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THREE WOMEN.

MRS. GARFIELD.

Mrs. Eliza Garfield is the first mother of a President who has ever seen her son's inauguration. Other mothers, possibly, may have been alive to hear the news, but this eighty-year-old dame had more than a right to be at the Capital on that day. She had "blazed out," as woodmen say, the road to it from the log cabin in Cuyahoga county. Such a history of motherly courage and patience and faith is not rare, to be sure, in any farmhouse, but there was something more than this. What the Ohio law is as respects the widow's estate and the distribution of even a small farm property does not appear. In Pennsylvania, when a farmer dies without a will, the intestate law opens the way to breaking up the home. The little property is sold, and the children are parceled out among administrators if the mother has not money enough to keep them with her. Many an industrious farmer woman who could get along if she were left to decide must be turned out of the Pennsylvania farm when her husband dies and see it parceled out, so that her "thirds" are often to her the loss of her all. It was not so in the Orange township farm-house. The father of Garfield died a young man, leaving a small farm, encumbered with debt, in the woods, with twenty cleared acres around the house. What was remarkable in Eliza Garfield at that day was her strong will. She put aside the well-meant but mistaken advice of friends, and determined that neither the house should be sold nor her children scattered. With four children, one a slip of a boy, and the future President a baby, she worked the poor farm so that it yielded a living. At night she taught her boys. Probably it was well for the young Garfield boys they were not deluged with "children's books." The bookshelf held but few, but how those histories and scanty biography must have sunk in and taken root during the long, quiet Winter evenings! The children of the rich do not have such advantages as the lonely farm-house and the energy and brains of that little widow woman gave her sons. It was fifty years ago when the widow Garfield started the experiment of carrying on the Orange farm and bringing up her son to wholesome independence. At the end of the half-century, he carries her to the White House, the first mother of a President who ever lived there. It is something to be proud of, not that the farms of the West and the East rear such women, for that we all know, but that one of them has lived to see the reward of her wood-chopping and planting, her sawing and her teaching—of her courage, in short.

MRS. CHURCHILL.

A woman died recently in Providence who was both a seer and an unseen force. She died too young, worn out by overwork, because of the tireless spirit that could never let pass a chance to help others. She had not an easy or a sheltered corner of the world, and yet she did more than many women who have ease and affluence and time and opportunity. Mrs. Elizabeth K. Churchill became known to many Philadelphians at the time of the Centennial as an indefatigable and accurate correspondent of the Providence *Journal*. Women Journalists, in 1876, became visible to more than the eye of faith. They came along in troops, the wise and otherwise. Some plumed themselves on their mannishness, or on the gorgeousness of their attire. Others hid their pencils in the pockets of their linen dusters and looked on, with shrewd eyes, at the exhibit of women, along with the rest of the products of these United States. Mrs. Churchill was early to define her position, in a perfectly characteristic way. She had her out-desk in the hall reserved for general correspondents, working by the side of busy quill-drivers, most of them men. Occasionally she was to be found in the newspaper room of the Woman's Building, as she was a valued reporter for the journal printed there. But she preferred each day to stand in the ranks of the regulars, as it gave her an opportunity of helping and advising other women—young women, often—who drifted there, and whose manners and freedom were looked upon by some of the foreign correspondents as characteristic. She had a good influence in correcting thoughtlessness. She was a standard in that room; thoroughly dignified and self-respecting, with no affectations of false delicacy, but with perfectly outspoken and very high ideas as to the function of women in journalism.—Mrs. Churchill was early left a widow with two boys to support. She tried farming for a space, sheep-raising among the rocks of New Hampshire, working in the fields until late in the evening; but, unlike some rose-colored experiences, she could not make farming pay in New England. She was a teacher for a few years, until finally her true abilities defined themselves in journalism. With very limited opportunities in younger life, and never an owner of many books, her reading was omnivorous. She

made great use of the public library; she was always a student, interested in facts and statistics; not satisfied with general statements, but hunting out for herself the laws, the occupations and all that concerned not only women, but the morals of society. She was a whole social science meeting in herself, so varied was her study, so intelligent her suggestions in these matters. Although she worked very hard, being entirely dependent on her journalistic writing for support, she did a vast amount of unpaid-for labor. She was one of the active spirits of the Woman's Congress. Always an out-and-out claimant of the suffrage for women, she began to see of late years that education goes before or at least with such a claim. The many thoughtful papers that this Congress has called out each year for eight years now show the good uses of such meetings of American women. In all these years Mrs. Churchill did a vast deal of organizing correspondence, besides her own contributions to the Congress proper, all of which, for a day laborer at the pen, were gifts indeed. She organized the Woman's Club, of Providence—a little younger than the Woman's Club in Philadelphia, but undertaking a precisely similar work—to bring together women who were interested in domestic and social as well as scholarly pursuits. In addition to this, and while herself one of the hardest of workers, she established, more than a year ago, the "Working Women's Lectures" in Providence, and the last public act of her life was to give a lecture in that course on prenatal influences, which was worth many sermons to that or any other audience of women, rich or poor. Literally she gave her life away to all these claims, and time was money to her. The rich women of Providence, who were her friends, and who were stimulated by her influence to carry on the projects she was ever planning, recognize that she gave to all their charities and aid associations far more than they. Such stories can never be told until they are ended, by which we all lose somewhat.

MRS. CARLYLE.

Mrs. Carlyle's story is almost entirely given in the "Reminiscences" by Carlyle, just published by the Scribners. The one value of her life was its character as helpmeet to the struggling young author; her judgment as critic, which he largely depended on, and her skill as house-keeper both went to this. Nobody ever knew whether the Carlyles were rich or poor, she had so the secret of comfort about her. She never "nagged" her husband to make money as other wives of gold mines (it is said) sometimes do. Her ambition was that he should do good work, have all the serene leisure necessary, and be unfretted with money cares. When they met at late dinner time, she had a store of anecdote and humor to entertain him, and Carlyle reproaches himself that even in the midst of bodily suffering, unsuspected by him, these gay "illuminations" went on. There is rather a demand, now-a-days, that the husbands shall bring home at night this fund of gaiety and cheerfulness, and so they should, when their wives are chained fast to household cares. But in this case Carlyle was the prisoner in his study for many hours of each day, and his wife supplied the fresh air and sunshiny spirits that are brought in from out-of-doors. She was his cook and his carpenter, as well as his critic, and had all the faculty and wit of a Scotch peasant woman, as she was.—*Philadelphia Ledger*.

The contents of the *North American Review* for June are quite diversified. The first article is by Hon. Hugh McCulloch, "Our Future Fiscal Policy," and treats of financial and maritime problems. George B. Loring writes of "The Patrician Element in American Society," but the reader need apprehend no glorification of artificial rank, for in the author's estimation the patrician element here is simply that portion of the people, whatever their lineage, who are engaged in developing our mental, moral and material wealth. Dorman B. Eaton makes a spirited defense of civil service reform; Prof. W. G. Sumner states very clearly the argument for free ships; Frederick Douglass writes of "The Color Line;" Désiré Charnay, of "The Ruins of Central America;" Dr. Austin Flint discusses the benefits of vaccination; J. M. Mason asserts the lawful power of the Government to regulate railway charges; and finally, Prof. E. S. Morse sets forth the evidences of the existence of man upon this continent in prehistoric times.

Mrs. Mary A. Livermore sailed from Boston for Europe on the 25th ultimo, to be absent three or four months. She purposes to attend the conferences of the British and International Federation, of which Mrs. Josephine E. Butler is the soul, who is so bravely working against the continental and English system of state regulated prostitution. These conferences are held in London on the 22d, 23d and 24th of the present month.

WOMAN'S DELICACY AND PURITY.

[From the Western Woman's Journal.]

There are many phases in discussion in which a disputant is best answered by honest indignation or keen contempt. When an opponent, regardless of the simplest rules of fairness, erects a flimsy pretense, and, knowing it to be a self-evident sham, insists in the face of common sense that his absurd position is correct, he not only attempts to deceive, but willfully falsifies. He seeks by brazen effrontery to commit a highway robbery on intelligence, and (since arguments avail nothing with such disputants) places himself beyond the pale of logic and within the confines of absurdity. But the pretense and assumption of such a position are not equal to its hypocrisy. Those who adopt this method of disputation oftenest argue upon the apparent basis of morality or the public good, seemingly unmindful of the fact that the position they take is antagonistic to that which they seek to establish.

The Judas of betrayal fame was not more hypocritical than many who oppose equal rights for woman on the ground that it would injure her delicacy and purity. Emanating as such assertions often do from men who seek the degradation of women, they are indeed travesties upon honorable opinion.

When men assert that, by giving woman equal rights with man, she would lose purity and delicacy, they involve themselves in a dilemma, both horns of which are absurd—either that woman's purity and delicacy are so easily destroyed that they are not worth preserving, or that the exercise of political rights by men is debasing. If the former, an attribute so volatile and evanescent is unworthy of respect—hence they need feel no anxiety for its loss; if the latter, it is time men's political rights were taken away; for it must certainly be conceded that a wise policy would dictate that any form of government which debases its citizens ought to be changed or abolished. But both premises are false. Woman's purity and delicacy are not easily tarnished, nor is our political system corrupt or debasing.

The poetical imagery of these objectors to Woman Suffrage is grotesquely insincere. Men who possess scarcely an aesthetic thought will gravely intimate that the delicate bloom on the peach, the microscopic feathers on the beautiful wings of the butterfly, the soft pollen on the petals, will not bear handling. All of which sounds as sensible as the babbling brook—and proves as much. We place no such ethereal estimate on American women. Their purity is not like the transient shimmer of the sunlight on the wavelets, to be obscured by every passing cloud, nor like burnished brass, easily tarnished. On the contrary, a woman's purity is practical. It is part of her womanhood. It is as the diamond among gems or gold among metals. Even as no man need be dishonest because he is a good citizen, so no woman need lose her purity because she performs the duties of citizenship, which are noble and elevating.

The cry about politics' being disreputable is greatly exaggerated. The most of American citizens are honest and intelligent. It is true that dishonest politicians, like dishonest merchants, resort to disreputable practices. Honest politicians do not. And since no intelligent man would argue that because some merchants cheat, all good people should not engage in merchandising lest they lose their honesty, so no intelligent person should hold aloof from politics because some dishonest politicians engage in disreputable practices. On the contrary, this is one of the strongest arguments in favor of good men and women engaging in politics, because it is especially a patriotic duty of the highest importance for good citizens to prevent bad ones from obtaining control of the government.

Whatever pollution there may be in politics should be cleansed. Women are needed as the purifying element, and will enter the arena of politics as they enter hospitals, to brighten and renovate. The grand success of Woman Suffrage in Wyoming refutes the objection under consideration in this article, as well as others. There the best and purest women have voted for years, and their reputation is untarnished by the breath of suspicion.

If it be debasing for a woman to vote with her father, husband, brother or son, much more ought she to be condemned for living with him. Yet she claims our highest respect in the home circle; and since the duties of citizenship are also high and holy, so woman will perform these duties with no more danger to her purity than in her home.

With their delicacy as their shield, their purity as their armor, American women can go unsullied where their husbands, fathers or sons should go; and the man who believes his wife or daughter would be contaminated by entering politics ought himself to remain aloof lest his own spotless purity might receive a stain.

MAN'S RIGHT TO THE END OF THE PEW.

[From the Springfield Republican.]

Man concedes to woman the best seat everywhere but in church. The church seat (for no very good reason) is still a straight bench with a sloping back and no arms—but for the cushion, a disgrace to an old-fashioned country school-house. The devil, a well-known church architect, has for his own reasons perpetrated this arrangement, while he has introduced arm-chairs and seats inclined slightly backward in theatres, opera-houses, bar-rooms, livery-stable offices, and all ungodly places. But assuming that the excommunicating pew is necessary to a religious frame of mind, why should man be a boor alone at church and boldly appropriate the best seat, that next to the aisle? To be sure, owing to another device of the same architect above mentioned, this arm itself is often but a delusion and a snare, so far as it pretends to support the arm, unless it was intended for a race of beings with an arm coming out under the fifth rib. But whether the arm be comfortable or not, we observe that frail man tries to get at least some trifling support out of it for his back, his side, or some other portion of his weary frame. Woman, on the other hand, must sit bolt upright, leaned against the slippery verge of the polished walnut or ash, and looking as if "she should sink" before the preacher gets to the merciful "lastly."

But of course there are high and mighty objections to woman's sitting next to the aisle. In the first place, it is not her sphere. God created woman for a sphere. An important feature of her sphere is backache, and no true woman would be so false to her high destiny as to trifle with any institution, particularly any religious institution, ordained to that end. Her place is in the home, and what would become of the home if she were to sit at the first end of the pew, while *pater familias* took his seat in the middle? Moreover, woman cannot fight. Man evidently sits at the end of the pew so that he can more readily grasp his musket and stand in line in the aisle ready to march to his country's defense. This question goes to the very root of the whole matter. She who cannot fight of course should not vote, and she should not expose herself to the enemy by sitting at the end of the pew. But woman sits next to the aisle in other places of resort. Tut, tut—this leveling down of sacred distinctions in secular places must not invade the churches. If woman is allowed to sit at the open end of the pew, she would still more frequently invade the pulpit, until she is as familiar there as in the choir.

But there is also the important objection, what would the world say? How could a modest woman sit at the arm end of the pew while her husband or father sat inside? Sure enough, how could she? Then, again, they have not asked for it. Not a woman has raised her voice for it. No petitions have been sent to the Legislature, and the majority of women would probably do just as their husbands say, anyway. Ergo, the men will keep the end seat.

Mrs. Amelia de Young, mother of the proprietor of the *San Francisco Chronicle*, died last week, peacefully and quietly, at the age of seventy-two years. M. H. de Young was in the East when she was taken ill, but he chartered an extra train and hurried home to her bedside. The *San Jose Mercury*, in noticing the death of the lady, says: "Whatever may be the opinion of anyone as to the character and motives of the late Chas. de Young and his surviving partner, M. H. de Young, there can be nothing but admiration and respect for the devoted love and tender kindness which, it is universally conceded, they have always shown to their mother. After the late stormy time in her life, death must have come as a tender friend and welcome visitor."

From the *Pendleton Tribune*: "'Butch,' who was put in jail a short time ago for 'only knocking a woman down stairs,' again shows his smiling face on our streets. The whipping-post may be old-fashioned and out of date, but we think there would be less crime in the county if we had one; and we know that it would be a big saving to the tax-payers. Putting these old offenders in jail is no punishment. They don't mind it in the least, for they are given good, wholesome food to eat and a nice clean bed to sleep on, and they come out fat and saucy."

The "Kingdom of Heaven case," somewhat notorious in Walla Walla, has reached final settlement. A. B. Cilley was allowed \$125, A. J. Courtney \$420, and Thomas W. Evans \$2700, aggregating \$3225, with costs additional. In delivering the verdict, Judge Wingard said that any one in this enlightened age claiming to be God Almighty is a fraud *per se*, and should be made to refund all moneys extorted from innocent believers.