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THE INDEPENDENT.

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Editor and Proprietor.

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TO CORRESPONDENTS.—All communications intended for insertion in THE INDEPENDENT must be authenticated by the name and address of the writer—not necessarily for publication, but as a guaranty of good faith.

OFFICE.—In Hillsboro in the old Court-House building on the Public Square.

PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

JAMES WITHERCOMBE,
Veterinary Surgeon,
HILLSBORO, - - - OREGON.
Will be at the Oregon Livery stables, Corner of Morrison and First Streets, Portland, every Friday.

JOHN VITE, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
HILLSBORO, - - - OREGON.
Special attention given to DEFORMITIES; also CHRONIC ULCERS.
OFFICE—Main street Hillsboro, Oregon.

F. A. BAILEY, M. D.,
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 Planing 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.

T. B. HANDLEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Hillsboro, Oregon.

C. A. BALL,
RALEIGH STOTT.
BALL & STOTT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
PATENTS OBTAINED.
No. 6 Dekum's Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

JOHN CATLIN,
B. KELLIN.
Catlin & Kellin,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Dekum's Building, First Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

THOMAS H. TONGUE,
Attorney-at-Law,
Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

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

UNTRUE.

CORNELIUS, May 20th 1875

Here where these low lush meadows lie
We wandered in the summer weather
When earth and air and arching sky
Blazed grandly, goldenly together.

And oft in that same summer time
We sought and roamed the self same meadows
When evening brought the curfew chime
And peopled field and fold with shadows.

I mind me of our last fond tryst;
The night was such a night as this is,
And standing here breast high in mist
We sealed our parting vows with kisses.

Ah! trust misplaced! oh last false kiss!
She with another mates to-morrow,
And now my uttermost of bliss
Is made my uttermost of sorrow.

I wrestle sore in bitterest strife,
For night draws round me dull and dark—
ling
And in my darkened sky of life
No single star of hope is sparkling.

J. B.

PUBLIC OPINION ON THE NEW HAMPSHIRE OUTRAGE.

The governor and council have assumed a power which belongs to the Senate alone, have usurped a right to which they could lay no claim, and have defrauded the majority in the interests of the minority. Such conduct cannot be allowed to pass unrebuked. The Republicans of the State owe it to themselves to oppose such unconstitutional acts by all lawful means with their power, and this will be sustained by all Democrats who hold the honor of the State and the permanence of her free institutions above partisan success.

The trouble, we fear, was, that the Democratic conspirators, who under the party fash have been driving this matter to extremity, had reason to dread that the opinion of the superior court would be against them, and so they determined to avoid it and consummate their own schemes in the swiftest manner possible. If Governor Weston really stood out against them for a time, as he appeared to do, he gave in at last, and pusillanimously surrendered the executive of New Hampshire to one of the most insolent and outrageous plots ever concocted by a cabal of irresponsible demagogues.

We sympathize thoroughly with the feeling of astonishment and indignation which prevades not only, we believe, the Republicans of New Hampshire, but the minds of all candid and dispassionate citizens. An unjust, rash deed has been done; the confidence of the people in popular government has been grievously wounded; and a precedent of great danger has been set. It becomes the Republicans of New Hampshire, in the inflexible determination which we know animates them, to right this wrong and repair its evils, to act with great caution and consideration. Their first object will be to leave no stone unturned to obtain no authoritative legal adjudication of the matter, which shall lead to a correction of the injustice, through the remedies allowed by the constitution and laws of New Hampshire. They have able minds to make the most of these methods, and the good sense of the people will sanction the propriety of the course. If that fails or proves insufficient, there remain the people themselves—the people of that old Granite State, who have not upheld justice and right for a hundred years, to be tamely overridden by audacious demagogues in these times.

—Boston Journal.

The governor and council of New Hampshire have done an illegal and unjustifiable act, and the manner in which they have defied the law, and usurped power makes the offense the greater.

The governor does not permit the law to have its course, but steps in and sets up his own will, and attempts to place in the State Senate the men whom he chooses, instead of the men whom the people chose. The people of New Hampshire are not likely to sit quiet under this denial of their rights, this gross disregard of law.

The Democracy may gain a temporary success by using this kind of means, but they will reap a harvest which will correspond in a very marked manner with the character of the seed they are sowing.

As might be expected, the course of the governor and council creates intense excitement in New Hampshire. So much the greater reason for the Republicans' retaining an almost frigid coolness, and avoiding any heat which might jeopard the advantages thrown in their way by the Democrats. The latter are filling their cup of political iniquity to the brim, and are thus making Republican votes with a rapidity that cannot be excelled by all the means usually employed at elections.

If the Democratic party of New Hampshire were not made of queer stuff it would repudiate the action of Governor Weston and his council in counting in two persons as senators who were not elected. Not only was the claim to the two seats baseless, but those who consummated the scheme seem to have been aware that the law and all precedents were against them, and to have contrived a deceptive means of avoiding an adverse opinion from the superior court. The most melancholy part of the affair is the revelation it gives of the low state of political morality that prevails among the Democrats of New Hampshire. In a community not wholly given over to partisan madness, such an act would be suicidal to the man and the party responsible for it.

The reckless defiance of law and precedents shown by the governor and council of New Hampshire in counting in the Democratic candidates for senator in the second and fourth district exhibits one of the worst and most dangerous developments of our politics. It is a piece of reckless rascality, pure and simple, and that the perpetrators knew it to be such is evident from their refusal to submit the point raised by themselves to the decision of the judge of the supreme court.

—Boston Globe.

The Little World of London.

Here are some curious statistics about London, from one of the papers issued by the London City Mission:

It covers within the fifteen miles radius of Charing Cross 700 square miles.

It numbers within these boundaries 4,000,000 inhabitants.

It comprises 100,000 foreigners from every quarter of the globe.

It contains more Roman Catholics than Rome itself, more Jews than the whole of Palestine, more Irish than Dublin, more Scotch than Edinburgh, more Welshmen than Cardiff, and more county-born persons than the counties of Devon, Warwickshire and Durham combined.

It has a birth in it every five minutes, a death every eight minutes, and seven accidents every day in its 7,000 miles of streets.

It has an average of twenty miles of new streets opened and 6,000 new houses built in it every year.

It has 1,000 ships and 9,700 sailors in its port every day.

It has 117,000 habitual criminals on its police register, increasing at an average of 3,400 per annum.

It has as many beer-shops and gin-palaces as would if placed side by side, stretch from Charing Cross to Portsmouth, a distance of thirteen miles.

It has as many paupers as would more than occupy every house in Brighton.

It has an influence with all parts of the world represented by the yearly delivery in its postal districts of 238,000,000 letters.

The Granges of Colorado are throwing their influence for the suppression of intemperance. Is the reader satisfied that, as a Patron, his or her duty has been fully discharged in this direction?

THE WEST SIDE R. R. MUDDLE.

This is what the McMinnville Reporter has to say on the West side railroad controversy:

We desire to see the end of the muddle. We desire to see something good come out of it. That means that we are very desirous that the new Board of Directors, elected fairly, squarely and honestly on bona fide paid up stock of the Company, should triumph in right and justice against Holladay and his horde of humbugs, tricksters and rioters, and get control of the road, having faith that something will then be done to accommodate the public.

Let us have a change. It cannot be made worse, while we believe the change attempted must prove far better to the road, to the public, and to all concerned than it can be under its present management.

Up to this time the right of the people have been entirely ignored, and the road has been a "soft thing" in the hands of a few blood-suckers; whose only calculation was to wring every dollar possible out of the concern, regardless of the interests of those who supported it or of their comfort or safety. Think for a moment of a railroad, 48 miles in length, with the small amount of business this one is doing, paying its president \$5,000 per year, a vice-president \$3,000, an attorney \$5,000, treasurer, superintendent, secretary, chief engineer and general agent each \$2,000 per annum, besides large wages to other employees! Where is the economy? Where is the sense, the good judgment those very foundation principles upon which any enterprise or business must be conducted, where its support is necessarily quite limited? The \$5,000 president does not see his road more than once or twice a year on an average; we cannot conceive of employment enough for the \$5,000 attorney, whereby he can earn a tithe of his compensation—in a legitimate way—and certain it is that an institution "hardly paying expenses," as this one claims, has no room for such a crowd of aristocratic and high priced officials.

Why does the West Side Railroad "hardly pay expenses?" Because it has generated a spirit of antagonism between its interests and the interests of its supporters and fosters this spirit of scheming for the aggrandizement of a man or two. All its stations and depots are selected with the express view to kill old and well established centres in Washington and Yamhill counties, for the sole purpose of selling town lots in by-ways for the benefit of Ben Holladay, the former President of the road. Look at the result of this folly, and inform us how it would be possible for the new Board or any other Board of Directors to do worse.

McMinnville has reason to be more resentful, perhaps, than any other place along the line. Our people contributed say \$40,000 to help build the road, with the stipulation that a depot was to be placed here. What did we get? St. Joseph, "another of Holladay's failures," three miles away. Was the establishment of that place, a manifest prosecution of the contract between Mr. Holladay and the people, calculated to give this place the benefit of the railroad in consideration of the money it had paid to secure that benefit?—or does it not look as if Mr. Holladay would say: I have your money; I can and will swindle you out of it; I will tear down the interests you have built up, and rule your people with my own arbitration, and to that don't like it can just go to Jericho.

On this basis the conflict began, and thank goodness it is just about ended. The road will either be brought up to a fair and prosperous standard under the care of the new Board of Directors or it will go to the bottom of some of the deep gulches and sink into the swamps between here and Portland under the unskilful treatment of Ben Holladay's ring.

Let the original designs of the Company be carried out: let stations

be built at the different centres along the line of road; let the road be built to McMinnville, according to the act of Congress giving it existence; let the Company evince a spirit of accommodation, and so demean themselves as to secure the good will of the people to whom they must look for support; let them reduce the officers' salaries to a reasonable amount, and the road will pay interest to the bondholders and perhaps dividends to the stockholders.

All this we believe the new Board of Directors will do, and it is therefore very desirable that they should have control of the West Side Railroad.

HOW A DETROIT BOY TURNED PI-RATE.

Chapter I.—The Boy.

He was one of that kind of boys who needs a good whipping about twice per week, but who think they ought not to be whipped more than once in two years. His amusements were sliding down hill on nothing, bluffing some boys and preparing Cayenne-pepper lozenges for unsuspecting cats. He was often heard to remark:

"Things has got to get up 'n howl when Leonidas is around!"

Chapter II.—At Twilight.

Time, sundown; scene, the interior of a well-preserved wood-shed. The sound of blows and cries rent the solemn stillness of twilight's mystic hour, and the old man was heard saying:

"There, I guess that'll last you for a day or two! I've put up with your sass as long as I can!"

No reply—nothing but deep-drawn sobs and quivering sighs.

The old man threw away the strap and walked into the house, and Leonidas sat on the corner of an old table to meditate.

Chapter III.—A Bloody Resolve.

"That's the last licking I'll ever take from any mortal man!" whispered the lad, shaking his fist at the kitchen-door. "And I'll make the old man sorry that he ever laid a strap over his only son!"

He resolved to run away and become a pirate! He would sail the raging main, revel in murder, acquire duccats, and then come home and take revenge on his father. With Leonidas to resolve was to execute. He entered the house, passed up stairs, and was soon engaged in making up a bundle, consisting of one pair of patched pants, one photograph of his girl, one jack-knife, one cotton sock, and a few walnuts. The bundle was thrown out of the window, and then—

Chapter IV.—Leonidas Looks Around

The room for the last time. The bedstead looked familiar, the old blue chest in the corner had a thousand tender memories connected with it, and the broken-down chair seemed to hold out its arms and plead for him to stay.

"I would if the old man hadn't licked me," answered Leonidas, "but I'll show him what kind of a coffee-mill I am!"

He passed down stairs and halted to embrace the baby. He wasn't down on his mother, and he gave her a sweet smile. He crawled in behind the stove and whispered to the dog:

"Good-bye, old Sampson. I'd like to stay here, but I'm too old to be licked!"

And he passed out of doors, and the great wide world was before him.

Chapter V.—Solemn Thoughts.

Securing his bundle, Leonidas crept into the back yard to see if it was really best for him to become a pirate. The polar wave chewed at his ears and reddened his nose, and he wondered if the pirate business wasn't pretty cold business. He didn't know whether it was best to make for Toledo or Chicago in order to become a buccaneer, but he finally passed through the gate. He walked around the house several times to catch a glimpse of his mother.

er. It was hard to tear himself away. He knew how she would take on next day, and the papers would call it another Charlie Ross case, and he decided to go into the yard and think it over again.

Chapter VI.—A Ray of Light.

After a little time spent in thought, Leonidas decided that if his father would agree never to lick him again, and would give him \$2 per week to buy candy, he would not run away and become a pirate. He would go in and make the proposition to the old man, and if it should be rejected—farewell to home—welcome a career of blood.

He went in. No one had noticed his absence, and each face looked as natural as if he hadn't been gone twenty-eight minutes. He felt some little delicacy about bronching the proposition, and, as a "feeler," he asked the old man to lend him his knife. It was handed to him and returned after a while, and Leonidas decided to put off making the proposition until morning. He got into his little bed feeling that it was positively his last night, but the next forenoon he was heard splitting wood in the back yard and saying to Jack Sparkling:

"I've concluded to wait until he licks me just once more, and then nothing can stop me—nothing on earth."

An Outrage on Women.

Charles Reade says: "Nothing is so hard on women as a long, steady struggle. In matters physical, this is the thing the muscles of the fair cannot stand. In matters intellectual and moral, the long strain it is that beats them dead. Do not look for a Bacon, a Newton, a Handell, a Victoria Hugo. Some American ladies tell us education has stopped the growth of these. No, mesdames. These are not in nature. They can bubble letters ten minutes that you could no more deliver to her in ten days than a river can play like a fountain. They can sparkle gems of stories; they can flash like diamonds of poems. The entire sex has never produced one opera nor one epic that mankind could tolerate a minute; and why?—these come by long, high-strung labor. But weak as they are in the long run in everything but the affections (and there they are giants), they are all overpowering while their gallop lasts. Fragella shall dance any two of you flat on the floor before four o'clock, and then dance on till the peep of day. You trundle off to your business as usual, and could dance again the next night, and so through the countless ages. She who danced you into nothing is in bed, a human jelly crowned with headache."

Compulsory Education.

England approves the compulsory education she has recently attained although many among the parents and employers of the children endeavor to evade it. France is contemplating a similar step; Italy has moved toward it; Spain debated it; and Germany sought to perfect a system that was very complete before. In this country Pennsylvania insists more strenuously on the education of all; New York has made education compulsory, and found the need for new school-houses, and some of the Southern States are introducing the precedent. The Legislatures of Illinois and Indiana are debating the same question, and those formerly unaware of the arguments in its behalf are shaken by finding how strong they are. It cannot be said that there has ever been any want of interest in the older States. They have realized the necessity of general education for political, industrial, moral and every use. The interest has not extended as it should have done in some new States, and has been balked in not a few of the older. Facts show that the remedy is being applied on no mean scale, and we may well hope that our records of illiteracy will be reduced everywhere, and that the benefits of this reduction will be as widely felt.