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FACT, FATE AND FANCY;

OR,
Hazy Ways of Living them Out.

By Mrs. A. J. DUNWAY.

CHAPTER I.
"Is that the Captain's house?"

"Which one?"

"That low, white, rambling affair, with gable ends and dormer windows, and that dilapidated door-yard fence, and the general flavor of 'mild decay' that is everywhere visible about the premises."

"Yes."

"Confound your laconic monosyllables! Why don't you talk?"

"What shall I say?"

"Anything. No matter what, so you prove that you've a tongue in your head."

"The first and last speaker was a young man with lulliputian proportions, big whiskers, florid complexion, and fluent tongue. He had a decided city air about him, a sort of 'counter-jumper' style, which played sad havoc among the country lasses wherever he went. Indeed, there seemed to be no end to the affectional conquests of Alonzo Snowden."

But the young gentleman was like all other fortune-seekers of his kind. He was in search of a rich man's daughter whom he might make his wife; and being young, handsome, dashing, and a bit of a musician—he could both play and sing "divinely"—the young ladies considered him a very desirable "catch."

This feeling was not participated in, however, by the parents of supposed-to-be-marriageable girls, and it was currently reported that more than one *pater familias* had parted company with him from the front door, the leaving-taking of the young fortune-hunter having been facilitated from the top of a boot.

The daughter of Captain Emerson—a gentleman well known in volunteer military circles in Julian war times—pretty Lillie Emerson, a blue-eyed brunette, and a striking rustic beauty, with many charms peculiarly her own, had recently spent a week in the city, and had there formed the acquaintance of the dashing Alonzo. She had also been introduced to his companion at the ferry, or "half-way house," on the road leading from the city to the Captain's farm, and young gentlemen number two had been written with a desire to pursue the acquaintance thus opportunely begun; and, after waiting several days to avoid unseemly haste, he had mounted a horse and started out in quest of his *amorette's* whereabouts, encountering at the cross roads his rival, who, in his eyes as well as in the estimation of the rival himself, loomed up very formidablely.

"Excuse me; I did not quite understand your name," said Alonzo Snowden, again attempting to draw his reticent companion into conversation.

"My name is Anders—John Anders."

Again the second speaker relapsed into silence. He was evidently a younger man than his companion, and had been less of "the world." That is, he was less audacious and self-confident, and the usual observer would not have considered him at all the equal of the other.

Yet there was one impulse or ambition which the two held in common, which, unlike as they were, made each a special object of the other's interest.

John Anders was neither tall nor short, large nor little. He was not a blonde, nor was he a brunette. He was not homely nor handsome. In short, there was nothing about him to distinguish him from other men save an indescribable *comportment*, which caused one to feel interested in him without caring to analyze the reason why.

"We're almost at the Captain's gate, as you perceive," said Snowden, "and now I want you to tell me what brought you here."

"A fool's errand, probably."

"I thought as much."

"Well, since you are so inquisitive, I should like to know what brought you here."

"Luck."

"Who's laconic now?"

Alonzo Snowden laughed, but did not answer; and the two dismounted at the front gate, amid the barking of dogs, and walked together up the gravelled path, as thoroughly imbued with hatred for each other as it was possible to imagine.

Mrs. Emerson was busy in the "entry" at her churn. The day was warm, but there was a light breeze in the air, and she was standing where she could get the full benefit of it while at her labor.

"Is that Lillie's mother?" asked Alonzo, under his breath.

John shook his head, but whether to reply in the negative, or simply that he could not answer the question, Alonzo did not know.

"If I thought Lillie would ever develop into a hoghead of entrails like that, I'd long ago my claim on the Captain's ducats," further observed the gentle Alonzo.

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OUR EUROPEAN CORRESPONDENCE.

LETTER NUMBER THREE. EDINBURGH.

To English-speaking travelers, there is, perhaps, no place, except London, which contains so much of interest as Edinburgh. As Glasgow is the commercial metropolis of Scotland, so Edinburgh is its artistic and literary center. She can refer with pride to such a list of men distinguished in the intellectual world as few cities can equal. Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, Dugald Stewart, Hume, Playfair, Professor Wilson, Dr. Chalmers, John Knox, and a long list of others who are associated with the city, have given it a place in the world's regard which it can never lose.

Take most cities of the old world, Edinburgh dates far into the past for its origin, and owes its location to its facilities as a stronghold. The high rock in the center of the city, upon which the castle is built, is so conspicuously a suitable place for a fortification that we are not surprised to find that it was so used even before the Roman occupation of the island. For the last 500 years, there has been a castle on the rock with a town or city at its base.

The present city is located on both sides of what was, originally, a deep gorge, but which, in the course of time, has been partly filled in, until now it is largely a pleasure ground, known as Prince's Garden. The old city is on the castle side, while the new, which has mostly been built within the past hundred years, is on the opposite side of the garden. The three central points of interest in the city are the castle, Calton Hill, and Holyrood Palace and Cathedral.

Probably a majority of travelers visit the old castle first, both because of its own attractions and for the sake of a fine view of the city which is obtained from it. The castle, which is reached by a long carriage way, has been added by successful sovereigns until it now consists of a large number of rooms, the most of which are without attraction to the traveler. We notice with interest the apartments occupied by Queen Mary, and the small, irregularly-shaped bedroom, scarcely nine feet long, in which her son, James VI., was born, and from a narrow window of which he was let down in a basket by a rope to the base of the rock nearly 300 feet below, and taken secretly to Sterling to be baptized into the Catholic faith.

Queen Margaret's chapel, which is said to be the oldest edifice in the city, is a small building of the purely Norman style, and is perfectly preserved. It remains just as in her times, with the exception of the oak floor, which has been renewed. The crown-room contains the jewels and regalia of the former Kings of Scotland, which, while it has been worn by many famous in history, has brought disaster upon them all. The armory, like the museum in this city and other cities of Scotland, contains relics associated with nearly all her historic heroes. For instance, the number of two-handed swords which the brave Robert Bruce had is astonishing to the modern man, who has not one small one, if we are to accept as true the records of the various museums. The palaces, parliament-houses and other splendid buildings which have been built upon the rock at various times, have either been destroyed or despoiled of their ornaments and changed into soldiers' barracks. On the walls of the castle are many curious but obsolete and useless pieces of artillery, among them, the huge "Mons Meg," twenty-inch cannon, with an out covering made of hoops driven on. It was made more than 400 years ago, and burst firing a salute, 200 years ago. The fortress was once taken by a few men, who, with their heavy iron armor, climbed up the steep side of the rock in the night and surprised the garrison. Of the crimes, romances and sieges of the famous old place, which have extended over a period of several hundred years, we have no time to speak, and indeed, of themselves, they would fill many volumes. From the different parts of the walls of the castle the whole of the city and surrounding country for miles around can be plainly seen.

At the foot of Canongate street, on the opposite side of the old city from the castle, is Holyrood Palace. Its many rooms are divided in much the usual way into picture galleries, state-rooms, and private apartments, which in general are without special interest except those which are associated with the tragic life of the beautiful Queen Mary. We were shown Lord Dalrymple's rooms, fitted up with great elegance for the time in which he lived, and containing his richly inland suit of armor and other relics. Adjoining are the apartments of Queen Mary. We are surprised at the small size of the supper room from which the luckless favorite Rizzio was dragged from the very feet of the Queen and murdered in the adjoining audience chamber. The guide attempted to show us the blood stains upon the floor in front of the little stairs down which the conspirators escaped, but after striking a light and examining the floor on our knees, we gave it up and suggested to him that it would save travelers a great deal of trouble and disappointment if some fresh blood were placed on the spot occasionally. It requires a great deal of

"faith" to be able to see the "ineffaceable" blood stains after the fading and scrubbing of 300 years. But to me the saddest of all were Mary's private rooms which yet contain much of the furniture of her time and remembrances of her. On a little table by the window is her work-box, with her needle work in it as if she had laid it down but a little while ago. The bed in which she slept, which was once beautiful, is now rotting and dropping in pieces from the effects of time, in spite of care. The tapestries with which the walls are hung are faded, but are in better condition. All the surroundings of the place have been kept as nearly as possible as she left them. As we linger in these rooms and the adjoining cathedral, which are so filled with memories of history, where Mary married Dalrymple, where she listened in tears to the harsh reproaches of Knox, where her favorite was so foully murdered, and where she afterwards married Bothwell, it seems to us like looking over the long lost illustration of some volume of history.

Connected with the palace are the ruins of the old abbey, which are even yet rich enough in ornament to show how magnificent it must have been in its prime. Within its now roofless and crumbling walls, several of the minor kings and princes of the realm are buried. As we stand within this venerable ruin, with its walls so thick that its builders doubtless thought they would stand forever, and try to read the names and inscriptions on the time-worn tablets, we cannot but think how vain are man's attempts to immortalize himself, and how soon every nature triumphs over all the works of man.

On the opposite side of the gorge from Holyrood is Calton Hill, on which are the old and new observatories, Nelson's monument, which, from its peculiar shape, has been called "a Dutch spy glass," and the unfinished national monument to Scotland's soldiers who fell at Waterloo. This was modeled after the Parthenon at Athens, but proving too expensive, the plan was abandoned after the work was partly done, and the incomplete building is now nicknamed "Scotland's Folly." Upon or near the hill are monuments to Dugald Stewart, Prof. Playfair, David Hume, and the Burns monument, with its memorial-room and mementoes of the poet. The High School is also located part way down the hill.

There is no object more conspicuous as one looks over the city than the beautiful and costly Scott monument, which is on a commanding situation on one side of the Prince's Garden. It is two hundred feet high, in general appearance unlike the spires of some great cathedral, but is open at the base, covering a sitting figure of Scott, of heroic size. This and the Albert memorial at Kensington are the only monuments of this kind, and they are most beautiful and appropriate. The new city has wide streets, fine residences, and many open squares, which are generally ornamented with the statues of prominent men.

On and near Canongate street, which extends practically from the castle to Holyrood, are most of the places of interest in the old city. Near the palace at the foot of Canongate, formerly stood Girch Coos, a place of public execution, now marked by a circle in the pavement. Just beyond is White Horse Tavern, which figures largely in *Waverley* as a place of meeting for English officers. It was also a famous place of meeting for Scotch wits, and here Dr. Johnson and Boswell had many a witty encounter. It is now used as a stable and hay loft. In the Canongate cemetery, which is a small enclosure crowded in between high buildings, are the tombs of Adam Smith, Dugald Stewart, Dr. Barney, and the two Fergusons.

We visit, among other places, John Knox's church and his house which adjoined it, a very quaint building projecting into the streets, with small windows high from the ground. It has been recently fitted up, and filled with mementoes of the great divine, and is to be kept as a Knox museum. A Sabbath day in Edinburgh on a former visit found us attending service at Trov church, which is nearly 250 years old, and the place where Annie Laura was married. On High street, which is merely a continuation of Canongate, formerly stood the massive old prison called the Tolbooth, built more than 400 years ago. In the early part of this century it was demolished and its location marked by an immense heart made in the pavement.

The prison long bore the quaint name of "The Heart of Mid Lothian," and contained some incidents and the name to one of Scott's most fascinating novels. St. Giles' church, with its first grand Catholic cathedral and forty altars, was noticeable in early Protestant times for the preaching of John Knox, and for being the place where Jennie Geddes deeded a vigorous protest against the Dean of Edinburgh by throwing her stool at his head. The open space between Parliament House and St. Giles was formerly a cemetery, but gradually was encroached upon, the tomb stones broken and removed, and is at the present time a paved court. John Knox was among those buried in this cemetery, and the supposed location of his tomb is marked by a small marble in the pavement with the letters J. K. cut

in it, and this is all the monument Edinburgh has yet given to one of her greatest men. A visit to the courts of justice was of interest from the fact that everything was done with the utmost dignity and formality. The judges were clothed in long black robes, while they, as well as the advocates, wore white curly wigs which covered the whole tops of their heads. Not far from here is the plain, three-story house with bay front, which Sir Walter Scott occupied for twenty-five years. From a tomb stone in the old Gray Friars' church-yard, we copied the following inscription on a tomb dated 1667:

—Reader, John Miles, who maketh the fourth John, And by descent from father to son, sixth Master Mason to a royal race of seven successive Kings, sleeps in this place."

But time fails us to mention the many substantial public buildings, churches, museums, hospitals, etc., with which the city abounds. In the old quarter, the traveler cannot but notice the crowded tenement houses, some of them twelve stories high which literally swarm with frothy women and dirty children. These were built when the city was shut in by its ancient walls, and were once in the quarters of the nobility. But the pride of Edinburgh is its great newspapers, its vast publishing houses and its justly-claimed reputation as a literary center. It delights to be known as the "Athens of Scotland."

The traveler can but think how much not only Edinburgh but all Scotland owes to the genius and labor of Sir Walter Scott, whose magic pen has immortalized scenes and events which, but for him, would long ago have passed from public remembrance. As it is, thousands of travelers from all over the world come annually to visit the places known to them by his writings, and to make real the scenery he has so truthfully described. Although Edinburgh has built to his memory a splendid monument, he has built for himself a nobler in the great book establishments which are engaged all the time upon the various editions of his works.

We can but admire the Scotchman for his industry, his intelligence, his integrity, his love of liberty and country, and for all those sturdy traits which we naturally associate with his character. But if you deal with him, remember that while he is honest to the bottom of his heart, one Scotchman is a match for any two Yankees, and that while he undoubtedly loves his American cousin, and does not hesitate to tell him so, he will, with a bow and a bland smile, get the best of the bargain every time. As we see them struggling so hard for a living on their almost barren hills, and think of the long, dark, snow-bound winters through which they must pass, we feel like stretching out a hand to them and inviting them to come home with us to the enjoyment of better things. But without doubt their ancient heather-covered hills are as dear to them as our wide, fertile fields are to us, and if the best place in our grand western prairie should be given them, they would soon long for the rugged native and cloud-covered peaks of their native Ben Lomond. No matter what the surroundings under which we are born and brought up, nature seems to have wisely placed in every human heart a response to the expression of the poet, "Be it ever so lowly, there's no place like home." In our next letter, we shall have the pleasure of taking our readers to Melrose Abbey, and the home of Sir Walter Scott.

O. R. BURNHAM.

Before Marriage.

Lovers' quarrels arise from different causes; sometimes from mere intensity of affection making undue exactions, and at others from causes which, properly understood and appreciated, would ward the parties of the impossibility of their ever living happily together.

For instance, a young man who is engaged finds his affianced very jealous. Whenever they meet other ladies in society, she treats him with great coolness. This chills his ardor and makes him discontented, so much that he is in doubt about marrying her at all. He has, in fact, come to the conclusion that if he believed she would treat him after marriage in the same way she does now he would never marry her.

As a general proposition, it may be laid down that persons will not change essentially after marriage. A belief that they would has been the cause of countless unhappy marriages. They will be just about the same after as before, and, if anything, a little more likely to give way to strong natural propensities, or peculiarities of temper.

If you would not marry a young woman, provided you believe she would continue to be as she is now, without any marked change in her disposition, then you do a very perilous thing to marry her at all.

The same rule, on the other hand, applies to the young men. Many an unhappy girl has made a shipwreck of her happiness for life by marrying a young man in the confidence that after marriage she would wield such an influence over him as to reform his wild habits. She finds her influence diminished rather than increased, after they are married, and disappointments, disagreements and misery necessarily follow.

Marry no one with whom, without any change of character, you are not satisfied.

Of twenty-seven cases of sun-stroke in a single day in Chicago, twenty-four were men and women addicted to strong drink.

Asia contains half the people of the globe.

Correspondents writing over assumed signatures must make known their names to the Editor, or no attention will be given to their communications.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

To the Editor of the New Northwest:

An Index of the House journal committee's report of executive and miscellaneous documents has just been prepared, showing in brief the amount of work done during the first half of the present Congress. This volume embraces between six and seven hundred pages, and covers 1,017 reports of committees bound in five volumes, a series of executive documents making twenty-three volumes, and miscellaneous documents in seven volumes. The number of pages of "text" thus indexed comes up to 28,000, an examination of which shows 5,227 bills and 200 joint resolutions to have been introduced into the House, and to have received more or less attention. Added to these are several hundred Senate bills. No previous House ever had before it more than six hundred bills during the whole Congress. So this appears that the business has increased to almost double that of any House since the beginning of the American republic. This is accounted for by the increase of what is known as "private legislation," that is, for claims growing out of the late war for pensions, and for property destroyed claimed to be owned by loyal citizens. Other causes for the increase are to be found in the development of the Territories, the growing railroad and mining interests, and the gradual and natural swelling of all business and trade. Of the 5,227 bills and 200 joint resolutions there, however, appears but about 500 subjects of general interest, the remainder being devoted to individuals, societies and corporations.

The California agitator, Kearney, paid us a visit with his tongue primed with its usual garbage, which it shut off to an audience assembled at the Capitol to hear him. An act of Congress makes it unlawful for public speakers to hold meetings about the Capitol, which this scoundrel foreigner had heard, and thought to come here and get himself arrested by violating the law, to thus boost himself into greater notoriety. The authorities, however, concluded to view him as a wayward boy, representing men of real or supposed wrongs, and extended the clemency of authority. It was wise for the man to do that even the shallowest thinking American citizen finds difficult to swallow. When the country first began to hear him, it gave an ear of sympathy and respect, for he was supposed to be an honest voice from a suffering class. But he proves to be an adventurer, who, vituperative, crude and unprincipled. He is poison to the cause of the men he claims to represent, and is a mirror for those of erring principles.

A few days ago the police made a successful raid upon a gambling-house. For some time they had been watching and waiting an opportunity to make their unexpected and not very welcome visit. At last it was afforded by the colored waiter, who, in his pilgrimage to the adjoining saloon for drinks to make the dizzy brains of the gamblers more dizzy still, became careless, and left the door unlocked behind him. In his absence the officers stalked cautiously, and gave three gentle taps upon the constitutionally suspicious door, which unsuspectingly opened for a pair of suspicious eyes to peer through. But it was too late to close, for a whole official leg and arm instantaneously plunged through, and quite a sufficient amount of avoirdupois in well-built policeman as quickly made their curiosity felt upon the door. The surprise was complete. A game was in full progress with the stakes upon the table, around which sat some seven or eight eager participants. All were arrested. The room was unusually well furnished, having fair claims to elegance.

FELIX.

Washington, D. C., September 8, 1878.

The fitness of having a woman president for Vassar is more widely recognized than we had dared to hope. If Miss Vassar existed, it would have been difficult to find so many believers in the capacity of women to hold professorships as now seem ready to concede that a woman may be found competent for a college presidency. The suggestion of Miss Anna C. Brackett receives, as it deserves, the utmost deference, for she is by all odds the most distinguished of American women in the theory and practice of education. Good work as Vassar has done, we should expect from Miss Brackett's mind and methods an original and quickening impulse that would throw its past into the shade. Vassar needs a new inspiration.—Springfield Republican.

The New Orleans Times says that the strong sympathy shown the afflicted cities of the South by their more fortunate sisters of the North is something not to be easily forgotten. While the North with a lavish hand is soothing the fevered brow of the Southern sufferers, she is building a monument of gratitude which will be luminous forever.

A handsome youth being questioned by a rather stylish lady as to his occupation, replied that he was an "adjuster of movable alphabets." He was simply a printer.

Confucius says, "They who know the truth are not equal to those who love it, and those who love it are still less than those who find delight in the practice of it."

An Irish lover remarks: "It's a great pleasure to be alone, especially when your sweetheart is with you."

A man never uses his thumb-nail for a screw-driver but once.