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ASTORIA AGAIN.

THE SENIOR EDITOR NO LONGER TOO "TIRED" TO WRITE, BUT SENTIMENTAL AND GARRULOUS BY TURN.

CHANGING FROM ONE THEME TO ANOTHER WITH THE EASE AND RAPIDITY OF A VETERAN NEWS VENDOR.

ASTORIA, August 15, 1881.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The all-absorbing theme that occupies the public mind in Astoria this week is the trial of Roberson for the murder of J. W. Robb. The interest is so great that the court-room will not accommodate the crowds that congregate to witness the proceedings. Much of the best legal talent of the State is in attendance, and the friends of the accused are leaving no stone unturned in their efforts to secure his acquittal. The undersigned, with quite a number of other ladies, attended the trial this afternoon (Monday), and witnessed, as long as our patience would let us, the legal farce of impaneling a jury. The statutes excuse any man who, having heard the current testimony before a trial, is supposed to have formed an opinion upon any given case; and everybody in these days of newspapers, post offices, telegraph reports and common schools (to say nothing of current gossip) is compelled to form an opinion of some kind unless he's a born idiot, and it is very hard to find a company of twelve idiots. From the looks of the seven jurymen at last agreed upon (the number selected the first day), we should say it was impossible to find them, for they are not an ignorant-looking set by any means. It is impossible at this date of the proceedings to judge the result of the trial. The prisoner sits in a dazed or defiant mood in his appointed place, and looks nervously at the prosecuting attorney, and hopefully in the faces of his learned counsel. We called upon Mrs. Robb to-day, the widow of the victim, and found her bearing her bereavement with apparent fortitude. The shock has badly wrecked her health, but she is resolved to rally, and her friends think that when the trial is over she will have less excitement, and can then become better reconciled than is possible at present.

To-day is the anniversary of Eva Burbank's dreadful fate. Her sorrowing mother went over to Ilwaco on Saturday to gaze once more upon the cruel waves of the ocean as she

"League-long rollers thunder on the beach."

Words of condolence convey nothing but empty sounds of hollow mockery to the stricken ear, and their reverberations fall with unavailing force upon the bleeding heart of Eva's mother. Yet the long days have rolled themselves into one of the years of which she sang a twelvemonth since, and she is that much nearer the glad reunion awaiting herself and daughter in the blessed by and by.

Another mother's heart is aching now because of thy waves, O cruel Weather-Beach; and a wife's white hands reach out to thee in vain; for a son and husband has fallen a prey to thy fury, and Mr. N. Holden is thy victim for 1881. May the Angel of Mercy fold her wings above the heads of the mourners by day, and may she hold aloft in her pure white hands by night the beacon light of Hope while guiding them down the dark valley of bereavement and onward through the swamps of sorrow toward the gates of the Eternal City, where death and sorrow cannot enter.

But a truce to sad reminiscences. Our daily business is with the living, and we must not shirk the duty until the work is done.

As we have time to look about us, we are pleased to note the substantial character of Astoria's new buildings, many of them, especially the dwellings, being attractive, commodious, airy and picturesque. Wildernesses of exotic flowers peep from sheltered windows and bloom with an abandon of bewildering profusion quite refreshing to behold. Quite a number of our personal friends are living over stores on the flats, where the tide sweeps the foundations of their houses daily. Among the acquaintances of other days whom we have met in these houses upon stilts are Mrs. Hattie Carothers, from Albany, Mrs. Anna Hawes, from Salem, and Mrs. Johns, formerly of Portland, whose husbands are engaged in trade on the first floors, and are doing well in their several vocations, happy in the possession of pleasant homes, prosperous business, and the congenial companionship of capable wives who wish to vote.

The town sits upon the mountain's edges with its skirts dipping water. Its showiest part is built upon artificially leveled spots in the corrugated acclivities overlooking the Columbia bar, Cape Hancock, Fort Stevens, Knappton and Baker's Bay, with tree-fringed outlines of swaying mountains sharply lined on the bold background of the horizon across the river, forming a view at once picturesque, majestic and grand.

For several days past it has been raining, compelling us to remain much of the time in doors, and postponing our intended Ilwaco trip for a

time indefinitely. But the clouds have hid them away to the Northland this afternoon, and the view from the Parker House observatory overlooking the bar is so grand that it baffles description. The impulse of the dying storm is still in the heaving breakers as they "rush and raven and roar," throwing their white caps heavenward in their angry orgies, and lashing the waters of the busy river to a sudsy foam in their attempt to stay the progress of its mighty current. How "many are the hearts that are weary to-night" because of the hapless fate of the unknown fishermen who have crossed yonder fatal line and embarked with the "boatman pale" upon the shadowy ocean of eternity, we shall never know.

From our lofty point of observation, we behold Astoria's long lines of roadway and her numerous wharves and canneries to the best advantage. Ever and anon thick odors "not of Araby" salute our sense of smell; like the unwelcome stench from an inland slaughter-house. What causes these offensive visitations we know not; but the tide alone is not responsible for them, nor can anything but prompt and rigid sanitary rulings abate the nuisance. The *Astorian* well says, "God help us if an epidemic should occur." We do not know that Portland is not as filthy, but we do know that in any other climate than this of Oregon no people could exist amid such reeking noisomeness.

Since our last, we have been too busily engaged in watching the rain pour in torrents, receiving and returning visits, eating big dinners, and canvassing and collecting for the NEW NORTHWEST, to make arrangements for further lectures, and too much absorbed in court proceedings and the pending murder trial to give public speaking any thought. We have spoken with few lawyers, though there are many in town, among them His Honor Judge Stott, and Messrs. Hill, Thompson, Caples, Mulkey and Yocum of Portland, and the genial and irrepressible wit and story-teller of the profession, N. B. Humphrey of Albany, styled "Cap." for sake of brevity. Hon. W. C. Fulton is overrun with business, and is making his mark, as also is Mr. Winton and our bachelor friend Frank Taylor, who (the last) deserves a sharp reprimand for remaining unmarried.

The Woman Suffrage question is popular here among all the better classes. Nowhere have we met a larger number of leading men who favor it. The women are, for the most part, earnest advocates, though once in a while we see one who purses her lips and pretends to be opposed to her "rights," while at the same time taking her own and her husband's also. We met one of these with her husband, the other day, and we'd give 'most anything to see her capable of comprehending for one brief minute the look of mortification that overshadowed the face of her *de facto* protector when she simperingly informed us in his presence that she "had enough to do to keep up with society, and had no use for the newspapers." Such a woman has no right to complain when such a man seeks intellectual companionship away from his fireside; but such a man is to be pitied without stint because of his children, who will necessarily be mentally vapid like their mother. The man who marries a woman with a weak brain has nothing but weak brains to look forward to in his sons. We look for much mental vigor among Astoria's future manhood and womanhood because her present generation of mothers are generally strong-minded; but this makes the few exceptions we met the more noticeable.

Besides the intellectual lady friends of equal rights above mentioned and those included in last week's report, we have met Mrs. H. B. Parker, Mrs. Winton, Mrs. Warren, Mrs. Uhlenhart, Mrs. Turley, Mrs. McEwan, Mrs. Case, Mrs. Severn, Mrs. McCrary, Mrs. Settlemier, Mrs. Munson, Mrs. Jewett, Mrs. Charters, Mrs. Fulton, Mrs. Ohlson, and many others, any one of whom is as capable of filling any important station in public or private life as her husband; and the beauty of the matter is, that husbands and wives who agree on the woman question agree upon other topics, or failing to agree, respect each other's differences of opinion and maintain harmony in the home. Show us a man who opposes what he calls "wimmens' rights," and we'll show you a man who "makes trouble in the family."

We were pleased to meet Mr. G. Merrill at his well-ordered jewelry store, Mr. E. Hanson at his blacksmith shop, Mr. J. Bergman at the market, Col. J. Taylor at the lecture-room, Sheriff A. M. Twombly and Recorder R. R. Spedden at the Court House, Captain Hamlin, Messrs. Don Ross, J. C. Trullinger and A. A. Cleveland at their pleasant homes, Hon. I. W. Case at the bank, Mayor D. C. Ireland at the *Astorian* office, Mr. E. C. Holden at his auction rooms, Mr. Chance at the post office, and Mr. Brooks at the photo gallery, all of whom are good friends to the Woman Suffrage movement, and may be relied upon to give it aid and encouragement in the coming campaign. Mr. Winton made a telling Woman

Suffrage speech on the Fourth of July, which we hear favorably commented upon on all sides, and Mr. Fulton's record in the Senate is highly eulogized.

The many friends of Mr. T. P. Powers will be glad to hear that he has fully recovered from the accident that deprived him of the use of his limb, and bids fair to reach a green old age in comparative comfort.

Mr. Freeman Parker, of Petaluma, brother of our worthy landlord, is here with his son, Pitman Parker, editor of the *Monitor Argus*, paying relatives a visit, and are well pleased with Oregon and its prospects. These gentlemen have resided in California for thirty years. We are glad to see them in Oregon, as we know their estimate of our State will be a fair one. Of course they are progressive men and Woman Suffragists.

We should be almost afraid to sleep in a wooden town built on piles and bridges, as Astoria is, were it not for her efficient fire department—two good engines with wide awake companies for each, and a hook and ladder division of invincibles.

But the clock strikes ten, and we suddenly stop to count the accumulated pages at our right and bid you adieu. To-morrow we are off for Ilwaco if it doesn't rain. A. S. D.

"YOURS TRULY'S" IDEAL SURGERY.

SHE MAKES A LITTLE SPEECH.

Another day of Yours Truly's supported and protected existence had come to a close, and she was seated at the work-table in the lamplight, mending her adorable's ducking overalls, thinking of the President's condition, and mentally going after that bullet with magnetic tongs, wishing the while that she was a famous surgeon so she could attempt its removal in reality, when Jim, who had forgotten his pledge and had been devouring the dispatches in silence for half an hour, suddenly recollected himself and began to read aloud from a stray newspaper in the following instructive strain:

What is more charming than an agreeable, graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her. Sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like the cheering warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays awhile, and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aura with a human face; she has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breathes from her, and she communicates this delight to all, without taking any greater trouble than of existing beside them. Is not here an inestimable gift?

"Isn't that splendid, wife?" asked Yours Truly's adorable, in a transport of enjoyment. "I tell you, dear, that men admire women a great deal more for their personal charms than for intellectual development. Women don't appreciate their own enchanting power. Whoever wrote that understood his subject. Didn't he, now?"

Yours Truly didn't want to shock her lord by leading him by a too abrupt departure from the ridiculous to the sensible, lest he couldn't bear it, so she said:

"How did you get so much pitch on the seat of these overalls? It's like stitching through oakum to sew on this patch."

Jim must have scorned to answer a question so commonplace, for he read again:

What is more charming than an agreeable, graceful woman? Whether from seeing that the sentiment didn't exactly suit Yours Truly just then, or from a dim consciousness that it was sickly swash instead of common sense that had so elated him, Jim dropped the paper, and said, severely:

"What's the matter now?" "Nothing," said Yours Truly, as she tugged in vain at the refractory needle, that possessed an irresistible attraction for the pitch in which it was imbedded; "nothing whatever."

"Do you know," said Jim, "that I am often disappointed in these later years because you take such a prosy view of things?"

"I can't find any poetry in ducking overalls, especially when I have to patch 'em through blotches of dried fir pitch, not even if I am 'an agreeable, graceful woman,' with 'no more need to do than simply to be.' Read that again, my adorable protector; read it again," demurely exclaimed Yours Truly.

Jim blushed and looked annoyed, but he didn't comply.

Yours Truly's thumb and finger were seamed and bleeding, and she gladly dropped the dirty bifurcates as soon as they were finished and picked up the paper. She cleared her throat and read aloud:

Sometimes she is ignorant herself of the angelical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect.

A light began to break in upon her senses at once. Here was the whole story, as Brother Acton would say, "in a nutshell." She arose and made the following speech: "Woman is a charming creature. Her presence lights up the house. Paradise breathes from her. She's an embodiment of beatitudes, and she charms everybody in

a double sense because she *doesn't know it!* The wash-tub adds to her glory; the mop-handle exalts her dreamy, do-nothing existence; the cook-stove enhances her graces; the churn-dash increases her charms. Her tired back-aches cover her face with smiles. Dish-water doesn't soil her drapery. Dirty ducking overalls are her delight. Grease illuminates her. Kitchen smoke polishes her. She has nothing to do. She makes an Eden of the house without an effort, and possesses the fairy-like power of doing everything while never knowing that she does anything. What a glorious thing it is to be a woman—'a fool!'"

By this time Yours Truly, who has learned long ere this to talk and work at the same time, had succeeded in wrapping her bleeding thumb and index finger with pieces of an old glove, and was ready to attack the next old garment.

"I wonder if there's any prospect of a change in the weather?" said Jim, dryly.

"Why, dear?"

"Because I'm going to town to get help for you to-morrow, if I have to wade to get there. I'm tired of this infernal grumbling about the work."

"Then you don't believe there's any truth in that paragraph, after all—eh, Jim?"

"Believe it? I believe it's bosh!"

"Didn't you say that it was splendid a little while ago?"

Jim looked serious.

"You take all the romance out of me whenever I begin to expatiate on the graces of woman," he said, curtly.

"Because, like all men, you're a goose on that subject, my dear. Now, don't get angry. Listen, while I tell you an unvarnished truth. A man may have good sense upon any other subject, but when he tries to comprehend woman, he will show himself a conceited dunce. I'll venture to guess that the silly paragraph that you've read in my hearing and that started this conversation will be published throughout the length and breadth of this land. There isn't an inexperienced young editor on the tripod who struggles feebly with a weak mustache who won't copy it and think it grand. Don't think you're the only goose in existence, my dear. Men are all that way. They all think that woman makes an Eden of home without an effort, or converts it into Bedlam by a wish. They all think the home machinery runs without friction, and that all domestic comforts are ready-made, like feathers on a peacock. And when one of 'em is forced to understand that such stuff as they print about our 'magic influence' and the 'paradise that breathes from us' is the result of the hardest toil and often of the lowliest drudgery, they call the knowledge we impart 'infernal grumbling,' and forget all about our 'inestimable gift' of having 'no more to do than simply to be.' Don't they, now?"

Jim didn't reply, and Yours Truly continued:

"If you men—I mean the best of you—could only divest yourselves of the inborn vanity that leads you to think of woman as a creature made for your own comfort, without any reference to herself or her own convenience or common sense, you would spare yourselves the exhibition of such stupidity as breathes through that effusion which you call 'splendid, my dear. But do let us lay aside this subject and talk of something else. How's the President?"

"Poorly enough. The news isn't at all encouraging. What a pity they cannot extract that bullet!"

"Cannot, Jim? They've never tried. I could get it."

"When did you turn surgeon?" "Never, except in theory. But I do think a little common sense ought to teach the attending physicians that he won't get well while he's troubled with that disturbing cause."

"How would you manage it?"

"I'd have a delicate instrument made with a clamp of magnetized steel at the end of a spring tube, and I'd have the proper incision made directly over that ball, and I'd go for it and get it out."

"But suppose you killed him?"

"I wouldn't."

"How do you know you wouldn't?"

"I feel it in my nerves!"

Mrs. D., you ought to have heard Jim laugh. Of all the provoking annoyances that ever come up to ruffle the senses of a "protected angel, who makes paradise breathe over all about her, without any greater trouble herself than to exist spontaneously," the most aggravating, nonplussing and un-get-over-able is the long-drawn guffaw of your adorable, who can't talk you down, but laughs you into a spasm of fit temper.

"Let the President die!" cried Yours Truly, as she swept indignantly out of the presence of her sharer of joys. "Let him die and be saved! He ought to, because he's a man! A woman can't express an idea but a man must ridicule it to scorn!"

Jim subsided, or his laughter did, and the last Yours Truly saw of him (as she peeped through the partly open door before she fell asleep beside Number Two) he was diligently studying the "splendid" paragraph about an "agreeable woman."

The dear fellow has gone to town now to procure that promised "help," and if subsequent developments in that direction evolve anything worth relating, you may hear again from

YOURS TRULY.