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Poetry.

THE BLUE AND THE GRAY.

By the flow of the inland river,
Whence the fleets of iron have fled,
Where the blades of the new grass quiver,
Asleep are the ranks of the dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the one the Blue,
Under the other the Gray.
These in the robing of glory,
Those in the gloom of defeat,
All with the battle-blood gory,
In the dusk of eternity meet.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the laurel the Blue,
Under the willow the Gray.
From the silence of sorrowful hours,
The delicate mourners go,
Lovingly laden with flowers,
Alike for the friend and the foe.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the roses the Blue,
Under the lilies the Gray.
So with equal splendor,
The morning sun-rays fall,
With a touch impartially tender,
On the blossoms blooming for all.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Bordered with gold the Blue,
Mellowed with gold the Gray.
So when the summer calleth
On forest and field of grain,
With an equal summer fallith
The cooling drip of the rain.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Wet with the rain the Blue,
Wet with the rain the Gray.
Sadly, but not upbraiding,
The generous dead is done,
In the storm of the years that are fading,
No braver battle was won.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Under the blossoms the Blue,
Under the garlands the Gray.

No more shall the war cry sever,
Or the winding river be red;
They banish our anger forever,
When they land the graves of our dead.
Under the sod and the dew,
Waiting the Judgment day,
Love and tears for the Blue,
Tears and love for the Gray.

Miscellany.

THE ALASKA PURCHASE.

Policy of the Late Secretary Seward—
General View of the Territory—Its
Rivers, Forests, Fisheries and
People—A Variety of Interesting
Information.

In the course of a recent interview with Major M. P. Barry, we obtained a great deal of new and interesting information concerning that far-off and so long mysterious region of which our people generally have a very erroneous impression. Major Barry has been an extensive traveler, particularly in the West, and his sharp eyes and intelligent mind are very apt to take in the condition of things as they are. In the performance of his office as Collector of the ports of Alaska, he has seen much of the territory, and during his recent visit here he took pains to inform us as well as we could comprehend without actual observation, of the region and things so intelligently described.

Judiciousness of the Purchase.
The general impression prevails that in purchasing Alaska Territory from the Russian government, Secretary Seward made a foolish bargain, and that the \$7,200,000 paid was measurably thrown away. This conception has been established in the public mind by the nonsensical babble of ignorant or unfriendly journalists, who have been airing their slender wits at the expense of the greatest statesman that has lived since the times of Richelieu, and who has gone into history in company with Metternich, Palmerston and Bismarck. Major Barry, after a general and extensive observation of the country, is of opinion that the purchase of Alaska was the wisest act of aggrandizement that our government has performed since the acquisition of Louisiana, and in support of that judgment, he gives a rapid detail of its surprising resources.

Its Immense Fisheries.
From the southern extremity of the Territory to Bering's Straits, some two thousand miles, the coast is one continuous fishery, as well as a vast archipelago of islands, islands almost indefinitely. The fish resources consist of herring, candle-fish, salmon halibut, cod, horse-mackerel, shark or dog-fish, whales, hump-backed salmon, or spoon-bills, with other and less important varieties. The great salmon of Bher-

ing's Bay are four or five feet long and are said to be equal in flavor to the lesser varieties in the Oregon waters. The horse mackerel, are not good for much, and the dog-fish are only hunted for their oil. All the streams putting in from the mainland are swarming with salmon-trout and other fresh-water fish. The importance of these northern resources will be understood when reflecting that at the rate in which the Columbia River salmon are being destroyed, the tribe will soon become extinct; during the past year, as we are informed, from seven to ten thousand tons of fish have been taken out of that river, and at the same rate of assassination, about five years more will finish up the race. We pray the Legislature to stop the mad havoc, forthwith.

Mineral Resources.

Gold is known to exist in considerable quantities on the mainland near Kodiak Island, where about six-dollar diggings have been worked. Silver-bearing quartz has been found near Prince of Wales Island, argentiferous galena is found on Edgcomb Island, and precious stones have been reported from Wrangle Island. Valuable copper mines are found on Copper River, but they are inaccessible on account of hostile Indians. Crude petroleum is known of, and vast quantities of asphaltum. Lignite coal abounds on several of the islands, and on Bhering's Bay a variety of White Coal is found, and is used by the Indians in trying out seal oil. This combustible was lately discovered in Australia and created great interest in Europe. Iron, manganese, marble in several varieties, smelted topaz and chrysol are known to exist in more or less quantities.

The Timber Resources

Are immense, but their extent is still unknown beyond the fact that it is sufficient to pay for the Territory ten times over. There are untold millions of feet of yellow aromatic cedar, a most beautiful wood; there is an abundance of spruce, pine, but no fir. Of smaller woods there is something like the Oregon crabapple, and another small tree resembling the Irish thorn, together with alders and willows along the streams. The extent of the timber is supposed to be greater than that of Oregon and Washington Territory combined though of a different sort and still valuable.

Agricultural Products.

There is a general impression that nothing will grow in Alaska and that it is a region of hostile winter and savage icebergs, all of which is extravagant nonsense. On open land along the streams, succulent grasses grow luxuriantly and sometimes to a height of three feet and a half. Red-top and wild timothy abound on the islands, and in the mainland something very like Kentucky blue-grass grows extensively. Considerable hay has been made this year, the haying season being nearly the same as in Oregon. Herebefore the Government has been paying \$70 a ton for imported hay, in gold, but this year the agents are cutting and storing native hay for about \$30 a ton, in currency. Barley was raised last year, and it yielded as well as elsewhere. Potatoes, turnips, onions and the like have all been produced on the islands and generally turn out as in other places.

Wild Fruits

Are not known; but berries of various kinds are plentiful: three sorts of huckle-berries; strawberries of unprecedented excellence and flavor, such as not known elsewhere; cranberries, of which great quantities are being shipped to San Francisco and Portland; and two varieties of salmon-berries, some of them as large as ordinary plums.

Cattle Ranges.

The Valley of Tarcoe is 100 miles long, with an average width of five miles, chiefly of rich prairie. As a cattle pasturage it is believed to be quite as good as the corresponding region in Wisconsin and Northern Iowa. The agricultural resources are as yet untried and unknown.

Climate Properties.

On the coast-islands the climate is less severe than in Norway, but somewhat colder than the north of England. The seasons are about equally divided. Spring rains begin about the middle of March, and

cease about the middle of June. It is showery during the summer months until the first of October, when the fall rains set in and continue until the middle of December. Then winter proper begins, and is not nearly so severe as is generally supposed. Little or no ice has been put up at Sika of late, though of course it formed and was available. The weather is said to be colder 180 miles south of Sika, and 400 miles west it is still warmer. The cold runs in variable currents, as in Eastern Oregon. The foregoing remarks apply to the coast-islands only, as it is much colder in the mainland, of which comparatively little as yet known.

The Native Inhabitants

Are the wards of the government, and are not as yet cared for as well as they ought to be. There are a few Russians, many half-breeds, and a great number of full-blood Indians, all of whom require paternal care on the part of the government. Under the government of the Czar, the Russians and half-breeds were serfs, and when transferred to the United States rule they supposed they could get along without work and lapsed into idleness and dissipation. There are no schools, and no resources provided for that purpose and hundreds of smart, handsome children are mentally perishing for the want of governmental care. Major Barry says he has never seen handsomer or better formed children and young people than are found among the Alaska half-breeds, and they are smart, naturally intelligent, and want to learn, but there is nobody and no money to instruct them. Will not our Oregon Congressmen take this matter up, and present the claims of these poor young people at Washington?

A Universal Drunk.

Formerly the employees and wards of the Fur Company received only a fixed ration of liquor, and the importation and manufacture of intoxicating drinks were under restriction. Our Government stopped the importation of liquor and made it contraband, but the discharged soldiers invented the manufacture of a diabolical stuff called *kooshob*, which is distilled from almost anything that will rot and ferment; the Indians have found out the process and are manufacturing all they can consume. The result is that the whole aboriginal population are on a everlasting big drunk, and destroying themselves as fast as they can. Here is an inviting field for our lady crusaders—better still, for an intelligent, humane and Christian government.

Incrementation.

For some 1,500 miles along the coast, the Indians burn their dead, and build a small burial-house in which they deposit the ashes of a whole family, from time to time. A pictorial representation of a shark, whale or some other marine animal is painted on the side of the sepulchral tenement, by way of epitaph or family history. This has been the case for ages untold. When a "canoe Indian" dies, his friends smash a hole in his canoe and leave the vessel to decay, indicating that his life-voyage is over,—a gloriously poetical idea, for poor savages.

The Rivers of the North.

There are seven large rivers, some of them mighty streams, draining Alaska Territory. First, from the south, the Naas, as large as the Willamette; next three unnamed rivers each nearly, if not quite as large; then the Stackin, still larger, next the Tarcoe, nearly as great as the Columbia; next the Chilkat, and lastly, the tremendous Yukon, the Amazon of the Pole, emptying into the Strait of Bhering. Of this vast flood not much is known, but it is said to be much larger than the Columbia and that a steamboat ascended it nearly a thousand miles. It would seem that everything grows more and more majestic and tremendous as we approach the inscrutable and forbidden secrets of the Pole. When Dr. Kane was overtaken by an Arctic storm, he anchored his ship to an iceberg by means of the largest cable known to nautical science, and such was the prodigious strain upon it that the monstrous chord vibrated and sang like the strings of an Aeolian harp—a manifestation of power which was enough to make Caesar or an Alexander quail in terror and hide from the presence of Nature's terrible God.—*Statesman.*

SUMMER FOLLOWING.

I notice in your paper of recent dates, both inquiries about, and instructions given in regard to Summer following.

As I have had some practical experience upon this subject, it may be of interest to your readers to know the practice and results.

In the Summer of 1872 I followed 100 acres, plowing it in June first time, and kept it free from weeds until seeding time, at which time the soil was in the very finest condition, a large portion having been plowed three times and thoroughly harrowed and pulverized and packed with the roller.

It was seeded to wheat with drills at the usual season, which came up and stood the Winter well, and grew off in the Spring splendidly. But just as it commenced to head out it began to break down with its own weight, the straw being very soft and weak, and it did not fill and was a total loss.

On other land adjoining it, which had been part in wheat and part in oats the same season, and was plowed, harrowed, and rolled and seeded in the usual way, and at about the same time as the fallow ground, it stood up and filled well until the storms came, just before cutting time, and blew it down. We cut it, however, while that on the fallow was worthless.

Another very striking effect of Summer following, which I am able to relate, happened last year in the following manner:

About the 10th of June there came a very heavy rain, (upon the already very wet soil)—it being a very wet and backward Spring here, which prevented us from planting corn. We had one "land" of two acres that was plowed, which we did not get planted in corn in consequence of the wet, and several acres which we did not plow at all. In the latter part of June we re-plowed the two acres of land and planted to beans, but owing to the continued wet they did not come up; so the 28th of July we plowed these two acres the third time and sowed it to turnips; the bugs destroyed them as fast as they came up, and thus the ground was plowed three times, but no crop grew upon it, not even a crop of weeds.

Now, the effect upon the ground is this: This season we have plowed and planted the whole field in corn; the ground on either side of the two acres which had been plowed three times last season was all plowed and planted on the same day this season, and the two acres working much the finest; but to-day the growing corn on each side of the fallow is very nearly twice as large as that on the fallow ground, and is of a dark healthy growth, while the fallow is of a sickly, dull cast.

In another part of the field, which was plowed and planted this season the same as that part which was not plowed at all last year, there is a marked difference in the appearance of the corn now growing upon it in favor of that which was not plowed at all, and upon which a large growth of weeds grew last season and was burned off late in the Fall.

Now, what is the cause of these results, which are not at all favorable to Summer following, (on my farm at least)?

The causes which suggest themselves to me are, first, that it is a requisite to the fertility of the soil that the surface be covered with a growth of vegetation, which is the means, lungs, or medium through which and by which the sun and air convey to the earth the properties which they contain and furnish to the soil for the benefit of future crops or vegetation.

Secondly, that the raw soil is deprived of this means of exhalation from the air of such properties as it contains for future plant food, and also that it may be the soil is actually giving off at least some of its properties when exposed to the air and sunshine without its natural covering.

With these facts before me, I conclude that the best way to improve our soil without applying fertilizers, is simply to rest it, but not to plow it.—*Correspondence Prairie Farmer.*

Music is the only one of the five arts in which not only man, but all other animals, have a common property—mice and elephants, spiders and birds.—*Rechter.*

FROM TILLAMOOK.

New Correspondent and an Odd Fish—
Sea-Side Arcadia—Tillamook Fast-
Asleep—Available Resources but
Nobody up yet.

All Asnooze.

TO THE STATESMAN:—In defiance of a troublesome fear that my humble fragment of literature may be slung into your waste basket, there to form a brief acquaintanceship with other cast offs like unto itself. In spite of this staring fate, I make bold to drop you a line from this place of most harmonious calm, where life's stream flows serenely on, un-bittered, unweaved, by the lucrative-mulit beyond its mountain walls. Here we sit, wise critics of events, ne'er fretted by the throes of Wall street nor the corn rings of Chicago. Anchored by fate to our fern-patches and brush thickets, we enjoy the earthly roll of time, undisturbed by the useless schisms of the world; here where the most radical crusader would weep to find no material for her occupation; here where the eternal boom of the incoming waves of old ocean. But avast, there, rude correspondent! Cease your dalliance with the spirit that proposed and produces the forthcoming items to the newly regenerated STATESMAN.

Business Stagnation.

Business of all kinds is dull here; so dry, in reality, that you could set fire to it with a fair prospect of a conflagration. Stagnation, you know, according to a now forgotten author, (perhaps it's Beecher,) "is the forerunner of damnation," and when we get a little of the prophesied warmth that is to accompany the latter, we may be enabled to raise better cucumbers.

Available Resources.

There are two sources of profit here that could be successfully drained by the capitalist. These are the lumber business and salmon fishing. Every square rod of mountain, and many parts of the valley, are burdened with their tall fir, spruce or cedar timber, all of which would find ready market in Portland or San Francisco. I can perceive no reason why sufficient capital to erect a first-class steam saw mill would not be a lucrative investment. We have four mills here now, but three of these are the old puritanic, up-and-down, stage-coach style, whose monotonous strokes would, in glorious Athenian days, have ruffled the gravity of Diogenes. The fourth mill is a circular also, run by the drowning element, unsubstantially built, and now the bone of litigation between some interested parties, and stands rustiating in the breeze awaiting judgment. These mills, however, cut very fair lumber, but are not run more than a fourth of the year.

Salmon Fisheries.

The salmon that enter our bay are in nowise inferior to those of the Columbia. The single fishery here, which, for lack of means, is not worked every year, and when run barely clears five hundred dollars the season, could be with the proper amount of capital made to easily yield from six to ten thousand dollars per annum. I have more to say from these parts, but as editors are bored with so many long contributions (mine is very short) I will refrain for the present from a further indulgence of my eloquence.—*Frank Lamb in the Statesman.*

Good News to Old Mads.

A London fashion journal in a late issue says:
Middle-aged ladies are looking up in the matrimonial market. It is becoming quite the fashion in England for men to marry women older than themselves. Thus the brilliant wife of the brilliant Secretary for India, the Marquis of Salisbury, is several years his senior, and now the Earl of Pembroke, the greatest "catch" in England, who is 54, is to be married to Lady Gertrude Talbot who is 24. Lord Pembroke is the son of the late well known Sidney Herbert, and inherited vast estates of both his uncle and father. He is the greatest property owner in and around Dublin, and has at least £100,000 a year. Lord Penkroke's mother, Lady Herbert of Lea, who is well known as an author, joined the communion of the Church of Rome soon after her husband's death.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Each thing lives according to its kind; the heart by love, the intellect by truth, the higher nature of man by intimate communion with God.—*Cyprian.*

Hope is the best part of our riches. What sufficeth it that we have the wealth of the Indies in our pockets if we have not the hope of heaven in our souls?—*Bacon.*

They that deny a God destroy man's nobility, for certainly man is of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he is not kin to God by his spirit, he is a base and ignoble creature.—*Bacon.*

The little mind that loves itself will write and think with the vulgar; but the great mind will be bravely eccentric, and scorn the beaten road from universal benevolence.—*Goldsmith.*

It is not so much poverty as pretense, that harasses a ruined man—the struggle between pride and an empty purse—the keeping up a hollow show that must soon come to an end. Have the courage to appear poor, and you can disarm poverty of its sharpest sting.—*Mrs. Janison.*

How they Dance at Put-In Bay.

People may say that a waltz is a waltz, but it is a mistake; as much as to say a dog is a dog; for there are dogs and dogs, and waltzes and waltzes. With one person it is the poetry of motion; with another it is about as awkward a performance as putting yourself upon a level and going through the motion of running up stairs would be. A Kentucky girl is a natural waltzer, and she does it with a charming *clac* and *abandon*. An Ohio girl's waltzing is easy and graceful and "mellodious." If she happens to come from Cincinnati and across the Rhine, she swings dreamily round and round in the endless "Dutch waltz." If she comes from Chicago, she throws her hair back, jumps up and cracks her heels together, and carries off her astonished partner as though a simoon had struck him, and knocks over all intervening obstacles in her mad career around the room. If she is from Indiana she creeps slowly and timidly up to her partner, as though she would like to get into his vest pocket, and melts away with ecstasy as the witching strains of the "Blue Danube" sweep through the hall. If she is from Missouri, she crooks her body in the middle like a door-hinge, takes her partner by the shoulders, and makes him miserable in trying to hop around her without treading on her No. 9 shoes. If she comes from Michigan, she astonishes her partner by now and then working in a touch of the double-shuffle, or a bit of pigeon-wing, with the waltz step; and if she comes from Arkansas, she throws both arms around his neck, rolls up her eyes as she floats away, and is heard to murmur, "Oh, hug me, John!"

Who Use Long Words.

Big words are great favorites with people of small ideas and weak conceptions. They are often employed by men of mind when they use language that may best conceal their thoughts. With few exceptions, however, illiterate and half educated persons use more "big words" than people of thorough education. It is a very common but a very egregious mistake to suppose that long words are more genteel than short ones—just as the same sort of people imagine high colors and flashy figures improve the style of dress. They are the kind of folks who don't begin, but always "commence." They don't eat and drink, but "partake of refreshments." They are never sick, but "extremely indisposed." And instead of dying, at last, they "decease." The strength of the English language is in the short words—chiefly monosyllables of Saxon derivation—and people who are in earnest seldom use any other. Love, hate, anger, grief, joy, express themselves in short words and direct sentences; while cunning falsehood and affectation delight in what Horace calls *verba susseptissima*—words "a foot and a half long."

During the past week wheat has been pouring into Corvallis at the rate of 5,000 to 6,000 bushels per day, Hamilton Bros. alone receiving 2,000 bushels per day. These gentlemen say there is about six times as much Fall wheat as ever before, mostly sown on Summer fallowed ground, and is consequently almost entirely free from trash, they having received several lots so clean that it was found to be a waste of time to pass it through the elevators.