

# The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME X.—NO. 45.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, JULY 21, 1881.

PER YEAR—\$3 00.

## FROM AINSWORTH TO PORTLAND.

THE SENIOR EDITOR GIVES HER READERS A PARTING GLIMPSE OF HADES, THE DESERT, WALLULA JUNCTION, THE DALLES, AND THE SNAKE, COLUMBIA AND WALLA WALLA RIVERS—SENSATIONS IN A SLEEPING CAR—PROGRESS OF HER WORK.

PORTLAND, July 18, 1881.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Imagine a scow of the largest dimensions, rigged with a steam engine and pilot-house, with room enough on its ample floor for three ordinary steam ferryboats, and you will have a tolerably correct idea of the accommodation packet Fred Billings, that plies between Ainsworth and a new landing diagonally opposite, which travelers have designated as Hades, in polite conformity with the revised edition of the Holy Scriptures. Hades is a prettier place than Ainsworth, and if it had Shull's hotel and the new school-house, a store or two, our friend Mrs. Kahlow and the machine shops, it would discount the latter by long odds. As it is, the sight of its green greasewood lawn is decidedly refreshing after a two days' sojourn among the flying sands and rolling cobble-stones peculiar to its important predecessor. There are no buildings here yet, except the old Wallula wharfbow, on which we spy (but cannot get to speak to him, for he dodges) our old friend Peabody, who is madder at us than all fury because we wrote a story once, entitled, "A Reminiscence of Travel," in which a certain gentleman who had performed one of the noblest deeds it has ever fallen to our lot to chronicle was suitably lauded for his magnanimity, and over which some fool has made him imagine he has been scandalized instead of honored. Down goes another one of our rapidly perishing pet prejudices in favor of the average man's comprehensive judgment and reputed common sense. We recall that "Reminiscence" and muse upon the noble deed of the gentleman who inspired it, and can't find it in our heart to dislike him, even if he did stop his wife's paper because he got unstinted praise in its columns when he richly deserved it.

The change from the immensely fertile uplands of Northern Idaho and Washington Territories to these sandy, sagey deserts, through which the Northern Pacific runs from Hades to Wallula Junction, is a depressing one. It recalls long-ago scenes of oxen and wagons, of emigrants weary and worn, of loved ones that lie buried in the blistering plains, of youth and hope and thwarted expectations. But it is also suggestive of progress, of new and once undreamed ambitions, and the fruition of hopes not then imagined.

The Columbia River greets us like an old and valued friend. The tortuous Snake hides its mouth in the Columbia's bosom as though seeking lacteal nourishment from the bountiful supply of its never-falling foster mother. A few fertile patches, oases in this Lybian desert, greet the eye here and there. Yonder is the Walla Walla River, a limpid, placid, winding creeklet now, but a foaming torrent when the snows are melting. Along its banks are stunted willows, and on its borders are a few cultivated farms and occasional lonely farm-houses, from the doors of which solitary women are gazing at the moving train in silent curiosity, while groups of barefoot children sit astride the shabby fences and wave their ragged hats and soiled sunbonnets at the panting locomotive.

Yonder is Wallula Junction. The old town, the "gale-torn Wallula" of a former decade, is dead now, and in its stead has sprung up this bastard apparition, consisting of a ticket office and a flat, uncovered platform. Not a tree or shade of any kind was to be seen. A car-load of wayfarers from Walla Walla had reached here just in time in the morning to see The Dalles bound train shoot out of sight; and here we found them at nightfall, mad, hungry and heated, looking and faring as badly as any shipwrecked sailor waiting for a sail. Somebody, evidently, was to blame, but nobody knew who to growl at. The stranded crowd were overjoyed at the little diversion created by the advent of the Northern Pacific train. But if they expected food they were disappointed, for nobody had any. There was nothing to be had but sage brush and greasewood, and such is the perversity of the human stomach that nobody cared for these available delicacies.

The O. R. & N. Co's South bound train came along an hour later. All were hustled aboard in a hurry, and the iron horse went snorting down the grade and through the gorges, waking the echoes in the rocks above and casting shadows in the river below.

A Pullman car, thank heaven! We engage a section for the night, with a wish to retire early, and are kept up till nearly midnight, with half a score of other growlers, because the porter and conductor are engaged in a prolonged controversy over the soiled bed linen they are sorting for the wash. The difficulty with which they settled this little transaction affords the un-

designed another proof of her theory that a man when employed as chambermaid is entirely out of his sphere. That Pullman car proved a genuine rockaway. If we were to rear forty new babies, not one of them should ever be rocked—after that night's experience. No wonder babies retch and cry. They are always sea-sick! No matter how fine the cradle, or how humble; how big or how little; whether it be upholstered like a palace car, or dug from a log like a pig trough, the effect of the rocking is the same in adult and infant alike.

Whether that Pullman car, for which we ceased to thank heaven long before the controversy over the washing was settled, was strapped beneath with thoroughbraces or tilted on elliptic springs, we know not; but we are painfully aware that it rocked like a ship in a gale, and so was everybody else who tried to sleep in it. The forward cars did not rock like this one, so it must have been the springs, instead of the road-bed, that caused the constant oscillation.

Half past four A. M., and The Dalles. Here the part of our company that were left all the previous day on the sand at Wallula Junction sallied forth a-foraging. One lot tried a restaurant, where they were half fed at a dollar per head; another crowd tried the Umatilla House with better success and half the money; a third posted off for the Cosmopolitan and returned satisfied. But your correspondent repaired to the steamer and a state-room, and after a bath and a two hours' nap was ready for a breakfast that settled sea-sickness and put her at peace once more with her retching stomach and in harmony with all the world.

How familiar the scenery appears, and how refreshing to the eye are the tree-clad slopes and rugged steeps that stand eternal guard over the rock-ribbed fastnesses of this mighty river, that is smoothing away the original raggedness of every wind or water-seamed outline with the unceasing erosion of the ages. We halt for a minute at Cascade Locks, and are transferred without waiting from steamer to rail. The portage of five miles is soon made, and we change again for steamer at the Lower Cascades. Hearty handshakes and familiar faces greet us at every turn. It seems as though everybody reads these jottings of our journeyings and keeps up with us as we travel. Everybody is pleased at the progress of the Woman Suffrage movement. Men and women who a few years ago had not given it a thought except in opposition are found in every locality and on all transportation lines, who take decided pains to express their present adherence to it; and not a few who were its old-time enemies have forgotten that they ever were aught but friends.

With these pleasing reflections as a meet reward for long years of arduous labor, we drift on toward Portland, past Vancouver and up the Willamette, and at four P. M. take everybody by surprise at home. A. S. D.

In looking over exchanges from all parts of the country, old and new alike, we are pleased to see that the accounts of commencement exercises teem with descriptions of the equally honorable parts enacted by matriculates of both sexes. Time was when a girl who ventured to speak from the platform, even on commencement day, was stigmatized in the public prints as "an Amazon, destitute of womanly delicacy, and ready to wage a war with her Creator because she was not born a man." Now all this is changed; and even the New York Tribune, the oldest fogey of them all, says: "When they [the aforesaid matriculates] are able to lay aside their natural timidity and mount the rostrum to speak, they teach a lesson of self-sacrifice which has an excellent effect."

An Eastern Journal says that a young lady in Massachusetts writes to Durango, Col., to say that she will head a force of one hundred volunteer young women from Massachusetts to go to Durango if they can find good, honest work there which will pay them, and in the interval of work they will be agreeable to such suggestions as "adorning a good man's home" and "enriching and embellishing his life," and all that. But what they want first is good, honest work at paying wages. This young woman is not of the Waverly Magazine order or the gushing style. She is that especially admirable representative who believes life is business and that sentiment butters no parsnips and doesn't get parsnips to butter.

Massachusetts Woman Suffragists are desirous that Governor Long should be renominated for the office by the Republicans. He is the only Governor in the Union who has had the courage to unequivocally recommend to the Legislature the passage of a Woman Suffrage law, though others have favorably mentioned the subject.

A "female editor from Portland," while traveling on the Northern Pacific Railroad, took no more notice of a polecat's proximity to the train than she did of the presence of a "colonel" who married a woman's paper at Walla Walla.

## THE FOURTH AT CANYON CITY.

CANYON CITY, July 10, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

It may be a matter of some interest to the friends of Woman Suffrage elsewhere to know something of the doings of their co-workers in this far-away place.

Although we are living in a country that boasts of being "the land of the free and the home of the blest," yet we cannot but realize that at least half of those who find a home and an abiding-place here are not numbered among the free. Notwithstanding the fact that woman has not been accorded the right of citizenship in this "land of freedom," and can hail the anniversary of its independence day as the day in which men alone became a free and independent people, yet, with all honor to the day which made her brothers—if not her sisters—free, does every woman welcome its return with sincere gratitude to God, thankful that the van of progress has reached even thus far, extending its ameliorating influence over the condition of mankind.

Considering this, the Grant County Woman Suffrage Association did not deem it premature or out of place to celebrate this day, which stands preeminently first in the history of our country and first in the hearts of the people. The exercises were opened by a short address by the Chairman, Major Magone, who stated in brief the object of the meeting, mentioning that this independence day of men was to be celebrated under the auspices of their sisters, not yet free. Rev. Mr. Wilcox, a staunch friend and advocate of Woman Suffrage, was then introduced as chaplain, and offered a prayer full of fervor and pathos, laden with earnest supplications for all the people. Following came the reading of the Declaration of Independence by Mrs. P. Kuhl, President of the Association. And then came the crowning effort of the occasion, the oration by Mrs. Harriette H. Dean, which was unanimously pronounced one of the best and ablest ever listened to. The audience proved their high appreciation of it by requesting that it should be given to the public generally through the medium of the press. And as it is now being published by the Grant County News, you, with others, may have the pleasure of reading it.

That this celebration was an entire success, none can dispute; and that its success under the management of women will do much to further the interest of the women's cause, but few can doubt. When women, accustomed to follow only the daily rounds of duties in their secluded homes, come before the public for the first time and report themselves as our worthy reader and orator have done on this occasion, is it not safe to hope that the time is near at hand when the heads of this nation may expect help and encouragement from the laundry and the kitchen as well as from the work-shop and the field?

Do we not see a future for this republic, brighter even than our brilliant past, when its women can at once lay aside the homelier occupations and step into the places of men, long accustomed to such duties, and fill their places honorably to themselves and acceptably to the public? When the homes of this people are guarded by women of such culture and intelligence, can they fail to be a great and prosperous nation? Woman may not hold the destiny of nations in her hands, but she certainly controls the destiny of their sons and daughters, and while we find the growling men and women in the hands of mothers like these, we may rest assured that this republic will stand, for it is built as upon a rock. MARY L. DOUTHETT.

The papers of the State have lately been publishing a "funny story" to the effect that when Belya A. Lockwood and a "witty fellow" were opposing counsel in a lawsuit, "he was perplexed about the way to refer to her; that he couldn't say 'my brother,' as he did when speaking of lawyers who wore pants; that he didn't like to say 'my sister,' out of respect for that expression; and that he finally sent a smile over the room by referring to her as 'my sister—in law.'" Why Mrs. Lockwood should be regarded with contempt by the "witty fellow" because she earned a livelihood by practicing her profession, we cannot see, unless for the reason that she was forced to meet as a "brother—in law" such a hair-brained and ill-bred simplton as the opposing counsel.

The Secretary of the Treasury has awarded a gold life-saving medal to the famous Ida Lewis, now Mrs. Ida Lewis Wilson, in recognition of her services in rescuing a number of persons from drowning since the passage of the act authorizing such awards.

Mrs. C. M. Churchill, editor of the Colorado Antelope, asks the following conundrum: "If it will blacken a woman's character to go into saloons to sell books and papers, what effect will it have on a man's who goes there for his associations?"

## (From the N. Y. Sun.) WOMEN INSULTED

BY THE NEW YORK DENTAL COLLEGE—AN OPEN LETTER FROM MRS. STANTON TO SENATOR CONKLING.

NEW YORK, June 15, 1881.

Honored Sir:—I have always had an intense admiration for any man who dared to stand alone. To fight valorously and persistently for a principle month after month and year after year, ridiculed and denounced by press and politicians, indicates a lofty self-reliance of character that few men possess.

Now that you have your armor on, and your patriotic steel is trembling in the air, ready to hew down all enemies of republican government, I would call your attention to an article that appeared in the Sun June 14th, entitled "Women as Dentists," in which the writer says that an application by a young woman to be admitted to the New York Dental College was polemptorily refused by the Dean. He said: "I advise all applicants to go to Philadelphia. There are three dental colleges there, and one open to women. Our college is the only one in New York, and we do not want women students." Injustice to this woman is an insult to every other one in the Empire State, whose interests you represented; for, remember, women are counted in the basis of representation.

On what principles of justice and common sense shall one-half of the citizens of the great State of New York be told that if they wish to pursue the profession of dentistry they must emigrate to Pennsylvania in order to enjoy collegiate advantages? While the Crown Princess of Germany employs a woman dentist educated in Philadelphia, shall the State Roscoe Conkling has so long and so ably represented be denied the right to send women dentists to the royal families of the Old World? Here, where the property of women is taxed to build and support dental colleges, and dentists live mainly by fitting and filling teeth for them, shall the trustees of the only college in the State presume to say that it never shall be opened to women?

Whether the women of this State shall be protected in their right to pursue what honorable professions they may see fit, is a far more momentous question than whether Mr. Robertson be collector of the port, or Messrs. Depew and Jacobs be returned in place of Senators resigned. Hence I call on you to hurl your lance at this monstrous injustice.

The personal insults of President Garfield and Secretary Blaine are trifles compared with this wholesale humiliation of your countrywomen.

Trusting that my appeal will meet with a ready response in your chivalric nature, and that you will speedily transfer the siege from the Capitol to the Dental College of New York, I remain respectfully yours, ELIZABETH CADY STANTON.

A correspondent of the Woman's Journal, over the pseudonym of "Beth," relates an experience which the proprietors of this journal can fully corroborate, when she says that in being counted as a suffragist you place yourself in a position where very many impecunious persons expect you to tide them over every financial obstacle that stands in their ambitious way. Many of these aspiring individuals do not ask this of suffragists because they are suffragists themselves. On the contrary, they often say, "I don't care anything about voting! It's only pecuniary independence that I want." Ask them to take an agency for the NEW NORTHWEST or the "History of the Woman Suffrage Movement," and they will at once give you to understand that they "prefer a more popular avocation." All of which means, in plain English, that they are ready to enjoy the fruits of your toil, but are not willing to share any of its responsibilities.

A correspondent of the Oregonian, writing from Canyon City under date of July 16th, says that Major Joseph Magone had started several days before for an elk hunt, and becoming separated from his party, no trace could be found of him, and it was thought he had either got lost or met with an accident. A large party was searching for him, and it is hoped that their efforts have ere this been crowned with success, and the Major found alive and well. He is a well known friend to the Woman Suffrage movement, and his death would be an irreparable loss to the cause.

The Fourth of July address delivered by Hon. M. C. George at Albany has been printed in full in the Herald of that city. Instead of the sample spread-eagle oration of former times, Mr. George has laid before the people a feast of facts concerning the great Northwest which every one should preserve for future reference.

Ex-Governor Dingley, Republican nominee in Maine for the successor of Congressman Frye, is a staunch Woman Suffragist.