NEWBERG GRAPHIC

VOL. XX. NEWBERG, YAMHILL COUNTY. OREGON, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 19, 1907. NO. 9

JOHN G. WHITTIER

The One Hundreth Anniversary of His Birth.

John Greenlief Whittier, one of the greatest of Amrrican poets, was born at Haverhill, Massachusetts, December 17, 1807, and Tuesday of this week was the one hundredth anniversary of his birth. He was a Quaker by birth. The Whittiers were small farmers, and nearly his whole life was spent in the county in which he was born. His mother was a fine type of Quaker matron, "whose religion found expression in an ideally beautiful character."

Until he was nearly twenty, Whittier had no educational advantages besides those afforded by the ordinary district school. In 1827 and 1828, however, he attended the Haverhill Academy. For a year he was in the employ of a Boston printing-house, where he edited a Protectionist paper and a temperance journal. For another year he was the editor of the New England Weekly Review in Hartford, in which he succeeded George D. Prentice. In 1833 he signed the National Anti-Slavery Declaration as one of the delegates from Massachusetts; in 1835 he was a member of the Massachusetts Legislature; in 1837 he was for a few months in New York as one of the secretaries of the American Anti-Slavery Society; and from 1837 to 1840 he was editor of the Pennsylvania Freeman, a Philadelphia abolitionist journal. With the exception of the absences occasioned by these duties, Whittier's long life was almost entirely spent in Essex county, Massachusetts; either in Haverhill, Amesbury, or Danvers. He died in Hampton Falls, New Hampshire, September 8th, 1892.

Whittier's spirit was that of the reformer. As a boy he wrote that he would rather have "the memory of a Howard, a Wilberforce, or a Clarkson, than the undying fame of a Byron." He was always on the side of the oppressed and had a perfect hatred of slavery. His poems written during the troublous times of the anti-slavery movement fired the hearts of his countrymen and helped to hasten the ending of slavery.

During the early settlement of the Colonies in America the Quakers were whipped and otherwise subjected to all manner of indignities. The following is a copy of the warrant issued by Major Waldron, of Dover, in 1662:

To the constables of Dover, Hampton, Salisbury, Newbury, Rowley, Ipswich, Wenham, Lynn, Boston, Roxbury, Dedham, and until these vagabond Quakers are carried out of this jurisdiction.

You and every one of you, are required, in the King's Majesty's name, to take these vagabond Quakers, Anne Coleman, Mary Tomkins, and Alice Ambrose, and make them fast to the cart's tail, and driving the cart through your several towns, to whip them upon their naked backs not exceeding ten stripes apiece on each of them, in each town; and so to convey them from constable to constable till they are out of this jurisdiction, as you will answer it at your peril; and this shall be your warrant.

RICHARD WALDRON.

Dated at Dover, December, 22, 1662.

The reading of this inhuman treatment of women inspired Whittier to write "How the Women Went from Dover,', and here are the first two stanzas:

The tossing spray of Cocheco's fall
Hardened to ice on its rocky wall,
As through Dover town in the chill, gray dawn,
Three women passed, at the cart-tail drawn!

Bared to the waist, for the north wind's grip
And keener sting of the constable's whip,
The blood that followed each hissing blow
Froze as it sprinkled the winter snow.

George R. Carpenter in his sketch of the life of Whittier says: "Here the progress of the century has worked as plainly for the permanence of his fame as it has worked against that of his political verse. His political verse tended to perpetuate differences of opinion that were soon settled forever. His religious verse, on the other hand, steadily prefigured a unity of feeling to which gentle souls of all creeds aspire. For many decades all the Protestant sects in America have been moving slowly toward the Quaker standpoint—tending to acknowledge that always, by the mouths of prophets, poets, priests and philosophers, God hath revealed himself; and that the living spirit of God, acting upon the hearts of men, is the great guide in matters of conduct and belief."

The following is one of Whittiers best child life poems:

THE BAREFOOT BOY.

Blessings on thee, little man,
Barefoot boy, with cheek of tan!
With thy turned-up pantaloons,
And thy merry whistled tunes;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by strawberries on the hill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy torn brim's jaunty grace
From my heart I give thee joy,—
I was once a barefoot boy!
Prince thou art—the grown-up man
Only is republican.
Let the million-dollared ride!
Barefoot, trudging at his side,
Thou hast more than he can buy
In the reach of ear and eye,—
Outward sunshine, inward joy;
Blessings on thee, barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's painless play,
Sleep that wakes in laughing day,
Health that mocks the doctor's rules,
Knowledge never learned of schools,
Of the wild bee's morning chase,
Of the wild-flower's time and place,
Flight of fowl and habitude
Of the tenants of the wood;
How the tortoise bears his shell,
How the woodchuck digs his cell,
And the ground-mole sinks his well;
How the robin feeds her young,
How the oriole's nest is hung;
Where the whitest lilies blow,
Where the freshest berries grow,
Where the groundnut trails its vine,
Where the wood-grape's clusters shine;
Of the black wasp's cunning way,
Mason of his walls of clay,
And the architectural plans
Of gray hornet artisans!—
For, eschewing books and tasks,
Nature answers all he asks;
Hand in hand with her he walks,
Face to face with her he talks,
Part and parcel of her joy,—
Blessings on the barefoot boy!

O for boyhood's time of June,
Crowding years in one brief moon,
When all things I heard or saw,
Me, their master waited for.
I was rich in flowers and trees,
Humming birds and honey-bees;
For my sport the squirrel played,
Plied the snouted mole his spade;
For my taste the blackberry cone
Purpled over hedge and stone;
Laughed the brook for my delight
Through the day and through the night,
Whispering at the garden wall,
Talked with me from fall to fall;
Mine the sand-rimmed pickerel pond,
Mine the waluut slopes beyond,
Mine, in bending orchard trees,
Apples of Hesperides!
Still as my horizon grew,
Larger grew my riches too,
All the world I saw or knew
Seemed a complex Chinese toy,
Fashioned for a barefoot boy!

O for festal dainties spread,
Like my bowl of milk and bread,—
Pewter spoon and bowl of wood,
On the door-stone, gray and rude!
O'er me like a regal tent,
Cloudy-ribbed, the sunset bent,
Purple-curtained, fringed with gold,
Looped in many a wind-swung fold;
While for music came the play
Of the pied frogs' orchestra;
And, to light the noisy choir,
Lit the fly his lamp of fire.
I was monarch; pomp and joy
Waited on the barefoot boy!

Cheerily, then, my little man,
Live and laugh, as boyhood can!
Though the flinty slopes be hard,
Stubble-speared the new-mown sward,
Every morn shall lead thee through
Fresh baptisms of the dew;
Every evening from thy feet
Shall the cool winds kiss the heat;
All too soon these feet must hide
In the prison cells of pride,
Lose the freedom of the sod,
Like a colt's for work be shod,
Made to tread the mills of toil,
Up and down in ceaseless moil:
Happy if their track be found
Never on forbidden ground;
Happy if they sink not in
Quick and treacherous sands of sin,
Ah! that thou couldst know thy joy,
Ere it passes, barefoot boy!

Early Morning Fire.

On last Friday morning at the hour of 3:40 the sound of the fire bell followed by the shriek of the fire whistle aroused people from sound slumber to apprise them of the fact that the heavens were being lighted up by a burning building, which proved to be the store building vacated by George Hardwick only a few days before, he having removed his stock of second hand furniture to the old hotel building on the corner of First and Main streets.

The fire was well under way when it was discovered by the Shirer family who have the confectionery store adjoining, and by the time the fire companies arrived the building was gutted, but good work was done however in subduing the flames and saving adjoining buildings from injury. The building burned was first erected on Main street near the present location of the Commercial hotel and was afterward removed to the location of the ruins, just west of the railroad switch by N. C. Christenson and J. C. Sawyer who used it as an implement store. Later it has served as bicycle store and various other purposes, the small room on the corner serving as a shooting gallery when the fire occurred. Some months ago it was sold to Mr. Gregory who removed to Newberg from Linn county and he had begun making some changes about the building only a day or two before the fire, expecting to put it in better condition for occupancy. It was insured for $1000 in favor of Mr. Seely, of Wilsonville, who holds a mortgage on it. The origin of the fire is not known.

In connection with a fire there are nearly always some incidents worth mentioning and here is one or two in connection with this one. With the first tap of the bell Curt Parker's bull pup "Ned" set up an unearthly howl and bounded up stairs to awaken the boys, repeating the yowling as he landed at the top and when the door was opened he streaked it up town and arrived in time to help yank the bell cord and then did his best to lend assistance at the fire. Who says "Ned" should not be employed as watchman about the gates of the city?

Dan Gilbert, a member of the hose company on hearing the danger signal jumped from a warm bed and reached for his red shirt in order to appear in regulation uniform, and after tugging in vain at the garment for several minutes he made the discovery that what he was wrestling with in his mad haste was red flannel all right but that it properly belonged on the other extremities of the body—and possibly it was not Dan's garment either. However Dan was on hand at the fire in good season—in fact in time to get the first charge of water from a not properly manned nozzle square in the back, accompanied with a "don't that jar you" sensation. Then while on his way home after the fire was out a live wire that had been broken by the fire struck him on one arm and he was told by the electricians that the wonder was that he was not killed outright. They should remember, however, that he is the ice man.

THE BEST OF EVERYTHING FOR XMAS

Right to the Front of all Competitors we place our Elegant New Holiday Stock Complete in Assortment. Splendid in Quality. Overflowing with Bargains Everything for the men folks so wear. Our line of Neckwear Can't be Surpassed Popular Selections. Plenty of Variety. Newest Attractions. Any quantity of suitable gifts for old and young. A thoroughly First-class Stock, combining Novelty, Quality, and Elegance, with prices VERY LOW. Everybody delighted with our Display. SEE IT.

HODSON BROS.

Christmas Specials

26 Piece Set of Table Silver Regular $10 set for $7.50.

Toilet Set of Comb, Brush and Mirror, Quadruple Silver, $8.00

CLOCKS—Special Mantel Clock, Black Ebony Case, 8-day and strike, special price, $5.50

Toilet Sets in Sterling Silver, Special, $2.00 to $8.00

All goods engraved free of Charge

A Complete Line of Rogers' Silverware at Lowest Possible Prices

RINGS
BRACELETS
JEWELRY
in profusion

Cut Glass Chafing Dishes

Special Watch Sale
Gentlemens Size Elgin or Waltham Watch in Nickel Case, While They Last $4.44

Sterling Silverware is nice for Christmas Gifts

Make your selections early before the best pieces are gone

We engrave all goods purchased of us free of charge while you wait

MILLS
Newberg Jeweler
Next to Postoffice.
Bell phone store 388, residence 388

Wright & White

Will sell you a Fanning Mill that cleans grain and small seeds and gives satisfaction—THE CLIPPER

And a stove that will bake your bread—THE LORAIN RANGE

We carry a full line of FEED and SEEDS and sell as cheap as the cheapest

Goods Delivered Free
Both Phones

East First St.

C. F. MOORE, PHARMACIST

The place to get your

DRUGS & MEDICINES. PRESCRIPTION WORK A SPECIALTY.

Books, Stationery, Fancy and Toilet Articles. Camara and Kodaks and all kinds of Camera Supplies.
LESSONS GIVEN IN KODAKERY

War With Japan.

Could not possibly make so many cripples as rheumatism does every year. And yet there is no reason why this disease should cripple anyone, if all sufferers will rub the affected parts night and morning with Ballard's Snow Liniment. Cures all aches and pains. Sold by Moore's drug store.

CHRISTMAS GOODS

Our line of Christmas goods is larger and more complete than ever before. Come early and get first choice.

NASH & FINLEY

The New
HOME BAKERY

Is now in operation and we will be pleased to wait upon all who would like to try our home made bread, pies, cakes, etc.

G. F. Herriott
First and Edwards St.