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## THE WEST SIDE.

### MRS. DUNIWAY AT INDEPENDENCE—ENTHUSIASTIC MEETINGS—THE WOMAN SUFFRAGE CAUSE TRIUMPHANT.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Independence is divided into two parts, designated respectively as the Old and the New Town, and covers an area as great as that of Salem. Its population equals that of McMinnville, and its industries are not inferior to those of Corvallis. The town lies upon the left bank of the Willamette River, on both sides of a deep gulch, which is spanned by a foot-bridge upon one street, the car-track upon another, and a wagon-bridge upon a third.

In the Old Town there is a district school-house, also a large number of homes, more or less pretentious or humble, as the taste or means of the owner may have decreed. The school is under the able care of Prof. C. E. Magers, son of our Marion county friend, Dr. Magers, and brother of the rising lawyer of the name in McMinnville. The school of which Professor M. has charge consists of about seventy pupils, ranging from six to thirteen years of age, as bright a bevy of young Americans as one can see anywhere. The Professor is also County Superintendent of Schools, and performs his duties in a manner so satisfactory to the public that it would be hard work for a lady competitor for the office to succeed in displacing him. It is well to add that he is a thorough Woman Suffragist, and in favor of giving women the opportunity to compete with him for official honors if they like.

The proprietor of the Old Town is Mr. Elvin Tharp, who settled upon the beautiful donation claim where he now resides, and of which the town is a part, in the year 1844. Mr. Tharp is a genius of the first order. His library is an encyclopedia of human oddities, and his conversation an epitome of the contents of rare books, interspersed with his own peculiar and fresh ideas, clothed in original language. We enjoyed a half-day of genial hospitality in his great rambling farm-house, in the company of himself and daughters.

But to return to New Town (where our work was), which, though last to be spoken of, is by no means least in importance or population. The proprietor of this town is Henry Hill, Esq., also an old-timer, whose guest we were, and who lives outside the corporation in regular farmer's style, surrounded by his family and blessed by peace and plenty. Mrs. Hill is one of the heroines of the nineteenth century, whose work can never be estimated, for it is the priceless labor of rearing children and grandchildren who are destined to rise up and call her blessed.

Our first lectures in Independence were given in Sloper's Hall, a windowless room on the floor above a livery stable, where the people assembled in crowds, till even standing-room could not be had. Mr. B. F. Burch is the principal owner of the one church in the place, and he was out of town, so we could not get the privilege of occupying the pulpit till he came in on the second day, when the edifice was graciously placed at our disposal for the remaining lectures of the course. Mr. Burch is very popular among the citizens of Polk, who say they hope to see him reinstated as Superintendent of the penitentiary at no distant day.

The old school-house of New Town has been enlarged and otherwise improved till it now presents a very handsome appearance. There are two teachers, Prof. J. S. Sweet and Mrs. Vaughn, nee Miss Ida Hutton, formerly of Portland, both of whom are prime favorites in their respective departments.

There are several first-class mercantile houses and a number of grocery stores in Independence. Of the former, the houses of Mr. Adolf Wolfe and Messrs. Smith & Co. are in the lead, and of the latter, that of Mr. J. P. Irvine is the most popular. If any of our subscribers wish to know where to send for the best potatoes in the market, we confidently direct them to "Jack" Irvine, who hasn't paid for this "pufl," and didn't order it printed; but he deserves it, and here it is.

There are two hotels in Independence. And there are many boarding-houses—the protected and supported women who keep them being the weariest, sickliest-looking set of "angels" imaginable. There are many pleasant homes here, too, where the husband and wife are one, and that one both of them, where the wives are as happy and rosy as the wives of Laramie City, and where, it is almost needless to say, the husbands are believers in equal rights.

We must not omit to mention the prosperous millinery store of Miss J. M. Allen, a thorough business lady, who would not marry a king unless she could be queen, but who is as completely womanly, polite and gracious as though she had never earned the bread of precious independence or tasted the sweets of individual liberty.

Nor should we forget to record an incident during the progress of the lectures which is worthy of special note. At the close of one of the speeches, and when we felt pretty sure of the vote, we asked everybody who believed that women should have equal rights with men to arise to their feet. The crowd that had been seated arose, and those that were standing threw up their hats. But there were two or three who had not yet voted, so the negative was called for. Two persons arose, one being a youth of eighteen, who, when pressed for a reason for his negative vote, explained that he gave it to be on the opposite side, and because he saw the overwhelming majority was with us. The other man, a voter, said that he had made up his mind years ago, and he never changed. To this we answered that we were willing to confess that we had sometimes been led to change an opinion, but whenever we were induced to change we were consoled by the reflection that the difference between a human being and a donkey is that the human being can change an opinion and the donkey can't. "The house came down." The merriment was universal but respectful, and the utmost order prevailed. But that voter won't hear the last of it soon. Boys bray when they see him on the streets, and men hail each other with the question, when they see him coming, "Have you a mule to sell?" At this writing there is every prospect that one opponent may be induced to change an opinion, even if he has not done so already.

The *River Side* is a creditable weekly journal published here, of which Mr. G. W. Quivey is editor. The paper has a good field, and is, we hope, well patronized. We are proud to recognize it as an able defender of equal rights, and our thanks are due for courtesies extended during our visit.

Mrs. C. B. Skipworth, mother of Eugene Skipworth, who immortalized himself at the late Temperance Alliance, and who (the mother, not the son) has resided here for some years, has recently departed for Goldendale, the scene of her husband's future labors and her own untiring industry. Mrs. Skipworth, who has been an ardent opponent of Woman Suffrage, is destined to become the Joshua of the new dispensation. See if she doesn't. Her daughter, Mrs. Pipes, whose husband, the Hon. Luther Pipes, voted against Woman Suffrage in the late Legislature, and who is an active, intelligent and energetic little lady (we mean the daughter, not the son-in-law) is a strong Woman Suffragist, and is not faithfully represented by her husband when he votes against it. But we think he (we mean the son-in-law this time) has already seen the error of his vote, as he is a gentleman and a scholar and disposed to be cosmopolitan in his ideas when he is led to investigate a subject.

Our space is too limited to allow us to make more than passing mention of many friends to whom we were indebted for courtesies, including the Butlers, Tharps, Whiteakers, Hills, Coopers, Wolfes, Roberts, Smiths, Vaughns, Parkers, Harts, De Bords, Osburns, Lees, Irvines, Slopers, Sweets, and others, whose memory will remain with us a benediction wherever we shall go hereafter.

Our lectures were over, rounds of calls were made, the schools were visited, and our work was not yet finished, so we decided to go to Dallas on Friday, and return to Independence on the following Wednesday to organize a club. Our route lay through the valley by railway line to Derry Station, where we alighted to await the Salem stage. As this vehicle would not come along for several hours, we accepted the kindly escort of Hon. Mr. Pipes, who happened to be going our way, and walked to Dixie, half a mile distant, past Colonel Nesmith's farm, and through the very prettiest part of the county, to the home of Mr. and Mrs. Dempsey, where we spent the day, in pleasant chat and needed rest.

Since Nesmith has put off politics, or rather since his party has put him off, he has turned his attention to agriculture, and is said to be a much decenter man than hitherto. Relics of obscene stories, which he is charged with having related as parts of conversation between him and myself, are still sniffed as a choice relish by some of his filthy admirers, and we would not allude to them at all save for the purpose of informing the wives of some of these foul-minded beings that kind Providence has always furnished us with better company than J. W. Nesmith; that we never conversed with him on any topic in our life, and never rode in a stage-coach where he was; that we never spoke to him but once, and that was about a year ago, and by the merest accident; that he never introduced us to an audience in the Dalles or anywhere else; and we doubt that he ever claimed that he did. He may be and probably is a vulgar babbler; but he is not a fool, nor could he afford to make declarations of a libelous nature concerning himself or anybody else. And those moralists (?) who are claiming to condemn

us upon the supposition that Nesmith has sometimes addressed us in improper language would do well to find out whether or not he is really guilty of saying he did before they condemn us everlastingly because of his sin. And should they find him guilty—we cheerfully give him the benefit of the doubt—we suggest that he atone for his own iniquities, for we disclaim all responsibility in the premises. Nesmith ought to be a good man, for he has an excellent wife and an interesting family. And he ought to be a Woman Suffragist, for he has daughters who are capable of filling higher positions than he has ever reached, and who are taxed without representation and governed by their political sovereigns, the negro and the foreigner.

The stage ride from Dixie to Dallas was not long or uncomfortable; but it left us exhausted and dull, and precluded the possibility of writing up this place till next week.

A. S. D.

Dallas, March 21, 1881.

From the *Weston Leader*: "While the wife of a President reaches that altitude incidentally only, and is not directly responsible to the citizens, she yet wields a mighty influence. As she moves, so moves the leading society; this, ramifying thence, becomes fashion. Mrs. Hayes had a proper conception of her position, and firmly stamped the imprint of her wisdom on the fashions she moulded. Her stand on the temperance question, in excluding wine from her receptions, regardless of the strenuous opposition met, has elicited much comment and been productive of much good. But this radical step was not the only one. Being a woman, it was her prerogative to dictate concerning the fashionable costumes of ladies. A correspondent, speaking of one of Hayes' receptions, mentions that 'but one woman appeared in undress, with bare arms,' etc. And in every direction where an intelligent woman of her station could accomplish good, has Mrs. Hayes been correcting the evil tendencies of the day. She has retired from her station with the best wishes of an admiring people, marred by no far-fetched considerations of politics." Mrs. Hayes further shows her good sense and thorough womanliness by being a pronounced Woman Suffragist.

In his recent comments on the "conversion" of murderers just before they are sent to eternity, Henry Ward Beecher has offered to the world a lump of wisdom. Speaking of the work of women in degrading and beautifying the cell of a brutal life-taker, the endeavorers of philanthropists in his behalf, and the efforts of priests or preachers to insure his "salvation," Mr. Beecher says: "Are not one hundred thousand persons dying all around him? There is nobody to run to them. There is no sympathy for them. But if a monster is to die for foul murder, the flood-gates of sympathy are opened, and the newspapers tell how he died trusting in Jesus. Faugh! Can a man who has crept to the gallows through common sewers, at the last moment, just before the last effort to obtain pardon, suddenly blossom out into fervent religious life? I don't believe it."

Governor Littlefield, of Rhode Island, is the fifth Governor who has in his message this year made a friendly recognition of the rights of women. He recommends suffrage on the school question. The other four gentlemen who have lent a hand to the woman movement are Governor Long of Massachusetts, Governor Cornell of New York, Governor Porter of Indiana, and Governor Perkins of California. It is now proper for some philosopher to offer the remark that the Woman Suffrage movement is dying. We have not seen that statement in an exchange for some time, and it would seem like meeting an old friend to come across it once again.

Under the head of "Triumph in Nebraska," the last *Woman's Journal* contains this item: "A Woman Suffrage amendment has passed both branches of the Nebraska Legislature. In the House the vote stood 51 in favor to 19 against; in the Senate, 22 to 8. Westward ho!" We hope the above may be literally true, but we gain the impression from exchanges that the legislation in Nebraska is similar to that in Oregon—adoption of a resolution for submitting the question of amendment to the voters. We should like to hear from some of our Nebraskan friends on this subject.

The *New York Evening Post* urges that colleges for women teach the general rules of business, and adds: "It is this ignorance which throws moneyed ladies almost universally on the mercies of the sterner sex as to all business matters, and makes them when they are swindled the easy and ready victims of a fraud which a little business sagacity might have checked."

Senator Cameron and wife, of Pennsylvania, are coming to the Pacific Coast soon on a visit.

## WHY IS IT?

[Addie Heath in *Woman's Journal*.]

Why is it, I wonder, that women occupied with their own affairs are subject to so many more criticisms and inquiries than men? Did you ever know a young man—or old, for that matter—who was attending to his own business, having this question asked about him: "What supports Mr. So-and-so?" or did you ever hear this comment: "He dresses too well to be a working man!" Of course this state of affairs is not universal—for that we are very thankful. Nevertheless there is, and among so-called intelligent people too, a class whose special mission is to wonder and investigate what self-supporting women do to maintain themselves, and if by their chosen calling or profession they earn quite enough to cover all their expenses.

I suspect that the homely saying, "Satan gives employment to idle hands," might explain the problem if we were allowed to substitute brains for hands—that is, if the persons in question are always in possession of them.

"You must give me references," a lady replied to a young woman artist, who had called to look at rooms.

The windows up-stairs and down-stairs were placarded "Furnished rooms to let."

"I am a stranger in the city," was the modest reply of the young person, whose very address was a reference; "but I can show you letters from my former teachers to instructors here."

Owing to sickness in the home, she had been obliged to set out upon her journey alone, and so without an escort was looking up a resting place.

"That won't do," returned this over-nice landlady. "My husband is a very particular man, and he doesn't care to have 'lone women' in the house anyway. You'd better look somewhere else!" and she closed the door with a bang, remarking to the domestic, "She dresses most too well for a girl that 'pears to be earning her own living!'"

So the beginner in life walked away to another house with "Furnished rooms to let," wondering if Boston wasn't a hard place to live in. She might have been saved an unpleasant experience, and guarded against home-sickness, if this worthy couple had specified in their advertisement to whom they let rooms.

"Do you think there is quite as much of this now, as a few years ago?" some one looking over my shoulder asks.

There ought not to be, considering the growth of civilization, but there is quite enough now to keep sensitive natures—to whom the fact is ever apparent that they are "entirely self-reliant"—continually on the *qui vive*. It is not so much what the comment amounts to, as the pain it inflicts upon those who are so delicately organized that they cannot all at once make up their minds to be a target for every dart that may be aimed at them.

The *Independence River Side* of the 18th instant speaks thus of Mrs. Duniway's recent visit and labors at Independence: "Mrs. A. S. Duniway, editress of the *NEW NORTHWEST*, has been delivering a course of very entertaining and instructive lectures in this place during the week. Mrs. D. is a very pleasant speaker, and handles her subject in a manner which entitles her to a front rank on the rostrum. At 11 o'clock A. M. on Sunday Mrs. D. gave to a large audience her experience in visiting the Centennial, interspersed with occasional strong pleas in favor of the enfranchisement and equal rights of women. On Sunday evening, the subject of her discourse was 'Why Not?' and was a very able effort, in which she met, in a calm, argumentative way, many of the objections urged against the idea of extending the elective franchise to women. Her arguments, which were given in her own peculiar style, were clear, logical and unanswerable, and will set many to thinking on the subject. Mrs. D. is emphatically the apostle of the suffrage movement, and suffers nothing to interfere with her duty in that respect; and however much one may differ with her views, none doubt her sincerity and devotion to the cause, or her ability to properly present it. We learn that it is designed to organize a Polk County Woman Suffrage Association at Dallas at an early day. We wish it God speed."

The old Congregational Church in West Brookfield, Mass., was burned on the 1st instant. The loss will be nearly \$20,000. The following curious vote was passed by its trustees in 1721: "Granted a pew to be built on the left hand of the pulpit, to be for the deacons' wives, said wives to set in the pew during their natural life."

Again it is stated that the rascals who forged the Morey letter have been discovered; but their names are not given.