated. His prayers were pleasing to a true believer, but as they were not backed up by doing things in proportion, they failed to pass current here."

"How fared it with Hafiz, the scribe? He was charitable. No man gave more to the poor than he."

"Hafiz did give many shekles to the poor each year, but it was the way he gave it that spoiled the effect of his character. He gave not from any love of his kind, but because it was a part of his system to give. He was afraid not to give. So he said I will answer the demands of the law of the prophet by giving so much, which will insure me Paradise, and fancied that was charity. When the widow of Selim, the mule driver, employed him to save her inheritance to her children, from her wicked brother, he required all the law permitted him to exact, so that she said, 'Lo! I might as well have let my brother have the land. He answered, 'The law gives it to me—go to.' He would oppress the poor in a business way, and compromise with his conscience by subscribing a tenth of his profits to charity. Compromising never did work in such matters. The compromiser gives the devil something of value, and receive in return that which damns him. The oppressions and graspings of Hafiz were exactly balanced in number by his charities, but he died worth a million; the oppression side was the heaviest in quality. We keep very accurate books you observe."

Abdalla, the maker of shawls—"No he isn't here. He was ardent teacher of the rules the prophet gave to the faithful, but he was the worst practitioner I ever had any knowledge of. The strong waters of the Gaur ruined his prospects. He preached

abstinence from wine, but he constantly partook of the forbidden drink. He loved wine, and immediately proceeded to deceive himself that he had dyspepsia, and had 'take it. Hearing once that strong liquor was an antidote for the bite of a serpent, he absolutely moved into a province where serpents abound. He talked loudly about gluttony, but excused himself for eating five courses by holding that he needed it to keep himself up. He succeeded in deceiving himself, but he couldn't deceive us."

"Kahkania, the poet, whose songs were all in praise of virtue, is here? The fervent goodness that produced such morality must be safe."

"Quite wrong, my dear sir. Kahkania's poems were beautiful, but bless you, he never felt the sentiment in them. He had an itching for fame, and writing spiritual poems happened to be his best hold. If he could have written comic songs better than Hyams, he would have written comic songs."

"Who have you here pray?"

"Saadi, the camel shoer, is here."

"Saadi! Why, he was constantly violating the laws of the prophet."

"True, he would even curse the camels he was shoeing. But he was always sorry for it, and he would mourn over the infirmities of his temper, and strove honestly and zealously all the time to live better and be better. He did not make a grand success, but he did the best he could. He gave liberally of his substance, and without blighting it all over Israhah. When he gave a dirhem, I didn't pay the newspapers two dirhems to make the fact public, which is my definition of the genuine charity. Then there's Firudst, the carpet-cleaner."

"He never gave anything."

"Certainly not, for he had nothing to give. The prophet never asks impossibilities. He would have given it if he had had it, and he tried hard to get it. Then there's Jelal-ed-din—"

"He couldn't make a prayer."

"True, but he said 'Amen' to those who could, and meant it, which was more than half those who made the prayer could say."

"And Wassaf, the teacher, where is he? A more pure and blameless life no man ever led."

"He is here, but occupies a very low place."

"A low place?"

"Verily, Wassaf did not sin, it is true, but it was no credit to him that he did not. A more egregiously deceived man never lived or died. He obeyed the laws of the prophet because he could not do otherwise—then credited himself with what he could not avoid. He could not be a glutton, for his stomach was weak; he could not partake of the strong waters of the Frank, because his brain would not endure it; he was virtuous because he was too cold-blooded, too thin-blooded to have any passion. He had not moral force enough to commit a decent sin, and this inability to be wicked he fancied was righteousness. He was a moral oyster. He, an iceberg, plumed himself upon being cold. Now Agha, the flute-player, who was at times a glutton and a wine-bibber, and all the rest of it, is several benches higher than Wassaf. For Agha's blood boiled like a cauldron—he was robust, he had the appetite of the rhinoceros of the Nile, and a physical nature that was constantly pushing him in the commission of sin; but Agha, feeling, knowing that it was wrong, fought against it manfully. He fell frequently, for the evil one knew his weak moments, but he rose and fought against himself and managed to come out victor at least half the time. There was no more merit in Wassaf's virtue than there is in an iceberg's being cold. But for a burning volcano like Agha, to keep himself down to an even temperature, that was great."

My friend, it is not worth while to enumerate, but—well, you will know more when you get inside. You have seen the sky-rockets of Janit. They

ascend with much fizz and make a beautiful show, but, alas! before they reach the skies they explode and disappear in a sheet of flame. Precisely so with many men. They soar aloft on their profession, but they too (to use a vulgarism,) burst before they attain Paradise, and go down in a sheet of flame.

The true believer, who practices what he believes, feathered with works death shoots him off, he pierces the clouds, and lands on the right side of the river.

"At this point," contained Abou, "I awoke. My ideas of the future I got largely from that vision. My opinion is that in New Jersey, as in Persia, there are a great many people deceiving themselves. Go thy way. Be virtuous and be happy. I would rest me."

TREATMENT OF DIPHTHERIA.

The following rules for the prevention or extirpation of diphtheria form the concluding sentences of a report submitted recently by Dr. Stephen Smith of the Board of Health:

"PRECAUTIONS.—THE DWELLING OR APARTMENT.—Cleanliness in and around the dwelling, and pure air in living and sleeping rooms, are of the utmost importance wherever any contagious disease is prevailing, as cleanliness tends both to prevent and mitigate it. Every ditch and source of filth around and in the house should be thoroughly removed; cellars and foul areas should be cleaned and disinfected; drains should be put in perfect repair; dirty walls and ceilings should be lime-washed; and every occupied room should be thoroughly ventilated. Apartments which have been occupied by persons sick with diphtheria should be cleaned with disinfectants, ceilings lime-washed and wood work painted, the carpets, bedclothes, upholstered furniture, etc., exposed many days to fresh air and the sunlight. All articles which may be boiled or subjected to high degrees of heat should be thus disinfected. Such rooms should be exposed to currents of fresh air for at least one week before re-occupation."

"WELL CHILDREN.—When diphtheria is prevailing, no child should be allowed to kiss strange children, nor those suffering from sore throat (the disgusting custom of compelling children to kiss every visitor is a well contrived method of propagating other grave diseases than diphtheria), nor should it sleep with or be confined to rooms occupied by, or use articles (as toys taken in the mouth, handkerchiefs, etc.) belonging to, children having sore throat, croup, or catarrh. If the weather is cold, the child should be warmly clad with flannels."

"WHEN DIPHTHERIA IS IN THE FAMILY.—The well children should be scrupulously kept apart from the sick, in dry, well aired rooms, and every possible source of infection, through the air, by personal contact with the sick, and by articles used about them or in their rooms, should be rigidly guarded. Every attack of sore throat, croup, or catarrh should be at once attended to. The feeble should be at once attended to. The feeble should have invigorating food and treatment."

"SICK CHILDREN.—The sick should be rigidly isolated in well aired (the air being entirely changed at least hourly,) unlighted rooms, the outflow of air being, as far as possible, through the external windows by depressing the upper and elevating the lower sash, or a chimney heated by a fire in an open fireplace, all discharges from the mouth and nose should be received into vessels containing disinfectants, as solutions of carbolic acid or sulphate of zinc, or upon clothes which are immediately burned or (if not burned) thoroughly boiled or placed under a disinfecting fluid."

The Eugene Library Association is accumulating books. It has now over 200 volumes of good works.