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THE SENIOR STILL TRAVELING—DELIGHTED WITH SPOKAN FALLS—MEETS FUN IN CANVASSING—SAYS HER SAY TO "ORATE" AT CHENEY—FOOD FOR THINKERS.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

On the edge of a broad, gravelly prairie, adorned at intervals by scattering trees, sits the embryo city of Spokane, its site and surroundings resembling those of Salem, Oregon, and its atmosphere reminding us of Mt. Idaho or Moscow. We confess a little disappointment upon viewing the environs of the town; not that the scenery is less magnificent than we had been led to expect, but because we have traversed so many leagues of fertile land within the past six weeks that the barren soil looks doubly desolate because of the contrast. We expected a larger town, too, but can hardly tell why, unless it had been over-advertized by traveling or resident enthusiasts, who had drawn upon their imaginations for their facts. But all this did not prevent an admiring glance at the neat, white cottage of A. M. Cannon, Esq., an erewhile resident of Portland, who is one of the proprietors and chief business men of this place, and who has proved his confidence in the capacity of this gravelly upland for agriculture by planting a field of wheat adjacent to his house, which promises an enormous yield.

We drive through the city upon a bed of solid gravel—no need of artificial macadam here—and halt at the California House, only to find every room occupied. But Mr. Gray is one of the most accommodating of landlords, so he secures a room for us at the Western, where we are pleased to meet our old-time Portland friends, the Warners, formerly merchants here, but now engaged in the hotel business. Here, by great good fortune, we obtained a room.

If ever weary bones and battered muscles had cause to thank their lucky stars for a bed to rest upon, this was the time and the occasion. About midnight, we were aroused from a fitful sleep by near-by pistol shots, followed by unearthly yells. We listened eagerly, expecting a general commotion in the place, but the yells died away at last, a few random shots were fired as a finale, and we heard no more about the episode, except that there had been a usual row at an adjacent gambling den.

Religious services were held on Sunday at the little school-room by Elder Strong, in presence of a small assembly. The afternoon Sunday school was well attended, and the singing was unusually fine. Returning homeward after church, we were compelled to pass a motley crowd of the protectors of women, any one of whom would have gladly voted against equal rights for women, and one of their number was so crazy with drink that he stood in front of the den where he had imbibed his whisky and openly blasphemed the name of his mother. Later in the day, he was taken to the lock-up for trying to pick a quarrel with an Indian (whom the law protects from whisky), and we learned that he was a young man of good family who had wandered away from home influences in search of employment, and this was the saddening result. The world, alas! can never be substantially better until home influences go every where, even to the frontier border.

Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday evenings were spent in lecturing in a neat and pleasant hall, owned by Corbitt & Macleay, of Portland. The audiences were large, and evidently appreciative, but the remuneration was exceedingly meager after hall rent (our first tax of the kind in this whole upper country) was paid over to the agent in charge.

Mr. James Roe, of the firm of Warner & Roe, proprietors of the Western Hotel and livery stable, treated a hack load of us to a ride over Spokane Prairie one afternoon, where we saw vacant land enough for hundreds of homesteads. Much of this soil is "scabby," as they call it here, that is, too gravelly in spots for successful cultivation; but very much more of it is pretty fair farming land, and will be vastly valuable by and by. The scenery is superlatively beautiful. Mountains, not high enough for perpetual snow peaks, but swaying, green and tree-fringed, border the extensive plain on all sides. Spokane River runs through the edge of the prairie, in an abrupt sink in the plain, its presence marked for miles away by the tops of deciduous trees with an occasional cluster of evergreens, all seeming to peep from the ground, as though wondering whether or not they may dare to "up and at you." On the edges of the mountains are beautiful home sites, many of them yet unclaimed; and here the soil is as deep and rich as any in Northern Idaho. It wouldn't take us long to get possession of a new farm if the Government of the United States did not stultify its Constitution by refusing, in the face of its own fiat, to "guaranty to every citizen [if not married] the equal protection of the laws."

The scenery in the suburbs of Spokane is exceed-

ingly picturesque. Gray rocks bubble up into massive mounds, moss-grown and flower-bordered; grassy ridges roll away toward the mountains, tree-capped and water-fed, and the monotone of the falls rises ceaselessly upon the ear like the roar of the rolling breakers on the distant weather beach. Niagara Falls do not equal the Falls of Spokane in beauty, and they scarcely more than rival them in grandeur. Niagara River is larger than the Spokane, and the torrents fall from a really greater height, though the difference is not apparent. Spokane Falls have all the beauty of Ladore and the majesty of Niagara combined. The impulse of the near-by mountains is in the water as it comes tearing down through the prairie gorge, and a basaltic promontory juts out from the banks in front of the embryo city, parting itself into islands and the stream into different channels, forming many different cataracts, all frothing and foaming in their eager haste to get to the Columbia River, and fretting and moaning and fuming because of the opposition they meet, in their anger and hurry sending up clouds of spray that bathe the obdurate rocks in torrents of tears. How we should enjoy all this if it were not for the unrest that continually hounds us when away from home—unrest that never leaves us for an instant except in the lecture-room, and often pursues us even there.

We return to the city and sally forth a-canvassing. "Will the Western Hotel patronize the People's Paper?" "Certainly," is the hearty response. The next patron is Miss Nellie Muzzy, the efficient schoolma'am of the city, a young lady who would honor any circle of savans, but who cannot vote, albeit the man who blasphemed his mother on the street the other day will vote when he can to keep her in subjection to his sovereign power as a law-maker. The next on the list is Mr. R. W. Forrest, whom we met in New Tacoma a year ago, and whom we find here engaged in transportation and merchandize, and carrying on business with the vim and enterprise which are sure harbingers of success. Then comes Mrs. Emma Parks, a successful milliner; also our old-time patron, Mrs. Pauline Hancock, keeper of a flourishing restaurant, and Miss R. Masterson, the Rosalia schoolma'am. There is no trouble in getting subscribers among women who enjoy the "fruit of their hands," for their "own works praise them in the gates." Mrs. W. C. Gray is another free woman, who with her husband carries on the hotel business in the California House. We call at a few private residences, but the housewives are either apathetic or indigent, or both—certainly the latter—and we have no success, except in two or three instances, where they tell us confidentially that they would gladly aid the women's struggle for liberty, but "my husband doesn't approve," etc., etc. We comprehend the situation and pass on, doubly steeled for the battle for equal rights. We visit the bank and store of Mr. A. M. Cannon, and find our old friend as jolly and genial as all gentlemen are when we meet them. Here, too, is Mr. Heath, the obliging postmaster, who takes the People's Paper for the Library Association.

By the way, the Spokane Library deserves special mention. The room assigned to it is located at the rear of the jeweler's store of Mr. L. W. Rima, and we are pleased to find it comfortable, light and airy, and adorned by a choice selection of books. This Association was inaugurated by ladies, and the library was at first intended for their use alone, but wiser counsels prevailed, and it is now open upon like terms for both sexes. Such a library in so young a town speaks volumes in favor of mental growth among its projectors, who, nevertheless, are not allowed the exercise of equal rights.

We next visited the bank of Mr. McCammon, a man's rights advocate, a little fellow in spectacles, who says—so we are told—that if his wife wants her "rights," he'll give her up the pantaloon! Just as though she'd want 'em! It is vastly amusing, the pride some men take in "pantaloon"—they always call 'em britches—as though the nether garments of any weak-minded man could be large enough for an average woman's rights or no rights!

A clerk in this establishment was asked to look at the People's Paper, but said he "couldn't read." To this we made laughing answer that we "thought so—appearances indicated as much."

"I read too much of that paper when I was in Portland!" he said, gruffly, puffing a volume of smoke in our face, as though he had been born with an inalienable right to poison the air that is breathed by women.

"If you've had a little healthy mental pabulum once in your life, it's all you'll ever be able to digest. You'd be better able to digest a cigar," we answered, with a smile, accompanied by a strong impulse to pat the protector of women on his spigot pate.

"I, too, had too much of that stuff in Portland!"

He schooled another voter, who stood guard over the

iron safe, as he contemptuously tossed the paper, and then held it upside down.

We knew instantly that both were telling falsehoods, but we turned away, remembering the words of the Irishman who addressed a locomotive on his way to the polls, and imagined ourself the engine.

"Ye can puff, an' ye can pull the commerce, an' ye can rouse the naybers, but ye can't vote!" said the son of Erin, in triumph.

Several hours of interchange of sensible ideas were next enjoyed among wise men and women, and on our return toward the hotel we met a gentlemanly Portlander, who volunteered to introduce us at the railroad office. The Second Engineer, a Mr. Maynard, whom we'd met at the hotel for several days, but had looked in vain for a gleam of recognition or intelligence in his features from the beginning, was the first man encountered; but he stalked away from the room like a giraffe (we'd judge him seven feet), his nose up and his mouth aslant, and we were introduced to First Engineer McCartney and Dr. Whitehouse, each of whom excelled the other in evident stupidity. To our civil questions as to when the railroad would reach Spokane, what forces of men were at work, etc., we received no intelligent replies, and when we presented the New Northwest for their inspection, we were informed by these vanguards of progress that they "didn't read anything." The Pomeroy editor sends a paper to the office gratis, but it's never opened!

Enough said. It's impossible for women to supply men who lack understanding with the brain power they lost before they were born. But these fellows are voters—more's the pity. And sensible women must humiliate themselves to ask such as these for the elective franchise! O, tempora! O, mores!

We return to our quarters in disgust with railway "smart Alecks"—excuse the slang. But the genial landlord meets us with a letter from Superintendent H. W. Fairweather, of Ainsworth—a hearty, hospitable letter, so like the honorable gentlemen of his class who "read" and "think," that we accept the "pass" he encloses with a throb of gratitude, not for its money value, but for the geniality and courtesy of the man. "For your venerated and venerable self," he says, heartily, and we glance at the mirror in search of imaginary cap and spectacles, and join our lady friends for a hearty laugh.

Who has not heard of Medical Lake?—that wonder of wonders, that nestles down at the foot of an amphitheater of wooded hills, having no visible outlet, bearing in solution the chemical compounds of the earth, and, like the pool of Bethesda, is troubled by the Angel of Health for the good of the halt and the rheumatic. It is seventeen miles from Spokane to this fountain of healing waters, and we conquer the distance in a three hours' ride in an open stage, the road running first through a "scabby" prairie, and afterwards over alluvial hills, till it lands us at the well-kept cottage hotel of Mr. and Mrs. Robbins, where snug quarters invite us to needed rest. After supper we go through the village to the bath-rooms of Mr. B. F. Gleason, encountering the usual business activities of village life on the way, and feasting our vision on the loveliest rural scenery yet encountered in our travels.

The baths are just—delightful. The water has all the cleansing effect of soap, with none of the alkaline accompaniments. You float in it, you revel in it. Your rheumatism gives way as by magic, and when you have finished the warm ablution by a cold shower bath, topped off by a drink of a pint of the slippery, sudsy fluid, you bless the memory of the white man who discovered the lake, albeit your stomach turns at mention of the alleged fact that he once drove a herd of scabby sheep into it and cured them of their sore infirmity. But that was long ago, and nobody's sheep is allowed to repeat the operation since man began to bathe in it himself. We were rowed across the lake by Mr. Hewitt, the founder of the bath-houses, and made a pleasant call at the house of a farmer, where we had the first strawberries and cream of the season; and this was June 24th! No wonder we're longing for the fruit baskets of Portland. We met a good audience in the evening in Gleason's Hall, and departed on the following morning with much regret, leaving a hearty wish behind that everybody we know and love could come here and stay a month, at least.

Returned to Spokane to meet further engagements, when to our surprise Captain Wilkinson and daughter and Colonel Stone and wife were the first to greet us. Remembering the Captain's sidewalk work, and wishing to aid him in it, we placed the hall at his disposal for Sunday, at 11 A. M. and 4 P. M. Then we learned of a young preacher residing here who is fresh from some Eastern college, and who, of course, is wiser in his own conceit than seven men who can render a reason. And this would be "divine"—Rev. Mr.

Clark by name—sent us a modest request to vacate our hall for Sabbath evening also for "religious" services. As we could not for an instant believe our work was irreligious, and as this shepherd had remained away from his flock all through our former lectures, we declined to give him our hired hall for the entire day, especially as he was a resident and could speak again. But Captain Wilkinson arranged for him to talk at 11 A. M., and by dint of sidewalk speaking secured him a crowd. The boy preacher then announced the Captain's four o'clock meeting, but ignored the evening lecture out and out. After his sermon—which was a very nice, soft dish of orthodox porridge, such doubtless as he had been reared upon; good of its kind, but not solid enough for the religious food of vigorous pioneers—we were introduced to the shepherd, when we took occasion to remind him of his lack of politeness in not announcing our lecture after proclaiming the Captain's appointment.

"You wouldn't expect me to announce every woman that comes along!" said he, with an "I-am-holler-than-thou" air that was decidedly stunning. "I never heard of you in the East."

To this we might have responded that we had never heard of him in the West, but the good Captain, who was bent upon conciliation, smoothed the matter over and let the brother down as easily as he could under the circumstances.

After the odium of disfranchisement shall have been lifted from the shoulders of the mothers of men, the sons of women will cease to regard them with unholy suspicion because of their sex; or, if they do so regard them, they will not dare to proclaim their unsupported suspicions because of woman's increased power in the land. "Never mind, madam," says the enfranchised Douglass; "after a while women will be voters, too, and then you'll be treated just as well as if you were a nigger!"

We didn't want to chronicle these facts at all, but the shepherd didn't even come out on Sunday evening to look after his "hineety or nine," who were abroad with the crowd that packed the hall to listen for two hours to our gospel of liberty and righteousness.

Captain Wilkinson's sidewalk meeting drew a crowd at four o'clock, as also did his indoor service an hour later. The world may say what it will of his methods, but no one can doubt their attractiveness, nor can anyone dispute his sincerity, nor help admiring his success in reaching the people. If the "stand-aside-I-am-holler-than-thou" parsons we often meet in pioneer places would profit by his example, they would have a chance for accomplishing some real good in the world. He is here after a reinforcement of young Indians for his school, and bears with him a complete set of pictures of his pupils, their buildings and industries, in proof of his wonderful success thus far in making sovereign citizens of governmental wards by teaching them to work as well as to read and pray. We wish him unbounded success in his arduous undertaking. His daughter, who accompanies him on the journey, is fully imbued with his missionary spirit, and is perfectly natural, joyous, and free from cant.

But we're a day ahead of our story.

The railroad reached Spokane on Saturday, and everybody went out to meet it save the undersigned, who watched the laying of the last rail, and then effervesced in a "Song of the North Pacific," which was read at the evening lecture amid great enthusiasm. The Spokane people are justly jubilant over the advent of the North Pacific road. But the rivalry between this place and Cheney is unfortunate, especially for Spokane, as Cheney has been awarded the county seat, and Spokane has secured an Indian claim upon the railroad company's grant adjacent to the town, whereon the station and switches are located, thereby depriving herself of the prospective machine shops and rolling mills upon which she had placed many calculations. But Spokane will grow to great proportions by and by. Her magnificent water power, better than Fall River, will some day be utilized. Her great prairies will produce wool and flax in unlimited quantities, and her timber supply will be inexhaustible for centuries. There is an excellent opening here for every branch of productive industry. And when women are enfranchised, and it shall no more be necessary to recount the unpleasant encounters herein chronicled, and the dogma of man's rights becomes obsolete, she will be an important center in an inland empire where all the people shall be prosperous and free.

On Tuesday, the 28th, accompanied by Mr. and Mrs. Pope and Mrs. Pease, of Oregon City, and Miss Muzzy and Mrs. Warner, of Spokane, we were driven over to Cheney, seventeen miles distant, by our obliging friend Mr. Roe, our road meandering through forest and plain and past many a lovely spot for a rural home. When within a mile of Cheney, we halted for a picnic dinner and spent a couple of hours beneath the grand pine trees. But here is the town, and here is a primitive hotel. There is to be a celebration here on the coming Fourth, at which we are invited to "orate," and so we tarry.

But this letter is long, and further jottings must be postponed for another week. A. S. D. Cheney, W. T., June 30, 1881.