

# Forest Grove Independent.

VOL. 1.

FOREST GROVE, WASHINGTON COUNTY, OREGON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 7, 1874.

NO. 46.

## THE INDEPENDENT.

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NOTARY PUBLIC AND COLLECTOR.

LEGAL PAPERS DRAWN, ACKNOWLEDGMENTS TAKEN. Will attend promptly to all business entrusted to his care.

Geo. H. DeBram, H. V. Thompson,  
Attorneys.

Durham & Thompson,  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

No. 100 First Street,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

**ALFRED KINNEY, M. D.,**  
SURGEON.

OFFICE IN DEKUM'S BUILDING,  
N. W. corner of First and Washington Streets, Portland, Oregon.

C. A. BALL, BALKSHOR STOTT.

**BALL & STOTT,**  
ATTORNEYS-AT-LAW.

No. 6 Dekum's Block,  
PORTLAND, OREGON.

**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.

**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.

E. D. SHATTUCK, E. KILLIN,  
Shattuck & Killin,  
ATTORNEYS AND COUNSELORS  
AT LAW.

Dekum's Building, First Street,  
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**THOMAS H. TONGUE,**  
Attorney-at-Law,  
Hillsboro, Washington County, Oregon.

**FOREST GROVE LODGE, No. 136,**  
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**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.

## BUSINESS CARDS.

**WOODCOCK & INTERMELA,**  
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in

**GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.**

Stalls Nos. 4, 5, 6, and 7,  
NEW CITY MARKET.

Portland, Oregon.

**CALIFORNIA FRUITS RECEIVED**  
direct per steamers. Country orders filled.

Cash paid for Country Produce.

**PACIFIC**  
**BOOT & SHOE HOUSE**  
Geo. A. Frase, Proprietor.

The Largest Stock on the Coast,  
S. W. Corner of First and Morrison streets,  
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**Fruit Trees for Sale.**

FRANK McILLEN HAS ALL KINDS OF FRUIT TREES for sale in Forest Grove.

Apple, Pear, Cherry, Plum, Quince, Currant.

Cherry, White Crystal, Red Dutch.

ELM BERRIES:  
Lawson and Kitching.

RASPBERRY AND GRAPE VINES.

ORNAMENTAL TREES:  
Black and White Walnut, Chestnut and other varieties.

SURBERRY:  
Rose Bushes of all kinds.

FLOWERS:  
Tulip and Peony bulbs.

HOUSE PLANTS  
Of all kinds.

Call and see me before purchasing elsewhere. Everything warranted.

**FOR SALE.**

ONE HALF OF BLOCK TWENTY-

Eight (28) in the town of Forest Grove,  
Oregon.

A. J. ANDERSON

**Wm. McCREADY**

MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
all kinds of

**HARNESS.**

SADDLES, BRIDLES, WHIPS & Lashes

Repairing promptly attended to.

Portland, Oregon.

**WILL FURNISH PLANS AND SPECIFICATIONS** for Buildings of all descriptions and supervise the construction of the same; also, Bridge and Ship building. Hand railing, Newell posts and Balusters, also, all kinds of solid furniture, viz: Bedsteads, Tables, Bureaus, Stands, &c., on reasonable terms. Shop and office over Johnson's Planing Mill, Forest Grove.

Produce taken in exchange.

H. McDonald

**NOTICE.**

THOSE WISHING TO AVAIL THEMSELVES of the New Series of school books at the "Introductory rates," which are 25% less than they will sell at after the time mentioned here, would do well to send in their orders to Dr. Saylor's Drug Store before the tenth of January next. All orders must be accompanied by the cash as the books are sold on commission.

**J. R. Spencer,**  
DEALER IN

**GENERAL MERCHANDISE.**

CORNELIUS, OREGON.

All kinds of Produce bought and sold.

**John Cooper,**  
DENTIST AND JEWELER

SOLICITS THE PATRONAGE OF THE  
Forest Grove, Wash. warranted. Office cor.  
Walnut and Pine Streets.

## WASHINGTON COUNTY.

FOREST GROVE: A HANDSOME TOWN; ITS GROWTH; EDUCATIONAL ADVANTAGES, ETC.—MICHIGAN'S SAVAGES IN THE POSTOFFICE.

FOREST GROVE, Jan. 28th, 1874.

The snow that fell so fast and thick on the 18th instant and continued till Saturday last, has since rapidly disappeared. Frequent showers and heavy rains have prevailed. The result is the snow that was twelve inches deep is entirely gone, except on the mountain ranges. The atmosphere is remarkably warm for this season of the year. Some of the old settlers say that the heavy showers of the last few days bear a marked resemblance to the warm rains that produced the flood of 1861-2.

FOREST GROVE

Is located in one of the most beautiful spots in Washington county, and is probably not surpassed in the State. The town is built on an elevation that admits of good drainage, a commanding view of the country, and in the heart of a grove of oak timber. It is sheltered in the rear by a range of hills 1,500 feet high, covered with heavy oak timber to the very top. The front presents an extended view of prairie, valley and mountain scenery of rare beauty and variety. Tualatin Plains extend for seventeen miles east and west of the town, containing cultivated farms, rich soil and successful farmers. The progress of the town during the last two years is remarkable. In 1872 there were twelve new dwelling houses built, and last year there were twenty-five erected. Four of them cost about \$7,500 each, and the whole of them would average \$1,000 each, making an expenditure for private residences in 1873 of \$25,000, besides a large number of office houses. This probably surpasses any town in the State, outside of Portland, for the number of new and good buildings erected last year. The cause of these improvements, is easily explained by the fact that Forest Grove is one of the principal seats of learning in the State, known as the

FACULTY UNIVERSITY AND LITERARY INSTITUTE.

These institutions are long established, have reached a high reputation and have rendered invaluable service to the educational character of the State. They are under the control of a body of trustees, a financial committee, and a faculty. The Rev. Dr. Marsh is the President of the University, and Professor A. Anderson is the Principal of the Academy. There is an endowment fund of \$85,000, raised by Dr. Marsh in the Eastern States. About \$800 were expended last year in fitting up a chapel and other improvements.

The buildings as a whole have served their day, and should be either entirely rebuilt or scattered and improved as to be almost new, so as to be up to the times in comfort and style. It is creditable to the intellectual taste of the people of Forest Grove and those who control the University to see the beautiful private residences which adorn the town, and allow the University to remain somewhat resembling old, deserted barracks. Knowing the desire there is on the part of the parents to give their children a good education, and the wealth and liberality of the people in general, there is but little doubt but the needed funds could be raised on this point, if the right men would take hold at the proper time.

The church connected with the University should have a preacher of the highest order—a man of deep thought, superior intellectual powers, and an eloquent preacher, genial in his manners and social in his habits; one in whom every one of the 135 students connected with the University and Academy would find a kind friend, an able counselor and spiritual guide, and whose house would be a home and a sanctuary for the students all reasonable hours. Such a man would melt and would mould the hearts of every student attending Forest Grove, and send them home saved and redeemed—a blessing to themselves, their families and the community. Under such a man the minds of the students and of the people would be illuminated, their hearts enlarged, and their purses opened to contribute liberally to make the University and the other institutions of Forest Grove the most beautiful and attractive place in Oregon for educational purposes and private residences. The Rev. Mr. Walker, the present pastor of the Congregational Church, where the students attend, is a good man and has served his generation well; but the time has come for his superannuation, or having an assistant such as I have indicated. Churches and places of education should be made so attractive to the young that nothing but necessity would prevent their going. The Methodist Church has wisely and benevolently provided a fund for her superannuated ministers. Mrs. Coburn teaches the district school when the funds admit of her doing so; at present she is conducting a successful private school in the district school building; but the school house, like the University buildings, is sadly in need of ample repairs or being rebuilt.

The population of the Grove is 592, and there are 253 under the age of twenty. There are a number of

## GRAINS OF GOLD.

Labor is the Lethae of the past and the present.—[Richter.

A distasteful duty should receive our first and most careful attention.

All lives have their prose translation as well as their ideal meaning.—[Charles Auchester.

Only what we have wrought into our character during life can we take away with us.—[Humboldt.

The beloved of the Almighty are the rich who have humility of the poor, and the poor who have the magnanimity of the rich.—[Sandi.

**NORTHWEST.**  
What the Grangers of Iowa are Doing.

The State Grange of Iowa has purchased the entire patent of the Werner Harvester. It is represented as equal, if not superior, to any other harvester. At least, they propose to sell and guarantee it to be equal to the Marsh or Low, Adams, and French harvesters. They are now ready to receive applications. It is to be manufactured by Waldron Bros., of Des Moines, and, probably, two or three other places. They propose to sell at \$140. This looks like a bargain. Now, let all the Patrons come up to the work, and sustain our Executive Committee and State in their contracts, and one of the greatest victories is achieved for which we are organized. It is the intention of having as many manufactured as there is a demand for. So soon as the National Grange meets, in February, there will probably be other announcements made which will convince the world that the Order means work.

An arrangement has been made with the Weed sewing machine, by which it can be had at 40 per cent. below the former price. And arrangements have been made with other articles and farm implements, the official announcements of which will be soon made. This is the beginning of the fruits of this organization, and so soon as plans and contracts can be made, and the Order is more thoroughly established, we will be able to dictate our own terms to other manufacturers, instead of begging as we have been the last year. The Order has been laughed at and manufacturers have sneered our advances, but the day of our triumph is at hand. A combination of 900,000 farmers, which is likely to be doubled, in nine months, holds a power not to be balked, nor is it safe to tempt them to rash resolutions, or attempt to oppose their plans. It has already far exceeded, in its wholesome arrangements, more than its most ardent friends anticipated so early in its history.

It is estimated that 1,800 of the Werner Harvesters will have to be manufactured by next June, to supply the demand in the United States; after which, if it has the success anticipated, there will be a largely increased demand for it. Other manufacturers have driven the Patrons to this resort, and ruinous reduction of prices of all reapers, which is anticipated to break our manufacturing down, will avail them nothing, as we will buy and sell our own.—[Iowa State Register.

**GOOD WOMEN—WHAT THEY CAN DO.**

I know a woman, hardly middle-aged, who has transformed a whole village from an irreligious, inert, low-toned place into an orderly, active, church-going community. There was no church service. She went the children, and then their elders, into her Sunday class, by making it attractive; then added to it a service in which she read a sermon or essay. She lent them books, organized a weekly reunion, and gradually but surely has drawn them to a larger life. Another woman, born when her father was 80 years old, consequently inheriting the debility of old age, a life-long sufferer, often confined to her bed for months, made herself a power for good through a wide section of country. Her life was by no means agreeable. She lived in a dull place, amongst uncongenial kindred, was cramped by poverty, and obliged to deny herself the beautiful things which her poetic nature craved; but she lived in the lives of others. Women poured into her ear their hidden griefs; men went to her with doubts and knotty questions about religion; children loved to spend their holidays in her room. When the slender thread of her life parted, there was mourning in all the towns about her home; and, "being dead, she yet speaketh."

Not every one can do such work as these two did; but every one who has enough mind and culture to rebel against dullness has enough mental force to banish it. Look about and see if there is not some work at hand in which you can find content and profit before coming to town to seek it.—[N. Y. Express.

Is the earliest days of the human race, when population was more sparse than it has ever been since, and introductions were also scarce, with little or none of former ceremony attending them—"no cards"—our first parents, after their first surprise, had to introduce themselves to one another, though the following dialogue is not found on record:

Adam—Madam, I am Adam.

Eve—Adam, I am madam. [They embrace.]

## ONE HARVEST ONLY.

A queer story lately fell under our notice, that ran somewhat as follows: A farmer whose work was all toil and burden, whose harvest and gains were very poor and scant, was accosted one day as if in answer to his secret prayers or curses, by a strange-looking being—imp, or Wandering Jew, or Old Man of the Mountain—who offered him a most liberal rental for his farm, if he might raise only one crop from it;—a crop from seed which he carried in a large sack on his back under which he trembled and staggered.

The farmer's suspicions and fears were outweighed at last by the glittering gold, and the bargain was made.

The seed to be sown was acorns. The acorn crop, how far off!

The point we wish to make, as a lawyer might put it, is this: the educators in our State, and sister States, and the whole world over—are sowing seed for no three months' crop, no mere bloom of annuals, nor of bi-annuals; but are sowing the seed of harvests and crops that are yet to bloom and to ripen in future ages, perhaps hundreds of years hence. We want to make the point very strongly, that when educators are doing work whose results are so durable and far-reaching, it ought to be well done at every step. The laws that are passed ought to be the very best that can be framed. The officials who administer the laws, should be the best men available for the office. The buildings, the grounds, the furniture, the teachers, the regulations, should be as carefully chosen and fitted as possible to so lasting and important a work.

We make this point the stronger when we turn your thoughts to the material structures, the railroads, the steam boats, the bridges, the park-works of grading and engineering—all these structures designed or public utility for a long term of years, must be done even at the worst, with no small degree of solidity and strength, in order to be safe and available, commanding the confidence of the public.

Yet such works concern directly no interests more important than property, person and life.

But the educators are concerned with interests of transcendently greater importance—interests as much greater and more solemn and more delightful, as men are higher than beasts, and truth is grander than brute ignorance, and God-like traits of character tower above the traits of savages and criminals and devils incarnate. As the world of matter is a mere slave to the world of intellect, and both are legitimately the subjects of the moral world, in the same degree the work of the artisan is below that of the artist and the artist's finest works ministering mainly to the sense of beauty are still below the work of the moralist, for his labor transforms, or fuses the immaterial structures of the deathless spirit as it progresses in endless developments hereafter. The means are ever subordinate; the end is highest. The road should be good; but the horse should be better, and its innates should be best. The body may be endlessly useful; but the mind outranks the body, and the soul includes and outranks the mind.

**THE JAPANESE PEOPLE—Progress.**

A correspondent writes from Japan as follows:

If riches mean one kernel of rice at meal time, and a spare suit of scanty clothing and a thatched house to live in, with a piece of leased land to cultivate, the masses in Japan are rich; but if we consider accumulated property capable of yielding income to mean wealth, and if we except the ruling classes, they are poor. They are contented and happy because their wants are few. Western civilization, bringing Paris fashions, will oblige the nation to produce more or run in debt. This she has temporarily done, having borrowed \$12,000,000 of English bankers at seven per cent., for which Imperial bonds were issued, three-quarters of which were resold in Germany at a profit, where the debt now is principally held. Active steps are being taken to open her eyes of gold, silver, copper, iron, coal, etc., which will soon produce sufficient to pay all debts, and add annually great material wealth to the whole country. Fortunately the dangerous war policy has been avoided just in time, and the conservative movement appears a great success. Those who have the best interests of Japan at heart, feel comparatively safe with Iwakura at the head of the Government, backed by the ablest men in Japan.

Sir Walter Scott relates that, when some one was mentioned as a "fine old man" to Swift, he exclaimed with violence that there was no such thing: "If the man you speak of had either a mind or a body worth a farthing they would have worn him out long ago."

A celebrated Scotch divine had just risen in the pulpit to lead the congregation in prayer, when a gentleman in the front of the gallery took out his handkerchief to wipe the dust from his brow, forgetting that a pack of cards was wrapped up in it. The whole pack was scattered over the floor of the gallery. The minister could not resist a sarcastic solace as the act was in which he was about to engage. "O, man! man! surely your psalm-book has been ill bound."

## TO MY WIFE.

Young Brennan, the author of the following touching lines, soon after taking to himself a beautiful young wife, in his native Erin, came adrift to this country to seek his fortune, settled in New Orleans to practice law, and sent for his wife to join him. Attacked by rapid consumption, his physician informed him he could last but few days. The hope of again seeing his wife, ere he closed his eyes to the world, sustained him for a time, and in one of those ravishing moments so common to the consumptive patient, he wrote these touching lines; his parting memento to be he so fondly loved, but whom he was not privileged to see again. It will be observed that the sixth line of the third stanza is unfortunately missing.

**TO MY WIFE.**

Come to me, dearest, I'm lonely without thee,  
Day-time and night-time I'm thinking of thee,  
Night-time and day-time in dreams I behold thee—  
Unwelcome the waking which ceases to find thee.

Come to me, darling, my sorrows to lighten,  
Come to thy beauty to bless and to lighten,  
Come in thy whiteness, meekly and lowly,  
Come in thy loveliness, queenly and holy!

Swallows will flit round the desolate ruin,  
Telling of Spring and its joys reviving,  
And thoughts of thy love and its manifold treasure  
Are circling my heart with a promise of pleasure.

Oh, Spring of my spirit! Oh, May of my bosom  
Shine out on my soul till it burgeon and blossom—  
The waste of my life has rose root within it,  
And thy fondness alone to the sunshine can win it.

Figures that move like a song through the even—  
Feathers lit up by a reflex of heaven—  
Eyes like the skies of yore Erin, our mother,  
Where shadow and sunshine are chasing each other;

Smiles that seldom, but childlike and simple;  
Oh, thanks to the the Saviour, that even thy seeming  
Is left to the exile to lighten his dreaming!  
You have been glad when you knew I was gladdened—

Dear, are you sad now to hear I am saddened?  
Oh, hearts answer in tune and in time, love,  
As active to answer and rhyme into rhyme,  
Love, love, but your tears will be flowing—  
You cannot smile but my cheek will be glowing—  
I would not die without you at my side, love—  
You will rest in anger when I shall have died, love.

Come to me, dear, ere I die of my sorrow,  
Rise on my gleam like the sun of benighted Erin,  
Strong, swift, and fond as the words which I speak, love,  
With a song on your lip and a smile on your cheek, love;

Come for my heart in your absence is dreary—  
Haste, for my spirit is sickened and weary—  
Come to the arms which alone should care for thee—  
Come to the heart which is throbbing to press thee.

**The Tariff and the Currency.**

The following sensible article is from the *Industrial Politician*:

The key to the country's problem is in the tariff. Unless it is made and maintained thoroughly protective, so as to insure the ultimate exclusion of foreign goods from our markets by substitution of home manufactures, we need not expect to see gold and silver circulate as money. Whether resumption would be a gain or not is much disputed, but so much would be but gained in bringing it about, that it would be but an unmarked incident in the era of extraordinary prosperity.

When that happy time arrives we will not regard with anxiety a deficiency in revenue, which may be caused by the falling off in imports of such staple goods as the country should be ashamed to buy of foreigners! That will simply be an evidence that we are in the way of health, and are no longer reversing the practice recommended by the old proverb, and "throwing a shad to catch a sprat." If Congress will take care of the productive industries of the country, and ensure their prosperity and development, the financial problem will solve itself, and ways and means will be found to supply the wants of the public treasury.

FALLEN MAN AND WOMAN.—Man, sunk below his natural level, hates and affects to despise the height where he has walked. Woman, fallen from her fair estate, looks ever back to it with longing and regretful eyes. He proclaims himself not worse than his fellows; endeavoring to pull those above down to his flat. She admits her fault; deprecates it; is glad there are women so much better and more fortunate than she; strives to have hope for the future, and listens with bounding blood to every voice that brings back to her the spotless past. Never does she quite renounce morality; humanity claims her to the last. Miserable, downtrodden, wholly forsaken, she looks up from the dross and the mire and hears the lark of her love still singing at the gates of heaven.—[Galaxy.

**BITS OF FUN.**

A woman's love for a military officer is generally uniform.

The softer the head the harder the work of driving anything into it.

What nation is most likely to succeed in a difficult enterprise?—Determination.

A four-year-old boy recently complained that his teeth "had trod on his tongue."

Why is a beefsteak like a locomotive? It's not of much account without its tender.

The boy's new trousers, copper-fastened throughout, and plated at the knee so as to be impregnable to friction, are known as the "knee plus ultra."

"Take a wing," gushed a pompous upstart, extending his bent arm to a sensible young lady, at the close of the prayer-meeting. "Not of a gander," she quietly replied, and walked home with her mother.

A coxcomb, teasing Dr. Parr with an account of his petty ailments, complained that he could never go out without catching cold in the head. "No wonder," returned the doctor; "you always go out without anything in it."

A little knot of ladies were discussing the subject of marriage. One of the party, a single young lady, said: "Matches are made in Heaven." "Very likely," was the quick rejoinder of a married lady, "and they are often dipped in the other place."

An old Aberdeen gentleman of 83 having taken to the altar a young damsel of sixteen, the clergyman said to him, "You will find the font at the other end of the church."

"What do I want of the font?" asked the old gentleman. "I beg your pardon, I thought you had brought the child to be christened."