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HELL AND ITS PEOPLE.

Discourses of Paulist Eloquence.

**Terrific Sermon by Father Elliot, a Paulist Priest, at Sacramento--
Terrible Picture of Eternal Death--
Paulist Views of Material Hell.**

The Paulist Missionary Fathers, Rosecrans, Elliot and De Sohn, have been preaching at the Catholic Church in Sacramento, and there created a prodigious excitement. On Sunday-week St. Rose's Church was packed almost to suffocation, when, as the Record-Union says, Father Elliot delivered the most tremendous sermon ever heard on the Pacific coast. We should, indeed, think so, from the report in that paper, which must necessarily be but an imperfect transcript of the appearance and eloquence of the fiery priest who seems to have been revived from the dusty crypts of the Fathers with rust-eaten apostolic trumpet, to startle and terrify this skeptical age. After the Mass, Father Elliot turned to the great congregation, and himself all electric with excitement, asked:

How many then present would soon be in the place of torment where Dives was? Are there not some, he said, who are certain to be there? How dreadful the thought! How dreadful to think that one day it is vast concourse of people will be divided, and 1000 will be on the other side of the gulf of chaos; as the Scriptures has it, though he prayed from his soul that all might find a place in Abraham's bosom. Some will doubtless be in that place of torment, and many—let us hope the great mass—will be on the right side of chaos, that vast separation between heaven and hell; a vacancy silent and innumerable in its emptiness; vaster than the sea, darker than the pall of blackest night. Ah! were it an ocean, you might drive upon it with the speed of the hurricane a thousand, thousand years and never reach that other shore. Above and beyond it are the shining courts of God, and on the other side the prison house of hell. Some, perhaps, and alas, whom we have loved and have gone before, may to-night be in the midst of the flames of that place of torment.

Let us remember we, though spared, have not yet escaped those same torments; let us realize the great truth that there is a material burning hell of woe and torment and pain for both body and soul. Christ has revealed to us that these 1000 shall rise and be united again to the spirit of their former existence. As our bodies are material, so shall their punishment be material, and the flames of hell will be real flames, and liquid fire to burn and yet to never consume them. Many theologians have supposed hell to be located inside the earth, and others have placed it beyond what we know of the material universe; but wherever it is, of this be assured, it is a material place. It was made by God at first for the fallen angels. All the Prophets unite in saying it is a place of brimstone and fire. We may suppose it a vast and almost limitless valley, broad as earth upon earth and deep as the depths of its own woe.

The speaker here rapidly drew a wonderful picture of this hell. Its gloom he painted as so black and overhanging, so awful and deep as to pass the comprehension of man; from the depths of this dark valley, with its dense and loathsome foliage the lurid flames shoot up like volcanic eruptions and light up the scene with flashes which but deepen its awful blackness. Storms of hot air sweep over it, as spoken of by the prophet Jude, by David. From its bottomless depths, packed with the damned, come the most horrid cries of woe and anguish, such sounds, as mingling with the shrieks of demons and the roars of devils, would split the ears of man and shake the world to its center. Here first were cast

the bad angels, who, in the fumes of hell, and, as Holy Writ tells us, the flames began to devour them. Shortly after the angels fall came that of man, and then to the place of torment were condemned the men and women who rebelled against God. Ah! as these condemned souls pass by and go to the brink of hell, conceive if you can the agony of their distorted countenances, the pain and torment they endure as they pass into the abode of the wrath of God. The lost are punished in the body. The Scriptures declare the bodies of the damned shall not remain corrupt. We shall not all be changed, says the Apostle. Whosoever sows to the flesh shall reap corruption. So says the Word of God; so shall it surely be.

What is reaping corruption? Why, it means it shall be the reward of our bodies; they shall be re-inhabited by our loathing souls, these bodies reeking from the grave, these bodies corrupted, putrid, rotting, and never ceasing to rot.

What is more painful than the pain of the flame to our flesh? It is peculiarly agonizing, peculiarly painful and tormenting. This is caused by a fire God gave to us for good uses, and for our comfort. But hell fire was also made by a just God. Out of hatred to his enemies St. Augustine says, no torment is known to man equal to the torments of the fire of hell. They shall be fast into fire, says David in speaking of the ungodly. What fire is meant but this. Oh, imagine the body burning through and through, and yet never, never consuming; yet God in this only deals out exact justice. God gave us our bodies for enjoyment and good lives and good uses. The Christian's body is consecrated to God, and such are members of Christ. Now what does the adulterer and drunkard and sinner do with the body? Do they corrupt it? So when God departs out of that body what is the result? It is corrupt and must be cut off from the body of Christ, and it is accursed.

"In whatsoever man sinneth, in that also shall he be tormented," says Holy Writ. If you despise My law says God, I will visit you with burning heat to waste your eyes. Oh! what shall be the drunkard's punishment; he who putrefies his body blots out his eyes and parches his tongue. Shall it not be the punishment of his choice? They shall drink the wrath of the Almighty, says the Bible, and that is eternal fire. Ah, debauchee! How do you use your body, and how shall you dwell with God! But the punishment of the soul is more dreadful than that of the body. And that is just; since in the soul the sinner does God the greatest injury. The punishment of the soul is by the same real hell fire, which by a peculiar and wonderful property turns through the body and finds out and feeds upon the soul.

The soul is the quick of our whole being. What then shall be the pain when the fire finds it out? Ah, far more terrible than when the knife dashes in and finds the quick beneath our nails, or the dentist touches the nerves and shocks the whole body. The soul is the quick of our very existence; it is the nerve of nerves. Yet it shall burn forever if we forget God. There is no relief which can come to it. Here the picture of an amputation was drawn, and the degrees of pain compared with terrible vividness. Another punishment of the soul is its companionship. First, of its own body. It shall be united to its corrupting, dead, rotting body, whose state is tending to rotteness. Even in this life, often the body becomes a burden to the soul; but ah, consider it as forced upon it during the tortures of an eternity. The body is a carcass, a corpse, continually putrefying, and the soul is locked in it, in loathing horror. Dreadful picture, horrible truth. This is no fancy of mine. St. Chrysostom, the great doctor of the Church, says the demons feed upon

corpse. Putrefaction, no doubt is the state of the body in hell. He then sketched the companionship of hell. The drunkard, sent there by the grog seller; the drunkard's wife sent there by the rum seller; the drunkard's children, sent to steal and starve and to bring up in hell, by the grog seller. All waiting to vent their soul's imprecations on him. There he will find his excuse for his trade to fade away. He has no hope of Heaven. For he makes victims for hell, and there he must meet them. Ah what a congregation shall that be; sinners packed in the dark valley, says the Bible, like grapes pressed in a press. Oh! the horror of a man suddenly thrust into the abode of devils—a company of devils! What words shall describe the horror of the soul which finds itself where the only relief of the devils is to make their companions more miserable! Oh! the lost soul praying there for the grog-seller, and murderer, and adulterer to die without priest or hope, and come to hell, where they may add by their reproaches to his horrible torments! Oh! who can tell the agony in hell of those who have sent others there! No wonder the prophet says, "It is a place of eternal torment."

With a terrible review of the condition of the world; the fond belief of the grog-seller, shaver, plunderer, usurer, adulterer and debauchee that they are safe and all right, and a sketch of the sure fate of the ungodly, he closed what was in all respects a terribly eloquent sermon, and held the vast audience almost breathless, and at times thrilled every being with horror.

BREAD WINNING.

Whatever may be the cause, there is little doubt that the number of women who are revolving this subject in their minds is constantly on the increase. The opening of avenues of industry and support to woman is a standing topic of discussion in private circles, no less than in the public journals. A number of letters have of late been addressed to this department by young women, asking advice with respect to choosing a profession or vocation. They all seem to proceed on the same supposition that, if the choice is right, success is sure to follow. That depends on many circumstances.

In this matter of winning position and pay, the majority of women have a great deal to learn. Not knowing how the few fortunate females they hear or read about have attained reputation and wealth, they fancy it must have come by some magical hocus-pocus, by the rubbing of Aladdin's Lamp, by friendly influence, by anything but steady, persistent, hard work. Charlotte Cushman, Louise Alcott, Mrs. Stowe, Anna Dickinson, Clara Louise Kellogg what fortunate women they are, how admired, how lauded, how enviable! Why cannot every woman accomplish and enjoy as much as they have?

Now, there is an absolute certainty that if the lives and labors of these women were thoroughly understood, the secret of their success would be found to be high standards, uncompromising devotion to their purposes, and incessant industry. They won success by deservings it—deserving it as judged by the highest masculine standards. Other women must succeed, if at all, on the same basis.

Now, a man who determines on a liberal and thorough course of culture, expects to give seven years to getting through college, three to professional study; and then beginning, perhaps, at the lowest round of the ladder, to work up slowly and steadily until he gets as far as his talents will take him. Every young lawyer calculates upon and generally has, unless his father is rich, five years of semi-starvation before his income gets to be comfortable; physicians, ministers, artists, journalists, musicians, struggle and

study, and study and struggle, during a probation equally long or longer, and take it as a matter of course. The first that is generally known about them, they seem to be in easy circumstances, but all the time when they were little known, they were living very modestly; straitened, harassed, anxious, but diligent in the pursuit of their ends.

Just so with business men. The lad begins as a cash-boy or an office-boy; he runs errands; he carries bundles; he gets hard knocked and poor pay; he is held up constantly to a high standard of duty, and expects if he fails to be reproved or dismissed. By and by he makes one step up and then another, conquering his way as he goes.

How different with women! A girl attends the public school or a private academy a few years, takes a turn or two at the Normal school and begins to teach. Or she studies music a few terms and attempts to establish herself as a music teacher. Her position is low; her salary is small; her prospects are gloomy, and she fancies that she is hardy used. Doubtless she may be, with respect to the meagerness of her salary as compared with that of men no more capable than she. But there are a great many women who hold high positions as educators. How did they get the positions where they are? Only by mastering the elements of success, as men master them, by laborious, continued and patient effort.

All beginnings are small; one cell, a single leaf, the mustard seed, is enough to begin with. The thing to do is to keep adding cell to cell, throwing out the old leaves, developing new germs, till the child becomes the man, the little slip towers into the giant oak, the mustard seed becomes a tree in which the birds of the air make their nests.

Every woman must decide for herself, according to her proclivities and talents, what she will do, and then keep on working, just as men do in obscurity, neglect, poverty, until she works out of it, working with a brave, cheerful, hopeful heart until the day of her prosperity dawns. It may take them ten, fifteen, twenty years, or twice those numbers. Meantime if she chooses and has a chance she can get married, and keep on working, or vary her industries to suit new conditions. But let her be sure there is no success in this world worth having without long, persistent, untiring, patient, loving labor.—N. Y. Tribune.

GETTING A WOE.

The Arcadian Boy with a Broad White Forehead and a Soft Brown Eye.

Young Coville was out looking for a ride Friday afternoon. He had his sled with him, and he wanted to fasten it to a horse-sleigh. An opportunity finally presented itself. It was a farmer who was driving, and he had two good horses. His son sat in the back of the sleigh, watching the various village boys. He was a pale boy, with a broad forehead and a soft brown eye. No one could read character as well as children, and when Master Coville looked into the open countenance of the farmer lad, he put after the sleigh with all his might, and catching up to it, threw himself on the tail-board, keeping his eye firmly fixed on the farmer boy. Then the farmer boy suggested that young Coville get on his own sled he would hold the rope for a little while. The offer was accepted at once, and Master Coville mounted his own sled, where he rode in triumph, to the envy of every boy he passed. Getting toward the suburbs, the farmer, who was quite deaf, hurried forward his horses, and Master Coville tried to look ahead without smiling; but it was impossible, the speed was so exhilarating. When the party got by Granville avenue young Coville told the farmer boy that he gressed he'd

be going back, and he'd kindly drop the rope he'd caught the sleigh. The farmer boy smiled, a rural smile, but didn't relax his hold on the rope; Young Coville smiled too, but not so freely, and again he caught the rope. But the soft brown eye, was musing, and the rope still remained in the owner's grasp. Young Coville began to look scared. It was after five o'clock, and would be dark in an hour, and here he was nothing but into the country at the rate of five miles an hour.

"Let go of there, why don't you?" he asked.

The farmer boy smiled, and showed those blossoming smiles which told of green dells and moss-fringed brooks.

"If you don't let go of that rope I'll just get into that sleigh and mash yer darned old nose!" suggested young Coville, which was a very imprudent statement in view of the fact that every muscle was engaged in keeping his seat.

But the farmer lad did not let go. He kept his hold of the rope, and kept up the smiles, the waving grain and blooming daisy smiles.

"Oh, I'll make you laugh on the other side of your mouth if you don't let go of that rope," shouted young Coville as he saw the sidewalk give way to foot-paths, and gardens dissolve into broad, snow-clad fields.

On they went, the farmer lad smiling so beautifully, and young Coville grating his teeth, and abutting the awful the things he would do in the future.

About 10th miles out of town, and as they were passing through a heavy wood, the farmer boy smiled a broad smile, and let go of the rope, and as the sleigh darted away, the rope passed under the sled bringing it up so suddenly as to throw young Coville heels-over-head into the snow. When he got up, the sleigh was going over a hill, and his momentum was throwing agricultural implements at him.

A Supreme Court Decision.

In deciding the Topeka bonds case, the Supreme Court of the United States held that the statute of the Legislature authorizing a town to issue its bonds in aid of the manufacturing enterprise of individuals is void, because the taxes necessary to pay the bonds would, if collected, be a transfer of the property of individuals to aid in the project of gain and profits of others, and not for a public use in the proper sense of that term. The Court further declares that taxation can only be used in aid of a public object, and an object which is within the purpose for which governments are established. It cannot, therefore, be exercised in aid of enterprises strictly private, for the benefit of individuals, though it be a remote or collateral way in which the public may be benefited thereby.

Sensible people have understood for some time past that the Courts would have to strictly construe the powers of legislative bodies, or the people would be utterly bankrupted. It is time it were understood that lawmakers have no power to authorize the taking of one man's property in order to give it to another.

The Congressional Association of Oregon will meet with the Congregational Church of Salem, June 17th, and continue in session until the 20th.

A. D. Dickinson, president of the Alden Fruit Preserving Co. of New York, writes to O. P. Beardsley as follows: "The shipment of fruit and apples from the Alden Fruit Preserving Company, of Salem, Oregon, proves to be the finest brought to this market. There is no limit to the demand and sale of the goods."