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EASTERN WASHINGTON.

DESCRIPTION OF COLFAX—WHITMAN COUNTY SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION—NOTES AND COMMENTS—STAGE RIDE TO SPOKAN.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The town of Colfax sits in a flat, or sink, in the great hilly plateau surrounding it, and is made picturesque by a lake—somewhat the worse for mud and garbage—which in any other country would produce ague or other pestilence. The town is compactly built, almost entirely of wood, and is strikingly suggestive of a future conflagration. As we gaze upon it from the surrounding summits, we think with an involuntary shudder of the avidity with which the cañon would suck the smoke and flame into its cavernous depths if once the holocaust were begun. Strangely enough, there is no fire department, every attempt to organize and maintain one having thus far proved abortive.

There are three very good churches, a cheap little court-house, and the shabbiest school-room in all Washington Territory. But the citizens are considering the plans for a new school building, and are ready to tax themselves to complete it. A new court-house will also come in time, and women, as assistant clerks, custodians, and so forth, will see that it is kept in better order than at present. The incumbent officials are as neat and orderly in their bachelor house-keeping as other gentlemen in their line, but house-keeping isn't their forte, and they must not be expected to prove a complete success at the business.

There are a number of well-filled stores of general merchandise, where goods of all kinds are sold at remarkably reasonable prices. The drug store of Dr. Beach would do honor to Portland, as would also the hardware and tin store of Mr. R. J. Wilson, and the millinery establishment of Mrs. E. M. Willman. We were pleased to meet an old Salem friend, Miles M. Miller, in the banking house of Talbot & Co., whose many well wishers in Oregon's capital city will be glad to hear from him. Miles is making money and friends, and his little wife and cozy home are each models in their way. The banking house of C. G. Livingston is also a flourishing establishment, and the fact that two such institutions can prosper in so small a place is evidence of the presence of much business in the town and surrounding country. The flouring mill of Messrs. Warren & Davenport is noted for the extra quality of its breadstuffs, their superior excellence being due to splendid wheat as well as the skill of D. Wolfard, Esq., one of the best millers of the Pacific Northwest. Mrs. Orley D. Phelps, daughter of our good friend Hon. T. W. Davenport, and of course a staunch Woman Suffragist, is carrying on a flourishing business as a dress-maker, and enjoys her double eagles with the zest of one who honestly earns them. There are no women so independent as those who earn their own money; and among these may be mentioned the teacher of the select school, Miss West, who asks nobody any odds in the matter of honorable livelihood, albeit she is denied the exercise of her right of suffrage by boys just out of their teens, who vainly imagine that they are wise enough to vote, while she isn't.

Owing to the worse than Weefoot rains which have troubled us in every town since the journey began, we were deterred from making a general canvass of the place—the more's the pity, as it will be long before we can return to it again.

On the 16th instant, the friends of equal rights met in the court-house and organized the Whitman County Woman Suffrage Association. The following officers were elected: President, P. C. Sullivan; Vice-President, Mrs. W. H. James; Recording Secretary, Mrs. Hattie Wolfard; Corresponding Secretary, O. L. Wolfard; Treasurer, Mrs. Martha Davenport. Executive Committee—Mrs. R. P. Wolfard, Mrs. P. C. Sullivan, Mrs. Jas. A. Perkins, J. C. Davenport and C. H. Warner. Committee on Resolutions—L. D. Wolfard, F. M. Ellsworth and W. A. Inman. Committee on Programme—W. J. Davenport, Mrs. Addie Renshaw, M. T. Crawford and Mrs. Jennie Perkins. The next meeting will be held on September 16th.

We wish every woman in Washington Territory who thinks she has all the rights she wants (though such are scarce at this date, thank Heaven) could have opportunity to hear the masterly argument of Judge Sullivan in explanation of that one-sided, contradictory, delusive and ridiculous "emancipation bill," of which the poor crazy nomad, Mrs. E. P. W. Packard, claims to be the mother, and about which she duped the well-meaning Oregonian into publishing a cock-and-bull story over her signature of the presentation of a certain "watch and chain," which she unblushingly advertised as a gift from the "women of Oregon." We were glad to see that the journal referred to discovered the hoax in time to keep it out of the weekly edition, though not in time to prevent the false refrain from being taken up

from the Daily by snarlers like the States Rights Democrat and Colfax "echo," whose barking amuses themselves and does nobody else any harm. Judge Sullivan did not refer to Mrs. Packard as the mother of the bill, but he went for the bill itself with vim and logic, and convinced every woman of the large number who heard him that legislation for same women must not be left to men or crazy women, or it will always prove a failure and a delusion.

The Woman Suffrage Association was retarded in the beginning of its organization by the ridicule of men on the streets, who sought to burlesque it, but their signal failure was only equalled by the signal triumph of the right at the ratification jubilee. The enemy was confounded and sulky, and the men who had attended to scoff skulked away to growl. We shall watch with interest to see what George J. Buys will say about it.

The September festival will doubtless be a grand success. As in other places, the leading men are committed to the principle, and others will naturally fall into line and float with the rising current of popular thought. An afternoon meeting at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. Wolfard was an enjoyable affair. The movement is not confined to old women nor homely ones. It is alike popular with all thinking people, and even the few young men who sought to display superior sagacity by opposing the freedom of the mothers to whom they owe existence, have thought better of their rashness, and, with a discretion that speaks well for their inherent wisdom, are coming out upon the women's side. There are dissipated men and bigoted men and ignorant men and sensual men here as elsewhere, who hold on to the doctrine of men's rights with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, but they will be astonished at their hopeless minority when the picked men of the Legislature voice the will of their intelligent constituents in the idea of October.

Hon. P. C. Sullivan, or "Judge Sullivan," as he is universally styled in this Territory, was one of the first men and the very first lawyer in Oregon to come to the front in the well-remembered fight for Woman Suffrage in the Temperance Alliance in the years gone by, when it required as much moral courage to do so as was ever needed in facing cannon balls. Hon. Thomas H. Brents, the present member of Congress for Washington Territory; Hons. Comegys and Smith, members-elect of the forthcoming Legislative Assembly from Whitman county, and scores of other prominent gentlemen whom we have not space to name in this connection, are well-known advocates of equal rights.

Much as we should like to see Oregon lead the van in the suffrage movement, we are compelled to lay personal considerations aside and work for the thorough organization of Washington Territory, in anticipation of the favorable action of her forthcoming Legislature. The next organization will be formed in Spokane county. After this comes Columbia, and then Walla Walla, Kllickitat and Yakima, in all of which are earnest advocates, quite equal in spirit to those west of the Cascade Mountains. Organization is slow and exhausting business, but it makes sure work with Representatives at headquarters.

Saturday morning dawned, damp, cloudy and oppressive. At four o'clock, being awakened by the faithful watchman, and rising hurriedly, we left the undisturbed Wolfard household by previous arrangement, and repaired to the hotel, where we were kept in waiting for two mortal hours before breakfast was announced, and then the stage was ready. We hastily swallowed a cup of coffee, climbed to the boot of the great lumbering Concord coach, the faithful driver gathered the reins of a spirited six-in-hand, and away we sped, bumping, careening, crashing, banging, out of town, and up the cañon, over a grade so narrow that two wagons cannot pass each other except at rare intervals. At the very ugliest turn on the grade, we met a four-horse team, and never did we more admire the combined sagacity of men and horses than here. How they managed we can never tell, for we shut our eyes and gripped the apron straps and prepared for a jump into eternity. A crash, a bound or two, a "g'lang!" and a crack of the whip settled the danger, and on we went as though nothing had happened. Inside the coach were Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Davenport and their daughter, of Colfax, and Miss Cooldidge, of Salem, who is doing the Spokane country. Besides these were six other passengers, three of whom were Chinamen. A hard rain and terrific wind storm attacked us, but we bore it with becoming fortitude and not a little fun. Once up the grade and out upon the alluvial upland, the scenery grew more attractive and the storm less formidable. We saw many vacant sites for homesteads and many well-improved farms.

For several miles our road lay directly in front of Steptoe Butte, a noted landmark named for Colonel Steptoe, which reminds us every time we

see it of a speech made by Thomas H. Benton in Congress in the year '55. In recounting the failures of the administration in conquering polygamy in Utah, under the leadership of Colonel Steptoe, Mr. Benton said that the gallant Colonel, after loitering about the domain of Brigham Young for a long time to no purpose, had Steptoe-d away at last to the tune of "Hey, Bettie Martin, tiptoe fine," taking a number of Brigham's Bettie Martins along with him. That Mr. Benton wronged a gallant soldier by this accusation, does not prevent the rising memory of his clever satire, nor does it cause any person to repress a smile at its rehearsal as we bow toward the historic butte, only to leave it before we reach it; and, turning to the left, we drop into a succession of fertile flats, in one of which is a dinner station, a post office and a store! A ride of sixty-five miles by stage in a single day is almost too much of a good thing. We grow too weary to enjoy the scenery, but not too weary to welcome the scattering pines that greet us as the day advances.

Now we reach the grade of the Northern Pacific Railroad. The country has grown mountainous and vastly picturesque. A busy saw-mill, the property of the Small brothers of Walla Walla, is engaged in cutting lumber by the million for bridges and buildings. Acres of ties are stacked over the adjacent grounds, and a purling creek, that seems to run on the very top of the ground and bulge upward in the middle as it runs, is bearing away a load of sawdust to some distant natural dump. Men by the hundreds are at work on the railroad, building bridges, trestles and culverts and hugging precipitous banks with high and narrow grades.

The scenery grows more beautiful as we approach Spokane. The mountains leave us, and a rolling, gravelly plain appears, covered with scattered pines and yellow flowers. Now the town comes in view, reminding us much of Salem, save that its spires are wanting and the buildings, though painted, are newer. We drive to the California Hotel and find it full, but a room is found for us at the Western, where we meet our old-time Portland friends, the Warners, and where we retire to a room to finish this letter, with feelings of weariness and languor indescribable.

Spokane, W. T., June 18, 1881.

P. S.—In looking over the NEW NORTHWEST, late copies of which are just at hand, we find that we had written Professor Proctor's name for Professor Jordan's in alluding to the "dog salmon" of the Bitter Root Range. We also know now, though we didn't at first, that Craig's instead of "Gregg's" Mountains lie between Lewiston and Mt. Idaho. Everybody says Gregg's, and that is how the mistake occurred.

A. S. D.

A. S. D.

The long-debated question of the repeal of the prohibition of marriage with a deceased wife's sister is exciting much interest just now in some of the British colonies. In Australia, such marriages have long been legalized, and the acts of the colonial Legislatures to this effect have been duly scrutinized by the law officers of the Crown and solemnly ratified by the Queen in council. Under these circumstances, the denial of legal recognition to such marriages outside the limits of the colonies is complained of as a grievous hardship.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Russia is opposed to bi-metalism. Merrill has won the free-for-all walking contest in London, and Myers the 440-yard race. Both are Americans.

The English census shows the population of the Kingdom to be about 35,000,000—an increase of 4,000,000 in the last decade.

Sixteen Jesuit priests, advance guard of a large body expelled from Nicaragua by order of the Government, have arrived at Panama.

Mr. Gladstone has taken particular pains to let it go forth that he will not consider his life mission ended until he has laid violent hands on the great British land guild.

It is deemed probable that there will be a conflict between the British House of Commons and House of Lords on the Irish land bill. The latter are landlords, and of course are prejudiced against the bill.

Sergeant Mustafa, Fahri Bey and Hadi Mehemid have been found guilty of the murder of the late Sultan of Turkey. Ali Bey, Medjob Bey, Midhat Pasha, Noura Pasha and Mahmoud Pasha are held as accomplices.

On last Friday night, a whole train of cars was dropped into the San Antonio River, near Mail-pas, Mexico, by the fall of a stone bridge. Nearly 200 persons were killed and many wounded, mostly soldiers. The road was a narrow-gauge line, built by the Government, and is entirely the work of Mexican engineers.

In Southern France, the cry of "Down with Italy" is said to be almost as popular as "On to Berlin" at the beginning of the Franco-German war, and Italy returns the feeling. Meanwhile, Bismarck is happy. The German papers openly boast that when France seeks to avenge Alsace, Italy will avenge Tunis and Marseilles.

MARIA DERAISME.

A Parisian correspondent sends the *Paik Mall Gazette* the following account of the heroine of the recent Anti-Clerical Congress: "Mlle. Maria Deraisme was the lioness of the platform. In argumentative power there is no orator in the French Chamber the superior of this lady. There is a tinge of acrimony in her style, and a subacidity which gives it zest. Her figure is slightly awry, her face is long and pointed, and her forehead wide, high, prominent and very smooth. It rises above pencilled eyebrows and bright and feverish hazel eyes. Mlle. Deraisme is a woman of some fortune; keeps a carriage, keeps a town and country house, and will never marry as long as the status of the married woman is based on the Orientalism of the Christian religion. St. Paul, who was the exponent to the Greek and Roman Churches of Oriental ideas on women, is the pet hatred of Mlle. Deraisme. There is not a grain of eccentricity in the manner or the method of this orator when she is on the platform or on her feet at a banquet. She dresses richly and in elegant taste, wears sparkling rings on her slender fingers, flirts a fan worthy to figure in an art museum, gesticulates with ease and sobriety, and astonishes by her intellectual force."

GENERAL NEWS.

Griscom, the Chicago faster, is holding out well, and will probably eclipse Tanner.

New York's population is now 1,257,531—an increase of 50,964 since the census was taken.

The bodies of John Middleton and wife, drowned at Savannah, were found locked in each other's arms.

The ship Franconia has been wrecked on South Farallone Islands, near the Golden Gate, and will prove a total loss.

Senator Sessions, accused of trying to buy a vote for Depew in the New York Legislature, has been indicted for bribery.

The weary balloting at Albany goes on. It is said that stalwarts and half-breeds may combine on Conkling and Depew.

Nearly \$13,000,000 has thus far been expended on the Brooklyn bridge, and a year will yet be required to complete the structure.

The boy evangelist, Rev. Thomas Harrison, after eleven weeks of earnest labor at Indianapolis, is credited with 2200 conversions.

Brady's defense will be based on the fact that Congress investigated the star routes and made appropriations to carry them out on the expedited basis.

Frank Braga, a trusted agent of the Portuguese Protective and Benevolent Society of San Francisco, has absconded, getting away with about \$100,000.

A storm at Chicago early yesterday morning blew down houses, unroofed buildings, uprooted trees, etc. Several horses were struck by lightning and killed.

A. T. Stewart's body is now said to have been carried to Canada, and thence to Westchester county, N. Y. The thieves are still negotiating with Judge Hilton.

Rev. Father Hudson, while bathing at Santa Cruz, Cal., on Saturday last, was attacked by a sword fish. It wounded him in several places before a bystander rescued him.

Several Nebraska liquor-dealers have been indicted for violation of the high license law. They propose to fight the law, claiming that it is oppressive and unconstitutional.

President Garfield and General Grant met at Long Branch on Saturday, and greeted one another heartily, notwithstanding coldness was supposed to exist between them on account of the Conkling squabble.

John G. Baxe, the poet, is said to be a "confirmed and obstinate hypochondriac." He believes he is suffering from several diseases that physicians cannot cure, and grieves over the loss of imaginary political power.

Information has been ferreted out that there is an organized union of horse-thieves in Missouri and Arkansas. They have secret grips and passwords, and secrecy as to the doings of their organization is cemented by diabolical oaths.

Brady has made a demand for speedy trial in connection with the star route frauds, and wants the grand jury to act in the matter immediately. The special Government attorney denies the application, as the evidence is not yet ready.

The oldest Federal volunteer of the civil war is said to have been Lieutenant Davis, of Egerton, Ohio, who entered the service at the age of 85. He enlisted at Chicago, claiming to be 65, after having been refused in his own State on account of his years.

New York trades union officials say that employers have generally granted the demands of employes, who usually asked decrease of time rather than increase of wages. Workmen are now pressing for a half holiday on Saturday, and many firms have conceded it.

George Taylor, of Chicago, is said to have secured millions from the U. S. Treasury by crooked transactions. He has presented fictitious claims for large amounts, upholding them by perjured testimony, and has received the money. He is now the reputed owner of two-thirds of the \$10,000,000 claimed by this country before the French-American Commission. He was largely instrumental in securing the passage of the bill establishing the Commission. The money of which he robbed the Government is said to be irrevocably lost.