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THE SENIOR EDITOR'S LATEST—THE TOWN OF CHENEY—THE GLORIOUS FOURTH APPROPRIATELY CELEBRATED.

THE SPOKAN COUNTY WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION—AN OPPOSITION EDITOR—THE NORTHERN PACIFIC—AINSWORTH.

AINSWORTH, July 8, 1881.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Cheney is a new town of rapidly increasing importance, situated in the heart of Spokane county, on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad, about a hundred miles from the junction of the N. P. and the O. R. & N. Co's lines. The first house was erected in this place last September. There are now eighty-six habitations and business houses of greater or less magnitude, all hastily built, and most of them rough and unpainted, sitting flat upon the rocky slope, or at best mounted upon stilts, from which slopes of rustic steps lead to the ground below. The site of the town is picturesque and somewhat commanding. A long, well-defined ridge, covered with scattering pines, inclines toward the railroad track and loses itself in a pretty flat, on which the business houses are planted in little spots, while all around the buzzing of saws and clanging of hammers are heard in cheerful accompaniment to the whistle of locomotives and the rumble of railway cars. The land office of the Northern Pacific has lately been removed to this point from Colfax, and it is expected by the citizens that the company's machine shops will also be located here. Business has a brisk outlook.

Although the town site and lands adjacent appear rocky and barren, there are many thousands of fertile sections rolling away on every hand within easy distance, inviting immigrants to their hospitable acres, and giving promise of homes for the homeless to any who will come and claim them. The soil and climate of the vast upland area called the Columbia Basin much resembles that of interior Illinois and Indiana; and yet there is a striking difference in many respects, as blue grass is not indigenous to this country, and evergreen timber is not a native product of the other localities named. The Winters here are not nearly so cold as at Chicago, but are more like those of southern Illinois; and the Summers, though often hot for a brief period in daytime, are always deliciously cool at night. Timber in many places is less plentiful than the farmer could wish, but the railroad will obviate that difficulty now, and cultivated forests will in time abound in all directions.

We were pleased to meet many Willamette Valley friends in Cheney, among them Professor and Mrs. A. Meachen, Judge and Mrs. D. C. Lewis, Mr. Wm. Rich, Miss Polly Bybee, and Mrs. A. E. Payne, formerly of Portland; Dr. J. C. Calloway and family, of Albany; Dr. and Mrs. Quivey, of McMinnville, and Dr. Emily Yeargan, who "got her start in Yamhill," and is engaged in the practice of her profession in this new country, winning many laurels and saving many lives. Her husband, who is engaged in the hotel business, has the good sense to be willing to excuse her from Chinamen's work in the kitchen, notwithstanding the fact that divers and sundry boarders of the protecting sex, who strut the streets in good clothes, and handle the pen for occupation, find fault with any lady who engages in professional business for certain pay, instead of catering to their lordly stomachs for the doubtful glory of servitude without wages.

New as the town is, there is already a good school, Professor T. M. Calloway being the teacher, and a combined church and school-room of primitive architecture. There are a number of mercantile houses of greater or less pretension, that of Payne & Rich being to our mind the most prosperous. A drug store kept by the Sweitzer brothers drives a lively trade, and several restaurants—notably those of Anderson & Co. and Mr. and Mrs. Rose—are fairly overrun with business. A handsome and flourishing millinery store is kept by Mrs. A. Everest, formerly of The Dalles, and a fruit and confectionary store by Mrs. Medley is also well kept. A mammoth grist-mill is being erected by a joint stock company, and there are plenty of saw-mills in operation.

Among the friends of human rights, in addition to the ladies and gentlemen above named, whose acquaintance we have made, and whose memory will ever remain with us as an inspiration, are Judge and Mrs. Range, Mr. and Mrs. Mount, Mr. and Mrs. Tucker, Mrs. Victor Smith, Mr. and Mrs. McFerron, Mr. H. C. Sessions, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Stoughton, Miss Ida Stoughton, Mrs. Mary Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Kellogg, of the *Tribune*, and Judge and Mrs. J. W. Still. Mrs. Lucy A. Sweitzer, an indefatigable local worker in temperance reform, has organized a children's Band of Hope, which numbers about thirty members,

many of whom are already well up in their catechism.

The morning of July 3d was accompanied by a pouring rain, which fell all day in copious tears, as though in lamentation over the nation's recent tragedy. The news of the attempted assassination of the President reached Cheney by a round-about way (the telegraph not yet connecting from Spokane), and by 10 o'clock A. M. every cheek was blanched and every voice awe-stricken, while over all hearts the weeping heavens presided with severest dignity. Great preparations had been made for a celebration on the Fourth, but the committee was appalled by the national disaster, and for lack of communication with the outside, or rather *inside*, world—for this certainly is the outer border—they could not decide whether to proceed with the festivities or turn the people's rejoicing into a general lamentation. The rain ceased at nightfall, and the morning rose clear, placid, dustless, and gloriously, radiantly beautiful. The electric air was fairly resonant with life. Country people began to arrive in crowds. They came in wagons, afoot, and on horseback. Country maidens in snowy gowns and profuse display of ribbons clung confidently to the elbows of country swains in broad-brimmed hats and somewhat antiquated broadcloth. A tolerably trained band from Spangle discoursed martial music. Married men gathered in groups on the corners to discuss the late tragedy. Married women clung to volunteer crops of tired babies and gazed with weary eyes upon radiant, care-free maidens, whose future they forsook with a grim satisfaction that bordered close upon selfishness. Were not these tired mothers young ladies once? And did they not then listen confidently to the same stories to which these hopeful lasses are listening now—stories of future freedom, future happiness and future protection in the married state, when all the heartaches of a girl's existence were to be crowned with mated bliss forever more?

Mr. Kellogg, editor of the *Tribune*—a splendid local journal, by the way—went over to Spokane and returned by 10 o'clock with the information that the President yet lived. After much unavoidable delay, the procession was formed, and, after some 'cute management on the part of Miss Bybee and Dr. Yeargan, your correspondent, as an invited speaker, was given a seat in the carriage next to the band wagon. The grounds were tastefully seated and canopied with the branches of deciduous trees. Evergreens would have afforded a denser shade, but they are too common in this country for artificial display on so great an occasion. Where all the people could have come from, was a mystery. Never have we seen a happier, more prosperous-looking crowd of country folk. All were well dressed. Their horses and wagons were of the best, and, with the exception of worn-out wives here and there, they were all evidently healthy and strong.

Mrs. Kellogg, wife of the president of the day, accompanied the undersigned to a seat on the platform. The wives of reader and orator should have had places there also, but the aristocracy of sex hadn't thought of it. Judge Sullivan, as the first advertised speaker, failed to appear. There was no chaplain. The band played the "Star Spangled Banner." Hon. D. F. Percival read the Declaration of Independence in masterly style. More music. Judge Barney made a first-rate impromptu speech, patriotic and to the point, and was fearfully irate over the nation's horror. Mr. Bailey, as poet, read Will Carleton's inimitable Fourth of July "Hooray." General and Mrs. Sprague and Mrs. Holt came up in a carriage at this juncture, and were escorted to the platform. The General made a brief but excellent address, and retired amid much enthusiasm. The undersigned then came on as the "rear guard," and talked for an hour upon the Declaration of Independence. Among the crowd, as our eyes grew accustomed to it, were recognized the beaming faces of our Penewaux friends, Mr. and Mrs. C. C. Cram and their accomplished daughter, and Mr. and Mrs. Martin, of Albany. Late arrivals grew restless in anticipation of a promised free ride on the railroad. But the crowd of listeners forgot the railroad, forgot everything except the "self-evident truth" that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the governed;" that "taxation without representation is tyranny;" that "resistance to tyranny is obedience to God;" that the aristocracy of sex has no more inherent right to exercise an "unwarrantable jurisdiction over" the women of America than had the aristocracy of Great Britain to exercise a like jurisdiction over American men; that the "right of representation in the Legislature is a right inestimable" to all "and formidable to tyrants only;" that taxes are imposed upon women without their consent; that they are "denied the equal protection of the laws;" that they are "deprived of the right of trial by a jury of their peers;" that "domestic insurrection is incited among them" through financial oppression; that "they of right

ought to be free and independent." Judge Barney, at the close of his speech, had graphically related the touching incident wherein the boy of the century gone had cried out at the foot of the steps leading to Independence Hall, "Ring, father! Ring the bell! America is free!" We finished our address by adding the historic fact which men have always overlooked, but to which the old cracked bell bears witness, that when the boy's excited father climbed to the top of the antique belfry and seized the iron tongue to ring it with vehemence, the old bell quivered in every nerve and shrank beneath the blow, and *broke its heart rather than tell a lie!*

No wonder the government is in peril. No wonder the Fourth of July of this year of grace 1881 is overshadowed, even at the Capitol, by the trailing wing of the Death Angel. May the Goddess of Liberty speedily assert herself; may she shake off the last link of the chains that bind her. May the nation learn wisdom at the feet of Calamity, and may white-robed Justice balance her scales with the equilibrium of Human Rights. Then shall the white-winged dove of Harmony soar aloft over a people wholly free, waving in the air of Liberty the olive branch of perpetual Peace.

The excursion train was to start for Spokane at 1 P. M., and it was now high noon. After a hurried lunch or basket dinner, a long row of flat cars packed with gay-hearted humanity was hitched to a pair of snorting locomotives, gaily bedecked with evergreens. The engines whistled, the band played, the flat cars let go their hold upon the rails with sudden jerks, and the living freight was off by hundreds, many of them for their first railway ride. They returned in the evening weary but jubilant, cherishing the incidents of the day and storing them up for future use as happy memories.

The committee and citizens deserve great credit for their efforts in pleasing and edifying the revelers. The night ushered in the inevitable dance, and amid the "balance all" of the caller, the music of a brace of violins, the racket of fire-crackers, and the tramp, tramp of thudding heels, we went to sleep and dreamed of General Washington and Valley Forge, and Major Magone and Ossawatimie Brown. A curious melody, but a suggestive one. We smile as we recall it here.

On the evening of the 5th, the friends of equal rights met in the combined church and school-room and organized the Spokane County Woman Suffrage Association, with the following list of officers: President, Judge J. W. Range; Vice-President, Mrs. L. E. Kellogg; Recording Secretary, Mr. L. Sweitzer; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. L. A. Sweitzer; Treasurer, Mrs. A. E. Payne. Executive Committee—Judge J. W. Still, Miss Polly Bybee, Mrs. Dr. Yeargan, Hon. A. S. Abernathy. Committee on Resolutions—Mr. A. Meachen, Mr. J. S. Mount, Mr. L. E. Kellogg. Committee on Programme—Dr. J. C. Calloway, Mrs. A. Meachen, Mrs. A. Everest, Mrs. H. A. Range, Miss Ida Stoughton, Hon. D. F. Percival, Mrs. J. M. Mount. Brief addresses in advocacy of Woman Suffrage were made by Judge Range, Mr. Sessions, Mr. Mount, Judge Still and Mr. Meachen. The friends are thoroughly alive to the importance of the movement, and will do their part bravely in sustaining the Legislature in its efforts to usher the new State of Washington into the Union with all its people free. Twenty-five persons signed the constitution at the first meeting.

Not a single unpleasant episode marred our work or visit while in Cheney. Everybody, from railroad magnate to village blacksmith, from professor to cook, from busy housewife to lady boarder, and from general merchant to peanut vender, was as respectful and hospitable as the friends at home. No man threw theoretical "bitches" at us; no voter puffed smoke at us; no protector of women declared he couldn't or wouldn't read. If anybody did not wish to take the People's Paper, he said so without a slur; if anyone wanted it but couldn't afford it, he didn't act the curled-lipped "smarty"; and, in short, the Spokane men complained of in last week's paper would do well to remove to Cheney and learn good manners, since they will not take lessons of the many gentlemen and ladies we met in their own beautiful town.

Speaking of Spokane reminds us that we last week inadvertently omitted to mention an excellent and well-established local paper published there, called the *Spokane Times*, of which Mr. Cook is editor and proprietor. Mr. C. issued a creditable number of a promised daily edition as a sample copy the day the railway was completed to his town, and contemplates issuing regularly in the near future. We wish his venture the success it merits. A parasitic newspaper has recently been started in opposition to this one, miscalled a *Chronicle*, and published by a feeble-minded upstart from Nevada, who, having failed to learn wisdom from the effects of the silly course that played him out in the Silver State, has attempted

to engraft his ingrained impudence upon the Spokane public, who have no more use for him or his scurrility than they have for the seven-year-itch. Excuse the simile, reader kind. The thought isn't pleasing, but the comparison is too obvious to be ignored, odious as it is. As a sample of the mental food that this voter dishes up about his disfranchised betters, we append his salutatory effusion on the woman question, begging pardon of the reader for the offense to clean nostrils it creates, our only reason for giving it extended circulation being a desire to show intelligent women the estimate placed upon their wisdom and integrity by the same class of men who used to abuse the negro, and whose groveling natures require somebody upon whom to expend their spleen:

We do not believe that three per cent of all the respectable women in this country would vote at political elections if they were legally accorded the right. There are ample contributions of evidence of this. We forget just how many women there are in this country, but it is told that the best efforts of the Tomfoolery Troupe, headed by Susanbanthony as "star," Cadystanton as "soubrette," and doctormarybreecheswalker as "heavy villain," have resulted in only 13,000 female names to the petition for a 16th amendment, and that, too, after a canvass of all the States and Territories. Some 6000 male voters have signed the petition, making an aggregate of about 20,000. Such a result would stagger anybody but the epicene old maid, or the man-woman, in the married state. But nothing disheartens the female ranter, who neglects her home duties, and trots about the country, shrieking to the gaping sisterhood, to shake off "fetters," to ape the ways of mankind, and claim free-waiver [sic] in that domain, no matter what that includes.

It is apparent that even the best of women do not lean to the soundest and most stable wisdom, either in private or public life, and even if they did, they would not get control of their sex in politics, and so, universal female suffrage would be the most reckless of all experiments. These women who are gadding round the country are outwitted in their kitchens—when at home—and could no more adjust the agglomerations of a political canvass than they could be home-staying, quiet and orderly females. The politician might not be able to reach the better class of female voters, but he would find his richest resources among females devoid of sense or responsibility. The general public will be pleased when Congress refuses to even listen to the arrogant nonsense uttered by these commercial talkers and female disturbers of the public peace.

But yonder comes the train, and we are off for Ainsworth. On board we meet Captain Wilkinson and daughter, having in charge eleven little Indians, bound for the Indian school. The parents of the dusky little ones crowd the train till the last minute, weeping, shaking hands and jabbering. The parting is a most affecting scene. Few persons who witness it can refrain from tears. The Captain has a strong hold upon the hearts of these people, else they would not trust him so implicitly. The train moves off, and the bereft mothers wave their dirty, gaily-colored handkerchiefs as long as we can see them. The children soon dry their tears and laugh and chatter merrily. We feel better toward Indians to-day than we did while at Camas Prairie. And yet, it was not the Indians we were blaming then, but the Government, and we blame it yet. These children will be trained up in the ways of industry and civilization. This is going to work aright. The outlook is propitious.

The road-bed of the Northern Pacific is in splendid order. The work is evidently well done. We leave the fertile land not far from Riverville, and travel all day through sage and sand. Then we reach Ainsworth, and halt for the night among the rocks and sands, at the flourishing hotel of Mr. J. W. Shull, another pioneer who got his start in Yamhill. Mr. S. is a prince of landlords, and we are glad to see he is making money. He kindly placed the dining-room at our disposal for a lecture, which was well attended and graciously received. Mrs. Kahlow, a good friend of equal rights, formerly of Tacoma, is temporarily located here, and by her womanly good sense is materially aiding the cause. The town has been a flourishing one, but it is now in a state of decline. Business has pushed ahead toward the front, and, like Wallula, Ainsworth will soon relapse into history. A. S. D.

P. S.—The types made us say in the last letter that the Government stultifies itself by refusing to guarantee to every woman, if not married, the equal protection of the laws. Please read "if married," and let the not be—banished. A. S. D.

As one among the specially deserving teachers in our public schools, we take pleasure in mentioning Mrs. E. R. Phelps, whose untiring efforts in the primary department of the Central School of this city have gained her an enviable eminence. Her twelve years of experience and application are reaping reward in steady advance of salary, evidencing an appreciation of her services. Holding her situation in the face of numerous applications, testifies to her efficiency in training the minds of the little ones entrusted to her charge. Mrs. P. is now at The Dalles, enjoying the hospitality of her friends, the Gatches.

Mrs. Harriet H. Dean delivered the oration at the celebration of the Grant County Woman Suffrage Association on the Fourth of July.