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THE FIELD EDITOR VISITS CASCADE LOCKS AND HOOD RIVER VALLEY, AND DESCANTS UPON SCENERY, LOCKS AND BRIDGES.

STEAMER MOUNTAIN QUEEN, April 22, 1881.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The ride from The Dalles to Upper Cascades was bewitchingly pleasant. The air was a universal tonic and the sunlight an ever-abiding balm.

Steamboat men are always abroad at an early hour, and passengers are expected to be up betimes for breakfast; but the broad daylight was already astir upon the waters when we were called, and the dazzling sunshine was casting black shadows in the deep fissures of the towering, tree-clad bluffs, through whose wide channel the great Columbia bore us on, and we were glad to be awake.

The journey to Upper Cascades was over by 9 A. M. At this point, we boarded the little Government launch, which, under the command of Captain Alcott, plies between the locks and the portage, in near proximity to the Cascade Falls, and under the lee of the old block-house where Phil Sheridan lived before he became famous. In a few minutes we were on the Oregon side, moored to a square pontoon, and this to a long and narrow dock with a narrow railway track through the middle. Here we were met by a boy, who kindly assisted us to the residence of Mr. and Mrs. McKay, in whose cheery presence we were at once at home.

The town of Cascade Locks is a long, narrow stretch of scattered stores and dwellings, mostly new, and of the rudest structure, flanked here and there by scores of white tents, with occasionally a stable or rows of covered wagons to relieve the monotony. The place is the center of a thriving trade. The Government works at the locks first gave it impetus, and now the railroad spirit is abroad in the land, thereby doubling the previous activity. There are several flourishing stores, that of Mr. McKay being the central and largest one. The commodities most in demand are canned fruits, vegetables, sugar, eggs, flour, rice, butter, bacon, boots, overalls, pocket knives, shovels, tobacco, frying-pans, pick-axes, coffee-pots and whisky. There is plenty of business for two good stores, but trade is somewhat overdone among so many. Yet this is no more true of Cascade Locks than of any other town, and no one has a right to complain. Women succeed well as merchants here. Mrs. J. P. Watson and Mrs. Fanny Cameron are adepts in the business; and there is no better salesman than Mrs. McKay. Boarding-houses are kept by Mrs. Masterson, Mrs. Nelson, and Mesdames Travers & Justin; and a school, taught by Mrs. A. L. Parker, has just closed for the Summer.

We hope no one will imagine that the men of Cascade Locks are idle. Their wives are help-mates only, as all good women should be. Mr. Masterson is a boss blacksmith, Mr. Parker a carpenter, and Mr. Cameron a merchant on his own account in another part of town; Mr. Watson is in charge of the mess-house, belonging to Mr. Hersey of the Aurora Restaurant in Portland; Mr. Nelson is night-watch, and Mr. McKay is both postmaster and merchant.

There is no church and no town hall in the place as yet, but Messrs. Borthwick & McKinnon kindly placed an unfinished billiard saloon at our disposal for the lectures, seating and lighting it for us without charge, thus giving the public another proof of our oft-repeated declaration that men are splendid fellows. The audience on each evening was large, enthusiastic and orderly, and the friends of equal rights may safely count upon a rousing vote for the cause of liberty from this precinct.

Accompanied by Mrs. McKay, we paid a visit to the office of Lieutenant Powell, and were shown through the building by Mr. J. A. Gillespie, the Assistant Superintendent of the Government works at the Locks. A light rain was falling, which prevented our personal survey of the works already completed, but we intensely enjoyed an hour in examining the topographical illustrations in the office, wherein every curve and eddy, every rock and crevice, every mountain and boulder, and every channel and cataract from Celilo to the Lower Cascades are faithfully delineated upon paper. In response to our query as to whether or not the locks would be of sufficient length to answer the purpose intended, we were informed that they would, except in high-water stages, when no boat could reach the gate. But it was further explained that it is the intention of the Government to blast the rocks in the channel for a mile or two below the locks, and thus open navigation for all stages of water. The bluffs for several miles through the Columbia's gorges here are composed of a shelving mass of crumbling concrete, which slowly yields to the steady pressure from the heights beyond, and falls constantly into the channel in sufficient quantities to fill and obstruct the lower locks, if made; but the wash of

the river would keep the channel clean if it were simply deepened by blasting.—We were shown an ingenious plan for testing the strength of hydraulic cement. A trial compound is prepared under strict test conditions and moulded into "bricquettes"—if we spell it right—and these are thoroughly dried and submitted to an Archimedean pressure, under which, if the bricquette breaks, that certain admixture of proportions is condemned and another one attempted. A fair and thorough trial was given in this way to every conceivable plan for mixing an Oregon conglomerate, known as "West's cement," but it was found incapable of standing the test, so the imported article is being used instead.—The gentlemen connected with the works are exceedingly courteous to visitors, and will cheerfully give such information as is desired, relative to the progress of the locks and their proposed utility. Their undertaking is a stupendous one, and challenges admiration. The roar of blasting can be heard on both railway and river at almost any time, the reverberations sounding like the din of a near-by cannonade or the rumble of distant thunder.

We acknowledge an invitation to visit the railway tunnels, now in course of construction under the superintendency of J. L. Hallett, Esq., and very much regret that we could not accept it. The steamer Idaho is employed on the river in connection with the railroad work, and Mr. Hallett and family live on board. Mr. H. is ready at any minute for duty at any point, as the steamer is always ready for action.

Our work was over at Cascade Locks, and we took passage in the Government launch and retraced our way, feeling devoutly thankful for the good friends we had met and the pleasant hours spent in their genial company. We were soon transferred to the Washington side, and, going aboard the Harvest Queen, started for Hood River. We had heard much of this famous resort, and were now resolved to visit it. The steamer landed at a low sand-bar, a quarter of a mile above the mouth of Hood River, a rushing, tortuous, snow-laden stream from the foot of the everlasting mountain whose name it bears, and which empties into the Columbia nearly opposite the White Salmon on the Washington side, another mountain torrent with a current like a dozen mill-races.

We were met at the landing by Mr. Charles Harmon, a young gentleman we had formerly known in Dayton, W. T., and now a druggist and general assistant in the employ of Dr. Littlefield, the O. R. & N. Co.'s efficient surgeon. Mr. Harmon grasped our not very cumbersome baggage—we've learned to travel with light weight—and started afoot, we following through a wilderness of yellow flowers, over fields and across fences, till at last we came to a dead halt at a broken bridge on "The Dalles and Sandy Wagon Road," leading across Hood River. Who hasn't heard of this famous road, that cost the State forty thousand dollars? And who, having once heard of it, would imagine that the County Judge and the County Commissioners of Wasco, who tax the county to keep it in repair, had persistently disregarded the prayers of the Hood River people and permitted this bridge to remain impassable for nearly a year? The skirts of the bridge are all askew and out of order, but the crowning disgrace of its wardrobe is its ragged shred of an apron, upon which slats are tacked and stays leaned at an angle of forty-five degrees for a distance of a hundred feet or more, down which passengers are expected to go "coon-fashion," with nothing to hold on by but their eyelids, and nothing for their eyelids to catch hold of but air. And this is the only outlet to the Columbia for the Hood River settlement at this stage of the water! Several persons, including one woman, "cooned" the rickety incline immediately in front of us, but the undersigned shook her head and desisted. Mr. Harmon tried in vain to coax us to try the precipitous descent. For once we were as cautious as an elephant, and, taking a seat upon the broken hoops of the bridge's dilapidated skirts, we gazed upon the angry waters that rushed below, and concluded to give up visiting the Hood River hotel. Finding us all unmoved by his impassioned eloquence, the young gentleman decided to go to a boat-house on the bank some distance below and get a skiff to take us over. This met our approval at once, and, after a twenty minutes' wait, we clambered down the steep and into a leaky boat, which half filled by the time we were safely across. But it was better than that bridge, though it landed us in a sandy flat, from which we had to climb to the upland. Here we found a buggy in waiting for travelers, and we were soon bowling away toward the Hotel de Adams, now under control of Dr. Littlefield, and in the excellent care of Mrs. L. Owen, of San Francisco, a most efficient landlady, who has placed the house in tiptop order in anticipation of a rush of Summer boarders.

There is no prettier site for a country resort in

the Northwest than this. The hotel is large, airy, clean and convenient, and the cuisine, presided over by Sam Ferry, of Portland, is first-class. The house overlooks the Columbia River from a fine lawn, where fruit trees abound, and a running spring forms a lakelet near by, in which speckled trout are sporting. Swings, walks, drives, hunting and fishing are in store for pleasure-seekers, and invalids find healing balm in the delicious air, which is tempered by Boreean breezes from snow-capped Hood and Adams. Dr. W. L. Adams, once an active journalist and now a retired physician of this place, truly says: "You can ride on horseback, or even drive a wagon, on the bluffs in sight of Hood River for miles, and see below you the maddened waters, dashing against huge boulders, foaming and roaring as the icy torrent hastens to mingle itself with the peaceful Columbia. The valley proper stretches along the Columbia for nearly seven miles, and runs back in a V shape twelve or fifteen miles, terminating near the base of Mt. Hood." A great deal of this land is yet unsettled, and there is but one drawback (besides that bridge)—the deep snow in Winters—which is more than offset by the pleasant Summers.

We find quite a number of families here whom we have known elsewhere. Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Smith, formerly of Olympia, have hewed them out a delightful home at the base of a broad upland overlooking high basaltic bluffs. Mr. S. is engaged in mercantile pursuits, in a cosy retreat hard by a roaring waterfall of sufficient power to turn a mammoth saw-mill. Messrs. McCowen & Champlain have recently opened a well-stocked store of general merchandise near the hotel and hospital, where they are carrying on a thriving trade, their only hindrance that ragged bridge across Hood River. Mr. Ben Walling and his bright and accomplished wife, nee Miss Georgia Comley, of Albany, live here on one of the finest farms in the valley, surrounded by grand old oaks and stately evergreens.

Dr. Littlefield, as surgeon for the O. R. & N. Co., keeps a hospital not far from the hotel, assisted by Drs. Powell and Burton, and has another hospital near Umatilla, where the latter physician remains most of the time. Dr. Littlefield has leased the Hood River hotel, not as a hospital, as has been stated by the press, but as a Summer resort, than which there need be no better. We cordially recommend this place as a retreat for tourists, invalids and rusticators, as one easy of access—barring that bridge—and in every way desirable. When the river runs down a little, the steamers can land below the mouth of Hood River, and thus avoid the one obstacle which the County Judge and Commissioners have thus far ignored. Everybody here is all right on the Woman Suffrage question. Hospitality, health, happiness and good cheer abound, and we take leave of our friends and turn our footsteps Dallesward with genuine reluctance. The lessee of the hotel has just completed arrangements to send a sail-boat to the steamer for guests, and in this pleasant vehicle we sail triumphantly past that broken bridge, and breathe a prayer for its speedy reconstruction as we step aboard the steamer Mountain Queen, bound for "the seat of war." The price we pay for our position in the lecture and journalistic field is to endure being barked at by little newspaper puppies like the *Times* editor, and snarled at by fangless canines, who, having no teeth to gnash in their impotent rage, must needs spit venom at us when our back is turned and they fancy themselves well out of danger.

A. S. D.

Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood has filed a communication at the White House, offering to accept the Brazilian mission if tendered to her. She bases her fitness for the position upon various grounds, such as thorough knowledge of the commercial interests of the United States, familiarity with international law, an earnest desire to arbitrate the differences between the nations, an acquaintance with the Emperor and Empress of Brazil, and proficiency in the French and Spanish languages. As to sex, she says that Brazil is the only monarchy on this continent, and monarchies from time immemorial have seated women on the throne and granted them places according to their rank without stooping to the narrow policy of some would-be republics. In concluding her letter, she says: "I enclose for your consideration only one recommendation and that one from a woman. I enclose it simply because it is so rare a thing for one woman to recommend another." This recommendation is from Mrs. Helen M. Barnard, who commends her as "one of the bravest, truest women of this country."

The Ladies' Coffee Club of Albany, formed for the purpose of furnishing firemen with refreshments during conflagrations, numbers about one hundred members, and "the noble fire laddies will have no excuse hereafter for rushing to the saloons for something to refresh exhausted nature."

"NON-PROGRESSIVE CHURCHMANITY."

NORFOLK, Oregon, April 14, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

For the benefit of the honest thinking Christian men and women who are trying to conform to the teachings of the Bible, particularly the New Testament, so as to sympathize with the Woman Suffrage movement, I will give a few selections from St. Paul:

Let your women keep silence in the churches, for they are commanded to be under obedience, as also saith the law. And if they will learn anything, let them ask their husbands at home, for it is a shame for women to speak in church.

For the man is not of the woman, but the woman of the man. [In other words, she is truly rib of his rib.] Neither was the man created for the woman, but the woman for the man.

Can the above teaching belong to "humanitarian Christianity?" or can it not be correctly called "non-progressive churchmanity?"

In my humble opinion, the sooner each and every woman takes "a stand of open hostility" toward such one-sided, narrow-minded commands as the above, the better it will be for them. Here is what Colonel Ingersoll says about woman and the Bible:

As long as woman regards the Bible as the charter of her rights, she will be the slave of man. The Bible was not written by a woman. Within its lids there is nothing but humiliation and shame for her. She is made to ask forgiveness for becoming a mother. She is as much below her husband as her husband is below Christ. She is not allowed to speak. The Gospel is too pure to be spoken by her polluted lips. Women should learn in silence.

Yours for common sense,
EMMA RICKER.

GARFIELD'S BAD START.

[From the Morning Standard.]

A special dispatch to the *Chicago Times* says:

Lawrence Barrett, the tragedian, called upon the President to get the widow of Gen. Bartlett, who was killed in battle, the position of postmistress of Pittsfield, Mass. Mr. Garfield said he was sorry he could not personally serve him, but would refer him to Senator Dawes, who had the office in his immediate keeping. Dawes told Barrett he would like to serve him, but his hands were tied by other considerations; his inclination was to give the soldier's widow the place, but, but, etc. Whereupon the actor pungently observed that he was glad he belonged to a profession where men could use the dictates of conscience and live up to their principles.

The actor's generous impulse was thrown away. Politicians become thick-skinned and don't mind these things. The pity is that in a matter of this kind, when a worthy woman, the widow of a soldier slain in battle, is an applicant for a place which she might worthily fill, the President, himself a soldier, who has uttered much sentimentalism about the debt due by the Union to the boy in blue, is so little able to act his own judgment that he may be twitted for want of faith and manliness by a play actor. When a gallant Federal General's widow wishes to obtain a post office, President Garfield and a Massachusetts Senator can't attend to her, but when a Confederate Brigadier is to be had for the ridiculously small price of a chairmanship of a committee and the naming of those to fill the two principal Senate offices, President Garfield finds time to send him a bouquet, and a Massachusetts Senator likens him to the early Christians.

A rejoicing contributor to the *Woman's Journal* writes: "Kansas leads in a good many things. Husband and wife have the same property rights. Fathers and mothers have the same right in their children. The teachers in the city schools of Lawrence, Kansas, are paid, according to length of service, from \$35 to \$55 per month, men receiving the same pay as women for equal service. How many cities can show as fair treatment?"

Mr. T. M. Draper, of the *Oregon City Democrat*, favored the New Northwest with a pleasant call last Saturday. The young gentleman is deeply annoyed by some scurrility which was surreptitiously inserted in his paper of March 24th by an employe. The dishonorable individual was summarily discharged.

Twenty-five citizens of East Portland, probably wishing to drive the boys into the saloons, have petitioned the Board of Trustees to prohibit ball-playing on Sundays. A remonstrance is being circulated, and is numerously signed by people who think boys will not be hurt by exercise in the open air.

The moulders employed in the Oregon Stove Foundry have quit work, because the proprietors employ too many apprentices. They know how common it is to fill manufactories with boys, have skilled workmen teach them trades, and then use them to reduce wages.

Bradlaugh was first ejected from the House of Commons because he refused to take the oath, and it seems he will be kept out now because he is willing to take it.