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VOL. 1.

FOREST GROVE, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 29, 1873.

NO. 36.

THE INDEPENDENT.

Forest Grove, Oregon.
H. B. LUCE,
Editor and Proprietor.

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BALL & STOTT,
ATTORNEYS AT LAW.
No. 6 DeKens's Block,
PORTLAND, OREGON.
n35-ly

FOREST GROVE LODGE NO. 136,
I. O. G. T.

MEETS AT ITS HALL EVERY SATURDAY evening at 6 o'clock. All members of the Order in good standing are cordially invited to attend. n22-ly

FRANK L. STOTT,
Attorney at Law,
HILLSBORO, OREGON.
Office in new Court House.

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. n22-ly

POST OFFICE HOURS.
Mail going east closes at 8 A. M. Mail going west closes at 1 P. M. Office hours on Sunday from 10:30 A. M. to 12:30 P. M. No departure from this rule. N. E. GOODSELL, Postmaster. n7-ly

CORNELIUS LODGE, I. O. O. F. NO. 10.
MEETINGS EVERY TUESDAY evening at 7 1/2 o'clock in Odd Fellows' Hall. Members of the Order in good standing are invited to attend. By order of S. G.

HOLBROOK LODGE NO. 30, A. F. & A. M.
FOREST GROVE, OREGON. Meets Saturday before the Full Moon in each month. Brethren in good standing are invited to attend.

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

E. D. SHATTUCK. E. KILLIN.
SHATTUCK & KILLIN,
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS
AT LAW.
DeKens's Building, First Street,
PORTLAND, OREGON.

FOR SALE
A Valuable Property in the town of Forest Grove, for sale or to exchange for other Real Estate here or elsewhere. For particulars enquire at this office. n7-4t

FOR SALE.
Jos McMillen has several of the most choice varieties of
Grapes,
best adapted for maturing in this climate and soil, which he will constantly keep on hand during the planting season. n7-4t

J. R. Spencer,
DEALER IN
GENERAL MERCHANDISE,
CORNELIUS, OREGON.

All kinds of Produce bought and sold. n14-ly

A fine assortment of ladies' felt skirts and men's hats at J. B. Matthews'. n12-ly

PACIFIC UNIVERSITY

AND

Tualatin Academy

FACULTY.

Rev. S. H. MARSH, D. D.,

President and Professor of Intellectual Philosophy.

Rev. HORACE LYMAN, A. M.,

Professor of Rhetoric and History.

GEORGE H. COLLIER, A. M.,

Professor of the Natural Sciences.

A. J. ANDERSON, A. M.,

Professor of Mathematics, and acting Principal of the Academy.

J. W. MARSH, A. M.,

Professor of Latin and Greek.

Rev. THOMAS CONDON,

Lecturer on Geology.

Mrs. P. A. SAYLOR,

Preceptress.

Assistant in Academy.

Miss O. A. HASKELL,

Teacher of Music.

CALENDAR.

The year, in all departments of the Institution, is divided into three terms, beginning on the first Wednesday of September, December and March, and will close at Commencement, on the first Wednesday in June. There will be a vacation of one week, during the Christmas holidays.

Tuition.
\$15 and \$30 a Year. n12-2m

Hope.

BY JOAQUIN MILLER.

What song is well sung not of sorrow?
What triumph well won without pain?
What virtue shall be and not borrow
Bright luster from many a stain?
What birth has there been without travail?
What labor well won without blood?
What good shall our hearts be so glad
Ingrate to a staff with the good?

Lo! the cross set in rocks by the Romans,
And nourish'd by blood of the Lamb,
And water'd by tears of the woman,
Has flourish'd, has spread like a palm.

Has spread in the forests, and regions
Of snow in the north, and south sands,
Where never the tramp of his legions
Was heard, or has reach'd forth his red hands.

Be thankful, the price and the payment,
The birth, the privation and scorn,
The cross, and the parting of raiment,
Are flash'd. The star brought us morn:

Look starward; stand fast and unflinchingly,
Free soul'd as a banner unfurled,
Be worthy, O brother, be worthy!
For faith was the price of the world.

Object of the Grange.

The following letter, from General Deputy Garrison, to a Salt Lake paper, explains the objects of the Patrons of Husbandry:

Editor Desert News, Dear Sir:—Appreciating your courtesy, I gladly accept the kind offer of your columns to define in brief the mission of the new order now sweeping over our country, and that is destined, very soon, to work a peaceful and most healthful revolution, not only in our moral, social and industrial systems, but also in the business and political world.

The order of Patrons of Husbandry, familiarly known as the Grange, is a movement of the great producing class, in the interests of manhood and justice. The farmers of our country, as a class, have not entered the field of political strife, nor have they been schooled in the tactics of speculation and business chicanery now so rife. The duties and tendencies of their calling have not led them (as have been so fully intimated so frequently nor so fully with the delving currents of this money-making age. Fortunate is our country that it has been so, and that this moral reserve force, now so potent for reform, should have been held as a ballast to the ship of State.

The seeming indifference of this class of our people to occurring events has been surprising, and at times even censurable. They have been wont to commit to other keeping the interests that, they should have guarded most faithfully themselves. The fruits of this neglect, in part at least, are found in the following evils, which it is the hope of this order to remedy: There has grown up between the producer and consumer a class known as middle-men or transfer-men. These men, in defiance of legitimacy and justice in trade, have intermeddled a system of gambling that is not only unscrupulous and wicked, but that is cheaply in most cases with the periodic financial disaster so afflicting to all classes of our people. Through the completeness of their organization they are enabled to prey with impunity upon both producer and consumer, and forming rings and corners, not only on gold and stocks, but also on the bread and meat of the world, they succeed in flanking the "law of demand and supply," and in throwing our market into a state of painful uncertainty and demoralization.

So mad and so unrighteous has become the scramble for money, that the true standard of morality is lost sight of by the masses, who are wont to accord their respect of individuals with reference much more to the amount of their property than the purity and usefulness of their lives.

A sentiment that is as false as it is ruinous seems to be possessing the public mind and poisoning the heart, viz., that it is not quite respectable to labor. This sentiment is at open war with the spirit of our government and the well being of society. It is the progenitor of crime, and is filling our towns and cities with young men who should be on the farm. Other evils have come to us with this generation, of which we will but make mention in this connection, prominent among which is professional office seeking, office selling, sallying grabbing, wickedness in high places, corruption manifold and multiform, "repeats itself," which is surely true in the case now in hand.

The honest trusting husbandmen have waited long on those having charge of public affairs, hoping for reform and relief at their hands. "Suffering so long as the evils were sufferable," at last they have reached a point where forbearance longer on their part becomes treason to manhood. They have, with earnestness and determination, set about the work of reform, to accomplish which they find it necessary to organize and fraternize as they have never done before. Viewed from this standpoint, the main incentive to the establishment of the order and the multiplication of granges is founded upon the acknowledged principle that to accomplish a great work unity of action is necessary to insure success, and that to make success progressive this unity must be in-

OREGON.

Engene City has three schools in successful operation.
There are thirteen candidates for Marshall of the city of Albany.
Thompson's steam plow will be tried on his Yamhill farm this week.
The amount of tax to be raised in Washington county this year is \$30,994 3/4.

The Hillsboro school now contains 117 pupils and is every way in a very prosperous condition.
Shultz has been captured at San Jose Cal. and Superintendent Watkins took 26 pounds of shackles with him to hamper that slightly irregular gentleman.

The Astoria public school closed its first term for the current year on Friday last, with 130 scholars on the schedule.
Friday 22d inst., T. D. Humphreys, Esq., Deputy for Washington county, organized Forest Grove Grange, with 30 charter members, and Henry Buxton Master.

Mr. Everett, of East Chehalam Yamhill county, raised 6,000 pounds of hops this season.
Mr. A. S. Watt, formerly of Yamhill county, but now residing in Forest Grove, disposed of his farm, lying some three and a half miles northwest of Lafayette, to Mrs. L. E. Hannah and Mr. A. Blackburn, of Gervais, for \$11,000. The farm contains 435 acres of land.

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The Albany Register of Wednesday says: Baum has received and paid out the butt end of the last payment of wheat money—\$120,000—the most of which has been planted or salted down. We fear this will be the last time we can legitimately make an item out of Baum.

THE TERRITORIES.

Mr. J. N. Gale has purchased the Olympia Echo, in Blaine, Payette and Weiser valleys, in Idaho, produced about 350,000 bushels of wheat the past season.

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A Washington Territory paper strikes a note of the times in this fashion: "Farmers selling their wheat for 40 cents a bushel and county officers paid at the rate of \$3,000 a year. Our Legislative Solons should have a vote of thanks."

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The Salt Lake Tribune, noticing the return to Europe of several of the newly arrived Mormon emigrants says: "Mormonism as preached in Europe, is altogether a different thing from Mormonism as preached and practiced in Utah. In Europe, it is Christ crucified; in Utah, it is worship Brigham Young, pay your tithes, or be eternally damned."

The Walla Walla Statesman says: "Within the last week a large number of immigrants have come from Montana—the majority of them with the intention of making permanent homes in this valley. The low price of produce in Montana—wheat 20 cents a bushel—and in the general depression in all branches of trade, is fast driving people out of that country."

Flashes of Fun.
BY THE HAMBURY "NEWS" MAN.

A Bethel gentleman says whisky is good for a cold on the lungs, and it needn't be a very bad cold, either.

A little boy has been fairly driven from a Slavonian school by the disgraceful persecution of the other scholars, who taunted him with the fact that his father had been a New York jurymen.

A large plaid child in Rochester has lost her sack, according to an advertisement. Why a plaid child, of the large pattern in particular, should require a sack, the advertisement does not say. But it teaches us to beware of vanities.

The pan-cake season has got around to Richmond, Indiana. A hired girl employed in a family there, while baking cakes the other morning, stepped backward to a chair in which reposed the batter, and deliberately sat down in the pan. As she subsequently refused to sit down on the stove, the breakfast was finished with bread.

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Bryant on Darwin.

In a speech made by the poet Bryant at a meeting of the alumni of William's College, he thus treated Darwinism:
It is a good while since the remark was made by an English wit, that he did not like to look at monkeys, they seemed to him so much like poor relations. What was regarded at that time as a clever jest, has since been taken by an eminent naturalist as the basis of an extended system, which professes to account for the origin of the human species. According to Mr. Darwin, man is an improved monkey. In his system the lowest form of animal life is a minute animal cell. A number of these cells come casually together and form a dab of jelly fixed on a crag in the ocean.

They somehow became arranged in a sort of symmetry; they gradually acquired organs; they rise to the dignity of oysters and mussels; they multiply; by a principle of selection on the part of the parent they rise higher and higher in the scale of being; they become quadrupeds; they crawl upon the land; they waddle upon the shore in the shape of seals; they build houses as beavers; they climb trees as squirrels; their talons and paws become hands furnished with fingers, and we have the monkeys; the monkey acquires the faculty of speech, and matures into a man. It is the old theory Monbollo propounded a hundred years ago but spread over a large surface, and set forth with new illustrations.

But allowing all that, the author says of the consanguinity of man and the inferior animals; admitted that we are of the same flesh and blood as the baboon and the rat, where does he find his proof that we are improving instead of degenerating. He claims that man is an improved monkey; how does he know that the monkey is not a degenerate man, a decayed branch of the human family, fallen away from the high rank he once held, and haunted, by a dim sentiment of his old dignity, as we may infer from his melancholy aspect? Improvement, Mr. President and gentlemen, implies effort; it asks only neglect, indolence, inaction. How often do the descendants of illustrious men become the most stupid of the human race? How many are there, each of whom we may call

The tenth transmitter of a foolish race, who, like Savonarola, the best he ever wrote, worth all his other verses put together—
The tenth transmitter of a foolish race, and the face growing more and more foolish from generation to generation. I might instance the Bourbon family lately reigning in Spain and Naples. I might instance the royal family of Austria. There is a whole nation, millions upon millions, our Chinese neighbors, of whom the better opinion is that they have been going backward in civilization from century to century. Perhaps they are the worst of the worst, some thousands of years hence. How, then can Mr. Darwin insist that if we admit the near kindred of man to the inferior animals, we must believe that our progress has been upwards, and that the noble animals are the progeny of the inferior? Is not the contrary more probable? Is it not more likely that the more easy road downward has been taken, that the lower animals are derived from some degenerate branch of the human race, and that if we do not labor to keep the rank we hold, our race may be frittered away into the meaner tribes of animals, and finally into animalcule? Then may Tweeds become the progenitors of those skulking thieves of the west, the wild, the prairie wolves, or many swain stagnant pools in the shape of horse-leeches; or native layers may be represented by the foxes; or great architects, by colonies of beavers; or poets, by clouds of musquitos, famished and musical; or doctors of divinity by swarms of the mantis, or praying insect, always in the attitude of devotion. If we held to Darwin's theory—as I do not—how are we to know that the vast multitudes of man and women on this earth are not the ruins, so to speak, of some nobler species, with more elevated intellectual faculties, mental, physical, and moral, but now extinct?

Scientific.
If there is anybody who thinks Professor Winchell has been idle while other astronomers were at work, he is mistaken. The Professor now comes out with a theory that rather overlaps the others, and coming from such an unexpected source, promises to make a sensation. The Professor has only been in the business a short time but he has his opportunities. He says that the earth is to keep on cooling, and thus absorb the moisture, and after swallowing the several oceans, will make one magnificent gulp and take in the entire atmosphere. The next morning it will commence to whirl through space at a pace that will by comparison reduce the flight of a comet to the speed attained by an oyster on its way to a funeral, and the surface will take brown, and shrivel up in lumps, and split open, and otherwise tend to obstruct business. In view of this event many people in Danbury have broken up house-keeping and gone to boarding, and one man on North Street has had off a billion more for a five-barreled telescope. Danbury News.

How many of these who put time and means in the cultivation of music have any objection view beyond the entertainment of company? A young friend, do you feel yourself sufficiently rewarded for the time you are spending every day in practice, dry and disagreeable as the mere mechanical part is, by the exaggerated applause of the shallow people of whom fashionable society is mostly composed? If you have a true soul for music, you have found that in company a style of music pleases altogether different from what you would play at home for your own enjoyment or that of your family. In company you are expected to play as well as the ears of the listeners.

Your fingers must perform equal to those of the most accomplished gymnast. Some people delight in watching the fingers to such a degree that they think of nothing else. Finding this to be the case, you are anxious to make the best of what technical ability you have acquired by the diligent practice of scales, chords, &c., and astonish yourself even, in the execution of the music of a Gottschalk, Wehli, or some other rattletrap. Or perhaps your teacher "composes," and his music is particularly striking in its way. He has inspired you with respect for his finished performance, and when he presents you with a copy of his last composition, with the request that you learn it, you feel at once so flattered that you are ready to devote any amount of time to studying the peculiar effects through which he astonishes his hearers. He may play octaves particularly well; the public are informed of the fact by the unmeaning frequency of octave passages. Or he has wondrous power in his left hand, and therefore uses this member to the exclusion of the right. Or he excels in rapid brilliant runs, calculated to exhibit the quality of touch, of which he is master. Although you are versed in none of these artifices that constitute the popular musician, and though as yet developed in no particular direction, you diligently spend an unaccountably long time to produce the effect intended by the composer.

In the meantime, what becomes of the pieces you learned before? They are forgotten, of course. Not one of them can you remember. The last piece is the only one, to be laid aside in its turn and forgotten, while working to master another of even greater difficulty. And soon until the young days are all spent. This music has never been any real enjoyment to you, for it is barren; it is not the language of the heart; for a brief moment it sparkles, glares, makes noise, and is burst out like a rocket. And as the desire to inspire admiration ceases, when you are settled in life and have the care of a family, the piano never opened except when an occasional visitor tries her skill. On the music-stand are bound books, full of emptiness, with your maiden name on the cover, and you can hardly believe that you ever played them, so little remains in your remembrance of the pieces they contain.

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