

Washington Independent.

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

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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,
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Special attention given to DEFORMITIES; 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 the Drug Store.

WILSON BOWLBY, M. D.,
Physician and Surgeon,
FOREST GROVE, - - - OREGON.
OFFICE—At his Residence, West of Johnson's Plating Mills.
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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.
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T. B. HANDLEY,
ATTORNEY AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
OFFICE—In the Court House, Hillsboro, Oregon.
m13-4f

C. A. BALL, RALEIGH STOTT.

BALL & STOTT,
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW,
PATENTS OBTAINED.
No. 6 Dekum's Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON. m8 ly

JOHN CATLIN, D. KILLIN.

Catlin & Killin,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLOR
AT LAW.
Dekum's Building, First Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

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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 m3-3

SOUTHERN ENERGY.
How A Southern Journal Describes the Mode of Doing Things.

From the Natchez Weekly Democrat.

"Hallo, stranger, you seem to be going to market?"

"Yes sir, I am."

"What are you carrying that plow along for?"

"Going to send it to Pittsburgh."

"To Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania?"

"You're mighty right I am."

"What are you going to send it there for?"

"To get it sharpened."

"All the way to Pittsburgh to get sharpened?"

"You bet! We've starved our blacksmith out. He pulled up stakes the other day and went to Texas."

"Well, that's a rather novel idea, my friend—sending a plow so far to get sharpened."

"Not so novel as you heard it was. We do our mil'ing in St. Louis."

"Is that so?"

"You're right, it is. We used to have a mill at Pumpkinvine Creek, but the owner got too poor to keep it up, and so we turned to getting our grinding done at St. Louis."

"You don't mean to say you send your grist all the way to St. Louis by rail?"

"I didn't say nothing about grist—we hain't got no grist to send. But we get our flour and meal from St. Louis."

"I see you have a hide on your wagon."

"Yes; our old cow died last week. March winds blowed the life out'n her. Sendin' her hide to Boston to get it tanned."

"All the way to Boston? Is not that rather expensive, my friend? The freight will eat the hide up."

"That's a fact—clearer than the buzzards did the old critter's carcass. But what's the use bein' taxed to build railroads 'bout you git the good of 'em? Used to have a tannery over at Lickskillit, and a shoemaker, too. But they're kettumaxed."

"Kettumaxed—what's that?"

"It means gone up the spout—and twist you and me, that's mighty nigh the case with our State."

"When do you expect to get your leather?"

"Don't expect to git no leather at all—expect to get shoes, some day, made at Boston, or thereabouts."

"Rather a misfortune to lose a milk cow, my friend."

"Not so much a misfortune as you heard it was. Monstrous sight of shuckin' and nabbin' a cow, and milkin' her night and mornin' and gittin' only about three quarts a day."

"What are you going to do for milk?"

"Send north for it."

"Send north for milk?"

"Yes, concentrated milk and Ooshen butter."

"Oh! I see the point."

"Mighty handy things these railroads—make them Yankee fellows do all our jobs for us now—do our smitthin' and grindin' and tannin' and milkin' and churnin'."

"I see you have a bale of cotton."

"Yes, we go our bottom nickle on cotton. Sendin' it up to Massachussets to get it carded, spun and wove. Time'll come when we'll send it there to be ginned, and then we'll be happy. Monstrous sight of trouble runnin' these gins."

"That would be rather expensive, sending cotton in seed."

"No more so than them Western fellars pays when they send corn east and git a dollar a bushel and pay six bits freight. Besides, as I said, what's the use of paying for railroads 'bout we use the roads?"

"You seem to appreciate the advantages of railroads?"

"I think we ought—we pay enough for 'em."

"I reckon you fatten your own pork?"

"Well, you reckon wrong, stranger. I git them Illinois fellars to do that for me. It's mighty convenient."

too—monstrous sight of trouble totting a big basketful of corn three times a day to hogs in a pen—especially when you hain't got none to tote it to."

"I should think so."

"There's one thing lacking though to make the business complete."

"What's that?"

"They ought to send them hogs ready cooked. Cookin' and preparin' wood for cookin' takes up a heap of time that ought by rights to be employed in the cotton patch. I was sayin' to my old woman the other day, if we Mississippi folks got our cookin' and washin' done up North and sent by express, we'd be as happy as office-holders."

"Your horse in the lead there seem to be lame."

"Yes, needs shoin'. If he wasn't the only horse I've got, and I can't spare him, I'd send him up to where they made the horseshoes and nails and get him shod. Can't get such a thing done in our parts. Perhaps I can at the depot."

"How do you manage to live in your parts, my friend?"

"Why, we raise cotton. My road turns off here, stranger. Gee, Ball; back, Brandy. I'm glad I seed you, stranger."

TERRITORIES.

Corinne has the boss turnip of the country. It measures twenty-eight inches in circumference.

Henry Myers found, in Blue Gulch, Owyhee, a nugget weighing between three and four ounces. Besides this they took out 450 ounces of gold dust from the same claims.

The hopes of the Pyralis valley are looking as fine as an past year. There are between 150 and 175 acres of vines two or more years old, will bear an average of a ton to the acre. The farmers are jubilant in consequence. There is a rich prospect before them, if present prices do not go down.

The sheriff of Thurston county, W. T., advertises that the North Pacific Railroad Company are delinquent in the payment of their taxes to the amount of \$1,922 86. To secure its payment he offers several thousand acres of the company's lands for sale. The length of road in the county is given at 21.34 miles. This has been taxed for the last three years at \$3,000 per mile.

One hunter, not long since, shot seventeen elk in a single hour, on the Humpulup river, in Chehalis county. The animals are bigger than beavers, weighing eight and nine hundred pounds when dressed, and their skins are very large, heavy and of fine quality. The lucky hunter probably made sixty dollars from his hour's shooting, saving only the skins and letting thousands of pounds of delicious meat go to waste.

During the past month the Northern Pacific Railroad have sold at Tacoma over four hundred thousand dollars worth of their Washington Territory lands. A single sale amounted to \$115,000, and included the alternate sections of the entire township, the next highest sale was for one hundred thousand dollars worth. A third sale was for \$80,000, and two others for 40,000 each. These purchases are made with bonds, which, being obtainable at 18 and 20 cents on the dollar, bring the lands down to a price lower than the old established government rate of a dollar and a quarter per acre.

An absent-minded professor in going out the gateway of his college ran against a cow. In the confusion of the moment he raised his hat and exclaimed, "I beg your pardon, madam." Soon after he stumbled against a lady in the street. In a sudden recollection of his former mishap he called out, with a look of rage in his countenance, "is that you again, you brute?"

What may be done at any time is never done.

THE RESULT OF THE SCANDAL TRIAL.

Thus did the New York Tribune discourse sensibly on the Beecher-Tilton case the next morning after the jury was discharged:

If Theodore Tilton has not proved his charge with the plainness which the jury were bound to require, the best friends of the defendant, on the other hand, must lament that neither during the newspaper discussions nor during the long period of "silence and suppression," when the scandal was discussed over advanced tea tables, nor even fully and to the general satisfaction during the trial, was Mr. Beecher able to meet his accusers with that indignant frankness and clear proof of freedom from all damaging complications which one naturally looks for in an innocent man charged with a shameful crime. It is no proof of guilt that he did not do this. He knew the character of Tilton and his associates, understood perhaps better than any of us how difficult it would be to prove the truth; and he certainly had a right to seize every advantage which the law allowed him, and manage the suit as if it was nothing more than a matter of money. Considering the amazing folly and weakness of his previous action and the perplexities into which he had got himself by taking counsel of the heathen, this may have been in the end the only prudent course for him to adopt. Those however who feel that the reputation of a clergyman is the jewel of his life, will regret that such a policy should have been judged necessary. The controversy over Mr. Beecher's integrity will go on as hotly as ever. The newspapers which have taken advantage of this trial to vent their private spite and pursue their personal quarrels by assailing the defendant, and have rolled this clerical scandal under their foul tongues with diabolical relish, will be more venomous than ever. There is a large class of readers who always enjoy bad stories about other people, especially about ministers, and there are newspapers not ashamed to earn a dirty living by giving them all they ask for.

But if Mr. Beecher is neither convicted nor absolutely vindicated, there are some respects in which the trial has had a practical issue. We have no doubt it has broken up that miserable little coterie of transient fools of which Theodore Tilton was the effulgent center. It has exposed to the world the hideous selfishness and essential immorality of those everlasting chatterboxes who have been poisoning the lecture and the press with an idiotic travesty of philosophy, and dressing up lust in the robes of religion. If it has torn away the veil which decency draws over a certain class of subjects, it has partially made amends for this by turning out of the domestic circles a set of men and women who would have taught society that the family is only a relic of servitude, and the home virtues are the fictions of superstition. There is no place or these people any more in respectable houses. And on the other side it has perhaps set afoot a much needed reform in Plymouth church. We shall hear less henceforth of that horrible Gospel of Gush, to which so much of the misery of this case is directly traceable. We shall hear less of the rant about true inwardness, and songs in the heart, and all the other mushy emotions which with this new school of lousy mystics usurp the place of the old fashioned virtues of faith, hope and charity. It will not be esteemed the essence of religion to love somebody, and ladies and gentlemen, we hope, will not go about kissing one another indiscriminately, either in the paroxysm or in any other style. A great reaction against the old Plymouth pattern of sanctity is inevitable, and we shall not be surprised if Mr. Beecher himself takes the lead in it. He is undoubtedly a man of strong feelings, of warm fancy, and, in a certain way, of refined poetical

apprehensions. We say nothing of the errors into which he may have been led by these dangerous gifts, but he can see for himself what his poetry has done for a certain set among the congregation. What is sentiment in the pastor degenerates into slobber in the parishioner; and healthy, religious feeling, honest, practical, manly life, realization of the hard daily duty of the Christian, are too nearly lost in the misty contemplations of love-sick devotees who wrap themselves in the luxury of their own emotions. Of course we do not mean to say that this is the characteristic of all Plymouth church, or even of the greater part of it; but that the preacher has managed to involve himself with a little set of most unwholesome pietists it hardly needed the revelations of this scandal to prove; and it seems to be a good good time now for them either to come to their senses or else step down and out.

A Touching Scene.

A very touching and beautiful story comes from the East concerning the Princess Marcelline Czartoryska, who recently died in Galicia. Her little grandson fell very ill, and his life was despaired of. The dowager, in a sublime prayer, asked God to take her life in place of that of her grandson. By a sort of miracle the child was saved; almost immediately the Princess was attacked by a malady of languor, of which it was impossible to ascribe any natural cause.

"It is a debt I owe to heaven," she smiled faintly. A few days later, upon a radiant afternoon, she had herself rolled out in her easy chair on the lawn, and gave orders to have all the doors and gates of the garden opened, so that everybody might enter. When the villagers heard of it they at once left their tasks. Old men and women, young men and maidens, and little children pressed about the dying Princess, who had long been like a mother to them, for she held the old-fashioned notion that the people are the family of the sovereign. Then began a most touching ceremony. The children came first. Drawing the youngest one into her arms, she embraced it, saying, "Let this kiss fall again upon you all, my dear friends." Then she gave to each child a medalion bearing the evangelized words, "Love one another." After the children, came the young girls and women. To each of them she gave a little case containing implements for needle work and a chaplet and an image of the Blessed Mary. To the men she gave an ebony cross, and for each gift and recipient she had appropriate words. When she had extended her last present she was so exhausted that her son and daughter-in-law, who stood by her, wished to have her wheeled back in the house, but she said no. She then begged the people to recite in a loud voice the Dominical Prayer. Then, at a signal from her hand, they all knelt, and their voices in fervent song broke out in the recital of the Lord's prayer. As the amen still echoed in the air she felt death invading her heart, and whispering "Mazel," the name of her grandson, the child was brought, and as he was being carried to her lips her head drooped upon her breast, and with a sigh she rendered her soul to God. So much for a scene that seems taken from a poem—an ideal state of deity that one can hardly reconcile with the present.

"We were married just a month ago to-day. We went to Bawston and New Yawk, and ever so many places, and had a perfectly gorgeous time. New Yawk's just lovely!"—*Returned Chicago Bride.*

Here is an extract from a letter written to her lover by a Montgomery, Ala., girl: "For your sake, darling I have quit using chewing gum: I would you have quit gum for me? I would not have quit it for any other person in the whole world."

When Not to Laugh.

Unless you would be set down as vulgar, don't laugh at people's mistakes or misfortunes. There's a time to laugh; but when your schoolmate has slipped down on the ice, and is hurt, perhaps; or by accident the fruit-stand at the corner is overturned, and the poor old man's oranges and apples are scattered in the mud; or some lover of a very low quality of fun has pinned a ticket for sale on a person's back as he walks the street; or an absent-minded lady, thinking more of the poor she is going to visit than herself, has gone out with one boot and one slipper on; or a near-sighted parson, whom you never saw before addresses you as Jane or John, and cordially inquires after your grandma, when you haven't any; or the new boarder next door, in a block of a dozen houses all precisely alike, walks familiarly into your hall and comes to a dead stop on the stairs; or the bashful student comes awkwardly upon the platform, and breaks down in an attempt to declaim; or the same sort of sensitive youth, through extreme diffidence, commits in company the very error he was trying to avoid; or whenever anything trying or humiliating happens to any person—that is not the time to laugh, if you do by others as you would be done by. If you are the person laughed at in any such case consider that, at least, you are a great deal better than those who laugh at you. The too bashful girl or boy almost always turns out better than the too bold. The people who are always right side out in looks and dress and style are not necessarily by any means the best or the brightest. Nothing more surely indicates good breeding and a large heart than not seeming to notice a blunder, whether of friend or stranger—unless it is by a word or simple act of kindness to show sympathy or render assistance, when this can spare the feelings or lighten a misfortune.—*Christian Era.*

CRAINS OF GOLD.

Taste deepens upon those finer emotions which make the organization of the soul.

Many a man's vices have at first been nothing worse than good qualities run wild.

A mind that is conscious of its integrity seems to say more than it means to perform.

How many think to atone for the evil they have done by the good they intend to do, and are only virtuous in the prospective!

I have some ambition to be a perfect man—but not till after I am dead and in another state of existence, for it is a sad thing to have no character among one's fellows.—*Chloe Foss Thim.*

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women is owing to a scarcity of matter, and a scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt in speaking to hesitate upon the choice of both.—*Swift.*

A heart full of coldness, a sweet full of bitterness, a pain full of pleasantness, which maketh thoughts have eyes and hearts have ears; bred by desire, nursed by delight, weaned by jealousy, killed by dissembling, buried by ingratitude; and this is love.—*Lily the Uplandist.*

A boy got his grandfather's gun and loaded it, but was afraid to fire; he, however, liked the fun of loading, and so put in another charge, but was still afraid to fire. He kept on charging, but without firing, until he got six charges in the old piece. His grandmother, learning his temerity, smartly reproved him, and grasping the old continental discharged it. The result was tremendous, throwing the old lady on her back. She promptly struggled to gain her feet, but the boy cried out—"Lie still granny; there are five more charges to go off yet."