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AGAIN ON THE WING.

THE SENIOR EDITOR VISITS ASTORIA—A "TIRED" LETTER FROM HER PEN.

ASTORIA, AUGUST 8, 1881.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:
It is somewhere related of a certain statesman that, upon arriving at the residence of a lady friend, when making his annual rounds, he remarked in reply to her comments up his journeyings: "Yes; I am like the Herma; he is always in the air, and I am always on the wing." A twelvemonth passed, and the gentleman was again a visitor at the house of his friend, and in response to her renewed exclamation concerning his migratory habits, he repeated the exact remark he had made the year before, and was much mortified a minute after in recalling the fact that he had repeated himself in such a way as to make it appear that he kept a stereotyped speech on hand for such occasions. We recall this incident as we sit down to indite this letter, and shall be much surprised if we do not find the busy penicill guilty of similar repetitions of the sayings of former years ere the epistolary effort before us is concluded.

The Bonita is well filled with voyagers, as many are fitting seaward for change of air and others are bound for the Sunday School Convention at Seattle, whither they are going, the papers say, to "brace up." Among these friends of progress are Mr. J. H. Foster and his daughters, Misses Maggie and Mattie, and Dr. George Gray and Mrs. Gray, of Albany, and Mrs. H. K. Hines, of Portland. The weather is pleasant, affording ample opportunity for enjoying the scenery along the tree-fringed river banks. Nothing of any note transpires on the journey. The usual landing at way ports is attended with the usual rush to the steamer's side and the usual addition to our migratory numbers.

Of Kalama, where our Sunday school delegates leave us, there is little left save the ghost of departed expectations. How anybody ever thought to fill the hollow sink, where the main part of the town was, with stores and hotels and dwellings, nobody knows, unless they forgot, in their haste to grow rich by building a terminal city, that water will find its level wherever it has a chance, the Columbia River being no exception to the law.

Rainier, St. Helens, Columbia City, Westport and the different canneries were passed, all seeming at a stand-still stage in their existence, quite unlike the busy towns that are building up so rapidly in the famous region we have so lately visited, known as "East of the Mountains."

Astoria shows signs of healthy growth as we approach her water side. The Upper and Lower Towns are connected by a plank roadway, upon which a line of half-hour busses has been placed, where the fare is ten cents and the accommodation of far greater value. The fishing season has not been so good as was hoped for, and business is somewhat dull; but from the array of saloons that greet the eye upon every hand, it is reasonable to conclude that dull times make dry throats, and that, no matter how much economy must be exacted from wives and families, the average voter must or will have his potatoes, at whatever cost. And yet we see but little drunkenness on the streets. Once in a while we meet some young fellow whose knees are limber, and we know his moral sense is clouded because of the drink, and we pass him by with a pitying prayer for the coming day when the mothers of the boys may have more power than now to keep them sober.

At the Parker House, where we find excellent entertainment, we enjoy a brief season of rest, for which we are truly grateful. The cares of our public life press heavily of late, and we would gladly shift the load to less weary heads and shoulders for a season. We find no better hotel than the Parker House in all our travels. It is hard-finished, new, quiet and clean, and its tables are well supplied with everything but fish, of which the average Astorian seems to have had a surfeit. Mr. H. B. Parker, the landlord and owner of the hotel, has lately built a steamboat for the river trade, called the Clara Parker, a very pleasant boat, and the nucleus of a promised independent line. On Sunday, the 7th, there were three river excursions from Astoria to accessible points, all well patronized by orderly citizens, while the churches were correspondingly empty. We may lament as we may over the fact of a "church season," but it is becoming as fashionable as the opera or theatrical season, and nobody seems able to help it, since all preachers must go a-Summering. It is only editors, printers, farmers, clerks, mechanics, bakers, milkmen, cooks, housewives and political missionaries that can't afford vacations. We realize this as the Clara Parker steams away toward Young's River Falls, where we'd love to go only we've agreed to lecture at Upper Astoria. But we let Master Ralph go, as a mat-

ter of conscience, for he is under Mrs. H. B. Parker's motherly care, and promises to "report for the paper" (see his letter elsewhere), and we repair to Upper Town, where Mr. and Mrs. E. O. Corson have arranged for our meetings in Johansen's Hall. Here we meet an intelligent assembly of thoughtful, free-thinking Christians and Liberalists in the morning, and, after a pleasant afternoon at Mr. and Mrs. Corson's hospitable home, are greeted by a crowded house in the evening, our subject, "Evidences of Immortality," though somewhat out of our line, being well received by the thinking community, albeit it was not what a preacher who was present, and who opened with prayer, would call orthodox, though for his life he couldn't have proved it un-Christian. A Mr. Ally led the singing, which was good, and Judge Caples, who was present with his accomplished daughters, made an excellent address, which "took off the curse" from our own independent thinking, as he reiterated our declaration that the churches sustained the schools and Sunday schools and carried along our civilization, though less than one-twentieth of the people belonged to them.

Why it is that our most orthodox professors of religion do not see the need of gathering in the other nineteen-twentieths of the human family by some new method, or the revival of the old one, since present methods do not reach or convince them, we cannot understand.

The Sabbath being over, and, we trust, profitably spent, we slept at Mr. Corson's and return to Lower Town on this (Monday) evening. We have not had time for much social life here yet; but have met Mrs. Inez Parker, Mrs. Corwin, Mrs. Merrill, Mrs. Cleveland, Mrs. Trullinger, Mrs. Johansen, Mrs. Hamlin, Mrs. Barry and Mrs. Chance at their pleasant homes and find them as "strong in the faith" as ever on the suffrage question. We have spent hours in quiet musing in the observatory at the Parker House, overlooking the Columbia bar. Here we scribble this prosy letter, its dullness caused by no lack of inspiring scenery, but by the sense of drudgery that one feels when compelled to work while too weary to entertain an idea.

It is almost supper time now, and we must lecture, or try to-night, our theme, the "Pending Suffrage Amendment." The Y. M. C. A. Hall has been tendered us for lectures, free of charge, by the kindly committee, of which Mr. E. C. Holden is chairman. Mr. Ireland, of the *Astorian*—an admirable paper, by the way, which we'd gladly see in every house in Oregon—has rendered us every needed courtesy.

Court is in session and there are a good many lawyers in attendance. There are some distressing cases on the docket of a character so horrifying that nobody talks about them. The murderer of Mr. J. W. Robb is on trial, and we will try to give our personal convictions concerning it next week.

We must not omit to mention the Catholic fair, which closed a most successful lottery season last Saturday evening. Women and girls who do not want to vote, for fear of being "jostled by men at the polls," elbowed their way through crowded aisles and button-holed men for "chances" with perfect freedom, and no man molested them. They could do no worse at the polls, even where there was no system or semblance of order; and, with the regulations women will help to inaugurate, there will be no chance for "jostling" on election day. There ought to be none at fairs, either.

Miss Mollie Burk, of Portland, worked faithfully at the fair to aid the No. 2 fire company in procuring votes enough to secure a fine silver trumpet over No. 1's, who also had diligent workers in the field. No. 2's were successful, and they held a meeting a little while ago and thanked the young lady in a substantial way by presenting her with a ring and pair of bracelets. The fair was a financial success and netted heavily for the Astoria hospital. A. S. D.

LATER.—The lecture is over and we're not half so tired as before it began. There was a fine audience and the best of order. Just what will be our next move on the public checker-board we cannot decide before morning, and then this will be on the way to the printer. Master Ralph is sound asleep, exhausted probably by his labors of yesterday as a "reporter." The tide is coming in, lap, lap, lapping around the piles beneath the Parker House floor, and trundling trucks make rumbling noises on the busy wharves hard by. Good night. A. S. D.

Mrs. Amelia Lewis, editor of *Food and Health*, speaks thus of Tannerism: "The poor, childlike exhibitions of starving people teach us nothing, for the process has weakened the brain forever, and no one who has ever undergone the ordeal of fasting from solid food will again be the same vigorous being as far as intellect is concerned. We venture to assert this in the teeth of all that may be said to the contrary."

THE REVISION.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The new edition of the New Testament having been sold and read among the people, and most of them having had their say, your humble servant thinks that he must also offer a few remarks.

The first say of mine is that the late edition is more like the Roman Catholic Testament, and that the next Protestant translation will be the exact copy of the present Catholic Testament. Now, if we Protestants are compelled to copy both the Catholic Bible and the New Testament, which your humble servant now favors, why not all of us go to the Catholic book stores and buy a cheap and more true copy and at once have done with all of the Bible turmoil?

I have been reading the Catholic Bible, and find there some twenty or more books than in any and all of the present Protestant Bibles and Testaments; and I also find there who the writers all were and what their motives all were when writing those curious books. I find in the sixteenth chapter of Esdras that the following named persons, Larea, Dabra, Selemia, Ecanus and Asiel wrote the dreams of Esdras in the short period of forty days. They wrote two hundred and four books, seventy to be shown only to the wise, that is to say, such as wear gowns and blinds and other appendages that would be in their way in earning a living. I also find later that the danger that the common people might learn enough to compel the men of cowl and gown to earn their own living, caused them to throw away one hundred and thirty-five books; and now, if the common herd would only throw away the rest of the Bible, the men of great learning and wisdom would, unlike all Indians, have to go to work or become common vagrants and tramps, which in the future they will be. The Indian's religion is so good that he will not earn his own living, but compel his harem of squaws to do all of the work; and among all of the religious teachers there is the same barbarous trait of character, the disposition to avoid physical labor and to live off the products of the toil of others. God worship, man worship, and beast and image worship, all seem to produce the same result—that is to say, the desire to be idle missionaries of some kind among some people.

And now, in conclusion, let me give my opinion, and that is that the total abolition of physical and mental slavery and the establishment of equality before the law, that all might enjoy the same immunities and privileges, would have a tendency to make gods of men and men of the present gods, and teach us that all inspiration is of men and women only, and that God never deviates from the same natural law to fulfill his works.

Truth needs no inspiration to believe it;
'Tis natural, all are ready to receive it;
It needs not the force of priest or faction
At once to change all human action.

Roselawm Farm, July 11th.

O. P. H.

A LAD'S FIRST EFFORT.

ASTORIA, August 7, 1881.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

This is my first attempt at reporting so I beg you to not expect too much of me.

The steamer "Clara Parker" was going with an excursion party to Youngs river falls on Sunday, the 7th and Mr. Parker, that's the owner of the boat, invited me to go along as reporter, and I agreed, so I will try.

She left the Astoria dock, the boat did, at nine o'clock. It was cloudy but dry, that is all but the water, which was pretty wet.

There was a crowd of us, with the women, babies and lunch baskets to take care of.

We steamed down the Columbia for, I don't know how long, and then we turned into a river that is very small, and that I guess, is why they call it Youngs river.

We got within two miles of the falls on high tide, and then we landed and set out afoot, headed by a boy who said he new the way. He led us over hills, logs, and rough ground in general and we finally reached the falls all tired out. They are about 63 feet high and are very beautiful. I met Mr. Mulkey of Portland and loaned him my hook and line, and he caught me a few trout. We went back to the boat by a better path than the boy had led us. As the boat was trying to dodge the snags on her way down Youngs river on low tide her stern caught upon a rotten log and broke it (not the boat but the log) in pieces. A man was standing on the back part of the lower deck by the wheel who would have been knocked overboard, if he had not been holding to an iron rod running along the side of the boat, but he was covered with pieces of the decayed wood.

The steamer returned to Astoria at six o'clock. I had a good time. R. R. D.

Miss Blood, who was recently married in London to Lord Campbell, is not a daughter of Colonel Blood and Victoria Woodhull, as has been announced, but is an Irish heilress.

ARE WOMEN SLAVES?

[Letter to the New York Sun.]

TO THE EDITOR—Sir: "Women are not slaves," you say. Let us see:

The founders of this Government called themselves slaves because they were taxed without representation. Yet the slavery in which they lived under George III. was a large and liberal freedom compared with the condition of the women of this country.

Under George, the King, our forefathers were free to pursue any profession their intellect or inclination desired.

The women of America are debarred the lucrative professions.

Under George, the King, the despot, our forefathers were free to aspire to any office lower than the throne.

The women of America may not aspire to the humblest office in the gift of the people.

Under George, the King, if accused of any offense, petty or penal, our forefathers were tried by juries of their peers, and sentenced by judges who were only their equals before the law.

If accused of any offense, petty or penal, the women of this falsely called republic are tried by juries of masters and sentenced by judges who are their sovereigns by the accident of sex.

When one class of men hold absolute power over another class, as the white men in the South once held over the black, we call the one a master class and the other a slave class.

So, when one sex holds absolute rule over the other, as men hold over women, the one is a master sex and the other is a slave sex; and if the *Sun* deny this hard fact, we would like to hear the grounds on which it can base such denial.

We are not only taxed without representation, and governed without our own consent, but from birth to death we labor under such a load of legal disabilities as only abject slaves endure.

Doors of learning are closed to our ambition.

Offices of honor and profit forbidden.

Lucrative professions debarred.

In addition to these wrongs, every institution in the land, taking its tone from the law, which holds us inferior to the males of our kind, also looks upon us as inferior, thereby overwhelming us with untold and uncounted humiliations and wrongs.

The churches consider the best of our sex as unworthy to enter their pulpits; while the sinful they seem to look upon as having no part in the plan of salvation.

Medicine deems us unfit to practice its therapeutics. Even the mechanical trade of dentistry fancies it may elevate itself among the learned professions by excluding women from its practice.

The tribunals of so-called justice forbid women to enter their courts save as criminals to be tried by juries of masters and sentenced by judges who are their sovereigns by the accident of sex. If this is not slavery, what is it? Would the editor of the *Sun* feel that he was a free man were he in this condition? Thousands and thousands of negroes in the old time had good masters, who gave them long ropes; were they any less slaves?

Men will not study this question. Sex bias so distorts the judgment, they cannot see straight. About a month ago Governor Long, of Massachusetts, made a speech in Boston from a Woman-Suffrage platform, advocating the cause on the ground of woman's abstract right to suffrage. Governor Long stated, however, that he brought no enthusiasm to the cause, because he did not see any suffering that came from women's enslavement, or any good that would come from her freedom. This was precisely the position of the Southern planters in the old time. Many of them admitted the abstract right of all men to freedom, but saw no need in the negro's case, he was so contented and well off under his master's government!

Thinking women, who look from effects to causes, see a million evils resulting from slavery. Every wife-beating is directly chargeable to the law, which tells the man that he is the superior, the governor, she the inferior, the subject. Every street-walker is directly chargeable to the law. Prostitution is an unnatural trade—is directly opposed to the ingrained physical laws that should govern woman. The horrible trade is the outgrowth of the unnatural condition of absolute subjection of women to men. Firmly convinced of this, is it any wonder that women bring to the advocacy of this cause all the enthusiasm of their souls? ELIZABETH AVERY MERTWETHER.

Mrs. M. P. Brewster, of Wesley Station, Iowa, writes: "Enclosed please find \$5.00 for your valuable paper. You deserve the sympathy and co-operation of every woman in the land for your indefatigable labors in the cause of woman's emancipation. Please accept the hearty good will of one who is heart and soul in your great work, and the wish that your efforts may ever be crowned with success."