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A NOTEWORTHY EVENT.

ELIZABETH CADY STANTON'S ATTEMPT TO VOTE
A "CLEAN REPUBLICAN TICKET" ON THE
SECOND DAY OF NOVEMBER.

HER BALLOT REFUSED AT THE SPOT WHERE SHE ANNU-
ALLY PAYS TAXES TO HELP SUPPORT THE
"GOVERNMENT OF THE PEOPLE."

[Mrs. Stanton in the National Citizen.]

Sitting in my library in the early morning of our great National election day, that had dawned so bright and beautiful, my thoughts naturally turned on our grand experiment of government, the deep significance of a National election, and the blessed freedom of thought and speech our people here enjoy. My heart swelling with gratitude and hope that our right to be a Nation might to-day be fully vindicated at the ballot-box, I seized my pen to give the outpourings of my patriotic soul to a woman's journal—when lo! "the Republican carriage and horses," all decked with flags and evergreens, drove gaily to my door. One of our leading citizens announced himself in search of voters. As my six legal representatives were scattered far and near, in the old world and the new, I offered to do the voting for them and represent myself—a most fitting thing for me to do, being the owner of the homestead, and having paid my own taxes in person, and having resided in the Democratic State of New Jersey for twelve years; being also of sound mind, of the legal age three times seven, and having sufficient education to read the Constitution and the ticket I offered. My staunch Republican friend accepted the proposition. Accordingly, Susan B. Anthony (always ready to make an escapade on the ballot-box) and I donned our Sunday attire, stepped into the carriage, and were borne in triumph to the polling booth, amid the crowd of American sovereigns, their crown and scepter, the ballot, in their own right hands. This greatest of all duties of an American citizen we found was to be performed in a wayside inn, where the aristocracy of Bergen county are wont to seek the elixir that keeps them warm in Winter and cool in Summer, though suppressed on election day until the clock strikes seven, when the polls close and the sun is supposed to set on this 2d day of November.

Ushered into the august presence of the Inspectors of Election, and of the imposing ballot-box with the Holy Bible pressed to its inanimate lips, my champion announced, "Mrs. Stanton has come to vote a clean Republican ticket." As this occurred precisely in the same spot where I usually paid my taxes, I felt quite at home, and much lighter hearted at the prospect of enjoying the highest privilege of citizenship than on any former occasion, when compelled to pay its penalties, and when my heart did not respond to the tender Scriptural sentiment, "It is more blessed to give than to receive." The author of that precept could never have paid taxes in a country declaring that "taxation without representation is tyranny."

At the first proposition for a woman to vote, one of the Inspectors, whom I knew well, dropped into his chair, looking as meek as Moses; another stood back with bowed head, as if searching for grains of mustard seed in the cracks of the floor; while the chosen champion for the combat took his position with dogged determination that "none but male citizens could vote; that there was no precedent for females' voting." I told him that, in the opinion of many learned judges, lawyers and statesmen, women were enfranchised by the Fourteenth Amendment to the National Constitution, which declares "all persons born or naturalized in the United States" to be "citizens," and the Fifteenth, which declares "the citizen's" right to vote.

"I am here as a United States citizen," said I, "to vote for United States officers. It is not the duty of a town Inspector to decide on my liberties. As to a precedent, there are many precedents for women's voting. Women are voting on school questions in eight States of the Union to-day, and on the sacred soil of New Jersey, where we now stand, women voted for thirty-one years, from 1776 to 1807."

But this stolid Democrat (for the two Republican Judges had cunningly thrust him forward) was impervious to argument or appeal, and, in his stress for something to say, innocently admitted what his assailants and the bystanders had already perceived—that he knew nothing about the matter, never having read our constitutions, State or National. Shades of Jefferson and Jackson forgive! that of such material we now make town inspectors of elections!

At this point, Mr. Cooper, a Democratic State Senator, seeing his brother Democrat pushed to the wall, impertinently called from the corner, "Pray proceed with the voting; we have wasted time enough over this trifling matter."

"Gentlemen," said I, "this is the most mo-

mentous question the citizens of our town have ever been called upon to consider."

The acting Inspector then asked his Republican coadjutors if they agreed with him to refuse my vote, and each solemnly bowed his assent.

I then tendered my ballot, but as no outstretched hand was ready to receive it, I laid it on the box, the Inspector meantime keeping one hand heavily on the Bible, evidently fearing that, with the heroic Miss Anthony at my elbow, who ever and anon in a low tone had made suggestions, we two might by some dextrous maneuver slip the proscribed ballot into the sacred enclosure. In retiring, I said:

"I leave my ballot here. With you rests the responsibility of refusing to count it."

We returned in the "Republican carriage" to our home, leaving the voters of Palisade Township to discuss the merits of the question. Several called on us during the day for papers, pamphlets and constitutional arguments, and we have thrown down the glove for a series of public discussions.

What a spectacle this gorgeous Autumnal sun shines down upon, this 2d of November—a free people with millions of voters enthusiastically assembling 'round their tens of thousands of polling booths to express their will in regard to the principles of government. And what a grand education to our people are these political campaigns in which the ablest minds of the Nation teach the men in every school district their duties as citizens and the value of free institutions. It is an inestimable loss to the Nation that the large class of intelligent, educated women, ever loyal to the best interests of society, should stand silent witnesses of this sublime spectacle—denied the right to express their will. But the good time is coming when we, too, will share in the great National uprising, and march in the grand procession of freedom.

Meantime, let us as American citizens rise above the personal injustice we suffer, above the dust and smoke, the frauds and corruptions of politics, and remember the great experiment of government we are now making, based on human equality.

Though failing at so many points to maintain our declared principles, yet we are steadily moving, step by step, toward the consummation of what philosophers have predicted, poets sung and artists painted—THE GOLDEN AGE—when among the sons and daughters of earth there shall be no class or caste.

The *North American Review*, which reflects the ideas of many of the deepest thinkers of America, furnishes several valuable papers in its December number. Its contents are as follows: "The Future of the Republican Party," by George S. Boutwell; "Discoveries at Olympia," by Professor Ernst Curtius; "Rational Sunday Observance," by Rev. James Freeman Clarke; "Southern Statesmen and their Policy," by John Jay; Part IV. of "The Ruins of Central America," by Désiré Charney; "The Distribution of Time," by Leonard Waldo, S. D.; "The Public-School Failure," by Richard Grant White; "The Validity of the Emancipation Edict," by Aaron A. Ferris. The *Review's* rates are \$5 00 per annum and 50 cents per single number. Orders should be addressed to New York.

Dr. Lucy S. Pigdin, of Boston, who graduated last March from the United States Medical College, of New York, being number two in a class of sixteen, has been elected Secretary of the West Side Medical Association, of New York City. This is probably the first instance of a woman's being elected to such a position in an association composed almost entirely of men.

The *College Journal* is the title of a new monthly which has made its appearance at Salem, under the auspices of the professors and students of Willamette University. It is neatly printed and is filled with matter of interest to all connected with educational institutions. The subscription price is \$1 per annum.

A Washington dispatch of the 4th instant says that Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, the only lady lawyer ever admitted to practice in the United States Supreme Court, "commanded the attention of the members of that tribunal the day before in a twenty-minute speech."

From *Woman's Words*, of Philadelphia: "Miss Cassie Stump, a young Oregon lady, now taking a special literary and musical course at Wellesley College, is writing a series of charming letters for the *Pacific Christian Messenger*, published at Monmouth, Oregon."

A pleasing holiday present for little-children would be a copy of *The Nursery*, a "magazine for youngest readers," published monthly at No. 38 Bromfield street, Boston, at \$1 50 a year.

WHAT A LADY EDITOR ENCOUNTERS.

[From the Denver Antelope.]

One woman says that this "dreadful female," the editor of the *Antelope*, goes into all the saloons, and that for her part she would not speak to such a person. We have lived in the world long enough to know that it is just as necessary to have enemies as friends, and we believe that some persons can be of more use to one in life as enemies than as friends. We are also firm in the belief that the lady in question is one of this variety, and wonder if she ever speaks to men who go into the saloons. If so, she has sufficient caliber to sit in judgment on the difference in the motives of the two pilgrims. We suppose that this lady prude does not object to reading the masculine papers, even though they advertise for saloons and variety theaters, and she certainly will not refuse her support to any editor of the male persuasion. We do not advertise these places, but take as much pains to place our literature in the hands of these men as any others, because it is for the best interests of the race that they be educated. This woman must be the one who objected to our paper because the printing is done on Holladay street. Terrible! Our motives are of an exalted character and our business is unquestionable, let us go where we may. Can this bigoted woman say as much of her gentlemen friends? Besides, we do not think that men who keep those places are one whit lower than the persons who sustain them. We also recognize this fact, that every saloon-keeper is a voter, the superior of woman as a citizen in power and influence; and if an orang-outang should become a naturalized citizen, we would endeavor to educate him to the new dispensation as taught in the columns of this paper. In the meantime, we do not think the loss of friendship a heavy one, judging by the standard of the objecting caliber. Our life is not to be devoted to cultivating sweet-scented shallowness, but to earnest, practical work for the benefit of those who are unable to hold their own without this help.

At Buena Vista we saw Jessie. Readers will of course want to know who Jessie can be. Well, that is just what we were going to tell you. Jessie is a young mother who was so unfortunate as to marry a worthless man, but who has been fortunate in ridding herself of an impostor, and the point is this: that she has the good sense to know that she is well off in being rid of him and in having the capacity and health to work for herself and a lovely girl baby. We never knew a woman who seemed happier in the mission of maternity, notwithstanding her hard lot. We think a baby can very well forego a worthless father when it has such a mother. We hope, notwithstanding the paternal side of doubtfulness, that Jessie's little daughter may live to a beautiful and useful womanhood; that she may fill with an honest, maternal pride the heart and life of the noble and courageous young mother.

We encountered another and an entirely different specimen of humanity in the shape of a postmaster at Buena Vista. This fellow gives it as his opinion that no woman who has any respect for herself would engage in any such business as we follow. We would not care a cent about the opinion of such persons as this man and Judge Decker, if they would express them to their coadjutors and not to us personally; but we are as fiery as a rocket, and this audacity is liable to be rewarded with a "hit" of one kind or another. We responded promptly, telling him that we were most happy in not having spent our time as his poor unfortunate mother had in raising a man that Solomon would have called a fool and a drunkard. This postmaster had been drinking, we are informed, and is such a debauch that one of his bondsmen has withdrawn his support. The Republican party of this State will surely get weak in the knees if it manifests no more judgment in making appointments and in selecting leaders. Both of these fellows look like gentlemen upon the outside.

From last week's *Union Sentinel*: "Mrs. Duniway lectured in the Methodist church on Monday and Tuesday evenings, taking for her subjects, 'Why Not,' and 'Observations at the Centennial.' Mrs. Duniway represents the woman's cause in logical eloquence, and we believe that time will crown her efforts with victory."

"Individual Rights," a pamphlet of about 60 pages, by Martin Ryerson, should be read by every individual who has not given long, patient and careful study to the subject of which it treats. Published by the Authors' Company, No. 27 Bond street, New York. Price, 25 cents.

The *Phrenological Journal* for December is at hand, its pages filled with interesting reading and useful information. Among its articles are sketches of Nahum Capen, L. L. D., and Wm. A. Hallock, D. D., and a study of the woman question.

MARRIED WOMEN'S RIGHTS.

The substance and salient points of the Act to "establish and protect the rights of married women," was published in the *NEW NORTHWEST* of October 25th (as soon as it was possible to give it after it was approved). Our subscription list has largely increased during the past month, and as a number of our new patrons desire to read the law, we again print it. It was signed by Governor Thayer shortly after its passage by the Legislature, and is now in force. It is as follows:

Be it enacted by the Legislative Assembly of the State of Oregon:

SECTION 1. All laws which impose or recognize civil disabilities upon a wife which are not imposed or recognized as existing as to the husband, are hereby repealed; *Provided*, that this Act shall not confer the right to vote or hold office upon the wife, except as is otherwise provided by law; and for any unjust usurpation of her property or her natural rights, she shall have the same right to appeal in her own name alone to the courts of law or equity for redress that the husband has.

SEC. 2. Henceforth the rights and responsibilities of the parents in the absence of misconduct shall be equal, and the mother shall be as fully entitled to the custody and control of the children and their earnings, as the father; and in case of the father's death, the mother shall come into as full control of the children and their estate as the father does in case of the mother's death. All laws and portions of laws inconsistent with the foregoing are hereby repealed.

SEC. 3. This Act shall take effect and be in force from and after its approval by the Governor.
Approved October 20, 1880.

ABROGATE THE TREATY.

It is stated that Claus Spreckles is erecting a sugar refinery of colossal proportions in San Francisco. The main building is to be 397 feet in length, of irregular dimensions as to breadth, and ten stories high. It will cost nearly or quite a million dollars. This announcement leads the *Oregonian* to make these sensible remarks: "Through the Hawaiian treaty, Spreckles is making a million a year out of the treasury of the United States and the sugar consumers of the Pacific coast. At the earliest possible day notice should be given by our Government of its wish to terminate this treaty. Such notice may be given within seven years from the time the ratifications were exchanged—that is to say, about two years hence. The treaty takes an enormous annual sum out of the treasury of the United States and gives it to Mr. Claus Spreckles. Moreover, it has increased the price of sugar to consumers. And it has annihilated the direct trade of Oregon with the Islands. It is the most unequal and scandalous treaty to which the needy and unscrupulous jobbers who abounded in the Senate some years ago ever made the United States a party."

Mrs. Ida L. Bunnell, of Sumner, Coos county, writes as follows to Mrs. A. S. Duniway: "I have been without your valuable paper for three years, and write to order it again. My treatment among the ruling half of the world for the past three months is similar to the circumstance you related in your lecture at this place four years ago of your early experience regarding a mortgage. Henceforth I shall advocate openly and proudly (to the best of my ability) equal rights or woman's rights, just as men choose to call it." The *NEW NORTHWEST* welcomes the lady as a subscriber and as a worker in the Woman Suffrage ranks. We want all the help that can be obtained in the next four years, and hope other women will declare themselves as boldly as has Mrs. Bunnell.

From the Oregon City *Enterprise* of last week: "How is it that only about one per cent of our population attended church on Thanksgiving Day, after the dissatisfaction that was loudly expressed at the form of Governor Thayer's Thanksgiving proclamation? When the murmurs were heard, one was led to imagine that this was an exceedingly religious community. Can it be that our people have nothing to be thankful for during the past year, or is it possible their hearts were full of overflowing gratitude for our prosperity, but they did not know whom to thank because it was not indicated in the proclamation to whom the praise should be given."

Henry Bergh, the dumb brutes' friend, is an advocate of the whipping post for a large class of malefactors, including wife-beaters, garrulous and thieves. By mingling with the criminal and brutal classes, he has learned that fines and imprisonment are no punishment for a large variety of offenders, who are destitute of moral and mental sensibilities, and can be reached and corrected only through such sufferings as they cause their victims—physical pain.

The receipt is acknowledged of a story by Josephine Jackson entitled, "What's the Matter?" Not having had time to read it, we can only say that it is No. 27 of the popular Satchel Series, and can be obtained for 20 cents of the Authors' Publishing Company, No. 27 Bond street, New York.