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WHO THEY ARE.

BY GEORGE P. WHEELER.

There are always two sides to any question, and each of these demands investigation.

"Shall we let the women vote?" By the way, that is a very pretty and highly gratifying manner of putting this question. It tickles our vanity.

"Shall we"—that is, the voters of America, the lords of the great creation, the strength of a mighty nation—"let"—we love to linger over that word—"the women vote?" It makes but little difference whether they, as law-abiding individuals, have the right to vote or not. The power of allowing them to do so rests solely in our hands. Glorious, isn't it?

Now, here comes "Objection No. One." He is one of that class who would dearly like the world to consider him progressively in keeping with this age of advancement, but who cannot rid his mind of the rank fallacies of the rankest sort of old-fogyism. They are as deeply ingrafted in his soul, or rather heart—for serious doubts are entertained whether such persons have souls—as is the conviction that his neighbor, who cheated him yesterday in a horse-trade, will eventually navigate through the brimstone fumes of the future realm of the wicked. Pretty soon he will die; and would to God his Thirteenth Century ideas might die with him! But no. His semi-barbaric notions in regard to women are thoroughly instilled into the minds of his offspring, and it will require at least a century to root them out. He it is who, when asked for his opinion on the Woman Suffrage question, replies, after a degree of preliminary profundity:

"Well, sir, as a matter of National improvement, I am not in favor of it. As a question of right and wrong, I am in favor of it. Yes, sir, it's a good thing—a very good thing. If the women want to vote, why just let 'em! But, sir, it's just as my wife says: The country isn't ready for it. The change would be too sudden. Women need more experience—more education. On political questions they are mere children. Besides this, even if the question were brought to an issue, if it became a law, not one in a hundred of the best class of women would exercise the privileges of the ballot; while, on the other hand, every low character, every demoralized woman, every courtesan, would claim her rights. And, instead of aiding and advancing the great cause which the women who are agitating this subject claim that they will do, instead of acting as auxiliaries to the right, their power would prove a positive curse. The theory, sir, is perfectly right and just. But the putting it into practice is quite another thing."

Poor deluded mortal! We pity while we despise him. He presents his ideas with all the confidence of a child. He imagines them fresh, sound and weighty, little dreaming that they were exploded at the very beginning of the fight. But his wife said so, and of course it is so. Pityable object! He does not comprehend that, even now, while he imagines that he is running the institution, he is entirely controlled by a woman! He would reject the insinuation as an insult to his manhood. As far as his arguments go, they amount to nothing, as is usual. They are stale and trite, his wife to the contrary notwithstanding. The country is just as ready to-day for the acceptance of Woman Suffrage as it ever will be. There is a possibility of obtaining altogether too much of a certain sort of education, especially in politics. Our National Government could exist—in fact, would be better off—if some of its leaders possessed a little less of this so-called education. And, after all, it does not require a lifetime to acquire an insight into the party intrigues and corruptions of the present age. Another Morey letter or two would enlighten the most darkened intellect. That portion of his argument is as weak as his own befogged mind. Now comes his heavy gun:

"Would the best class of women exercise their privilege?"

That, of course, remains to be seen. His wife says not. We entertain widely different ideas. We know of many noble women in our own neighborhood, and have incidentally heard of others, who have expressed their willingness and their desire to cast the ballot—to have a voice in the affairs of state and government. Possibly there are others whom we have never heard of who would do the same.

Abandoned women have just the same right to speak, breathe and vote as have abandoned men. Their class is not so extensive that our Government need tremble at its voice. Besides, taken as a general rule, they are more intelligent, more independent and honest than the men of the same grade. Should they become troublesome by

means of their use of the ballot, we may prevail upon our mothers, wives and sisters to assist us in voting them down. We are sanguine that such a thing might be done. And while under our immaculate protection (?) we feel assured that they would not materially suffer from contamination.

But we will give place to "Objection No. Two." He looks weak and sick. He is evidently suffering. He feels bad in every way, but he assures us that, as women are always wholly guided by the superior intellect of man, the mere fact of their voting would not alter the general result one particle. He says this with an abortive attempt at facetiousness which appeals directly to our sense of the absurd. He informs us that women have no particular mind of their own, and that for his part he thinks they need protection from the cares and adversities of fortune more than they do the ballot. He is a minister's son, and delights to quote Paul's advice that the women keep silence in the churches. He considers Paul excellent authority on the Woman Suffrage question. His pet hobby is that man should bear the brunt of worldly storms and allow woman the protection of her own kitchen, and that, owing to her delicate physical organization, she is unfitted for the arduous duties of life. We called at his house the other day. His wife was chopping wood that her protector's supper might be cooked. Her protector was down at the corner saloon, talking politics and Woman Suffrage. We consider the evidence conclusive.

"Objection No. Three" is not only a minister's son, but a minister himself—a real, genuine old "Hardshell." He is an objection. You can see that all over him. He is a sort of "Christian without hate," or claims to be. His mouth is drawn down and his eyes are rolled up. He has never told us anything about Divine love, never preached from the text "Jesus wept." But he assures us that we are abandoned sinners, and as sinners we will certainly be damned; and he leaves us with an unpleasant sensation that we are the sinners and heirs to damnation, while he is not one of us, but is to reside in a sort of ethereal paradise of his own and God's manufacture, where we can never enter. He is a good man, though, and honest, and we respect him.

We interrogated him yesterday on the suffrage question. His features became frigid at once. He gave us an impression that the whole thing was a movement of the devil. We began to think he was right, and decided to abandon it. However, we have altered our mind since. He said that he believed in "one God, one President, and one ruler of the household." He said that he had always ruled his house, and considered himself perfectly capable of doing so yet. His wife entered at that moment, a weak-looking little thing, with two babies in her arms and four more clinging to her skirts. We at once perceived the truth of his remarks, but for all that we failed to comprehend in what respect they applied to the question under consideration. Doubtless he fully understood it, for he was very decided and energetic in his denunciation of the whole scheme, and said that in his opinion the devil was at the bottom of it, tempting woman as he did of old. We left him and sought other fields.

We met down on the corner "Objection No. Four." He was just drunk enough to be garrulous, and he improved the opportunity. He said that he was bitterly opposed to the movement; that he had no desire to have his rights usurped or encroached upon by any one, white or black, of either sex or none. He was down on the whole thing. He said he had opposed "nigger enfranchisement." We discovered that he hailed from Georgia, and felt in our soul that he spoke the truth. He said that if we allowed the women power, as we had the "nigger," that by and by we would have the Chinaman, and then the squaw; and after a little while the Esquimaux in Alaska would be sending a fat-eating representative to Washington. His remarks were not particularly chaste or spiritual, but he spoke fluently, and the aroma of whisky enriched their effect. We asked him which way he should vote should the question come to a final issue, and he said, "Ag'in 'em ev'ry pop!"

"Objection No. Five" steps firmly to the front. There is blood in his eye. His coat is off, and he resembles a prize-fighter in the ring. He is one of the most earnest and devoted protectors of women. He is also a saloon-keeper, and as such controls more votes than all the best men in town. He tells us very decidedly that, so long as whisky can rule an election, women will stay in their kitchens, where they belong. He says he knows what women can do. They nearly broke up his business once by prayer, and he is certain they can do so by votes. He says his business is legitimate and is sanctioned by law, and that everybody ought to be satisfied with the way things are running now. His language is very forcible and energetic, though not remarkable for purity. He is also somewhat profane, but he means what

he says. It strikes us that it is time to leave. We go.

Now, young man, to which class do you propose to ally yourself? Will you be identified with the men who are everywhere notorious for ignorance and stupidity? who are remarkable for nothing save their ancient ideas that they were born to lord it over their physically weaker sisters? Interrogate the most blindly stupid blockhead in your community, and in ninety-nine cases you will find him an opponent to the Woman Suffrage movement, and in fact to any other scheme that has for its object the advancement and enlightenment of the human family. Wherever you find an intelligently honest and well-posted man, you will also find an earnest friend to this cause. Now, recollect that you cannot sit astride the fence and say you know it is a good thing but you don't believe in it. That thing is played out in America. By and by some other man, seeing your position and deeming it tenable, will mount your shoulders and you will certainly be split asunder. The question is, when this matter comes to the test, as it is sure to do sooner or later, how will you vote? Will you vote for advancement or stupidity? Will you vote for your mother, your wife and your sister, or for the saloon-keeper down the corner? Think it over, young man; think it over.

MAN'S FOLLY—WOMAN'S GUILT.

[From the Dayton (W. T.) Chronicle.]

"What's folly in a man is guilt in a woman." Upon reading the strictures of the *Waltburg Times* on the Dayton papers for their language concerning the "Seduction Case," in which a prominent M. D. of Waltburg figures as defendant, we were forcibly reminded of the above quotation, which, it seems, is the gist of the argument of our worthy contemporary. He seems to ignore the fact that a woman's reputation is her all, and that, this being lost, she is ostracized from society, which huris its scorn upon her alone, while it lavishes its smiles and favors upon the cause of her ruin. In such cases the woman is generally more sinned against than sinning, the man being the guiltier of the two; but society, striking at the weak and cringing to the strong, condemns and spurns the defenseless victim, while it gives countenance and support to the heartless seducer who is able to defend himself. The poor girl must be avoided as a moral leper; at the same time, her partner in crime is considered eligible company for the retiring and modest daughters of the best families in town. It was the knowledge of these idiosyncrasies of our modern, enlightened society that impelled us to withhold from the public, for the present, the name of the accuser in this case. Our "insinuating comments" were of a general nature, and apply equally as well to the past and the future as to the present. The *Chronicle* believes in "equal justice and equal rights" for all, women as well as men. Such rights being denied by statutory and social law, we take the side of the weak against the strong, calling no one guilty until so proven, and ever ready to do justice to injured innocence.

In December last, Mrs. Annie T. Connors, of San Francisco, obtained a divorce from her husband, Wm. Connors, the custody of their little son being awarded to her, at which her father, Robert Jagoe, who had unsuccessfully endeavored to stop the proceedings for a divorce, was dissatisfied. Like many other men, he believes woman has no rights which man is bound to respect, and accordingly, aided by his son Thomas and the child's father, he forcibly carried it from its natural and lawful guardian. The mother did not tamely submit to the thieving outrage, but swore out a warrant for the arrest of the trio, and they are now awaiting trial on a charge of felony, to-wit: kidnapping. In the meantime, they will have time to reflect over the fact that the era of equality is dawning, and that even a woman may occasionally be able to defend herself against oppression; and they will doubtless mourn the degeneracy of the times that sanctions a woman's rebellion against tyranny and her claim to the care of her offspring.

Mr. J. G. Whittier, in a letter to the *Boston Advertiser*, writes: "As respects suffrage for women, whatever objections may be made to it as a matter of expediency, there is no possible argument against it on the ground of principle. No one can read William Bowditch's essay on the taxation of women in Massachusetts and not be convinced that the time is not far distant when a sense of simple justice and fair dealing will compel our legislators to confer the privileges of citizenship on those from whom they exact the uttermost farthing of its duties."

Wendell Phillips pithily says: "No reform, moral or intellectual, ever came down from the upper classes of society. Each and all come up from the protest of martyr and victim."

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Our sudden journey to Albany last week, and the melancholy occasion which caused it, forced us to omit the mention which we had intended to make of the Sunday evening meeting at the First Congregational Church on the 20th ultimo under the auspices of the State Temperance Alliance. But it is not yet too late to speak of the courtesy of Rev. J. A. Cruzan in placing the church at the disposal of the undersigned for the meeting above named; nor is it too late to speak of the reverend gentleman's excellent and thrilling address; of Professor Cook's large and well-trained choir; of the vast crowd that literally packed the auditorium and vestibule; of the interesting and beautiful essay of Miss Maggie Foster, and the rapt attention accorded throughout the exercises by the large multitude. Miss Foster will always command an attentive hearing in Portland. Her womanly manner, half diffident and wholly earnest, and her thoroughly Christian teachings, would do lasting good in any community where she could be induced to let her voice be heard. The public is anxious to know more of her. At the Methodist church, on the same evening, there was no lack of speakers, but the audience was comparatively small. Portland is afflicted by persons, ambitious to be heard, who can never get audiences on their own account, but who are always ready to take the time when others call a meeting. The speaking mania, like the Presidential fever, is irrepressible in some people.

The temperance cause is on a popular footing in Portland, though we think Rev. J. H. Acton, who spoke under the auspices of the Open Temperance Association in the Taylor-street Church on the evening of the 27th ultimo, tells the plain truth about the lions in the way. A conspicuous lack of practical knowledge distinguishes many of the most ardent of our temperance workers the world over. There is no speedy triumph in store for us. Woman's ballot, potent as it must become, will not destroy drunkenness in a day or a decade, nor will prohibition accomplish that which its strongest advocates claim for it. All of which the world must see.

But to return to our journeyings. The burial of Mrs. Foster was conducted amid solemn and impressive ceremonies, and in presence of one of the largest assemblies ever convened in Albany. It is sweet to die among so many loving friends, since die we must. May all of us go to our graves as she did, in the midst of good deeds. The obsequies over, we bade her bereft family and hosts of other friends adieu and on Friday took the north-bound train.

Arrived at Salem at 2 P. M., and, taking a room at the Chemeketa, sallied forth to satisfy some of the financial demands of the *People's Paper*, which, like the horse-leech, cries to those whose dues are maturing, "Give! Give!" Found the friends of equal rights in good spirits and ready for organized work, and spent a pleasant hour with Mrs. Graves, Mrs. Reed, Mrs. Mallory, Mrs. Minto, Mrs. Strong, Mrs. Johns, Mrs. Rook and Mrs. Cline. Salem seems quiet, but we are told that business is good. Our stay was short, but pleasant, and we took the Saturday afternoon train for home with renewed faith in the zeal and courage of the friends of human rights.

Portland, February 28. A. S. D.

The *North American Review* for March must attract attention by the timeliness of the topics discussed. First, there is a thoughtful and moderate article by Bishop Cox on "Theology in the Public Schools." The author would sternly exclude from the school-room all sectarian dogmas, whether Papist or Protestant, but he insists on the retention of the Bible, because that book is the principal fountain of our English speech, and really the base of our social system. The second article is by Captain Eads, who endeavors to show the practicability of his ship-railway, its advantages over all canal schemes, and why the United States can without risk guarantee the payment of 6 per cent interest on \$50,000,000 of the capital stock of the proposed company. The other articles are "The Effects of Negro Suffrage," by Judge H. H. Chalmers; "The Success of the Free School System," by John D. Philbrick, being a reply to the recent strictures of Mr. Richard Grant White on the public schools; "Despotism in Lunatic Asylums," by D. B. Eaton; "The Political Attitude of the Mormons," by Judge C. C. Goodwin; "Theological Charlatanry," by Mr. John Fiske, whose typical theological charlatan is Mr. Joseph Cook; and, finally, a review of some recent publications in physics, by Prof. A. W. Wright.

Colonels Stewart, Menden and Omespire adhere to their former selection of Fort Orford as the most suitable place for the Pacific Coast Harbor of Refuge, while Colonel Williamson maintains that Trinidad is the proper location.