

# The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME X.—NO. 20.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, JANUARY 27, 1881.

PER YEAR—\$3 00.

## YAMHILL COUNTY.

MRS. DUNIWAY AT McMINNVILLE AND LAFAYETTE.

NORTH YAMHILL, January 22, 1881.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

For several days succeeding the date of our last letter, the winter rain came down in torrents, converting the undulating valleys of Yamhill into mighty aqueducts, and filling the rills and swales and creeks and rivers to overflowing. The Yamhill River bridge at McMinnville lost both of its aprons, and sadly bedraggled its ponderous skirts in the raging and muddy waters. Travel from the interior was suspended, the railroad being the only outlet from the town for nearly a week. But social life at McMinnville went on as before, as heedless of the flood as though it had not visited her borders.

A society called the Library Union meets every Tuesday evening in a hall set apart for the purpose. Here we found a fair collection of miscellaneous books and papers, an organ, etc., and met a happy gathering of old and young folks who were intent upon enjoying themselves. The music was fair; the ruling of the chairman was intended for strictness, though it poorly succeeded in its object; the readings were of a school-boy character; and a lecture upon "Mystic Rites," by Judge Harding, evinced considerable painstaking research through many channels of ancient lore.

We enjoyed a pleasant call at the Reporter office, and a brief but agreeable visit with Judge and Mrs. Cowles, Rev. and Mrs. Russ, Hon. Henry Warren and wife, Mr. and Mrs. Cozine, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Johnson, and many others, and last, but by no means least, the Lougharys, to whose untiring zeal and wonderful ability the success of the suffrage meeting was mainly due.

By Wednesday morning the storm was over, and the weather was fair and bright enough for April. The swollen waters rapidly receded, making travel once more practicable, if not pleasant, and we bade adieu to the many friends of human rights in McMinnville, to whom we had become much endeared through the friendly association of the public meetings, as well as at their firesides, and, boarding the train for St. Joe, were soon at the solitary station in the prairie, a quarter of a mile below the aforesaid city—a city of vanished hopes, where the terminus of the railroad once was, and where several sorrowful buildings yet linger, as ghosts of departed expectations. A deserted village is a saddening sight.

The Lafayette and Dayton stage met at the station the stop-over passengers, who were all dumped into the three-seated thoroughbrace and drawn by two trusty horses through the mud and over occasional stretches of corduroy road, for the distance of two miles, to the town of Lafayette. After a halt at the post office, we were driven to the home of a beloved sister and her rosy children, in whose genial company the hours went by on golden wings.

Spent the night at the home of another loving sister, and on the morrow advertised for lectures at the Court House. There were several other meetings in full blast in the town, rendering the attendance at the lectures comparatively small, though the interest was great, and, as usual, the brains of the place were with us.

We were indebted to Hon. Mr. Kelty, the obliging Sheriff of the county, for free use of the Court House, and to Hon. and Mrs. Burbank, Mr. and Mrs. Cooke, Mrs. Kelty, Mr. and Mrs. J. Olds, Dr. Olds, Mr. Ellery Rogers, Mr. F. Martin and others for substantial aid and encouragement in our work. We regretted to find our staunch co-worker, Mrs. A. M. Martin, seriously ill of a fever, but hope at this writing for her speedy recovery.

Lafayette improves slowly but steadily, the combined efforts of railway and navigation companies to leave her out in the cold having failed to starve or kill her. The heavy timber adjacent to the town has been cut away, leaving an undulating and elevated landscape for the townsites, exceedingly picturesque and beautiful. There is talk that the narrow-gauge road will change its base and pass through the place, in which case its interests will revive as by magic.

The tragic fate of Eva Burbank is still the theme of many a fireside conversation. The bereaved parents sorrow not as though they have no hope in the hereafter, but the aching void in their hearts will never be wholly healed until the Death Angel shall lift them beyond the physical ills of this life into the blissful realms of glad reunion in the eternal by-and-by. We spent an evening in their congenial company and slept at night in Eva's beautiful chamber, amid all the surroundings of her own domain, and where everything remains as she left it on the fatal morning of her departure for the treacherous beach of Ilwaco. Why she was fated to leave her body we know not, but in the by-and-by we shall know, and, God willing, we shall see her as she is. Her

parents are greatly comforted by the love evinced for her by her many friends, and nothing interests them so much as their many fond allusions to her memory. But they are not forgetful of others, and many are they who are blest by their bounty and comforted by their kindly regard.

Lafayette seems so homelike, and the many friends of the olden time are so cordial, that we tear ourself away regretfully. But other scenes and other duties crowd upon us, and we again embark in the lumbering thoroughbrace, our destination St. Joe, where we take the railroad for North Yamhill, eight miles away, and are soon enjoying the hospitality of Hon. Lee Laughlin's beautiful home and the kindly smiles of his amiable and sensible wife. To-morrow we are to lecture here, and of further particulars you shall hear anon. A. S. D.

"Not one of our friends," says a veteran editor, "would rob us of a dollar, yet they rob us of amounts needed to help pay the expenses of this paper when they lend it week after week to those who are able to subscribe for it. It is rather mean for a warm man to stand before the fire, when the room is filled with those who are cold, but it is not so mean as to impoverish an editor by keeping a dozen persons in a neighborhood from subscribing for a paper by lending it, and thus encouraging a very bad trait, unless the one who borrows is really unable to subscribe and pay for his reading matter. Those who wish to help an editor to usefulness do not lend their valuable paper, but kindly ask their neighbors to subscribe."

Miss Nina Morais, the author of the able article on "The Limitations of Sex," which appeared in the last number of the *North American Review*, in answer to Miss Hardaker's paper, "The Ethics of Sex," is the daughter of the rabbi of the Portuguese Synagogue in Philadelphia, in the Sabbath school of which she is an efficient teacher. She is described as an unassuming girl, with a practical knowledge of what is commonly called a woman's sphere, inasmuch as she is a model house-keeper for her widowed father, and takes excellent care of half a dozen younger sisters. She has contributed for some time past to various journals, without having previously attracted marked attention.

"The Indications of Character," as manifested in the general shape of the head and the form of the face, is an illustrated and neatly printed pamphlet, treating in a clear and popular style of an old subject, but discussing it in a new and entertaining manner. It takes physiognomy out of the realm of conjecture and speculation, and gives it a scientific character—points, in fact, to rules and procedures by which character may be practically diagnosed and trustworthy conclusions obtained in any given case. Henry S. Drayton is the author, and it is published by Fowler & Wells, No. 753 Broadway, New York. Price, 15 cents.

The New York correspondent of the *Chicago American Home*, writing of "contrasts," says: "Oh, the wealth and grandeur, the poverty and squalor of New York! Not long since I saw Jay Gould driving in the park. He was literally wrapped from head to foot in sealskin—seal coat, cap, gloves and carriage-robe. And then, not an hour later, I saw a poor old woman, slight, wrinkled, clad in rags and trembling as if palsied, sitting on the street curb—one withered hand outstretched for alms, the other clutching a thread-bare shawl, while the wintry sun of the afterday stared in her desolate face."

From the *St. Louis Western Light*: "Joseph Selligman, the Hebrew banker, who has made such munificent benefactions, irrespective of color, race or creed, ought to shame the last Christian into silence against the Jews. No charitable institution of note has been overlooked by this princely philanthropist. The Israelite has indeed returned good for evil by his bequeathing such sums to benefit humanity. When the world begins to live above sectarianism, then the wolf and the lamb will lie down together. This lesson of love and good-will will be of greater value than the silver and gold he gave."

From the *Olympia Courier*: "Mrs. G. A. Meigs was on the Dakota when that steamer broke down and returned to port. She was also on the steamer *Great Republic* at the time she was wrecked on the Columbia bar, and also on the *W. H. Gawley* when that vessel was wrecked near San Francisco. Mrs. Meigs possesses a good deal of nerve if she is not very fearful of ocean travel by this time."

Senator Eaton urges the necessity of prompt Congressional action on the Chinese treaties, that they may be speedily returned to China for ratification of any amendments that may be made.

The *Woman's Journal* commenced its twelfth volume on the 1st instant.

## MARRIAGEABLE YOUNG LADIES.

A contributor to the columns of the *American Home* very sensibly makes the assertion that there is no class of people so much abused as marriageable young ladies, and none so helpless to defend themselves, when called by those opprobrious epithets, "heartless," "inconstant," and "merciless."

In almost every young lady's history there is a story of heart-break and blasted expectations of which the world around her knows nothing; hence the readiness with which she disclaims all knowledge of love, and probably her most intimate confidant would not believe that she had had a romantic episode connected with her life; but the sad expression on the young face proves that she has suffered—her gradual giving up of worldly interests will tell how much.

Not one-half of the women who marry give their lives into the keeping of the men of their choice. In almost every instance the man the young lady loves best in the world is one who is not looked upon with favor by her parents. Can there be a more trying position for a true, loving woman? She has been tenderly reared, and is beloved by her parents with an almost idolatrous devotion, and they have staked much upon her comfortable and brilliant settlement in life; but when her lover comes, and she knows that her heart can never be given to another, and knows too their deep dislike for him, she sees what a terrible disappointment it will be to them if she follows the promptings of her heart. Then comes the conflict between duty and inclination. Her parents are growing old, and, though she may be past the school-girl age, she knows that her first duty is to them. Of course, there are exceptional cases, when parents know the suitor to be a villain, but oftener some richer and more prosperous aspirant stands in the way.

It is always a mystery to those who have passed the prime of life why their daughters should not find it convenient to marry as they select, instead of bestowing their hearts upon nameless young men who have not acquired wealth. Then, too, people become childish as old age advances, and it is certainly a terrible awakening for a child who has always relied on her parents' judgment to suddenly discover that she can no longer seek counsel of them, but must take upon herself the responsibilities of life. Then she wishes earnestly for some one to take up the tangled threads and straighten out all the difficulties before her; but she has no one, so she goes blindly to work, determined to do what she thinks is right. She has been taught to obey her parents, and that their latter years must not be embittered by any act of hers. After much thoughtful consideration, she gives up all ideas of a marriage that would grieve them and heroically sacrifices herself in obedience to their wishes. She dares not hope much for the future, but believes that she will be happy in the consciousness that she has done her duty. And the man she marries (poor innocent) knows nothing of this little by-play, and believes that he possesses his wife's undivided heart; but the bitter awakening will come in time, and the result is an unhappy home, or, far worse, a shameful separation.

A man should marry, when young, some maiden who loves him for himself alone, rather than wait until maturer years have brought wealth that weighs so heavily in the social balance, and ultimately will drag his very soul into the depths of shame, when he realizes that he has bought and paid for a heart he has never owned—a life that has dragged out merely an existence by his side uncomplainingly.

It is natural and right for parents to wish their children to make what the world calls a "good match," but let them not force their daughters into a loveless marriage, for it is too great a risk to expect a happy result from such a union. And the young lady who thus sells herself, because of a sense of duty, mistaken though it may be—think you she considers the financial advantage of so much importance? No. She would a thousand times rather spend her life in poverty with her heart's choice than in the splendor which grows to mock her.

And so the traffic in human hearts continues from age to age, and the world never thinks of blaming the fathers and mothers, but censures those to whom but little blame belongs, who are more sinned against than sinning.

The girls of Lake Erie Seminary, in Ohio, who nominated Garfield for President as long ago as 1861, and agreed then to go and see him inaugurated, propose to meet at New York on the 1st of March and go forward as an honorary escort for the President-elect. Most of the girls of twenty years ago are now wives and mothers, but Mrs. Grannis, publisher of the *Church Union*, at New York, is making the necessary arrangements with all the enthusiasm of girlhood.

## THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

[From the Albany Democrat.]

Mrs. Mary H. de Graffenreid has given us a dissertation on Chinese writing that might be of value in Oregon, and especially to some of our own Albany readers. She says that man's imagination has invented two systems of writing entirely distinct. The one employed among the Chinese is the hieroglyphic system; the other, in actual use among the enlightened nations of the globe, bears the name of the alphabetic or phonetic system.

The characters which the Chinese employ in writing are not letters, properly called, but they are veritable hieroglyphics; they do not represent sounds or articulation, but ideas. Thus "house" is expressed by the aid of a single and special character, which never varies. The Chinese of a past generation may have designed "house," in spoken language, by a word totally different in pronunciation from that which the "Nation of the Sun" to-day uses, yet the character representing "house" remains identical. The pronunciation is subject to the laws of change, but the hieroglyphic never. Is the result surprising? Think of our figures, which are hieroglyphics. The idea of unity added seven times to itself is expressed in France, England, Spain, Germany, etc., by the aid of two circles superposed vertically and touching each other at a single point; but, in seeing this ideographic character, "8," the French pronounce it *huit*; the English, *eight*; the Spanish, *ocho*, and the Germans *acht*. All, however, agree in assigning to it the same value.

If the Chinese ideographic characters were generally adopted, as the Arabic figures are, every nation could read in its own language the great productions of the master minds of every country without knowing a single word of the spoken language employed by the authors who wrote them. Were this the case, English-speaking people could peruse with delight the burning thoughts of Goethe, the beauties of "Jerusalemme Liberata," the brilliant wit of Don Quixote, the glowing eloquence of the "Exposition de la Doctrine Catholique," by l'Abbe de Meaux, and yet not be subjected to the inconvenience of learning new dialects and hauling over musty dictionaries.

But a considerable number of alphabetic languages, with all their peculiarities and idioms, may be thoroughly mastered by the same time and labor spent upon one ideographic language. Then, too, how infinite the superiority of the alphabetic system for expressing delicate shades of poetic thought and abstruse sophistries of logical reasonings. This ingenious art paints the word and speaks to the eye. All the words of an alphabetic language of the most extended vocabulary of elementary sounds or gesticulations require only twenty-four to thirty letters to represent them. By the aid of these characters, variously combined, every word which strikes upon the ear can be written, even without knowing its meaning.

The greatest defect of hieroglyphic writing is, that it has no means of expressing new names. A reporter once wished to send a written communication from Canton to Peking containing the information that a memorable battle fought the 14th of June, 1800, saved the French from impending ruin; but he did not know how to inform his correspondent, in characters purely hieroglyphic, that the name of the plain, which witnessed the glorious achievement, was near the town of Marengo, and that the victorious General was Bonaparte. A nation in which proper names can only be communicated from one city to another by envoys, would seem to be in the rudiments of intellectual culture, and such, doubtless, is the case with the masses. There are a few oracles of wisdom among them, and but few.

The hieroglyphic characters constitute by far the greater mass of their writings; but now, when it becomes necessary to write a proper name, the Chinese divest these characters of their ideographic signification, and employ them to express sounds and articulations, or, in other words, to perform the office of veritable letters.

A woman complains to the *Cincinnati Enquirer* that her sex is compelled by fashion to suffer dreadfully from cold. "Even when clad for the street," she says, "a woman is nowhere near as thickly covered as a man, unless it be about her chest and arms by a fur garment. Her head is usually not protected at all, and in the other direction her warm clothing stops at her hips, for below that her skirts are only a shield against the wind, without keeping out much cold. There is a general feminine aversion to flannel next the skin, arising from the prickliness of the one and the delicacy of the other. Below the knees the only covering is a stocking. So it is that the girl in a sealskin sacque, looking so mighty comfortable, really suffers greatly."