THE INDEPENDENT.

FOREST GROVE, June 11, 1874.

Local News.

The Last Chance.

Pictures! Everybody gets their pictures taken. This is positively the last chance, DuVall will remain with us but one week longer. Give him a call and if he don't render satisfaction your money will be refunded.

Babies pictures taken without getting mad. Special attention paid to copying and enlarging old Daguerreotypes and Ambrotypes. Pictures taken as well in cloudy weather as in clear.

All styles of work known to the art executed in first class style. Ferrotypes only $2.50 per dozen. Bring the little folks in the forenoon. By order of a disinterested witness if your honorable court pleases

C. M. DuVall Artist.

Strawberry Festival.

The I. O. of C.of R. C. will give a Strawberry festival at their *Hall* in Sloper's new building Tuesday evening the 16th inst. "Everybody and his wife," are invited. Proceeds will be applied to the benefit of the Order.

Admission 25 cts. doors open at 8 o'clock P. M.

By order of the Committee.

C. of R. C.

RETURNING.—They always come back. The Grove never permanently loses a citizen. J. N. Campbell and family, well known here, are on the steamer John L. Stevens now lying at Portland. They went down to San Diego, Cal., where they have been for six months past. Miss Emma Spencer comes on the Stevens also. She left the Grove and went to California with her parents about seven years ago She comes here for the purpose of teaching.

The triangular fight for Governor and other State officers is over, and the returns are coming in. Some think the result will be in favor of the Democratic ticket, and vice versa, but it is certain that FISHELL & ROBERTS are leading in the race for supremacy in their particular line of business. This popular Clothing House is now filled in every department with the latest fashions, and they are offering great bargains, though that is generally understood by all who know the firm. Leave your measure and we assure you that satisfaction will be given in every instance. jun 11—tf

Religious.

At the Congregational church, Rev. E Walker preaches every Sabbath at 11 A. M

At the Methodist church, Rev. Mr. Helfe preaches on the first and third Sundays of each month.

At the Baptist church, Rev. Mr. Chandler preaches on the second and fourth Sundays in each month.

THE PICNIC.—Everybody must go to the picnic at Hillsboro Saturday. If it is fine weather the occasion will be a happy one. Mr. C. H. Wasser informs us that the cars will be at Smith's Crossing at 9 o'clock A. M. There will be an extra coach for the special use of the Grove folks. Terms 50 cts. for the round trip, big or little, whether belonging to Sunday School or not. Everybody goes.

MARY TAYLOR showed to a small audience in the Grove last week. *Mary's* style is coarse. Low comic acting is his force. He belongs to a class of showmen who have a demoralizing, corrupting influence on society.

GOING TO LEAVE.—*Mr.* DuVall is going to leave in a few days. Come in now country girls and everybody before the end of this week or the first of next and have your pictures taken. Mr. DuVall is an obliging artist and will not let you leave unsatisfied.

ACCIDENT.—*Mr.* Joseph Watt's little boy—Earl—fell on the floor in *Mr.* Hoxter's store last Saturday and broke his collar-bone. The bone was set immediately by Dr. Bowley and now the little fellow is doing very well.

CHARLES ANDERSON is canvassing now for subscribers for some nice chromos, steel engravings etc. Now you have a chance to decorate your rooms with fine pictures. We bespeak for Mr. Anderson the patronage of our readers.

A COMPLIMENT.—At the last session of the Circuit court at *Hillsboro* Judge Upton complimented C. A. Dorbinyy for his masterly exposition of the law in one of the cases that came before the Court,

LAST Saturday Dr. Marsh, started up to his farm in Yamhill county. Tamira, Saito, Reese Leabo and Mr. Linscott and family went at the same time.

SINCE the exodus of the students last week, the streets look somewhat lonesome, and the faces of the students who remain are longer than a yard-stick.

M. R. BROWN has the best turn-outs in the Grove. Call on him when you want a fat and spirited horse or a handsome buggy.

☞ For the very best Photographs, go to Bradley & Rulofson's Gallery with an ELEVATOR, 429 Montgomery Street, San Francisco.

JOHN SPENCER, son of J. R. Spencer of Cornelius, returned home a fortnight since from Humboldt county California.

BUILDING.—Frank Henderson is preparing to build a two-story front on his livery stable.

MR. JOHNS of the meat market, has a white mole preserved which was captured in this vicinity.

MISS HATTIE CONDON has given up her school and will go home in a fortnight.

MISS NELLIE CONDON intends going to Portland soon to take lessons in painting.

SUNNY, cloudy, showery, like the moods of woman—has been the weather this week.

MR. JOHNS of this town had the measels and attended to his business all the time.

Two of Mrs. Jackson's children have taken the measels.

MISS EMMA BLANK is on a visit to her friends at this place.

SURVEYING—see L. C. Walker's card.

NEW STORE—see Kahn & Friedenrich's card.

SEE SPIONS new ad.

SEE Northup & Thompson's ad

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF PACIFIC UNIVERSITY.

A CLASS OF SEVEN GRADUATE.

The Commencement exercises of Pacific University, always interesting, took place last Thursday. Many strangers from different parts of the State were present, besides many friends and old-time residents to witness the exercises and see the Grove again. The room was crowded with a large and appreciative audience. The introductory music and singing showed much careful preparation and gushing talent. Prayer was offered by President Marsh after which began the exercises of the Graduating Class, which we epitomize for the benefit of our readers.

Willard LaFourette in a dignified and self possessed manner thus spoke of

THE TRUE MAN.

What is life and what loftier theme is there than this? What means this surging mass of humanity that is borne on the tide of time? What is life itself? Is it a reality or the dream of a day. What was its origin? What its design? and what should be its object? Is there anything beyond and if so what? These are the questions that have moved mighty intellects for ages. And with all the boasted light of the nineteenth century this question is as new as it was to Socrates. Life is not a farce, but a stern reality; and the reason why so many are wrecked on its voyage is because they think and act wholly for self But it is not thus with all. There are a few who have solved the problem.

Let us examine these and discover what it is that make them noble, and profit from the example.

First, then, within the mind of every true man there will be found a certain dissatisfaction with present attainments—yearning to learn and to know, to do good to himself and to others. It is for these qualities and characteristics that the good and great of every age and nation have been known. And though many of them have lived and labored in obscurity they have lived successfully. The selfish principles of men are the cause of all the social and political evils that now threaten the existence of our nation. The age demands more private virture and integrity. Without these the nation cannot live.

But "Temperance" and "political reform" are becoming the watchwords of the people, yet there is something still better than these—moral reform—which takes within its scope all the virtues and crowds out all the vices. This should be the end and aim of our life—to work and strive for the good, the beautiful, and the true.

J. G. Stevenson next took the stand and in an easy and graceful manner said,

FOR WHAT DO WE LABOR?

Every cause has its effect, every effort its result, and every work accomplishes something.

Man's life is a continual battle—a ceaseless struggle for existence, amid the elements, mental and physical, which nature has thrown around him. The history of man is but the narration of his efforts and works; whence comes the inference, that intelligent man must be laboring for something. Hence arises the inquiry, "For what does he labor." In the words of Arbuthnot:

"What am I? how produced? and for what end?
"Whence drew I being? to what period tend?

These questions are as practical and important to us as they were to Socrates or Plato. Ages have passed destroying and building up nations; wealth has been gathered, time and space annihilated, but man has not added an atom to the globe. Men amass wealth but cannot carry it beyond the grave, hence we cannot suppose that the mere possession of wealth is the real aim of man.

Perhaps we may throw some light on the subject by analyzing the motives which incite men to action

When the will is free to choose and man exercises that prerogative the agreeable and and the right are the great motives that push men to action. Desire and duty control and move him, the one often to mere selfish gratification, the other to acts of benevolence and wisdom for the good of others. Hence I conclude that the objects for which men labor must of necessity be of two kinds—one of personal good, and the other the good of humanity.

When I look around me and see many toiling day in and day out making a bare subsistence, never expecting nor hoping for anything better, looking to the grave for relief and expecting nothing beyond, I ask, What are such people good for? For whas do they labor? If the whole work of life lies in getting through the world with the least labor, then all our strivings after something higher, nobler and better are surely vain. But it is not the fact that the majority of people do live with no more definite object than the beast of the field. As I have before stated no intelligent man does an act without reason.

Hence I come to this conclusion: That intelligent man labors either for his own personal good and gratification or for the good and gratification of mankind.

But how little after all has man accomplished? How utterly powerless is he to will and to do? How insignificant compared with the vastness of the earth, the immensity of the universe and the majesty of that power that toys with and balances in space those mighty systems of revolving planets and fiery suns!

Nevertheless man was created; and created therefore for some wise purpose: and to fulfill that purpose is his work. Then, let us try to ascertain what this purpose is and to accomplish its fulfillment.

Miss Dora Hinshaw next read her essay on

DUTY.

The goddess, Duty, has messengers whom she sends to each fellow-creature telling him what he ought to do. She does not intend that each one in seeking happiness should detract from the happiness of others, but that he should make the enjoyment of those around him equal to his own. This undertaking is attended with difficulty, but the more difficult the duty the greater the victory if preformed, and the greater the pleasure.

Hindrances of duty may be divided into two classes, those which are within ourselves and those without us. Hindrances within arise from our not having learned the importance of duty, our self-righteousness and passions. We are to apt too esteem our own ways and actions just and proper and condemn the conduct of others.

The hindrances without us are mainly due to the influence of the world—its temptations and advantages we cannot always resist. Public opinion rules the people. When we undertake anything we ask whether it will be received, instead of asking, is it right?

We are all on a journey through the world and can have the choice of two roads. If we choose the road of carnal pleasure and ease our journey will terminate in wee. If we choose that road which has difficulties and obstructions our journey will not be very pleasant but in return for the cares and misfortunes which we have encountered on the way we will receive joy forever.

Next we might inquire, how far the responsibility of duty extends. Certainly that which is an impossibility does not come as a duty. But before we attempt to shirk responsibility we should study long and carefully to find out whether we can keep our promise to perform a duty or not. The ground of obligation is due to the relation which men sustain to the Creator and to each other. We feel it our duty to love and honor God, we feel under obligations to fulfill contracts and promises made with our fellow-men and were it not for these relations we would not feel under obligation to any one. When we forget these relations we become lower than the brute.

How great is the satisfaction of having done our duty? This to the aged is the greatest source of comfort though all derive consolation from it. Nothing renders us more miserable than the thought that we have maltreated a dear one who has passed from our sight.

Let us, then, endeavor to promote the happiness of all mankind. When we are tempted to trespass on the rights of our neighbors, to feel bigoted and elevated above the rest of mankind in respect to our learning or wealth, let us cast our eyes upon the earth we tread and call to mind that we are dust and unto dust we must soon return.

Herbert McCornack a graduate in the Classical course followed with a plain and logical oration on

THE RELATION OF CAPITAL AND LABOR.

There has always been a strife between Laborers and Capitalists. The capitalist has oppressed the laborer and the laborer has tried to injure the capitalist. They seem to consider each other as an enemy and that what is loss to one is gain to the other. Now we propose to show that there is no natural ground for hostility between capital and labor and that the prosperity of each depends on the prosperity of the other.

In England, France and many other countries aristocracy has been supported by law, making the strong rule the weak, the rich the poor, which has aroused great opposition on the part of the poor laboring class. But in the United States there is no such law. Any man of ability can rise to eminence and fortune by industry and economy. So that there is no real ground of enmity between capital and labor since wealth is not hereditary and each one has an equal chance to acquire it.

Nature has furnished freely the great powers, wind, water, steam, etc., but it requires capital to harness the elements, and bring them under man's control. New discoveries are being made in agriculture, science, navigation and the arts but most of these improvements are useless without capital. Labor accomplishes more where it is conducted on a large scale A certain amount of labor expended in a large manufacturing establisment accomplishes more than the same amount expended in a smaller one for the larger the manufactory the more complete will be the division of labor. For illustration, in the manufacture of watches there are over one hundred different operations which in a large factory are performed by over a hundred persons; and it has been demonstrated that one hundred men working in this way can make more than a hundred times as many watches as they could if they worked seperately. Thus we see that capital is necessary to any great enterprise, and the greater the amount of capital invested and the number of laborers working together the more efficient will the labor be; and consequently larger wages can be offered to the laborer. Again the capitalist has the means to hire labor done, and the workman desires to exchange his labor for money, so they simply make a trade, in which each gets what he wants. Capital must be employed or there will be loss to the owner, and the more capital left idle the greater the waste, and consequently the more strenuous will be the efforts of the capitalist to obtain labor and the better wages will he pay; so the capitalist, instead of being the poor man's enemy, is his best friend, for he makes employment for him where otherwise he could not find it and pays him more than he could make by working for himself.

Labor becomes more valuable in proportion to the intelligence of the laborers. This is a historic fact and presages a bright future for the laborer.

Strikes have been one source of enmity between laborers and capitalists. Laborers are often compelled to work for less than they deserve, but when they resort to strikes to obtain justice they make a great mistake. It takes two to make a bargain, and the unnatural, forced, system of strikes is sure to work evil to both parties whether the strikers succeed or not; for if they fail they are compelled to work for the same or less wages; and if they succeed in raising their wages their employer cannot afford to pay higher wages than others do, so he must either close out or go to ruin by degrees; and the workmen have ruined their best friend, they have cut off their source of living.

But when capital combines against labor what are the workmen to do? Let them meet and consult together, and then show the capitalist that he receives more than his share of the profits, and then if he will not come to reasonable terms some one else who has capital to invest will employ them at their figures: for capital will always be used where it can be used with profit. What the laborers want is more intelligence and unity in their operations.

There seems to be an unjust prejudice against the common laborer; the employer is apt to look down on the employed as if there was something disgraceful about labor. It is an old saying that "labor is honorable." Each one has his duty to perform and it matters not so much what that duty is as how it is performed. "Act well your part in this the honor lies."

I think we may conclude that there is no natural enmity between capitalists and laborers. They are co-workers, and the greatest good to both results from their united, harmonious efforts.

Next in order came the essay of Miss Ella Scott, and her subject,

LIFE WORK.

There is a time in the life of every earnest thoughtful person when this question presents itself for his careful consideration: "What must be my work in this life, what my part in the busy world?" The question is a perplexing one. Of its importance we can judge by the aimless lives that we see drifting around us.

We are able by observation of the lives of others to discover their mistakes, and to decide upon a noble true life's labor for ourselves.

As a first conclusion, we decide that each one must choose for himself his future work, for no one can judge as well as he for what he is best qualified. Let him choose his occupation or profession wisely and work out his own destiny, giving him aid only when absolutely necessary; for the generous but unwise aid of friends will sap his energy and prove his defeat.

Again, must our life be planned? We might think that the man who has a matured life plan would be most likely to succeed. But—often it occurs as Dryden expresses it that, "Every man is building a seperate way, impotently conceited of his own model and his own material," and with infinite faith in his pet plan is apt to make principle, purpose and all his nobler impulses subservient to it; for

"Faith, fanatic Faith, once wedded fast
"To some dear falsehood, hugs it to the last.

The next inquiry is—if *success* is all that is necessary to a true life-work. Bonaparte was successful in leaving behind him a glorious name which was his first desire and ambition. He was eminently fitted for his calling his schemes wonderfully planned and executed, but he was not guided by true principle and high moral purpose.

Take the author, who determines to distinguish himself. With success as his only motive he uses his talents to lead minds astray in preference to treading the more difficult path of truth and virtue.

Then on the other hand let us take another class of characters as the wealthy banker, "Gotzkowsky," or the "The Merchant of Berlin," who used his riches to do good. He doubtlessly felt repaid for his work of love among his struggling fellow-beings although, in a worldly point of view, reward and success were denied him. Not only among the higher classes must we look for examples of true life-work, but among the humble who toil in quiet and out-of-the way-places, working to propagate the principle of "Peace on earth, good will to men." Who would say that his life was a failure? Those who are in humble positions, doing their best, will not be forgotten by Him.

From these positions we conclude that *success* alone is not all that is necessary to a true life labor

Let those of us then who have no plans for the future go forth into the busy world with *duty* and *principle* as our watchwords, and having done our best when we draw near the close of our lives we will have the comforting assurance that our work has not been entirely vain.

Eugene P. McCornack of the Classical Course, closed the graduating exercises with the following original, thoughtful and highly poetic oration (which we condense) on

OBLIVION.

The desire of the approbation of our fellow man is one of the strongest principles of the human mind, and exerts a very important influence on human conduct. Nor is this anxiety only for the good opinion of those of our own time but more especially for future generations. No matter how conscious we may be of the fact that the applause of nations can never penetrate the deep repose of the tomb yet we struggle and suffer everything to be honored by posterity.

This desire of praise has prompted many of the deeds of the world which should have been the result of higher and nobler motives. Poets have sung, scientists labored and warriors fought for that delusive phantom, a deathless name, each thinking

"When he dies to leave his lofty name
"A light, a land-mark, on the cliffs of fame.

New scenes and new actions are ever crowding the old out of our recollection. We are too much engrossed by the transactions of to-day, too anxiously studying the future, to consider the past. The Law of the *most recent* holds sway. The events and feelings of to-day in their freshness and strength seem permanently stamped on the memory; but like the ripple marks on the sea-shore they are blotted out and new ones are left by each succeeding wave.

Some memento must be preserved, perhaps a picture or a faded flower, something that will recall by force, as it were, remembrance of objects, occurrences and feelings of bygone day. So man has lavished time and thought in preparing reminders of his history. Ruined temples, georgeous mausoleums and majestic Pyramids are all the result of man's desire to be remembered by his fellow man. But Oblivion with blind caprice, regardless of merit, laughing at their vain struggles for perpetuity, wraps her cloudy cloak around the mighty and the noble, while often she spares the lowly and even the base. The builder of the temple of Diana is nameless, while the memory of the poor wretch that burned it has come down to the latest posperity. What could be more perishable than the little leaf that has played in the breezes and sunshine through one short summer-time and now faded and lifeless loses its hold and falls quivering down on the bosom of the stream to be lost in some eddy or buried in some mud bank; or what could be more lasting or more likely to survive the ravages of time than monuments of stone or engravings in brass or the living rock? Yet such leaves have survived more than three hundred thousand years and remain imbedded in the rock, and to-day relate to the geologist in all its minutiae the complete story of their lives, while scarce three thousand years have sufficed to reduce man's grandest works to indiscriminate ruin. The once magnificent temple of Karanac is a heap of rubbish, the mighty walls and palaces of Babylon have crumbled into dust, and the most beautiful works of Athens lie in heaps about the Acropolis. But even these perishable works too often outlive the memory of those who created them. Who carved the "Dull-eyed Sphinx," that "melancholy stone with forty centuries furrowed on its brow?" And who founded the Pyramids, those gigantic monuments of Egypt's perished glory?

Man's every effort at perpetuity seems but the mockery of his own weakness. How many great men have been lost in the darkness of oblivion, how many praiseworthy deeds are remembered no longer—more than have ever been preserved.

To be forgotten is the lot of all things earthly. As we look on the ruins of men's proudest and most enduring structures—at Thebes, Nineveh and Babylon in the completeness of their desolation, where the ivy climbs over ruined arches and winds around the broken columns of grand palaces, mausoleums and gigantic temples—when we look on these we cannot but be convinced of the emptiness of renown and the certainty of oblivion. The immortality of a name is a fallacy and a delusion and it is only the selfish principle in man—the desire of praise—that has prompted him to seek it; and this is an aspiration unworthy the efforts of a truly noble mind.

Then came the conferring of degrees. Eugene and Herbert McCornack received the degree of A. B., Misses Ella Scott and Dora Hinshaw, M. S., J. G. Stevenson and W. H. Latourette, B. S., and Henry Jackson received a diploma for graduating in the Normal Course.

After the exercises of the graduating class the Rev. Mr Van Horn of Vancouver delivered the address to the Alumni Association of the University on the subject—"The True Relations of life." The address was excellent, both in manner and matter. In it there was no attempt at ornate diction but severe English, full of facts and logical deduction. We would be glad to give it more extended notice if we had space.

The music throughout the exercises was excellent as it generally is at the Grove.

After the address of Rev. Mr. Van Horn, the Alumni Association elected the graduating class members of that body also Rev. Mr. Van Horn. Speeches were made by Rev. Dr. Atkinson and Rev. Mr. Dickinson advocating in the future an annual meeting of the Associated Alumni of the University. And it was voted that the Alumni of this College and all other Colleges in the State should be invited to hold an annual meeting here and the Executive committee was instructed to provide for the same. Mrs. C. A. Luce and Miss Ella Scott were added to the Executive Committee.

In the evening there was the usual Reunion at the house of President Marsh. The ample rooms were crowded with students and strangers and friends of the Institution. It was a most happy occasion. It was a happy reunion of friends of bygone days, but it was also a breaking up of many friendly hearts who go out into the battle of life they know not whither. May we have many more such Reunions and see the faces of our old time friends return again and again.

LEGAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

NOTICE.

IS HEREBY GIVEN THAT THE UNdersigned was on the 14th day of May A. D. 1874 appointed executor of the last will & testement of Orus Brown deceased by the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington county. All persons knowing themselves to be indebted to the Estate of the said deceased are required to make immediate payment to me and all persons having claims against the said estate are required to present themselves to me at my residence in Forest Grove precinct with the proper affidavits.

This the 21st day of May 1874.

A. C. Brown.

my 21: 4w

Administrator's Notice.

THE undersigned having filed in the County Court of the State of Oregon for Washington County, his final account as administrator of the estate of D. D. McCann Decd., all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified that the first Monday in July, 1874 has been appointed by said Court, for the final settlement thereof.

H. C. RAYMOND.

my 21-4 w

Executor's Notice.

THE undersigned having filed in the County Court, of the State of Oregon for Washington County, his final account as executor of the last Will and Testament of John Dobbins Decd., all persons interested in said estate are hereby notified, that the first Monday in July 1874 has been appointed by said Court, for the final settlement thereof.

JOHN C. DOBBINS.

my 21-4 w