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## THE INDEPENDENT.

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### TRACY'S PERORATION.

You will save Brooklyn, already too much disgraced by the existence of such a scandal, from the far greater disgrace of permitting such a man to be destroyed by such instrumentality—

"An eagle towering in his pride of place,  
Hawked at and killed by mouning owls".

You will tell the American people that when innocence is assailed by unscrupulous and cunning malice, however successful for a time the assault may seem, it must find its barrier when it reaches an American jury. And you will say to this heartless and ungodly persecution, "Thus far shalt thou come but no farther—here all the midnight plottings of cruel craft must cease for ever."

I ask of you for this defendant nothing but that justice which you would mete out to the humblest citizen; yet you cannot but feel, as I do, an overwhelming sense of the solemn importance of this trial. It will loom larger in history than any that has taken place in eighteen centuries. No man of this defendant's fame has ever been called upon to answer such a charge in a court of justice. What a spectacle has been presented in this city of churches! Every day for eight weeks this aged man, who has been a large and varied contributor to the literature of the English tongue, and who never wrote a word that was not inspired by the love of God, of nature, and his fellow-men, who has swayed with sublimest eloquence greater multitudes than any living orator, and who never spoke save for justice, truth and virtue, who has convinced, rescued, instructed and comforted unnumbered thousands of erring, struggling souls, counting his own life, fortune and reputation as nothing, if by their risks or sacrifice he serve the humble and the weak; this man whose fame is honored and believed wherever Christianity bears sway, has been dragged by malignant conspirators into this Court to answer the vile and odious charge, which all the evidence of a long lifetime outside of these walls, no less than the evidence produced within them, brands indelibly as a lie. Day by day he has passed along our streets with his brave and true wife, to meet the unmerited indignity of a arraignment. St. org men have been touched with mingled pity and wrath at the sight, and women have turned aside to weep. It is an outrage which posterity will avenge. This fair city will yet boast among her proudest monuments the statue of him who conferred upon her such glory, and received within her gates such torture. All who had part in this crowning drama of life will be remembered with execration or praise. Those who falsely accused, those who weakly doubted, those who cowardly forsook him, those who were swift to believe evil on the one side and on the other, those who steadfastly trusted, and those, gentlemen of the jury, who justly adjudged.

Yes, gentlemen, by the judgment which you here pronounce, you will yourselves be judged at the tribunal of after ages. What you do here will never die. When these scenes shall have passed away, when he who presides over this trial shall rest in the silent chambers of the dead; when the seats you occupy shall be filled by your children, or your children's children, strangers from distant climes will come to view the place from which was given back to the world, freed from cloud or passing shadow, the name of Henry Ward Beecher. Even when centuries shall have rolled away, when these marble walls shall have crumbled and decayed, this trial will be remembered with all-absorbing interest. More eloquent than the words of this defendant, more inspiring than his deeds of magnanimity, more powerful among men than the story of all his life of usefulness and virtue, will be the recital of his serene faith and patience under dire affliction and deadly assault. Heroes are admired;

it is the triumphal procession and the loud hosanna, but the cup, the thorn-crown, the cross, the sepulchre conquered the world, and since the hour of the Divine Sufferer no follower of Christ has borne the cross in vain.

Gentlemen, do you believe in God? Then you will recognize to-day what the generations to come will so clearly see; what the Day of Revelation will blaze forth in letters of immortal light, the mark of God's approval upon this, his faithful, upright, suffering servant, whom He hath hitherto guided, sustained and blessed; whom in the hour of tribulation He hath not forsaken; and whom all the truth of His eternal promise and all the resources of His Almighty power, He will surely rescue and reward; for "Though had join in hand, the wicked shall not be unpunished, but the seed of the righteous shall be delivered." [Applause.]

### AN INDEPENDENT AMERICAN GIRL.

A Reminiscence of Prince Arthur's Visit—Minnie Sherman and the Prince.

(Washington Corr. Cincinnati Commercial.)  
When Prince Arthur was in this city, he was, of course, much lionized and very elegantly entertained. Just previous to his departure, Sir Edward and Lady Thornton issued cards of invitation for a magnificent ball, to be given at the Masonic Temple. The most elaborate preparations were made to insure its success. Artists were for days engaged in decorating the room; flags from the War Department and navy yard were supplied in abundance; the caterer spent his time between here and New York; our modistes worked day and night, and sent from their work shops superb creations in lustrous velvet and sheeny silk to be worn on the night. Lady Thornton was besieged for cards, not only by people of distinction in town, but New York and Philadelphia added their voices to the clamor. Rumor ran like a fire through the city, that he would dance. As in the story of Cinderella, the heart of each republican princess was elated with the hope that she would be honored with his hand. It was announced a few days before the ball that Lady Thornton had prepared a list of names from which partners for the dance would be selected. It soon became known that one or two of our leading society girls were in confidence of Lady Thornton, but were pledged to secrecy. We cannot take time to tell of the efforts made to find out from them what they knew; their firmness in refusing to give up their secret alienated friends, made enemies, and was productive of the most dire results. The night came, the fashionable crowd gathered, the ball was opened by Lady Thornton and the Prince. When the notes of the first waltz sounded, Prince Arthur advanced to where Miss Sherman was standing with some friends, and asked the pleasure of her hand. Looking at him a moment, she replied, slightly inclining her head: "I thank you," but my church does not permit me to do the round dances." The Prince made some pleasant remark and took his place at her side, where he remained until the Lancers were called, when he took Miss Sherman and the head of the set. The effect can be better imagined than described. Belles whose heads would have been turned by the invitation thought her insane and her refusal was soon the topic of ball-room conversation. The Prince was a frequent visitor at the house of the General, and immediately upon his return to England sent a complimentary letter with an Etruscan gold locket, ornamented with turquoise and diamond on one side, and his photograph on the other, with these words: "To the young lady whom of all others I admired most."

H. B. Day furnishes beef for the government at Walla Walla for \$2.12 per 100 lbs.

### Robert E. Lee Described by one of his Soldiers.

General Lee had a sententious way of saying things which made all his utterances peculiarly forceful. His language was always happily chosen, and a single sentence from his lips often left nothing more to be said. As good an example of this as any, perhaps, was his comment upon the military genius of General Meade. Not very long after that officer took command of the army of the Potomac a skirmish occurred, and, none of General Lee's staff officers being present, an acquaintance of mine was detailed as his personal aid for the day, and I am indebted to him for the anecdote. Some one asked our chief what he thought of the new leader on the other side, and in reply Lee said: "General Meade will commit no blunder in my front, and if I commit one he will make haste to take advantage of it." It is difficult to see what more he could have said on the subject. I saw him for the last time during the war at Amelia Court House, in the midst of the final retreat, and I shall never forget the heart-broken expression his face wore, or the still sadder tones of his voice as he gave me the instructions I had come to ask. The army was in utter confusion. It was already evident that we were beaten back upon James river and could never hope to reach the Roanoke, on which stream alone there might be a possibility of making a stand. General Sheridan was harassing our broken columns at every step, and destroying us piece-meal. Worse than all, General Lee had been deserted by the terrified Government in the very moment of his supreme need, and the food had been snatched from the mouths of the famished troops (as more fully explained in another chapter) that the flight of the President and his followers might be hastened. The load put thus upon Lee's shoulders was a very heavy one for so conscientious a man as he to bear; and knowing, as every Southerner does, his habit of taking upon himself all blame for whatever went awry, we cannot wonder that he was sinking under the burden. His face was still calm, as it always was, but his carriage was no longer erect, as his soldiers had been used to see it. The troubles of those last days had already played great furrows in his forehead. His eyes were red as if with weeping; his cheeks sunken and haggard; his face colorless. No one who looked upon him then, as he stood there in full view of the disastrous end, can ever forget the intense agony written upon his features. And yet he was calm, self-possessed, and deliberate. Failure and the sufferings of his men grieved him sorely, but they could not daunt him, and his moral greatness was never more manifest than during those last terrible days. Even in the final correspondence with Gen. Grant, Lee's manliness and courage and ability to endure lie on the surface, and it is not the least honorable thing in Gen. Grant's history that he showed himself capable of appreciating the character of this manly foe, as he did when he returned Lee's surrendered sword with the remark that he knew of no one so worthy as its owner to wear it.—A Rebel's Recollections, by George C. Eggleston.

Some ingenious observer has discovered that there is a remarkable resemblance between a baby and wheat, since it is cradled, then thrashed, and finally becomes the flower of the family.

At a recent meeting of a society composed of men from the Emerald Isle, a member made the following motion: Mr. President—I move ye's whitewash the ceiling green, in honor of the old flag.

"Come into the garden Maud,  
With a bucket and a spade;  
Here's the biggest cat you ever sawed,  
Gnawing a chicken bone;  
Run like the wind, Maud,  
For here with the head alone.

### THE WOMAN QUESTION AGAIN.

Griffith Gaunt very tersely remarks that "The greatest saint is only a sinner who has not got down to hard pan." This seems an appropriate text from which to draw a few inferences on this woman question.

From birth, our girls are carefully guarded against every contaminating influence. Every unholy, immodest word and act or thought is subdued, and girls are of all things most earnestly commended to modesty in deportment and language. Well, so are our boys so taught by their mothers; but as soon as a few years have passed, out into the streets they go, coming into all sorts of undesirable knowledge. It is inevitable.

This system of education results in women being as a class morally and spiritually far man's superior. I contend that it is not because God gave to woman originally so much more excellent a spiritual identity than man, that at the present she is morally his superior; but that the force of surrounding circumstances, the customs of society have compelled her to be such. It seems a glorious good thing that man has a being to look up to, in the woman; that he does to woman. Doubtless God so designed it.

Now place women in contact with the same contaminating influences that beset man and she will come down to his plane morally, while he will sink lower, and she in turn will follow. It is simply because we differ from men that we are able to exercise over them a salutary influence. There is a higher plane in life than that attained by mental culture. Spiritual beauty far exceeds it. When women get down to "hard pan," (that will be after a few years' dabbling in politics, running political conventions, etc.) they will be no better than the men, and instead of being a means of purification, they will only add to the already prevailing corruption.

I hear some of you say, "I would not give much for virtue that will not stand testing." Men are not boom-proof, and our mental and spiritual condition naturally are about the same, therefore we are just as sure to fall under condemnation as they.

So long as women are destined to be the mothers of the race (and it is tolerably likely they are at present, and will be for some time yet), it behooves them to cultivate those lovable, gentle traits which constitute the attraction and power of women over man. Men do not so much need mentality in a wife as spirituality.

It is a well known fact that at present the Government is neglected by the most skilled and refined intellects of the country, and when to the present confusion the unreasoning gabble of brassy-tongued women be added (the quiet, well-behaved ones won't be there), the greater proportion of the best men remaining will retire in disgust.

The women who will pursue politics as a trade will be mostly of the Woodhull and Susan B. Anthony stripe; and who can face such an one?

In fine, the direct tendency of this whole movement, and in fact the teachings of the age tend totally to destroy all happy home influences, dissolve the marital relations, and hand over the country to final anarchy and confusion.—Arcadia in the Oregonian.

### ITEMS OF INTEREST TO GRANGERS.

Kentucky has 1,500 Granges, with nearly 100,000.

Ohio has over 1,159 Granges, but not so large a membership to the Grange; probably about 46,000. Has \$27,647 54 in treasury. Intends investing \$10,000 to further the work of the State Purchasing Agent.

If the Grange does nothing else than inaugurate the pay-down system it will add a large percent to the income of the farmer, merchant and mechanic.

The Dominion (Canada) has six divisions and 122 Granges. Canadian merchants are now willing to make terms with Patrons.

Kentucky State Grange has fixed salaries of officers as follows: Master, \$1,000 and traveling expenses; Treasurer, \$800; Secretary, \$1,000; Assistant Secretary, \$500, and traveling expenses of each.

The working man from this time means to understand the science of government, the true social economy. He means that labor shall possess a dignity which capital will respect.

The codification of the rulings of the National Grange, upon the questions of law and usage, was revised and amended at its last meeting. It will soon be issued in pamphlet form.

### TWO BROKEN HEARTS.

Bewitched by a Beautiful Actress—A Loving Wife's Terrible Death.

In 1870 a young Frenchman, the Count George de Moryac, married a beautiful girl of his own station in life, Mathilde, who was very much in love with him. All went well, and the two were very happy in their devotion to each other. They were fond of the theatre, and every one just at that time was enraptured with a new actress, Rosita, who took the principal role in the dubious drama of the Dumas school. The early w d led pair often went to Rosita's theatre, until the Countess thought her husband's eyes lingered too fondly on the actress, and began to feel pangs of jealousy. Frou-Frou was one of Rosita's best impersonations, and on her farewell night she appeared by request in that character. The Jockey Club of which George de Moryac as Vice President gave her a supper after the play. George of course was present, and sat by the side of the fascinating Rosita, who was surrounded with bouquets. Wine flowed freely, and mirth and wit enlivened the banquet until three o'clock in the morning. Meanwhile the poor wife, Mathilde, waited at the little gate of their park for the truant husband. The hours passed slowly on, and he came not. A cold, penetrating rain began to fall at midnight, and Mathilde trembled from exhaustion and exposure.

At five in the morning, when her husband came through the little gate, he stumbled over her inanimate body lying on the rain-soaked ground. She was not dead; she lived for five days after, but never recovered her mind. In her delirium, she incessantly murmured "Frou-Frou! Frou-Frou!" These were her last words.

The Count was almost crazed by his wife's loss. He entered the army and sought death in the bloody battle of the Franco-Prussian war. Fate was cruel, and he returned unhurt. His wife's room, adjoining his own, had always been kept closed since her death; but, owing to the suffocating heat, one summer night, George opened the door between the two rooms. He then fell asleep. In about an hour he awoke; the clock struck midnight.

As the last stroke sounded he heard distinctly from the other room the words "Frou-Frou." He listened with inexpressible anguish. "Frou-Frou" seemed to be murmured from all parts of the room. He leaped from his bed, lighted a candle, and crossed the threshold of Mathilde's chamber. As that instant a current of air extinguished the candle, and George fell upon his forehead, his lips, his cheeks, something undefinable, a breath, a caress, the contact of a cold wing, or, perhaps, the moulin of a pigeon. He fell unconscious. The next morning he was found lying there insane. To every interrogation he only replied, "Frou-Frou." The country people in the neighborhood of the Chateau de Moryac think that it was the soul of the Countess returning at midnight to murmur in the ear of her cruel husband: "George, I still love thee; but it is thou who hast killed me."—Figaro.