

# The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

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## THE SENIOR STILL JOURNEYING.

FROM GRANGEVILLE TO LEWISTON—FROM LEWISTON TO MOSCOW.

SIGHTS, FACTS, THOUGHTS, AND—SO—FOURTH—GRAPHIC READING.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The facility with which thrifty, home-loving women can adapt themselves to pioneer circumstances in this far-away country challenges admiration. At Grangeville, where we remained over for another day or two after finishing the last editorial letter, we enjoyed the hospitality of Rev. and Mrs. Hall, school teachers for the town, and patrons of the excellent Sunday school of which Mr. J. H. Robinson is Superintendent. Mr. Hall and wife have resided here but about a year, yet they have builded an humble home that is passing beautiful. Nobody needs to endure unsightly walls in these days of cheap newspapers, and Mrs. Hall understands it. Turn whichever direction you may in her house, and a new surprise will greet you. Pictures from magazines are framed in quaint, home-made devices of paper and straw, and three or four rustic frames are peculiarly ornamental in a casing of black velvet, rich in its effect as ebony. A rough box, neatly papered, standing on papered legs and filled with loam, forms the basis of an inexpensive window garden. Vines cling lovingly to snowy curtains, and a lambrequin of cheap butter cloth, bleached and starched, is covered with a fret-work of pressed ferns that carries you back to the shady region where they thrive and grow. Bureaus, cupboards and numerous unnamable knickknackery are made of pine boxes, finished with paste and paper. Nothing about the house is wasted. Thrift, utility, comfort and happiness are visible everywhere. The school under the charge of this worthy Christian couple is like their home and garden—orderly and flourishing. As a minister, Mr. Hall is unassuming yet progressive, somewhat conservative, yet never dull. The young people like him, the old respect him. He disarms skepticism by his industry outside of the school-room and pulpit, and strengthens the faith of the faltering by his devotion to humanity. Such men and such women are inestimable blessings in border life.

"In the sweat of their toil the desert blooms,  
And the forest before them falls;  
Their labor hath builded humble homes,  
And cities with lofty halls."

We take leave of Grangeville with genuine regret. The people have turned out *en masse* to attend the lectures, and the hearty God-speed with which they bless us at parting is not to be forgotten.

We are on the stage and off toward Lewiston at 6 A. M. The late rain has washed the face of Nature as clean as a freshly bathed infant. The genial dame has pinned some new varieties of flowers in her bosom since we came over a week ago, and has half hidden others in her tangled hair, which is being combed and cropped by cattle and horses here and there. The morning is clear and the view glorious. On the one hand may be seen the Salmon River Mountains, green and tree-studded, beyond them the snow-capped Bitter Root Range, at whose feet Professor Proctor found the head of his famous "dog salmon," and in the other direction the swaying lines of the *Coeur d'Alenes* are limned against the azure blue of the pellucid firmament.

On the stage is Hon. S. S. Fenn, ex-member of Congress, a gentleman of thought and discernment, albeit he is in politics a Bourbon of the Bourbons. He is supremely happy over the Garfield-Conkling fight, and snuffs victory for the Democracy of the future in the air. He knows every man, woman and child on the road, and we should say is popular with the people. He dresses like a miner, converses like a gentleman, and jokes like a sailor.

Breakfast at Cottonwood Station. Here we meet Mrs. W. M. Miller, formerly of Boston, whose husband—an old resident—brought her here less than a year ago. We can understand her feeling of homesickness. By and by she can understand our present relish for new countries.

The return drive over Gregg's Mountain is even more fascinating than the first journey. The scenery is of unrivaled beauty. Homes for the homeless abound on every hand. We dine at the foot of the mountains at the well-kept wayside inn of Mr. and Mrs. White. Then we hasten onward, leaving after a while the alluvial uplands, and travel down Lapwai Creek and past the fort, beyond which we strike a rocky cañon, up which the tired horses toil laboriously in the stifling heat.

Six o'clock, and Lewiston. It seems like getting home again. Familiar greetings occur upon every hand. We are almost too tired to move, but we hasten to the post office, where we wait an hour for the delivery window to be opened, and

are then cheered by the information that our coveted mail has gone to Mt. Idaho! We are compelled to boil over in some way, so we write a growl to the junior editor, who is not to blame, and afterwards fall into a troubled sleep, in which all sorts of accidents have occurred at home while we were beyond the reach of the telegraph.

Our circle of acquaintance widens in Lewiston, and we could spend another week here profitably did time permit. In addition to the friends formerly mentioned whose courtesy we enjoyed, we are pleased to name our old friends, Dr. and Mrs. J. H. Stainton, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Poe, Mrs. Maguire, and Mrs. Georgia Briggs. The ladies are ready for organization, and we hope to have their efficient cooperation in the suffrage work in the near future.

A young stripling, an agent at the stage office, treated us with some impudent "slack" in a vain attempt to be "funny," for which we are half inclined to take him across our maternal knee (editorially speaking), but guess we'll let him off this time, as we learn that he lost his position the next day. When he gets a little older and riper, he'll learn a little of the wisdom that accompanies good breeding and always waits upon experience.

The next morning (Wednesday), at 6 o'clock, we were on the stage again, our destination Moscow. The road lay on and over the hills, across the Clearwater, and out through a long succession of billowy uplands, with undulations like the heaving ocean abounding everywhere. We turned for a farewell look at Lewiston from the great heights where we first beheld it, years ago, and where it yet remains, so far below us as we gaze that it looks like a pretty toy. We learn that many of the residents of the town have never seen it from this point. They ought to, for they can never appreciate their home as they should until they do.

After a long stretch of travel over the heaving plain, we came to a beautiful mountain range, not so high as Gregg's, but well watered and timbered, and covered with grass and flowers. We cross this chain and drop over into Paradise Valley. Never was valley more appropriately named. It is as broad as *Camas Prairie*, and the soil as black and rich. The climate is much the same in winter, though warmer in summer. Everything wears a hopeful aspect. It is the Promised Land of the farmer, the Paradise of the stock-grower, the Mecca of the lumberman, and has nearly become the Ophir of the gold-hunter.

Yonder, in the lap of the earthen billows, sits Moscow, so changed since we last beheld it that we cannot recognize a former landmark. Two commodious hotels—one of them the Barton House, kept by Mr. and Mrs. Johnston, and the other by Mr. and Mrs. Frye—invite the traveler to rest. The stage leaves us at the former inn, where we rest till lecture time. A good audience awaits us at the hall, the familiar faces of Messrs. Cowan and Wilson of Portland and Mr. Arvid Hinman of Forest Grove appearing among the crowd.

Early the next morning we ventured forth on a prospecting tour, our tools a scratch-book, pencil, and a ragged copy of the *NEW NORTHWEST*, which had been loaned us by a Lewiston subscriber. We raised the "color" in almost every "pan" in the shape of silver coin. Hon. W. J. McConnell was not in town, but his extensive business and army of clerks were present, at their head the efficient book-keeper, Mr. W. B. Fulwiler, formerly of Yamhill, and then, as now, the confidential custodian of the great concern. We were also pleased to meet Mr. G. M. Wilson, who was once in the employ of Mr. Ira F. Powers, of Portland. Mr. J. G. Steel, brother of the Portland Steels, who is connected with this house, is now engaged in sinking a mining shaft a few miles away in the mountains, and it must be confessed that the specimens of quartz he exhibits are rich in gold and silver and calculated to excite cupidity. On our return from Spokane we will visit the mine, if possible. Mr. Arvid Hinman is preparing to settle here with a stock of merchandise, and is well pleased with the outlook. A drug store kept by Mr. T. J. Craig and a jewelry store by Mr. H. Olsen evidently do a thriving business. There are other enterprises of different degrees of magnitude which we hope to notice on our return. Hospitality, good cheer and greetings are the order of the day. Many of the business men have ranches, on which their families are living for the purpose of securing homesteads. As in other sections of the earth, the spirit of possession is abroad among the women, and Miss Alice Johnston, an intelligent young lady of Moscow, has taken a homestead not far away. If she does not marry before her title is complete, and thereby fail to get it, as Mrs. Michael Raney did, she may see the day when she will be able to support a husband handsomely from its proceeds. Like other parts of this vast inland country, there is great need of a market to the seaboard or to Portland. Flax culture is com-

manding much attention, and it is hoped that the growing crop will relieve somewhat the stress of the prevailing hard times in money matters.

This sketch would be incomplete if we should fail to mention the well disciplined school under the management of Professor Frye; nor should we fail to note the fact that in this little city of only one church there is more of quiet and good order than in many an older town we wot of, where the people are taxed to the limit of endurance to build rival churches for the "needy parson's use on Sundays," and which are closed through the week in solemn grandeur, leaving the sluice-gates of iniquity open during six days out of every seven to run their business without a protest. The one church is occupied by the Methodists and Baptists, and the Presbyterians meet in the combined hall and school-house, where they also hold a flourishing Sabbath school.

But one clergyman has called upon us, Mr. Gamble, the Presbyterian minister, a genial Irish-American with strong good sense and an appreciation of independent thought and action quite refreshing to witness. We are glad he called and became acquainted, for by so doing he has gained a friend. We are always jubilant when preachers will let us like them. It is much better for them and us to be on pleasant terms. But we cannot pay the price of our own self-respect for their silence, so we are sometimes compelled to publish facts concerning their treatment of our mission which we should be glad to omit did truth allow it—facts which happily we are not required to chronicle here.

But—yonder comes the stage, two hours ahead of time; and we hurriedly scrawl the closing sentences of this long letter, and yet more hurriedly pack our traps, and in less time than is required to tell of it we are on the boot and away behind a spanking four-in-hand, our destination Palouse City and Colfax. A. S. D. Moscow, June 3, 1881.

## THE CAUSE IN UNION.

UNION, Oregon, May 26th, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Believing it would afford you and your many readers pleasure to hear how the cause in which you are so earnestly engaged is progressing among us, I am prompted to write. We have had two called conventions since our annual meeting in August last.

### THE MARCH MEETING.

The first convention was held on March 15th. A goodly number of the more zealous advocates of Woman Suffrage were present, and a profitable time was had. Several persons identified themselves with the movement by signing our constitution. Conspicuous among them were the young editor of the *Mountain Sentinel* and the Rev. J. C. Kirkman, of the M. E. Church.

The latter gentleman was called upon for a speech. He replied by saying he had not come to make an address, but for the same reason that a woman went out upon the battlefield of Bunker Hill, although he did not profess to possess so much bravery as she evinced. She was urged to go back, as she was in great danger and could do no good. She replied she had only come out to let them know which side she was on. He had come out to let us know which side he was on. He had seen so much of woman's work in the church that he felt convinced it would be beneficial in the state, therefore he was in favor of woman's enfranchisement.

### THE MAY MEETING.

The second convention was held on May 25th, as the *Sentinel* has informed you, and everything connected with it was a success.

The opening exercise was an instrumental duet by Mrs. Ish and Miss Nettie McComas.

After the minutes of the previous meeting were read, we were favored with a song, "The Old Elm Tree," by Miss Baird, of Brownsville.

Major Magone, by solicitation, was present, and delivered one of the best speeches in favor of universal liberty it has ever been our pleasure to hear.

At the conclusion of the speech, we were entertained with the song, "The hand that rocks the cradle is the hand that rocks the world," by Miss Mary Davis.

Mr. E. S. McComas followed with a few interesting remarks, in which he said that over twenty years ago, in an Eastern city, he had listened to the speech of a man whose photograph could scarcely be told from that of the speaker who had just addressed us, if he had the two to place side by side. He alluded to Ossawatimble Brown, "whose soul is marching on." Although not at that time in sympathy with the sentiments of that speaker, he had lived to see the principle for which Brown gave his life become the law of the nation. This speaker was not only like him in person, but also like him in being a champion of a cause that is in advance of the views of the ma-

jority of the people, and Mr. McC. expects to live to see the Major's theme of universal suffrage also triumph throughout the land.

Mr. M. B. Rees, of The Cove, an ever-ready advocate, made a brief speech.

The next speaker was Hon. James Hendershott, who remarked that Wm. H. Seward had once said, "There is an irrepressible conflict approaching; this nation cannot exist half slave and half free." Subsequent events had proved his words prophetic. "Another conflict is now approaching. The perpetuity of this government demands that equal suffrage be conferred upon all intellectual classes." He recorded himself in favor of woman's enfranchisement, and said we need but wait patiently; that the indications are becoming more and more favorable every day for the consummation of our wishes. A few years ago, in his visits to the Legislature, not a woman was given a place among the law-makers. Last year when he was there, five or six were acting as clerks and doing efficient work.

Mrs. Hendershott, Mrs. Babbington of The Cove, Mrs. Proebstel of La Grande, and Mrs. Eaton of Union, made short speeches, and we adjourned to meet after supper.

In the evening, we were greeted with the song, "Over the River," by Misses Davis, Baird and Beidleman.

Another wide-awake speech was made by Major Magone, followed by a delightfully executed instrumental piece of music by Mrs. Ish.

Messrs. M. Baker of La Grande and J. B. Eaton of Union made brief speeches, which were followed by a song, "Beautiful Dreams."

A vote of thanks was tendered to Major Magone and all other friends who had so generously assisted, and the meeting adjourned till our next annual convention.

The dinner and the supper given to increase the funds of the society were a complete success.

There was comparatively a scarcity of gentlemen in the afternoon, but equally as many gentlemen as ladies in the evening, and a good audience both sessions. Indeed, we are proud of the ladies who want to vote in Union county, and also of the gentlemen who want them to.

M. P. AMES, Secretary.

In Tremont Temple, Boston, on May 26th, just after Susan B. Anthony had made an able and telling speech before the National Woman Suffrage Association, May Wright Sewall, of Indiana, arose and in a neat address presented her with a tastefully-constructed Greek cross made of gold. The bar from which the cross was suspended bore Miss Anthony's initials, "S. B. A.," while upon the point of the cross was the date 1848 and the initials of the Association, "N. W. S. A.," while the reverse bore the following inscription: "Presented to Susan B. Anthony by the Citizens' Suffrage Association of Philadelphia as a token of gratitude for her life-long devotion to the interests of woman."—May, 1881." Never was a token more worthily bestowed.

From the *New Orleans Democrat*: "The women are rapidly distancing the men in all the professions to which they have been admitted. It was shown the other day that the M. D.'s graduated from the Women's Medical College of Pennsylvania were making an average of \$4000 a year—better than most of the men who have adopted the medical profession. An investigation shows that the women lawyers are doing nearly equally as well. There are seventy-five practicing in this country, and they take in an average of \$3000 annually. It is scarcely probable that the masculine B. L.'s do as well."

The temperance women of Illinois have presented Mrs. Hayes with a huge album of six volumes, each containing 650 pages. Its inscription reads: "From the ladies of Illinois who have admired the courage Mrs. Hayes has displayed in the administration of the hospitalities of the Executive Mansion. God grant that the influence of this signal and benign example may be felt more and more as age follows age in the life of this great Republic." It contains the autographs of many eminent persons, and is believed to be the most worthy testimonial of the kind ever gotten up.

From the *Middletown (N. Y.) Liberal Sentinel*: "The present law shuts out women from some means of honest living. Belva A. Lockwood, a native of this State, a graduate of Syracuse University, and a member in good standing of the bar of the Supreme Court of the United States, was last year refused admission to the bar of this State at Poughkeepsie, because the laws of New York do not allow a woman to practice law. Women are also by law ineligible, however fit, to nearly all offices in the State. These matters would be corrected if women were voters."

Two young ladies were killed by lightning at Henrietta, Texas, on Sunday last.