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A SQUARE is one inch up or down these columns.

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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 Live-stock, 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, Su. 2nd and Decatur,
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 Planning Mills.

W. H. SAYLOR, M. D.,

Physician and Surgeon,
FOREST GROVE, - - - - - OREGON.
OFFICE—At the Drug Store.
RESIDENCE—Corner Second Blocksouth 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. KILLIN.

Catlin & Killin,

ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELLOR
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Dekum's Building, First Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

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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

Written for the INDEPENDENT.

TO OREGONIANS.

[BY EBINEZER.]

Rouse! rouse! ye noble sons
Of Oregon's glorious fame,
Rout Ben Holladay from his lair
And stop his swindling game.
Don't you see he's cheating you,
He's getting all your cash?
With it he'll stuff his coffers
And give you naught but trash.
For your interests what cares he?
So he gets your gold.
Rouse! Or 'twill be too late,
When you'll find that you are sold.
His plans are all out and dried
So away from here he will lurk
But Hippie and Dolph his hired imps
Will do his dirty work.
Follow-men, if we would prosper
The only thing we can do
Is to oust Old Ben from our shore
And all his pesky crew.
And then, ye gallant Webbet,
You are sure to free your sod,
Then it won't be told
We're ruled by Old Ben's rod.
McMENNILLE, Oregon, July 31st, 1875.

LOVERS AND HUSBANDS.

It is a strange anomaly in human nature that we are often least satisfied when we have obtained that which we most desire. It is upon this principle that we account for the great transformation which comes over many a lover when he becomes a husband.

The lover places his beloved one upon a high pedestal as something to be really worshipped, and he offers to his idol his heart's sincerest devotion. But let the maiden descend from her height to become the wife of the man who adores her, alas! how quickly the romance fades away—how quickly she drops from an angelic being into a commonplace woman, and whose affection even seems to have lost its value.

Let no fond girl believe the lover who professes to find her all perfection, who places her in the category of angels and roses, and flatters her until she is half persuaded that she has wings, and may soar if she will! Let her attempt to use her pinions after marriage, and she will be suddenly brought down to earth, like the tortoise in the fable who attempted to fly. And, as for a very rose of sweetness, bah! one might as well be compared to a daffodilly as to a rose, for husbands are apt to think more of one good, sensible head of cabbage, well cooked for dinner, than of a hundred roses!

Lovers may flatter the accomplishments and praise the talents of the woman they love; but husbands are usually jealous of intellectual pursuits on the part of their wives. They seem to fancy, poor things! that the wife who reads a sensible book, or pursues some favorite study may forget to sew on their buttons, or to brush the cobwebs from the ceiling. Besides, we have noticed that husbands are, as a rule, averse to their wives being informed upon subjects of which they themselves are ignorant, which looks as though they secretly trembled for their much-vaunted superiority. Many a man, who regards it as a matter of course that his wife should spend a large portion of her time in visiting, gossiping and shopping, and who would not think of reproaching her for so doing, would be some dissatisfied if she spent the same amount of time in acquiring knowledge, or in pursuing some art. She would be forcibly reminded that a woman's place is to attend to her domestic duties!

As though domestic happiness were apt to suffer if an enlightened woman presided over it instead of a little souled, rattle-brained piece of vanity!

The poet may idealize the woman he loves in immortal verse; but if that woman becomes his wife, I fancy he can at times be quite as snappish and ill-tempered as ordinary mortals, especially when he descends from the clouds to tread the earth, and finds his domestic affairs unsatisfactory.

If his breakfast is tardy, or his dinner spoilt, the poet very easily

descends to every-day terms, and utters his reproaches very much in the style of other husbands; whereupon his wife is inclined to wish that he might remain upon Mount Parnassus altogether, and not come down to worry about such vulgar things as breakfasts and dinners.

If Dante had not lost Beatrice when she was young and beautiful; if Petrarch had wedded his Laura, or Tasso his Leonora, do you suppose the world would have rung with their praises? Would they have been immortalized in undying song?

Not at all. Beatrice would never have been the angel in Dante's heaven if she had continued to brighten his earthly home; and Laura and Leonora would have bloomed through their beauty and youth, and growing wrinkled and faded, would have dropped into the tomb without the world knowing aught of their fate.

How obsequious is the lover to every wish and look of her he loves! He is all devotion, all affection—in fact, the very embodiment of passionately ardent. Alas! how few husbands continue to be the lover! Even though love itself may still exist, it is shut up so closely in the heart that it loses its wings, and no longer soars. Those little kindresses, those little delicacies of attention which are not much in themselves, yet, after all, do much in making up the sum of human happiness, and of which the lover was so lavish, are only too often neglected or forgotten by the husband. Day by day he becomes more absorbed in the cares of business, and the tithed stream bears him farther and farther away from the romance of his youth. He forgets that she who sits by his fire-side was once a blooming bride, and he sees not what others can plainly see—that she is drooping like a neglected flower.

Now this is all wrong. When a woman consents to marry, and takes upon herself the task of making some man happy, it should not be at the expense of making herself miserable. A woman never forgets the homage she received before marriage, and if she finds coldness and neglect when she becomes a wife, the contrast is bitter enough—too bitter, indeed, to be borne.

Husbands should continue to be lovers—and wives also. A man should not woo a maiden as though she were the queen of flowers, and then when married, look upon her as the merest weed that grows. He should not flatter her into the belief that he regards her as the best and the fairest of womankind, and then cruelly undervalue her by sneering at her ignorance and by striving to impress her with a due sense of his own superiority.

Once enshrined as a deity in her husband's heart, the wife should remain their forever. Men make a fatal mistake when they think to command more respect from their wives by playing the tyrant at home. They only destroy the love they have labored to win. Let them do all their grumbling at the office, or in the street, and not save their ill nature to vent in a perfect shower upon the inmates of home.

When husbands, being so prone to faults themselves, have the good sense not to expect perfection in their wives—when they cease to expect their wives to be slaves of their every caprice, to expect the dinner to be upon the table at the precise moment, with the meats "done to a turn," and bread baked to marvel—when all these little things are changed for the better, there will be more gladness in every home, and much more of domestic happiness.

There is perhaps in every woman's life a time when some man regards her as possessing every womanly virtue. This is the time of her youth and beauty, and when she is beloved. And when really married, let the husband but continue to be the lover, and the wife will be happy and content in being the idol of one faithful heart.

TAKING IT OUT IN TRADE.

Mr. Mix, the owner of a marble yard in our place, has been advertising regularly in the Morning Argus for some time past, and the other day, when the bill was sent to him, he called upon Colonel Bangs, the proprietor, to see him about it. The following conversation ensued:

Mix—Colonel, I came 'round to have a little talk about this advertising bill. It's bigger'n I expected—a good deal bigger, and as times are hard and people not indulging in high-priced monuments and such luxuries, I want to see if I can't make some kind of arrangement with you. If I can't get you take it part out in trade.

Bangs—M-m-m-m! I don't know.

Mix—Now, how'd you like a blue marble dog, with his mouth open and his tail switched over on his ribs? I've got one of the loveliest of those things that you ever saw. It's a work of art. You can almost hear him growl, he's so natural. You ought to have a marble dog. It's sign of cultivated taste. It shows that a man has a love for the beautiful. I can rig him up in your parlor or I might speckle him over with paint and put him into your front yard to skeer the boys off your grass. If you have that dog laying there and you stand at the door and bark, there isn't a boy anywhere darst come within forty foot of the house at night.

Bangs—I believe I don't care for a dog.

Mix—I thought perhaps you wouldn't, although I pledge you my word that this one's got nothing to matter with him but a few insignificant nicks in the nose; but let me put you in a tombstone. Ah! there's the thing for a man of refinement. I tell you what I might do—get up a glorious tombstone for each member of your family; have all the names fixed so's you can see how they look and leave the date blank. Then you can have a verse of poetry chiseled on each one, and every thing all ready just to plant over the grave when anybody dies, all comfortable and nice, with no fuss, or hurry, or worry, while your heart's breaking over your loss. You could stand them around your sitting-room, you know, waiting for the fatal hour.

Or, maybe, you'd rather I'd rig up a family vault out in the cemetery. I'll do it for almost nothing at all. Get it up splendid, with your monogram on the front, and five bins on the inside, one marked "Mortimer," for you, another inscribed with the name of—less see, what's your wife's first name? Emma? Yes, another with "Emma" on it, and the other dedicated to your boys, "William," "Simeon" and "Holofernes." It'll be a real nice snug home for you all when you're gone. All layin' there together, quiet and peaceful with the storm all over, and sickness, and taxes, and such things, forever past. I'll run you up a sepulcher that you'll yearn after. Now, how large do you measure 'round the chest, so's I can make your bin large enough? A corpse wants room. I never fit remains tight in a family vault. You might come to life and want to turn over.

Bangs—I think I shall hardly take a vault just now.

Mix—O, very well—all right. I don't insist. I only wanted to throw out a genteel sort of idea about it. But how are you on front steps? Look here, now, I tell you what I'll do—you build a new house, with the front door in the second story, and I'll run you up a flight of steps that'll dance round any other step in the tropic of Capricorn. I'll make them terrific. Perfectly splendid. People'll come miles to see them. I'll advertise your paper, and we might put a bust of Daniel Webster on one side and a figger of Moses on the other. I've got a bust and a statue of those fellers so good that every body that knew them says they're bet'er than life—every body that knew Daniel Webster anyhow.

Or, if you don't want to build, less put up a row of marble steps clear round your old house. It would be a staggerer. People are too scrupulous about such things generally. Now a house with steps all around it, taking in the woodshed, too, would just lay over anything that they've got in Venice, and not more'n half try either.

Bangs—Don't want any steps.

Mix—Now, if you are the kind of a man I take you for—culture, feeling, a love for high art and such things—I know exactly what you do want. I can read your thoughts while I'm talking to you. You are saying to yourself: "If Mix only had a figger of little Samuel saying his prayers, and an angel looking at him, I'd take that." Well, sir, you'd hardly believe it, but I've got that very identical group. It's just lovely. Why, the women come in, shed tears over it, and everybody gets excited except Barney Maginn, who asked my foreman why he turned up the angel's nose, and why little Samuel's big toe was four inches long. It was made longer so's to keep his leg from getting loose. But nobody minds Maginn. Now, I'll just throw that glorious work of art away on you. I'll sacrifice it. You may have it for the price of marble. It'll make your boys devotional. It'll light up your family circle. You might put it in the entry for a kind of hat-rack. Lay your umbrella against the angel and rest your hat on Samuel. It's one chance in ten thousand. Cancel that bill, and you'll find that delicious statute in the house when you get home.

Bangs—Mr. Mix, I guess I'll have to take for the cash.

Mix—What! Won't take Samuel, or the steps, or the dog, or any thing?

Bangs—I think I'll have to say no.

Mix—Not even a sleeping lion with his tail under him, as a mantel-piece, or a hitching-post?

Bangs—No.

Mix—Well, well. And you talk about educating the public. You want to shove yourself off as a man of sense and learning. Why, such a man as you ain't fit to write for a paper that's used for lamplighters in a blind asylum; you ain't, indeed!

Then Mr. Mix went over to the cashier's desk and paid the bill.—
Mae Adair.

Grave of Highland Mary.

The Rev. Dr. Cuyler, who is now traveling in Scotland, gives the following sketch of a very romantic spot:

One hour more brought us to the Pontine Hotel, at Greenock. This morning we sallied out through the rain to visit one spot in Greenock which every man or woman who has a soul must visit—the tomb of Burns' Highland Mary. This poor dairy maid—immortalized in the sweetest of all love-songs—came from Montgomery Castle to Greenock, died here, and was buried in the Presbyterian kirkyard, just out of Crawford street.

We soon found the tomb, to which a well trodden footpath leads. A graceful marble monument, twelve high, covers the gentle lassie's dust. It bears a sculptured medallion, which represents Burns and the young lady clasping hands and plighting their troth, he holding a bible in his hand. Beneath is the inscription:

"Erected over the grave of
HIGHLAND MARY
in 1842."

"O Mary, dear departed shade,
Where is thy place of blissful rest?"
These lines are from the impassioned verses, "To Mary in Heaven," and have been read through tears by many an eye. Wonderful is the charm of genius, which could beat a pathway, trodden by thousands of feet, to the grave of an humble dairy-maid, who lived nearly a hundred years ago.

Mrs. Mayfield, of Clackamas county died of small-pox last week.

ANOTHER CHICAGO MOTOR.

[Chicago Tribune.]

John Martenson, residing a No. 273 North Market street, has on exhibition there a rude machine, constructed entirely by his own hands, of wood, which is, as he claims, the model of an engine to be run by a new motive power, of which he is the discoverer. A bare outline of the principle is this: A lever, worked by one man, turns a wheel. The revolution of this wheel sets in motion a series of compound levers, varying in number from six to twenty. The long arms of these levers are worked by a combination of cogged wheels and cogged bars, which combination is, according to Mr. Martenson's statement, the chief principle in his discovery, and is not yet to be made public. The short arms play successively into the cogs of a wheel which drives the engine. This last wheel is thus pried around its centre instead of being turned by a belt in the ordinary way. Thirty motions of the lever in the man's hand are to turn this last wheel 1,700 times in one minute, and but one man is needed to run an engine, no matter what its horse power may be. No steam, water, fire, or air is used. The inventor believes that an engine 4 feet long, 3 feet wide, and 2 feet high would drive a street-car at a high rate of speed, and that a correspondingly larger one would propel an ocean steamship or draw a train of cars.

Mr. Martenson is very enthusiastic over his discovery, upon which he has labored for six years. He is foreman in the composing-room of the Swedish-American newspaper, and, as his family are dependent upon him for support, he has been restricted during these years to a few hours each evening for application to his invention. He is extremely desirous that some public-spirited gentleman should furnish him with the means of subsistence for a few months, and thus allow him to devote day and night to the working out of his idea. He feels positive that in a half-year's uninterrupted time he could make an engine which would run a horse-car through our streets, and thus demonstrate the practicability and the extraordinary economy of his new power.

An astronomer, whose name Mr. Martenson could not remember, and who was, he thinks, connected with the Chicago University, called early in 1871 to see the engine, of which he had heard rumors, strongly urged the inventor to persevere, as had a good thing, and promised him support. At the time of the fire, however, he lost trace of his patron, and has not since heard from him. As has been already stated, his engine is on exhibition at his residence to any who may be interested in it.

Farm laborers are in brick demand in Grand Ronde valley.

There have been over \$30,000 worth of improvements made on the beautiful rolling prairie between Sammamerville and Grand Ronde river during the past two years.

The first flax seed of the season has been delivered at the Oil Mills at Salem. It was grown near Crosswell, Lane county, and is of excellent quality.

The skating rink at Portland was destroyed by fire last week, supposed to be the work of an incendiary. Loss, \$4,500. No insurance.

Georgia has 218,783 whites and 175,334 negroes between the ages of 6 and 18, and its present annual educational appropriation is \$180,000. Not quite forty-six cents to each child!

Compositors in the New York Tribune office are fined ten cents for each profane word uttered on the premises. The money thus gathered is given to the poor.—One unfortunate chap lost nearly a week's wages one night, over a bit of Cressley's manuscript.

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