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UP THE COLUMBIA.

MRS. DUNIWAY'S TRIP FROM PORTLAND TO THE DALLES, WITH AN ACCOUNT OF HER SOJOURN AT THE LOWER CASCADES.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The beautiful Spring had come, as we thought, to stay, and on Wednesday morning we took our departure from home for Eastern Oregon and Washington, intending to extend the trip to Idaho. Everywhere, on every hand, the river banks were redolent with passing sweets. The booming Columbia proudly bore the graceful steamer on the rushing current, as like a mighty queen she held her head aloft and gazed in triumph upon the raging waters. The Columbia is seldom so high at this season of the year as now; but everybody is jubilant therefor, as the fear of a June freshet is thereby abated. The farms on every hand are in excellent condition, and the fruit trees are laden with bloom. As the steamer ascended toward the mountain gap where the torrent of the Columbia breaks through the gorge and goes tearing onward with redoubled vigor toward the sea, we noticed that the air grew chilly. Fleeces of fog that had hung low upon the mountain sides began to condense into clouds and float away to the summits. By 10 o'clock their forces had gathered for a storm.

We alighted at the Lower Cascades and were met by Mr. S. M. Hamilton and escorted to his hospitable farmer's home, where Mrs. H. received us after the hearty manner of a consistent Woman Suffragist. Since last we crossed the portals of their home, the Death Angel had been there and borne away its pride. Involuntarily we looked for the pleasant, fading face of the bright young man who once occupied the coziest nook at the ingleside, but alas,

"The youth who sat beside his sire
Comes not to fill his chair."

Few young men had given greater promise of usefulness than Udney Hamilton. Why he was called away before his time, is not yet known to his friends who yet tarry, but in the eternal by and by we shall know, for we shall see him as he is. If this life were all there is in store for anybody, it would indeed be poorly worth its cost. Our friends, though chastened, are not unhappy. The bereaved mother's gentle eyes glow with a farther-away light, and the stricken father looks longingly for one who comes not; but the even tenor of their lives moves on as before, and, save for the wound in the hearts of parents, brothers and sisters; the gap has closed over earthly existence, and it is as though it had not been.

"Along I walked the ocean's strand;
I stooped, and wrote upon the sand
My name, the year and day.
And then, as I was walking past,
One lingering look I fondly cast;
A wave came rolling high and fast,
And dashed my lines away.
And so, I thought, 'twill shortly be
With every trace on earth of me."

The clouds soared away to the northward for a while, giving promise of a pleasant evening, and an appointment was circulated for a lecture; but at night a sudden storm came up, in which "mingled snow and hail and rain" held high and noisy carnival. Lecturing was out of the question. But we spent the night at the pleasant home of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Moffett, and as we sat before their cheery fire, listening to the wailing of the storm as it soured through the gorges, and the roar of the river as it sung the monotonous refrain of the distant ocean, we were glad that Winter had concluded to return and linger for a little season "in the lap of Spring."

The next morning found us seriously indisposed. We detest sickness, and think everybody who is not well owes everybody else an apology for broken laws; but nevertheless we sometimes do break them through overwork, as in this instance, when in the hurry of preparation for this journey we had applied the whip of ambition to the spur of Spring wardrobe before leaving home, and now we were paying the penalty. All day we moped by the fire and repented. But at night the heavens were serene, and ourself somewhat recruited, so we met a genial audience in Moffett's Hall—a school-house over the store—and gave the lecture which the previous evening's storm had postponed.

Nowhere in all our wanderings do we find better friends than at the Cascades. The Joneses, McDonalds, Moffetts and Hamiltons are the principal families, but there is a mess-house where a large number of workmen are boarded, and a ware-house and machine shops of ample dimensions. Times are lively, and everybody is happy and prosperous. Work on the railroad is progressing at a lively rate along the Oregon side. The recent rain compelled us to postpone a visit to Cascade Locks until Saturday next, when we are to return to that point to lecture.

On Friday, the 7th inst., we departed for The Dalles, and were astonished by the rush of travel and stir of business, that are unprecedented at

this season of the year. Cities of white tents dot the hillsides at intervals where the railroad builders are at work. At the portages the rush of travel vies with the roar of moving freight, and all is hurry, skurry, bustle and confusion. But there is peace and quietude in the elegant steamers, and rest in the capacious state-rooms, where we lounge and scribble. The enterprise of this vast transportation interest is bewildering in its magnitude.

Among the notables on board, we met Mrs. Mary T. Collins and the irrepressible and indispensable Knages. Knages is the acknowledged *factotum* of the line. He knows everybody, and has a pleasant word for all. Mrs. Collins lives at a logging camp under the lee of a great mountain on the Washington side. She frequently goes to Portland on business, and, though sixty, at least, is as agile in getting into small boats as a girl of sixteen. She is respected by all who know her, and is far more heartily esteemed by men than any namby-pamby, non-producing doll of the nineteenth century. Of course she is a Woman Suffragist.

But here we are, at The Dalles. It is yet early in the afternoon, and the green hills and busy waters reflect the brilliant sunlight in a perfect daze of glory. Here and there the gray rocks gaze at you in silent desolation, forming a striking contrast with the verdure of the enchanting scene. No wonder artists love to linger here.

These cogitations are cut short by a change from steamer to train, and we are soon landed at the Umatilla House, where we are again compelled to confess ourself an invalid, and where we will rest until Monday. We have not seen much to write of, save the fact that the town is growing into metropolitan proportions and business is lively. To-day (Monday) we are going among the citizens to make arrangements for a week's campaign.

A. S. D.

The Dalles, April 11, 1881.

SCHOOL MEETING AT TURNER.

TURNER, OR., April 11, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Our school meeting was something new and striking for the old and new "fogies," from the fact that sixteen ladies came forward and voted.

Though such a meeting denotes that the car of progress rolls on with might, yet much was done that should bring the blush of shame to the cheek of any honorable man. Two (in the shape of) men took their stand in front, and challenged, with few exceptions, every lady who came forward, if opposed to tax, and asked what her property was, and how much; if she had three hundred dollars' worth; etc. Ladies sixty or seventy years old were unblushingly asked those questions, while men who were known to be in debt more than they were worth, and others known to have no taxable property, voting for the tax, were not challenged. Shame! Shame!!

But, sisters, hail with joy even this; it bespeaks a dawn whose refulgent rays will be felt by the millions. It is wise to allow this right to the mother; for surely she who watches and guards with such tender solicitude may now speak with effect on matters so nearly connected with her little ones. Were this right granted each woman in these United States, its power might be felt, for it comes directly within her sphere, directly where God in his infinite wisdom has placed her; and as the power of woman is said by some to be almost boundless, let us take it for granted that it will radiate ever farther and farther, until its limitless power is felt throughout eternity. Sisters, behold the morning star of promise! Behold! that star beckons you onward.

MRS. I. L. H.

At the recent exhibition of the Art Association of San Francisco, women were well represented, a goodly number of their paintings being accepted and displayed. The post of honor—the center of the north wall—was given to a picture by Mrs. Lotz, who is at present studying in Paris with Barrias, of a calf just about to step out of the canvas. The *Chronicle* says of it: "From its moist muzzle to the last hair on its kinked tail, and from its foolish white-lashed eye to its sturdy little hoofs, it is calf-like and life-like."

A curious story comes from Coshocton, Ohio, of a young man, giving the name of Frank Evans, who drove stage for a year, voted for Hancock last Fall, did all that a beardless youth might be expected to do, and, on being arrested on a charge of theft, the other day, turned out to be a woman. Who she is, or what her history is, she refuses to tell.

From the Pataha City (W. T.) *Spirit*: "The NEW NORTHWEST last week commenced a new serial entitled 'Reaping the Whirlwind,' by Mary Eloise Combs. The opening chapters are good, and we advise those who want a good family paper from Portland to try the NEW NORTHWEST."

AMONG THE DERRICKS.

BRADFORD, Pa., March 26, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

For the last two months there seems to have been some impassable snow-drift between these ridges of the Alleghianies and the Pacific coast which your breezy journal has been unable to penetrate, and the loss we have suffered in consequence is not to be computed.

We hear only disparagement and censure here for the Woman Suffrage cause, even from a woman sent some time ago from Philadelphia to establish a branch of the "Women's Christian Temperance Union." There are doubtless individual suffragists here, but no one hears from them. With a Mrs. Duniway in our midst, there would certainly be a different state of affairs.

Just at present there is a much-needed temperance revival in progress, conducted by a reformed man, but not a word is advanced for prohibition, or in regard to woman's vote upon the momentous question—undoubtedly in deference to the powers that be, the churches. The cause is greatly aided by the peculiarly sweet voice of a Mrs. Wilson. Her simple, unaffected manner in speaking, especially to children; carries its own magnetic charm, and her evidently inspirational singing draws crowds to the meetings, where she is the center of attraction. Her husband, though decidedly dogmatic in his religious views, speaks well, and accompanies his wife's singing and playing in a deep, well-trained bass. It is the "blue ribbon" division, and a large number of signers to the pledge are obtained every night, so that it is hopefully believed that many intemperate twigs are successfully lopped from the great Upas tree.

One of two more railroads are to be opened out of our small metropolis, the surveying for which is progressing among the still deep snows of the hills, where the rare sunshine fails to reach them, and which, after every rain-storm, have helped to swell our Yuna Creek to the size of a river, threatening inundations.

At the Oil Exchange, of late, the bottom has been dropping from the barrels until it reached 75 cents, a panicky price. Since, an "upward tendency" is quoted. Yet even at this figure there is so great a demand for hotel accommodations, business places and dwellings, that buildings have been constantly going up through the Winter, and there are extensive plans for the coming Spring and Summer.

Though slightly remote from the great thoroughfare of the New York and Erie road, yet we are not passed by on that side, but are annually visited by the best lecturers and troupes of the country to such an extent that the long Winter has witnessed a great diversity of entertainment.

LEWIS OLIVER.

Messrs. Fowler & Wells, of New York, have in press a new work bearing the title of "How We Fed the Baby," written by Dr. C. E. Page, who has devoted much attention, both in this country and in Europe, to noting the condition of children and then making careful inquiries as to the feeding, care, etc., and this work is a special record of experience with his own child. This manual will be welcomed by many mothers in all parts of the land. One of the most important questions with parents is how to feed the baby, to promote its health, its growth and its happiness. In addition to answering the question what to feed the baby, this volume will tell how to feed the baby, which is of equal importance. The publishers say "the work is radical, and may be startling to some, but the importance of the subject justifies this, and the common sense which enters into it, the plain, practical way in which its arguments are put, will be found very convincing, and it is not too much to say that when its instructions are fully and thoroughly adopted we may certainly look for a large decrease of the death-rate among children." The hope of the children must be found in an enlightened motherhood, and every effort in this direction should be welcomed.

The brain weights of men and women are in almost exact proportion to the avoirdupois of the two sexes. Woman is about ten or eleven per cent smaller than man, and her brain is about that much lighter than his. Certain writers have made this difference the basis of remarks intended to convey the idea that women are mentally inferior to men; overlooking the fact that, if quantity is to be synonymous with superiority, the elephant would overtop man more than three to one.

Mrs. Blaine, Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Pendleton, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Harlan, and other ladies known in Washington society and throughout the country, appeal to the people of the United States in behalf of sufferers from the disastrous earthquake in Ohio, urging that collections be made as speedily as practicable and remitted to Riggs & Co., Washington.

AMERICAN AND EUROPEAN BUSINESS WOMEN.

The American business woman chooses her occupation, and thus displays her taste and her ambition, though not always the natural fitness or preparation for her choice. If she has these elementary essentials also, she possesses vast advantages over her co-laborers on the other side of the Atlantic—for, when women can select their work and be educated for it, as men are for theirs, there will not be such legal enactments needed as now exist in England to provide places in work-houses for superfluous women; and the daughters of the poor need not cast lots to decide which of them shall spend their lives in the convent, as is the custom in Brittany. In Italy, there is no secret made of the fact that poverty, and not religion, has multiplied the convents and peopled the cloisters. Handicrafts are open to American women, and are too numerous to be counted, and it is claimed that the same skill, that the European woman is ten and twenty years in acquiring can be taught in ten and twenty lessons, by improved systems, to the more apt American mind. Class lines are constantly interrupted. It is nothing to pass from one clique of society to another, and leave the line of division low enough to step over at pleasure. The business woman may freely mingle with the professional, the literary, the idlers and subordinates; most likely she has friends in all these circles. This exchange is an advantage to her general womanhood, but must tax her strength and consume her time and means. The spirit of our age is experimental and only experimental. Heat, light, food, clothing, faith, architecture, home rule, education, and social and town government are all subject to the prevailing spirit, and woman also is allowed much opportunity to experiment upon her capacity and her versatility of talent. Rich samples of the results of her experiments are flashed before us in every direction, and the short-sighted see in these samples of extraordinary ability, proof and prophecy of the extended sphere of all women. Let us not confound experiments with illustrations! We are by temperament and education restless and ambitious, and derive satisfaction from change and novelty. We cannot content ourselves with doing to-day just as we did yesterday, and we place high value on our efforts, and ascending value, too. The natural tendency is fed and flattered by the adventurous and the daring. In these particulars we both lose and gain by comparison with European women. They have ease of mind and stolid satisfaction; we, larger experiences, greater disappointments and swifter recompenses.—Mrs. C. B. Willour.

PROTECTING WOMEN FROM INSULT.

"How can women be protected from insult?" This is a question asked us by a young girl, who, in answering an advertisement for a proof-reader, was subjected to the grossest insult by the male biped who pretended to be desirous of securing her services in his publishing business. Women cannot always protect themselves from the scoundrels who insult or assault them. When they ask what they shall do when some brute in man's shape outrages them by improper proposals, they are always told: "Keep perfectly quiet in the matter. If you try to gain protection through male friends or through a court of law, your reputation will be gone forever." No woman can publicly claim protection from outrage or insult without the loss of her good name. When a well-known Presbyterian minister of this city, in his pastoral visits to his congregation, made improper advances to almost every female member of the church, the women consulted together, and, as they felt that proper self-respect demanded that they should expose his conduct, they went to the Moderator of the General Assembly, then in session, to tell their grievances. That official said: "Go home, ladies, and keep perfectly still upon this matter. To give it publicity will only ruin you and do no harm to the Rev. Dr. —, although I believe, and many others believe, that your statements are entirely truthful."—Anna McDowell in the *Philadelphia Sunday Republic*.

A council of twenty-six bishops held at Orleans in the sixth century promulgated a canon that women should be excluded from the deacons because of their frailty. A council of Presbyterian ministers in the nineteenth century decided, through their Moderator, that an accusation of immorality, sustained by abundant proof, could do no harm to a reverend divine of that church, while the simple accusation would ruin the ladies making it. Let every woman make her own comments.—Matilda Joselyn Gage in the *National Citizen*.

Mrs. Charles Ballou, the "Mammoth Queen," died at her home in Saranac, Mich., on Saturday last. Her weight while she was with us was 570 pounds.