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AGAIN ON THE WING.

THE SENIOR EDITOR'S TRIP FROM PORTLAND TO LEWISTON—COGITATIONS, INCIDENTS, OBSERVATIONS AND DESCRIPTIONS.

THE FAN HANDLE OF IDAHO—ATTENDING A MURDER TRIAL—LADIES VOTING—THAT "NEEDY PARSON"—AGAIN CALLED FOR—LEWISTON'S SHAME.

ON THE WING, May 14, 1881.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Again your correspondent finds herself upon the river, bound Dallesward. The Columbia is higher than when we last saw it, and many farms in the lowlands are experiencing the usual inconvenience of the annual freshet. Crops of all kinds on the higher grounds look exceedingly well. The scenery is even more lovely than it was a fortnight ago, for the many-shaded hues of abounding green have taken on richer and deeper tints, and the floral kingdom is ablaze with variegated glory.

It is interesting to note the industry of the wild-wood flowers—with what assiduity they climb the steep and plant their rootlets in the mountain fastnesses, and with what wild abandon they shake their perfumed petals in the faces of the great gray rocks at whose feet they nestle lovingly. The coral insect at work with his myriad hosts on the reefs of the sea-covered uplands, which will form the foundations of the ocean-girt cities of the future, does not more surely perform his part in the great drama of creation than does yon purple blossom whose roots are loosening yonder massive quarries from their strong foundations, forcing the way for the air and sunlight, and opening crevices for the abounding rain—crevices into which yet other flowers will send their lateral rootlets, until, in time, these rocks shall be covered with soil and these waste places shall drop the fatness of cultivation.

Yonder, not many miles below The Dalles, are the Tunnels, where a force of men are at work burrowing, boring, blasting and carting away the basaltic bones of the earth, to make room for the iron horse with his breath of steam, his bellows of thunder, and his bowels of fire. A little farther on is a massive wall of rocky colonnades, so stanch and imposing in its majestic proportions that the tiny flowers have not yet found a footing upon its wind-washed face, and even the gray lichens have abandoned it in despair. But man can destroy the mightiest works of Nature if he turns the combined anathemas of labor and capital upon them, and can make his way alike through rock and mountain if he does but will it as he has willed it here. Hundreds of feet from the river bed, and hundreds of feet from the exalted upland, about midway between the two, is the proposed line of the growing railroad. And here are many men at work, so far above us as we gaze from the hurricane deck of the Harvest Queen that they look like little children, their perches so narrow on the dizzy heights that we grow nervous as we gaze. They are drilling here, prying there, sapping yonder. With what agility they scale those long and slender ladders, and with what brave abandon do they tempt the Death Angel as they climb the loosened rocks like cones—below them the boiling river, and above the basaltic colonnades which have hitherto mocked the birds and flowers to scorn. We steam past them and out of sight, our thoughts reverting to the old Mound Builders, and the equally unknown hands that wrought the Pyramids. Like the coral insects and the tiny flowers, man buildeth better than he knows. The Inca and the Aztec are not, and the insect and the flower of the Dead Ages, where are they? The reverberating echoes of an unavailing query faintly whisper, "Where?"

We wait over for a day at The Dalles, enjoying the delicious rest which the weary body so much needs, and take the Thursday evening train for Wallula, our destination Lewiston.

The man who invented sleeping cars would have been a benefactor to his race if he hadn't secured a monopoly of the business—and kept others out. As it is, he is a clever fellow, but not a philanthropist, and, like the inventor of sewing machines, will cause the world to rejoice when his patent expires and he too is dead.

The O. R. & N. Co.'s road is built to stay. The gauge is broad, the bed is ballasted, the coaches are nice, the engines are massive, and the employes are alert. The sleeping coaches have not yet arrived, and we make the best of a miserable night on a pair of turned cushions, the full moon blazing in our face and eyes, and Professor Proctor's idea that it is a dead world filling our waking dreams with fancies inexpressible.

The railway runs along the Columbia's bank, now hugging close to the billowy, treeless shores, and now creeping yet closer under the lee of bold gray bluffs, over which the moon casts black shadows. The river widens here into a placid ex-

pense of shimmering silver, and narrows yonder into a succession of white-capped rapids, whose dashing make melancholy symphonies in wierd harmony with the rushing night wind, which mingles with the rumbling monotone of the moving train.

Daylight, and Wallula. Here a half-hour is spent in a series of switchings, after which our train backs down the river for a mile, and we reach the steamer Annie Faxon and a state-room, thank Heaven! For an hour we know nothing but dreamland, and are then called up—much to our annoyance, for we'd rather sleep than eat; but a smoking breakfast soon puts us in the best of humors. On board are Mrs. I. L. Hillery, of Junction City; Senator W. J. McConnell, of Yamhill, who is on his way to his store in Moscow; Colonel Mason, of Vancouver; Lieutenant Herne and wife, of Fort Lapwai, and Dr. Beach, of Colfax, W. T. The latter gentleman is returning from a two months' sojourn in the East, and rejoices in the speedy prospect of reaching his home again.

The Annie Faxon makes two trips a week between Wallula and Lewiston, under the guidance of Captain Baughman, whose experience with the tortuous windings of the Upper Columbia and Snake rivers makes him an invaluable aid to the transportation company and the public's interests. We were pleased to meet as freight clerk on this steamer Mr. Henry Herman, a whilom compositor in the NEW NORTHWEST office, and now a favorite employe of the O. R. & N. Co., with a fair prospect for forthcoming promotion. He is well satisfied with his position and prospects, though he sometimes sighs for the trees and rains of the Willamette land, and possibly also for the "girl he left behind him." A young gentleman wonderfully like himself accidentally fell overboard a little while ago, but he scrambled on board in short order, and amid much merriment, his only damage a good soaking for his handsome new clothes. He'll be pretty sure to look after the solidity of the gang-way before he trusts it next time.

Ainsworth, at the confluence of the Snake and the Columbia, is a new town of several hundred inhabitants, its houses of unpainted wood, its streets unfinished, and its sidewalks ditto. It seems as if nobody had ever thought of coming here to stay, or evidences of home building would be less temporary and business houses more substantial. But there is a thriving trade, and business is lively.

We passed Penewawa in the darkness, but were awake and up at Almota, where the steamer lay by for an hour, giving us opportunity to run up to the hotel and make arrangements for a future visit. We also called at the home of Mr. Spaulding, a charming oasis in a wilderness of rocks, where trees, fruits, flowers and berries flourish in tropical luxuriance.

Further on is Wa-Wa-Wa, a city of the indefinite future, where Mr. McConnell and his freight are landed to await teams for Moscow.

The scenery on the river banks grows prettier as we approach Lewiston. Numerous sidelong ridges slope to the water's edge, grass-grown and flower-laden, behind them well-defined valleys, and beyond these the bold-browed bluffs, upon which stunted vegetation finds precarious footing, with here and there a clump of tiny cottonwoods half-way up their summits, betraying the lurking places of living springs. The land, we are told, is all claimed along here, but by whom nobody knows. There are no signs of habitation anywhere, save a few Chinamen working dirt for gold on a ragged sand bar, and a few Indians lounging on the green, hard by their wind-worn wigwams, near which are seen the outlines of a "sweat-house." Sometimes the river is placid like the open Columbia, and again tortuous and rapid like the pent-up Dalles. The air is a very elixir of life, so bracing is it and so clean and clear.

Yonder, sitting in smiling state at the junction of the Snake and the Clearwater, is Lewiston, almost hidden from view by rows of Lombardy poplars, swaying in the wind like plumes on giants' helmets. The advent of the steamer excites men and horses. Teams bowl along the sandy road, vying with each other in their eagerness to greet her, and little girls in sailor hats and snowy aprons look wonderingly on. The passengers, three abreast, are crowded in a substantial thoroughfare and driven to the Raymond House, and we are soon ensconced in a cozy bed-room, where we make haste to finish this letter, knowing it must be posted at once or it will not be on time for the next paper. [It did arrive too late.—JUN. ED.]

Lewiston has grown noticeably in the past year and a half, but it still has the Oriental look of a city in the desert, wierdly ancient and suggestively modern, strangely cheap and substantially massive, an odd admixture of civilization and border life, at once attractive and desolate.

Maybe we are homesick; certainly we are lonely. The loud wind from the Clearwater

whistles round the gables and drives the flying sand through the window crevices of our chosen snugery, howling as though chanting the *miscere* of wandering spirits. We open the window, but the flying sand-drifts bid us to shut it. We close it and cannot breathe freely; but the close air is better than the drifting sand, and the good landlady says the wind will lull a little by and by.

A. S. D.

LEWISTON, May 20, 1881.

Lewiston has been the scene of a great deal of excitement during the past week on account of the murder of Mr. J. M. Hedrick, member of the late Idaho Legislature. He was killed by one Stephens, who had bought his home, a ranch on Potlatch Creek, some twenty-five miles away from Lewiston, paying just enough upon the sale to bind the bargain and meet the expenses of the member's journey to Boise. When Mr. Hedrick returned from the Legislature, it seems that there was a delay about the final payments, which so exasperated him that high words often ensued between the parties, which finally resulted in the tragedy mentioned. The slayer went to Lewiston and gave himself up, and the preliminary trial at the Justice's Court, which occupied three days, has resulted in his being held on a charge of manslaughter, which may or may not be ratified by the Grand Jury. Mr. A. Quackenbush, District Attorney, managed the prosecution with much ability, well assisted by Mr. Reynolds. Messrs. J. W. Poe and P. C. Sullivan appeared on behalf of the prisoner. Mr. Sullivan, formerly of Oregon, and now of Colfax, W. T., is too well known by the majority of our readers to need further introduction in these columns. Suffice it to say that he acquitted himself in masterly style, as also did Mr. Poe.

The widow of the late Legislator came into Lewiston on the day the trial began and remained to its close. She is a hard-worked, ill-clad mother of many children, with a babe in her arms and a look of despair in her solitude-burdened features, which makes us think of the wife of Benjamin Franklin, who used to be left at home to practice his "Poor Richard" maxims, while he feasted luxuriantly at a foreign court. Hedrick has left nothing to his wife but her legacy of children, and nothing to his children but a legacy of appetites. But he was a man of high repute among his constituents, and would probably have become a second Franklin in fame if he had lived long enough. The woman, poor thing, is completely broken down. The ranch had been signed away without her knowledge for the paltry hundred dollars her husband had used in "serving his country," and the prisoner's effects will all go for his defense. What a pity such a woman cannot draw a pension from the Government to support her children while rearing them for the state. As rearing humanity is the most important work in the world, it is obvious to a philanthropist that it should command the highest pay. But, alas and alack! The women do this work, and they are servants without wages, dependant only upon the will, ability or caprice of their husbands, who often fail to honor their bargains by cherishing love and necessary protection.

While we are busy with these cogitations, the witnesses are being examined. The prisoner at the bar is pale and anxious, and sits with his hand over his eyes in tremulous silence. The trial drags its tedious length along, but public interest does not wane. There is little sympathy for the prisoner, but everybody is sorry for the wife who sits near, her babe in her arms and her slender body swayed to and fro by grief. What the end will be we know not, but many think a jury will not convict the man, the only proof of the deed being his own confession.

Under a late Legislative enactment, the women of Idaho can vote on school questions and hold school offices, and the first election under the new regulation took place on the 18th inst. Two districts have recently been united in one, and efforts are being made to establish a graded school. Two primary meetings were previously held for nomination of Trustees, at one of which Mrs. J. W. Poe and Mrs. J. P. Volmer were selected as candidates. At the other meeting no ladies were nominated, and a rivalry sprang up between the two factions, which brought out many women to the polls, some of whom voted for the lady candidates, and others against them. The ladies were defeated, not, as we were often assured, because they were women, but because of the spirit of rivalry that broke the voting elements into factions. The election was as quiet and orderly as any of the kind in Portland. There were men, however, who do not approve of Woman Suffrage and would not permit their own wives to vote, who gathered the abandoned women of the town into a hack and marched them to the polls, thinking they had thereby exhibited honorable indignation and accomplished something laudable! If the wives of Lewiston could have a vote on

all questions, there is one nuisance they would speedily abate, and that is the shameless display upon the principal street which every beholder can witness, and which does not admit of description in the columns of a respectable newspaper. There are two churches here, both built since our last visit, and it will now be in order for the "needy parson" who promised such wonderful things for Lewiston if the "divine power of the church" could have a chance, and who so soundly berated us for commending the erewhile decency of the town (before churches were), to come forward with another anonymous attack upon the chronicler of these facts, and demand the building of yet other churches to remedy the evils which we know can only be reached by the divine power of woman's ballot. He will misrepresent us again after this, but for the sake of the noble men and women who will not, we hereby reiterate our belief in churches—for use, and not for adornment; for humanity, and not alone for "the needy parson's use on Sundays."

By the way, we heard a sermon last Sunday, which would have made Joab Powell turn in his grave for envy if he could have listened to it. The choir was good and the church pleasant, but the congregation was thin and the sermon contradictory. The good brother told us in one sentence that he had remained at his father's house till long after he became of age, and a few minutes after, must have forgotten his former statement, for he said he had left his father's house before he was nineteen, and had been afloat on the world ever since. It mattered little to the congregation as to which story was true, but it provoked a suppressed titter over the house that cannot be expressed in words. If the wisest preachers would go upon the frontier, leaving the fat positions for clerical guns of weaker caliber, it would be a great deal better for the gospel. It would be hard on the city churches, though. But enough of this.

As far as the ladies of Lewiston can, they are striving to inculcate good morals and organize good society. All they lack is political and financial power, and many of them are aware of this fact and are zealous for the ballot, that through it they may cleanse their town of its corruption. They know they will have the votes of all good men to aid them, and may God speed the day when it may be theirs without restriction.

Lewiston has many pleasant homes and pretty gardens. The soil is like that of The Dalles, and the productions much the same. Last year there was a grasshopper raid on the adjacent hills, which makes many feel blue this season; but there is hope for the growing crops, and prospects are fair for the future. The one thing needed is cheap transportation, without which the farmers cannot prosper as they ought.

There are two good hotels in Lewiston, the Raymond House taking the lead, Madame Saux & Co., proprietors. There are three millinery stores, one kept by Mrs. J. B. Sprenger, formerly of Portland, whose many friends will be pleased to learn that she is prospering; one by Mrs. M. A. White, which is an equally popular resort for customers; and one by Mrs. C. H. Vining, which also does a good business. The dry-goods and general merchandise house of Mr. J. P. Volmer is the leading store. Mr. Bunnell is a prosperous hardware merchant, whose lovely home, like Mr. Volmer's, nestles upon the margin of Snake River, girdled by belts of poplars and redolent with grass and flowers. A news depot, the property of S. G. Isaman, is well supplied with the latest periodicals, and a shoe store kept by Mr. G. Glass would do well anywhere. Mrs. A. J. Anderson, sister of our good friend, Mrs. Morris, of Portland, lives here in a pleasant house, the product of her own industry as a leading dress-maker. There are two newspapers, the *Teller* (published by Mr. Leland and sons) and the *Nes Perce News* (A. F. Parker, proprietor), both of which have plenty of patronage. They have discarded patent outsiders, an evidence of prosperity that is gratifying. Besides the persons herein already named, we were indebted for courtesies to Judge Norman Buck, of the Northern Territorial District; Mr. J. Brearly, of the Lewiston bank; Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Thatcher, Mrs. Brearly, Mr. and Mrs. Squiers, Mrs. Dr. Burr, Miss Herbert, Miss Bounds, and Mesdames Kroutinger, Kester, Leland, Baughman, Timberlake, Varney and Earle.

Our first lecture was not largely attended, owing to excitement over the murder trial, but the second was much better. The short evenings made it inadvisable to protract the meetings further. To-morrow at 3 A. M., we are to take stage for Mt. Idaho, whence more anon. A. S. D.

From the *Mountain Sentinel*: "The women of Indiana will take a prominent part in the State Fair of that commonwealth this year. There will be a department devoted to woman's work and under their control. We hope the women of Union County will imitate their example."