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## EASTERN OREGON.

MRS. DUNWAY'S RELATED LETTER RECEIVED—SCENES AND EXPERIENCES IN UNION, COVE, ISLAND CITY AND LA GRANDE.

NEW FRIENDS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE—A LONG-TONGUED, GOSSIPY AND SLANDEROUS WIDOWER—MATTERS OF GENERAL INTEREST.

LA GRANDE, December 3, 1880.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Our protracted meeting began at Union under exceedingly favorable auspices. The commodious M. E. church was filled with an intelligent and sympathetic multitude of eager listeners. After our introduction to the audience by Hon. Sam Hannah, ex-Collector of Customs, a choir of harmonious voices thrilled the listening crowd with the sweet, old-time melody of "Home Again." Our theme, "Why Not?" embraced the entire round of hackneyed objections to woman's liberty and hugged them all to asphyxiation. The way for Woman Suffrage had already been pretty well broken by the intelligent and well-directed labors of Mrs. Hendershott, Mrs. Eaton, Mrs. Ames, Mr. E. S. McComas, and others, who occupied front seats during the lecture and lent the sympathy of earnest and appreciative attention to our argument, thereby greatly enhancing the interest of the occasion. The "Centennial Year" was the theme of the next lecture, which was equally well attended, the entire brains of the community being promptly in their places, in spite of the bitterly inclement weather that invited everybody to remain in the snug quarters of the fireside and home.

The reading public will be pleased to learn that Rev. Mr. Kirkman, present pastor of the M. E. church at Union, and formerly of the M. E. church at Pendleton, not only offered no opposition to our use of the church this year, but expressed himself in favor of the woman movement and in sympathy with its aims and objects. We were also pleased to meet Hon. E. S. Chase, Marshal of the Territory of Idaho, who proclaimed himself strongly in favor of Woman Suffrage, and congratulated Oregon upon her bright prospect of leadership in the great work of bestowing their rightful heritage of liberty upon the mothers of men. Mr. E. S. McComas, formerly of the *Union Sentinel*, who is one of the original thinkers of the day, and who, in spite of his radical heterodoxy upon theological subjects, commands the respect of even the most orthodox of his neighbors because of his frankness, never loses an opportunity to speak a good word for the cause, and has frightened away many a man's rights *logie* from the brains of the more timid among them, who but for the caustic logic of his utterances would yet adhere to the "head of the family" nonsense.

On the afternoon of Wednesday, accompanied by Mrs. Maggie Ames, we were driven across the valley behind an excellent team that seemed to know the driver and feel proud of her skill in handling the ribbons, and, after a ride of nine or ten miles through a Happy Valley that would put to shame the early home of Rasselas, we reached the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Hendershott, of Cove, and were ushered into a cheery parlor where a glowing stove bid defiance to the ever-infringing cold, and the obliging host and hostess made us welcome after the hearty fashion of the country and the times. A smoking supper was next in order, after which we all cuddled down in a sleigh and drove to the Universalist church, about a mile distant, where a goodly crowd, composed of the villagers of the Cove and the farmers living in the vicinity, was already assembled to listen to the gospel of peace. The church is also a school-house, and is well patronized daily by juvenile tyros of both sexes, who seem to have constant use for the great blackboard, if one can judge by the vast amount of hieroglyphics traced upon it in chalk, ranging up from addition to music, and down from a problem in algebra to words of two letters. A row of candles on the top of the blackboard lighted the room tolerably, and a roaring fire in the great drum-crowned stove made the cold endurable. We recognized quite a number of old friends in the audience, among them Mr. and Mrs. Mac Rees, who own one of the finest farms in the valley; Mr. and Mrs. Clark, who reside in the Cove and have lost none of their interest in the woman movement, and Mrs. McCully, formerly Miss Jennie McDonald, an old-time friend and pupil of our schoolma'am days, who is now a happy mother of a large family of sons and daughters, and who fully agrees with her sensible husband on the subject of human rights.

After two lectures at the Cove, and a splendid visit at Mr. Hendershott's, including a Thanksgiving dinner that couldn't be beaten at Delmonico's, Mrs. Ames escorted us to Union, so beguiling the tedium of the ride by her sprightly conversation that we took no note of time or distance. This public-spirited lady and her worthy

husband own several fine ranches and considerable blood stock. Mrs. Ames is her husband's partner in the complete sense, and carries on the business in his long absences from home with judgment and success. Her word is as good as her bond, and her womanly good nature is as marked and charming as though she were only a "clinging vine," with just enough of energy to be a clog instead of a helpmeet in the marriage firm. This lady and Mesdames Proebstel, Eaton and Hendershott are the leading workers in the suffrage cause in the Grand Ronde Valley, and it is little wonder that the movement is popular.

On Friday evening, our third lecture was given in Union, before a yet larger audience than on previous occasions. At the close of the address, (subject, "Man's Rights,") Mrs. Eaton presiding, Mrs. Ames presented and moved to adopt the following resolutions:

WHEREAS, It has long been a conceded principle in American politics that liberty inheres in the individual; and, whereas, individual liberty is secured to all persons under a republican form of government by and through the elective franchise; and, whereas, women have hitherto been denied the exercise of their inalienable right to a voice in the government which they are taxed to maintain and to whose laws they are held amenable; therefore,

Resolved, That we heartily concur in the act of the recent Legislature in its passage of a resolution having for its object the bestowal of the elective franchise upon women, who, without it, are taxed without representation and governed without consent.

Resolved, That our thanks are due to Senator Fulton of Clatsop and Representative Laughlin of Yamhill for introducing the Woman Suffrage resolution in the Senate and the House of Representatives, and for working so faithfully and so nobly to secure its adoption.

Resolved, That we thank every Senator and every Representative of the Legislature of 1880 who voted "aye" upon the resolution, and for their just and generous action in behalf of woman's liberty.

Resolved, That the ladies of Union county especially thank Senator Wright for his zealous support of the Woman Suffrage resolution, and congratulate themselves upon having so able an ally among the law-makers at the Capital.

Resolved, That we will use all honorable means to secure the election of gentlemen to the Legislature of 1882 who are known to be favorable to the resolution for abolishing the class legislation that now deprives women of their right to the ballot.

Mr. McComas seconded the motion to the aye, and Mrs. Eaton requested the audience to decide the question by a rising vote. Everybody arose except a few boys, four men and two or three women. The negative vote was called for, but no one responded, and the vote was declared unanimous amid great enthusiasm. All those men who would vote for Woman Suffrage at the general election, and all women who wished them so to vote, were next requested to get up. The result was the same as before. (Renewed enthusiasm.) Any lady who was opposed to woman's right to the ballot, was next asked to arise. All sat still. The affirmative was again declared unanimous. (Prolonged applause.) The meeting adjourned, and the friends of human rights rejoiced in anticipation of their coming triumph.

On Saturday, again accompanied by our ever-obliging friend, Mrs. Ames, we took final leave of our kind friends, the Hannahs, Eatons, McComases, Hendershotts, and others, and departed for Island City, a dozen miles across the valley, and nearer, by so much, to the loved ones at home. The ride was long and cold, but we had a fine view of the snow-covered valley, with its miles and miles of substantial fencing, and its almost countless flocks and herds, all gathered in clusters around the bountiful hay-ricks provided for them by their owners' foresight.

Island City, so named because surrounded by the waters of Grand Ronde River, is a flourishing hamlet, with two or three stores, a grist-mill, livery stables, drug store, school-house, etc., etc., the country for a score of miles around making it the center of a thriving trade. We drove up to the drug store, and were welcomed by Mr. J. T. Carter, the gentlemanly proprietor, who, with his happy wife and rosy children, greeted us with a cordial welcome. How we wish those anxious wisecracks who fear that the woman movement will "make trouble in families" could all have opportunity to look in upon this charming and harmonious Christian household. This worthy couple were engaged as teachers for several years in the Blue Mountain University, at La Grande, but are now in the drug business here, their store being the finest of its class in Eastern Oregon. The school, under the control of R. Warriner, Esq., is in a flourishing condition and largely attended. Children being a volunteer crop with two harvests to the year in some families, the supply of pupils is in no danger of being exhausted. We were delighted to meet Mrs. Warriner, *nee* Miss Laura Kelty, and pleased to see her happy and prospering. Of course, we found her husband, as well as herself, all right on the woman question. Mr. John Cullen and wife, formerly of Yamhill, live here with their nine children. Our lectures were given in the school-house on three consecutive evenings, and were well attended, despite the despicable gossip of a certain widower, whom we were told was named Whitehead, whose wife died some time ago under his beautiful system of pro-

tection, leaving his children motherless. This worse survivor of a better half, as we were reliably informed, alarmed some of the husbands and grass widowers of the town about the imaginary consequences of our mission, by saying that our household was neglected and our poor "head of the family" was compelled to "do without his victuals unless he cooked them himself"—the frightened gossip and the poor fools who heeded him seeming not to know that a woman who is capable of carrying forward any great public enterprise is also able to hire capable housekeepers and manage her kitchen by proxy. A sight of our home, with its clean and commodious and healthful and plentiful surroundings, would make such starving man's rights advocates as these hatchet-faced gossips aforesaid water at the mouth for a month with longing for an opportunity to enjoy its comforts, if they only had sense enough to appreciate them.

On Monday, we engaged a team from Mr. Lindsay's stable, and took a drive across the beautiful valley to Summerville, a dozen miles from Island City, and were well repaid for the long and cold sleigh ride by the grand views upon every hand. The rolling landscape and scattering trees were alike encrusted in feathery robes of elaborate whiteness. The great mountains, that on all sides enclose the broad valley like an amphitheater, were as stark and white as the icy Alps, with here and there a mighty forest, reminding us of Byron's allusion to "Pine-clad Ural, dark and strong." Summerville, like Union, La Grande and Cove, sits in the valley at the base of a range of mountains, reposing in the lap of plenty. The thermometer stood 14° below zero when we reached the hotel, where we found Mrs. Chancey and her amiable daughters, who were busily engaged in wrestling with frozen food in an unfinished kitchen, half freezing at their work, and enjoying the "support and protection" which the above-mentioned Island City gossips would doubtless consider "legitimate." A dinner fit for a queen was served, after which we entered the sleigh and were driven back to Island City by the foot-hill road, under the brow of the mighty mountains, and amid stately pines upon the one hand, with great farms and seemingly interminable lanes and fences stretching away in the frosty distance upon the other. We caught the "land fever" stronger than ever, and will return to this valley someday. See if we don't.

The evening brought us another appreciative audience, "Man's Rights" the theme. The meetings were favored each evening by good singing, Mr. and Mrs. Carter taking the lead. This worthy couple also conduct the Sunday School and lead its singing, and in many other useful ways contribute to the profit and enjoyment of the community.

School-houses abound at convenient distances all through the valley, and there is no danger but the rising generation of Grand Ronde women will be able to do their share to successfully manage both home and politics.

The weather, which on Monday was clear and cold, changed on Tuesday to a blinding, howling snow-storm. All day long the beautiful flakes went dancing, skurrying and driving by Mrs. Carter's parlor window, where we sat, awaiting a cessation of the storm, so that we might go to La Grande, where an appointment for a lecture was out for the evening. At four p. m. the wind lulled a little, but the snow still fell furiously. Mr. Lindsay came by in a sleigh, and we ventured forth, the drive of three miles through the drifts to La Grande being accomplished without difficulty, and we were soon enjoying the roaring fire in the happy and hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Chaplain, who have lived for nineteen years on the beautiful hillside overlooking the valley, and who are soon to enjoy the fruition of their hopes after many years of patient waiting for the short of the iron horse. We were also pleased to meet Mrs. Geo. Coggan here, whose many friends in Portland will be glad to hear that she is well and prosperous. Mrs. C. forms another noted exception to the exploded nonsense that ladies cannot manage business. The large property left by her husband, and to the accumulation of which she contributed largely during his lifetime, is constantly increasing under her skillful management since his death. And yet, she is as truly womanly as any "clinging vine" we ever saw, and far more popular with the gentlemen than any doll-baby woman ever can be.

The hours passed on, and the church bell rang in the adjacent town for the lecture; but, though in sight, we were snow-bound, and for once were compelled to disappoint the public. On the next evening another crowd convened, and we followed Mr. Chaplain and a lantern through a narrow trail in the snow drifts to the church, and gave the opening "talk," which is to be supplemented, the weather permitting, on this (Friday) evening by the lecture "Why Not?"

On Thursday, accompanied by Mesdames Ellis,

Mitchell and Wallace, we entered a sleigh and were driven by the last named lady to the pleasant country home of Mr. and Mrs. Dr. Weed, formerly of Seattle, where the Wintry day was spent in enjoying the delights of home within doors and the grand scenery of the valley and farms and trees and mountains outside. The many Seattle friends of Dr. Weed who read this will be pleased to learn that his health is improving, with a fair prospect of permanent recovery.

The snow-storm has thus far prevented our seeing much of La Grande, but we hope for better weather in a day or two. A. S. D.

## [From the Roseburg Plaindealer.] SHALL WOMEN VOTE?

Now that one great National question has been finally settled for four years, we have ample time to intelligently examine the above question in all its bearings—to maturely consider whether the people of Oregon should answer it in the affirmative or negative.

In their arguments, the leaders and orators of the Woman Suffrage movement make some very strong points in favor of women's voting, which are seemingly irrefragable. The most forcible point they urge in vindication of women's rights, in our opinion, is the one which claims that to tax a certain class without conferring upon it the rights, privileges and immunities of the elective franchise, is tyranny unwarranted by the Constitution and the Declaration of Independence, which declares that we all are equal and have certain inalienable rights. No one, we opine, will have the audacity to assert that women would not vote as intelligently as the "lords of creation." If women should fail to vote as intelligently as two-thirds of the men, we would be in favor of this government becoming an Empire with General Grant as Emperor.

Citizens of Oregon, you are to pass upon this momentous question, and which way will you decide it? It is with no common interest that the women of this State look forward to the time which will determine whether they shall have the same rights and privileges as all other classes. No particular class should be denied the rights guaranteed to them by the Constitution more than another. There should be no restriction or distinction. Women are citizens, and they should have all the rights belonging to the citizens of this government.

If it shall happen that women will be called upon to administer the affairs of any State or the Nation, they could do it with the same administrative ability which men possess, as they are equal to men in point of intellect. Some of the best and greatest republics and kingdoms of Europe have had, and do now have, women at the head of their affairs. England is one of the best governments in the world. Could any man, whoever he might be, assist in shaping the policy of the Kingdom of Great Britain, and with the view of ameliorating the condition of her people, better and wiser than Victoria?

Another strong point suffragists make is, that as women are held in so high respect and esteem by men, that there would be less infamy, drunkenness, vile language, and fighting around voting places, which is a much needed reformation, that would purify the "filthy pool of party politics."

The opponents to this movement claim that, by giving to women the right of suffrage, that it would diminish the great respect and esteem which men now lavish upon them, that there is no telling to what extent it might affect society, that women would neglect their household duties, which would cause more or less unpleasantness that might culminate into estrangements and bloodshed, and that women's sphere to do good and elevate humanity would be over.

We all know wherever women's influence is felt, no matter how vile and rough the men may be, that they soon become respectful and desire to lead better lives. In a new country, in the absence of women's presence, where drunken carousals, debauches and murders are daily occurring, this is forcibly demonstrated. This, within itself, is sufficient to entitle women to the right of suffrage. Intemperance will never be eradicated from the land until it is done by the women through the ballot. Hence, we say give the right of suffrage to the women as soon as possible.

*Golden Days*, the illustrated journal for boys and girls, completed its first year with the last issue. It is an interesting paper for the young, and is published weekly by James Eyerson, corner Eighth and Locust streets, Philadelphia, at \$3 per annum.

The members of the American Bible Revision Committee announce that they will recognize only the edition of the new revision of the Bible, including marginal renderings, which is published by the University presses of England.