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FROM THE SHORES OF THE PACIFIC.

THE SENIOR EDITOR AT FORTS STEVENS AND CANBY, ILWACO, THE WEATHER BEACH, SEA VIEW, AND OYSTERVILLE.

OYSTERVILLE, W. T., August 21, 1881.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The morning of the 16th dawned with cloudless skies and balmy air, and the snug and stanch little steamer General Canby took a load of excursionists aboard, bound for Cape Hancock and Ilwaco, among them Mr. and Mrs. Merrill and the undersigned, bent upon a day of observation and enjoyment. The mighty river was as smooth as a mirror, with here and there a rippled surface like a lake of glass that had cooled too suddenly, joined by pellucid edges of transparent crystal that glittered like burnished steel. The little engine worked away like a patent churn, and Captain Whitcomb stood at the wheel in the tiny pilot house and managed the rudder with the skill of a nautilus. The Canby is the favorite accommodation packet on this line, being always ready for duty and always reliable and safe. We remember going over on this boat to Ilwaco some four or five years ago, after coming aboard at an angle of forty-five degrees on a ten-inch plank without banisters. They have a good gang-plank now, with a guard, and you have more faith as you trust yourself to its tender mercies. But the Captain won't forgive us for having written upon the little Varuna, in which we returned in a gale, and which we described as a "cockle shell about the size of an ordinary washing tub." We meant the little craft no harm in depicting her thus minutely, but we confess we're not sorry she got wrecked afterwards, seeing the loss to her enterprising owner was covered by insurance and no lives were lost. Hope he'll forgive us now that we've praised the Canby, for she skims the water like a duck and manages the different degrees of her business like a capable woman.

We touched at Fort Stevens, where a couple of military men in white gloves and brass-knobbed regimentals were on the dock, and a donkey cart in charge of a soldier awaited the United States mail, reminding us as the steamer turned to leave of the ridiculous couplet.

"If I had a donkey what wouldn't go,

Do you think I'd wallop him? Oh, no, no."

Fort Stephens as now equipped would be about as available as a defense in case of invasion as the little steamer Maguet against a Monitor or the Shubrick would be in warding off the advances of a Merrimac. If your correspondent were a foreign power bent upon the conquest of America, she'd want no better prospect of a victory over coast defenses than can be found at this most accessible point for attack. It serves as a haven for the country's professional defenders in times of peace, though, and is good for something, so it shouldn't be utterly condemned, we suppose.

Leaving this frowning fortress of decaying ramparts and its tarry-coated ordnance of a dead decade, we steam on across the river, in full view of the huge iron wheels and mammoth walking beam of the Great Republic—the ghost of a departed ship—and cruising past Sand Island on the outer edge of Baker's Bay, touch at Fort Canby, in a charming cove under the lee of Cape Hancock, where your correspondent and her friends alight, to spend the intervening hours while the steamer is absent at Ilwaco.

Evidently the government is partial to Fort Canby, for its buildings, parade grounds, ramparts and lawns are far more beautiful than those of Fort Stevens. The natural site is far prettier also, overlooking as it does the foot of the bay, and sloping back toward rugged promontories clothed in a shaggy fur of huge evergreens, washed upon their farther side by the Pacific's breakers.

A planken walk-way slopes from the bay through a pretty ravine, in which is the light-keepers' residence, a handsome double house with white walls and green shutters, with garden and flowers around it, and altogether a beautiful place to look at or live in. There are three light-keepers, Mr. Anderson, the first, or "boss," having lived here for sixteen years. This gentleman has recently married a new wife (the second), imported from Germany for the purpose under a contract that a Kentuckian would like to "buy a pig in a poke." But the bride and groom appear quite as happy in their honeymoon as though they had burned cords of wood and cans of coal oil in the courting season while making vows that are seldom kept. Mr. Holberg, the second light-keeper, is a bachelor and does his own housekeeping. The third keeper is Mr. Woodruff, with whose pleasant family we spent a day and night of solid comfort—barring the rheumatic twinges that still remind us of that crippling buckboard ride between Palouse and Colfax, for which we ought yet to sue for damages.

A narrow sidewalk leads from the house through the ravine to the promontory upon which

the light-house sits, and a merry crowd of us made our way to it, our numbers augmented by a boat-load of pleasure-seekers sojourning at Ilwaco, among them the Misses Caples, Miss Riperton, Mr. and Mrs. Wells, of Portland, and Mr. Bird, of The Dalles. The light-house, the grounds, the batteries, and everything connected therewith are in the best of order, though the guns, like those of Fort Stevens, are out of date by a decade of years. One fifteen-inch Columbiad, carrying a 450-pound ball, is called "The Baby," and is mounted upon the highest point, overlooking the ocean, on a carriage ponderous as itself, painted a flaming red, and may be aptly described as a huge black baby with red petticoats. This "baby" looks like a cross customer, and the old-fashioned iron-clad that would wake him up might well look out for squalls. But we are told that the new style men-of-war in present use would steam past and scarcely mind it. Other batteries are stationed on the promontory's side carrying smaller guns, two of which are called "swamp angels," though "avenging angels" would be the better name, if one should judge them by the work their prototypes performed at Charleston.

We paid the light-house a second visit to see the sun set in the ocean, but the evening was cloudy and the orb of day was veiled in mist and gloom. The State of California steamed past, and twilight gathered into darkness, and the lights of Tillamook Rock, Point Adams and Cape Hancock flashed out their cheery radiance upon the heaving waters as if to salute her with a grand display of pyrotechnics.

We intended to walk from the fort to Ilwaco, but Al Holman's assertion that the distance was "seventeen miles" deterred us, so we gave ourself over to the hospitalities of Mrs. Woodruff's pleasant home till the General Canby came by the next morning, when a fifteen-minute ride landed a crowd of beach-seekers on the Ilwaco dock, where we were met by another crowd, some of them homeward bound, and others bent upon diversion. Among the campers are Mayor D. P. Thompson's family, Mrs. M. O. Moore, of Linkville, and Mr. and Mrs. Meldrum, of Oregon City. Mr. and Mrs. Brazee and their five children, Mr. and Mrs. Bell, and the Misses Caples, are at the hotel, which, though small, is well-kept and comfortable, and evidently does a thriving business. Mr. J. D. Holman and family and quite a number of others occupy cottages, and numerous tents dot the shaded plain. A church is in course of erection, and a school-house is soon to be built. The place is exceedingly pleasant as a Summer resort, and will increase in favor as the country gets older.

We spent the night at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Whealdon, on the beautiful hillside, where we feel that we must visit every Summer, else there is a stitch dropped in our year of days which ravel downward ever after. The dear old couple are resting confidently upon the borders of the Mystic River that laves the shores of the Summer Land. It is sweet to live when life brings to us in its waning hours the promise that Death is swallowed up in Victory. Mr. Whealdon has more vim left at his seventy odd years than many a young man ever had. He is deeply interested in the equal rights movement, and engaged a house for us to lecture on the subject, exacting our promise to return for that purpose on the following Wednesday.

Our next destination was Sea View, across the promontory and on the Weather Beach. The road runs over a rough corduroy grade, up hill and down, through a dense hemlock forest, crowded with undergrowth and hung full with salal-berries, for a distance of three miles, and then we emerge from the timber and meet the ocean face to face. He shakes his hoary locks in our faces and roars in baffled rage ere he retreats for another onslaught, as impotent to harm us as the first. But how he tempts the dwellers in tents, as he sings seductively of his cooling waters.

The East Portland camp is a miniature city of tents, and its denizens, nothing daunted by the late drowning disaster, look like so many seamstresses as they cling to a floating life-line, hard by the hidden channel in which other lives were lost. The danger here is created by converging currents forming an eddy of meeting waters, which, overborne by the incoming breakers, necessarily form a hidden channel for the rushing under-tow. A mile or two to the northward, opposite Stout's hotel, is a bathing place where the beach is as level as a threshing floor and the surf equally as good for aquatic sport as the dangerous eddy.

Mr. and Mrs. Stout have built a good hotel, commodious and summery, where good beds and the best of board can be had for ten dollars per week. The rooms are yet unfinished, but will be finished in good style by another year. They have laid off a portion of the place in a town plat, and have sold several lots and blocks at the reasonable rate of \$25 for single lots and \$150 for blocks. Mr. Devany, of Portland, has also sold

several lots (including water front) at fair prices. It is more than probable that the North Beach of the Pacific will equal that of the Atlantic as a Summer resort in the near future. Hunting, fishing, boating and bathing are all to be had at convenient distances, accompanied by salt sea air and the healing power of its invisible winds.

A ten-mile drive on the level Weather Beach brings us from Stout's hotel to the cozy and happy home of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Loomis, comprising a farm of a thousand acres, and everything else that is desirable in like proportion. Mr. Loomis is connected with many important enterprises; is President of two steamship companies and proprietor of a stage line, and withal a genial gentleman, hospitable and progressive, and of course a Woman Suffragist. Every man who fears that the love of liberty would cause women to neglect their homes should visit this one and see the superior housekeeping of the woman who wants to vote. Order without friction and luxury without extravagance greet you at every turn. Rugs, tidies, bedquits, splashers, picture frames, cushions, all fashioned by the skillful fingers of Mrs. Loomis, meet the eye, and what is still better, the lady is a reader and thinker, and of course a kind and capable wife and mother. She was disappointed three years ago when we were over this way because her negro cook—a voter—abandoned his post and left her to hold the kitchen fort while he went to town to "liquor up," so she could not go to hear the lecture. But she has a white girl for help now, and so, after a twenty-four hours' visit at her home, we all went together to Oysterville, ten miles away, and ensconced ourselves at Wirt's hotel. Mr. Wirt had previously arranged the school-house for our use, and here we met a much better audience than we thought the place would afford, seeing it has lost its former trade in the oyster line and acquired the reputation of a deserted village. To-day (Sunday) we are enjoying the refreshing quietude that a racking headache renders imperative. There is but one "sight" to which visitors are directed as a relie of the town's era of prosperity, and we thought to go with Mrs. Wirt to see it a while ago. This is a somewhat pretentious mansion, now deserted, which is offered for sale at less than one-tenth its cost. But when a boy was sent for the key for the purpose, he was informed by its custodian, a recently converted squaw man, that "he respected the Sabbath, if we didn't," so the project of going through the house was abandoned. Of course this voter is opposed to Woman Suffrage. But he may flatter himself that he has every used-up rake in the country for company. They all "think too much of women in their place" to be willing to see them free; and could they have their way, a "woman's place" would never be a reputable or self-supporting one.

As this must be mailed on the morrow, we have no time to write up Oysterville from more extended observation, and must postpone particulars until next week. To-morrow (Monday) we are going on an excursion up the Willapa, to be back at night.

Mrs. H. T. Clarke says in the *Willamette Farmer*: "The last twenty years have not passed without great progress in matters adventitious to women. Avenues of labor have been opened to them, and they have filled with ability posts that would have made our decorous grandmothers shudder, as overstepping that line of womanly retirement that was so rigidly drawn between the occupations proper for men and women. Marriage now is not considered the absolute destiny of a girl, and she does not sit waiting for a husband to come to her. If she has not a father's home, the young girl of ambition chooses a trade or a business of some sort, and fits herself to fill its duties, and nearly always she will excel her brother or boy cousin in quickness of perception and deftness of action."

Viscountess Habberton, who astonished English society a few months ago by saying in a magazine article that a sensible girl needed a chaperon as little as a sensible boy, recently organized a "rational dress society." The members propose to inaugurate the many reformatory changes whose value is so universally professed but so seldom utilized. The outer aspect of women's dress is not to be altered, except that garments will hang more loosely. The weight is to be borne by the shoulders.

Rev. Robert L. Stevens says, in a communication to the *Albany Democrat*: "We would like to see the drunkard who beats his wife whipped at the whipping post when he becomes sober. We would like to have the man who refuses to give his wife a just share of his wages, in order that he may waste it on drink, compelled by law to account for what he receives."

Mrs. R. A. Hussey, of Grant's Pass, sends the *New Northwest* her best wishes for the good cause for which it is fighting."

WHAT ONE WOMAN DID.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Unless we see immediate results, we are not apt to put forth our energies; yet how great our possibilities often are. Let me tell you a story of what was accomplished by one of that class from whom we expect so little.

Many years ago, when equal suffrage was submitted to the people by the Legislature of Kansas, a Mr. B— wished to represent the town of W—, near Lawrence. His way seemed clear, and, but for an event trivial in its seeming, though all important in its results, he would have represented the town in the next Legislature. He had occasion to call at the house of a neighbor, Mrs. George, a few days before the election. She carelessly said:

"I suppose you will vote for us next week?" "Well," was his reply, "I don't consider that much would be gained by letting the women vote. They would do as their husbands told them."

With this new and conclusive argument, he withdrew.

"Shall such a fossil make laws for me? Others can be sent who will better represent the people?"

Mrs. G. hastily called upon one gentleman after another, until she thought of a Mr. Grover. Few men possessed more mental culture and true worth. She proceeded immediately to a printer and had tickets printed, substituting Mr. Grover's name for Mr. B—'s, which she distributed at the polls the following week. Men smiled, but not disapprovingly, at the novel sight, and generally accepted the revised ballot. The consequence was a great majority for Mr. Grover. Mr. B— went home lamenting that one woman, at least, had her own opinion. Mr. Grover's astonishment can well be imagined when he found himself a candidate for Senatorial honors, and he was sent afterward to represent a well-satisfied constituency.

This is a true story, "a part of which I was."

San Jose, Cal., August 13, 1881.

THE PENDING AMENDMENT.

[From the Astorian.]

Mrs. A. S. Duniway's Monday evening lecture on the pending suffrage amendment, in the Young Men's Christian Association Hall, was largely attended by our best class of citizens, many being obliged to retire because unable to obtain seats. The speaker recapitulated the works accomplished by the Woman Suffrage agitation in Oregon during the past ten years, and highly eulogized the voters of the State who had not been unmindful of woman's plea, but had graciously accorded her every solicited right, not excepting the elective franchise, which was now in a fair way to final victory. The pending amendment had been offered in the State Senate by Hon. C. W. Fulton, of Clatsop, who, she said, would be entitled to the laurels of leadership in the annals of coming history. The objections urged by some men against the constitutionality of the pending amendment were explained away by quotations from Blackstone, and by what she called "a common sense interpretation of the organic law." That no "pending amendment" could be indefinitely postponed, from one legislative session to another, by renewed propositions to amend it while thus pending, was a fixed fact. There was a necessary limit to human notions in all things, and there were men who would move to amend pending amendments to the archives of Heaven, if there were no restrictions to limit their well-meaning desires. The pending suffrage amendment is to go before the next Assembly for ratification. The speaker had no fear of the result, as all advanced thinkers had ceased to oppose Woman Suffrage. But, she said, the time would then follow when it would go before the voters of the entire State; and to the men present she now appealed to carry the banner for woman's liberty into quarters where she would not go. She told several new stories, some amusing and some pathetic, illustrative of her theme, and held her audience fairly spell-bound while appealing to voters to "place Oregon in the lead in the great galaxy of States that are sure to fall into line when she shall have set the example." Her picture of domestic life under the coming dispensation of equal rights—she rejects the term woman's rights—was enough to warm the ice around the heart of a bachelor, or turn the frowns of a crusty husband into smiles of gladness.

Mrs. F. M. Smith, the only white woman on Ounalaska Island, is spending a good portion of her time in teaching the little half-breeds. She has formed a class, the members of which are proving themselves very apt pupils. This is, of course, charity work.

Miss J. A. Olds, daughter of the former proprietor of the *Miner* (No. 1) *Doc*, who died a few months ago, is now conducting that paper successfully.