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## SOUTHERN OREGON.

THE SENIOR EDITOR DESCRIBES A STAGE-RIDE, ATTENDS A PIONEER REUNION, FALLS ILL., AND HAS A GOOD TIME GENERALLY.

JACKSONVILLE, September 19, 1881.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The inside of the California and Oregon stage-coach was crowded with passengers on the evening of the 12th instant, when your correspondent climbed to the welcome outside seat above the boot and took her place on a lofty perch, bound for an all-night ride in the dust and gloom of an Indian Summer night. Beside her, upon the one hand, was the skillful manager of the spanking six-in-hand, who officiates at once as conductor, engineer and brakeman, and upon the other sat Al Holman, the wide-awake young representative of the *Oregonian*, likewise bound for Jackson county.

The road from Roseburg to Myrtle Creek is rough and mountainous, grandly picturesque in the gloom of evening, and would of course be doubly so by moonlight. The moon was behind time on this occasion, and a lively controversy as to its probable time of rising occurred between Tobe, the driver, and George, a station hand, who was perched behind us on the coach.

"She'll be up and shining by the time we reach the Myrtle Creek station," said Tobe.

"Bet you a gallon o' soap you won't see her at Myrtle Creek," said George.

"Bet a wash-board against your soap."

"Done."

Nothing more was said for half an hour. Then Al saw a luminous glow creeping up the horizon's edge, and exclaimed:

"Here's your moon!"

Vain delusion. It was only a forest fire.

"Let that wash-board be of double zinc, ribbed back, and latest pattern," said George, exultantly.

After another half hour we came to a low indenture in the adjacent mountain chain, and there, sure enough, was Luna, shining serenely in our faces from beneath a cap of shadow that gave her a gibbous shape.

"I'll turn in that gallon o' soap on my wash-bill," said Tobe.

And so on, alternately, soap was ahead in the sags, and wash-boards were at a premium in other places, till we reached Myrtle Creek, when the bet was decided a "draw," the moon being neither up nor down because of the undulations of the mountains and the road.

At this point we changed horses for a slower team, and on we went up the South Umpqua Valley, through a region passing beautiful, sometimes encountering narrow grades, and again emerging into little vales, the busy river upon the right and the tree-clad mountains upon either hand, with here and there a silent farm-house piercing the drowsy air with its humble roof as it sat asleep by the roadside.

George left us at Myrtle Creek, and Tobe at Levens' station. We had learned to appreciate Tobe, and felt sorry to part with so good a driver. But here was his home station, and our loss was his gain, for he was weary enough with his six hours' struggle with six horses, and it was his time for rest. The new driver proved an interesting oddity. Al and ourself theoretically drew straws for choice, and the "soap story" fell to us, else we should like to tell the "horse anecdote," for which see *Oregonian*.

The night seemed a week in length. The air grew chilly and the miles interminably long. But the gray of the morning came at last, bringing us to the breakfast station and a roaring pitch-wood fire. In twenty minutes we were off again, refreshed, but oh! so lazy. The hours rolled on, the sun mounted high in the heavens, the dust thickened and the horses lagged, but by dint of constant whipping they made tolerable time.

The South Umpqua River was left far in the rear, and Rogue River, about its equal in volume, but prettier, if possible, in character, came into sight. Gold fields began to abound, deserted now, and dry. The bosom of Nature has been cut and scarified in a shameful manner in these parched areas, as though a cancer had left its horrible ravages everywhere—ravages that the wounded earth could never heal.

Noon, and Rock Point. "Twenty minutes for dinner." We bolt the meal and bowl ahead. The narrow valley is widening now, and we are nearing Jacksonville. Away to our left, in the hazy distance, the beautiful Umpqua Prairie spreads its ample lap freighted with Autumn's richest bounties. It is like Camas Prairie in Idaho, or Spokane Prairie in Washington. It is like Salem Prairie in Marion or the plains of Washington or Linn county. In some respects it is unlike all of these, but in general outlines it is strikingly similar.

Yonder, at the base of an amphitheater of tree-studded hills, diversified here and there by farms and vineyards that creep down to the level edges,

sits the historic town of Jacksonville. Everything is quiet, and we descend from our lofty perch and meet Madame Holt at her splendid brick hotel, and she proves the most hospitable of landladies as she conducts her dust-laden guest to a pleasant chamber, where plenty of soap and water soon transform us from a dusty pyramid to a clean but sleepy mortal.

After fifteen hours of uninterrupted slumber, we descend to a breakfast fit for a royal feast. Everybody marvels that Madame Holt can give so much good food for the reasonable charges she makes. Broiled chicken, beefsteaks smothered in butter, steaks and onions, fish, ham and eggs, biscuit, hot cakes, coffee with genuine cream, native wine if you want it, and fruits in abundance, form her breakfast *melange*, with dinner and supper in proportion. Yet the Madame, who has reared this hotel as a monument to her own industry, has no voice in the disposition of her heavy taxes, while any irresponsible beer-slinger of the protecting sex can vote to tax her property to suit himself.

Thursday was Pioneers' Day. The reunion was to be held at Ashland, and Madame Holt placed an elegant livery team at our disposal, and furnished a driver, also at her own expense; a courtesy for which we are duly grateful, as all other teams were in use, and but for her hospitality we should have missed what proved a most enjoyable day.

The drive of fifteen miles from Jacksonville was accomplished without accident. The insufferable heat of previous days gave way to balmy air and Indian Summer sunshine. Upon the right rolled the beautiful foothills, and upon the left lay the expansive valley of the Rogue River, narrowing, after leaving Phoenix, till it came to an abrupt enclosure of picturesque mountain scenery, at whose feet sat the finely located town of Ashland, with all her people arrayed for a holiday.

After a brief rest at the hotel, we accompanied the moving crowd to an alder grove, under whose shade a speaker's stand and band's and choir's platform looked pleasingly down upon a semi-circular succession of temporary seats. Music by the band was followed by a fervent prayer by Rev. Mr. Williams. The choir, under the musical supervision of Miss Ella Scott (a beloved relative and old-time pupil of the undersigned), sang "A Hundred Years Ago" in spirited style. Judge Day, husband of our erstwhile Albany friend, Mrs. McGee Day, read appropriate resolutions on the death of B. B. Griffin and Levi Tinkham, and the choir sang "Years of Our Childhood." Judge Huffman, President of the Society, then announced that no regular speaker had been chosen for the day, and as your correspondent had recently arrived in Southern Oregon and was now in the audience, she was respectfully invited to address the Pioneers. We were taken off our guard and out of our line, but we did the best we could, our theme taking a wide range, the large audience according it the most respectful attention, and several voices crying "go on," when, at end of the hour's effort, we resumed our seat. The camp-fires of the Pioneers have died out, but the hearts of the survivors are yet warm, and their hospitality is unchangeable to the last.

The choir sang a concluding chorus, and the crowd formed into companies according to their dates as Pioneers, '45 coming first, then '46, and so on to immigrants of '52, and marched to martial music into the depths of an adjoining grove, where a bountiful feast was spread upon snowy tables festooned at the ends by arches of old-fashioned flowers, as appropriate as beautiful. Mr. E. K. Anderson, the Marshal of the Day, proxed a veritable general in his arrangement of the companies, and pioneer women by scores passed tempting viands over the loaded tables, feeding pioneer men and women by hundreds.

After dinner came a genuine old-time reunion and hand-shaking among all the people. Many acquaintances made by ourself two years ago at the Fourth of July celebration at Willow Springs were present. Hosts of new friends were made, and it was indeed pleasant to be there.

After an hour or two of social converse, the crowd returned to the speakers' grove, and after-dinner speeches became the order. Father Beeson spoke first, and though seventy-eight years old, proved himself able to interest the thinking multitude with "bed-rock facts" in a speech of great pith and power. Among other things, he said:

It was recorded in history by Confucius, many centuries before the Christian era, and confirmed by Christ in the same positive command, that we should do unto others as we would have them do unto us—unto women as well as unto men—which reminds us of the bed-rock fact that woman, being co-equal with man in the origin and destiny of the race, her natural right is co-equal with his in its government, and that until her influence is as paramount for good in public affairs as it is in a well-ordered family, the nation will continue in a state of dissatisfied unrest, like children bereft of a mother's care. This brings us to the bed-rock fact that better men, and methods, cannot be until mothers are provided with better conditions for their production. When this is done, and the best men and

women are jointly placed to rule the nation, we may look for the following results:

First—A revision of the Constitution, which the clear instincts of women will see to be necessary.

Second—The adjustment of Indian affairs, for the equal benefit of both races.

Third—The substitution of arbitration for war.

Fourth—The discharge of the army, and a great reduction of taxes.

Fifth—Equal pay for equal work, in all vocations.

Sixth—Fewer and better children, with their increase proportioned to the increased ratio of the production of food.

Seventh—The rule of science, instead of obsolete creeds.

Other measures of equal importance will be adopted in due time as the world advances in intelligence.

In the course of his remarks he referred to "Mrs. Grundy," who, he said, was no doubt in the audience, but he must risk offending her, for he must tell the truth though the heavens fell.

Ex-Representative Smith, who was on the platform, undertook to correct Mr. Beeson. "You mean Mrs. Dumway!" he exclaimed, with the voice of a Stentor. "That's the lady's name—Dumway!" he repeated, amid roars of laughter.

The good old speaker kindly explained the meaning of the mythical character, and went on with his address.

The next speaker was the distinguished gentleman above named, who related several pioneer incidents connected with the famous Donner party, of which he was a member, his language being original if not elegant.

Mr. E. K. Anderson, who is one of the leading men of Ashland, then spoke for fifteen minutes, and, like Mr. Beeson, made a rousing Woman Suffrage argument. He was followed by Mr. Kahler and others whose names we did not catch.

We were called upon to make the closing speech, and considerable pleasantry occurred between friend Smith and ourself over his innocent but laughable mistake in regard to "Mrs. Grundy."

The crowd broke up in the jolliest of humors, and we returned to Jacksonville in good spirits, realizing as never before that

"The good time coming is almost here."

And now, for several days, we have been idle, owing to a return of the severe indisposition that laid us by at Roseburg. There's no use in talking; forty-seven isn't twenty-five, and all the ambition you can muster will not cause mother Nature to rebate one jot or tittle of her rigorous demands for occasional relaxation when you are nearing the summit of life's meridian. We are being royally cared for by Madame Holt, and have had no end of hospitable attention from many other friends. We are feeling better now and will soon be able to lecture. The Plymales, Carlwells, Dowells, Beckmans, Kinneys and many others have been especially obliging, and the editors of the *Sentinel*, *Times* and *Tidings* are as courteous and fair toward ourself and mission as any lady could desire.

A. S. D.

The Middleton (N. Y.) *Sentinel* makes this brief argument in favor of Woman Suffrage: "No intelligent person would dare assert in this age of enlightenment that a man should choose a religion for his wife—yet his choosing laws and officers for her is equally unsanctioned by reason and justice. It therefore follows that the unjust restrictions now preventing women from choosing their rulers ought to be removed; that the consent of governed women to the government over them is the only proper derivation of the power of such government; and that women rightfully ought to have the same political equality with man that she undoubtedly possesses to choose her religion for herself."

On a recent Sunday, three of the six pulpits of Nantucket, R. I., were filled by women. Rev. Miss Louise S. Baker was at the Congregational Church, Rev. Mrs. Phoebe A. Hanaford at the Unitarian, and Rev. Mrs. F. Ellis (colored) of New Bedford at the Colored Baptist Church. Women also hold many other positions usually monopolized by men, the most noticeable being that of flagman at the railroad crossing. This is the normal condition of affairs in a community where women outnumber the men sixteen to one.

At a recent social gathering in Edinburgh, a gentleman asked Mrs. Duncan MacLaren, one of the most prominent of the Woman Suffragists of Scotland, "what sort of husbands the ladies had who spoke so bitterly and harshly on the subject of the property of married women." She promptly replied: "Ladies who have good husbands are the only ones who dare to speak on the subject." The sharpness of the retort is only exceeded by the amount of plain truth it contains.

From the *New York Herald*: "Can a nation, already enfeebled and effeminated by smoking, long endure the strain of drink? What kind of children will the next generation be? A man with a swollen head, an inflamed stomach and unsteady nerves may know enough to turn off the gas when he goes to bed, but he will be exceptionally fortunate if his children have sense enough to do anything at all."

## "WHAT TO WEAR AND HOW."—No. II.

BY A LADY WHO KNOWS.

In cities and cultivated circles, where frequent association with the world of fashion leads unconsciously to the appropriate selection of suitable clothing for all occasions, it is comparatively seldom that one beholds a woman who is made ridiculous by her dress. But in country places, where the limit of rustic range is compassed by village balls and rural meetings in secluded churches, there is often a conspicuous lack of fitness in the selection of apparel, which subjects those who attempt any sort of display, on the rare occasions when they stray far from home, to no small amount of ridicule. And, as this paper upon "What to Wear and How" is not planned so much for the benefit of those who can see for themselves in the cities as for those who live in the rural districts, but occasionally make short journeys, it will chiefly relate to the proper *trousseau* for a country or village bride.

Not long since, as the writer was returning from a short river excursion, an elderly bridegroom came aboard at a way station, beside him, and confidently leaning upon his arm, a young bride, fresh from some secluded farm-house, bedecked from head to foot in white apparel, even to veil and slippers. Orange blossoms were conspicuous among the white ribbons on her flowing but not abundant hair, and a huge cluster of the same depended from a fussy bunch of tulle and satin in her marvellous hat. The day was raw and chilly, and everybody else was wrapped in shawls or cloaks; but the bride, who was evidently abroad on a mission of display, shivered beneath a fleecy white Shetland scarf, her purple arms contrasting strongly with her white kid gloves, and her flushed face glowing through the square of blonde which formed her veil. It was well for her peace of mind that she did not understand the nature of the sensation she was creating among passengers and crew. But, in order that any bride of the future who may read this may be spared from becoming the laughing-stock of traveling companions on her wedding tour, it is well that some plain directions be chronicled here for her assistance.

If the wedding takes place at home and in the evening, a complete outfit of white for the occasion is both proper and becoming. The dress need not be expensive. A simple white mull, with flounces trimmed in white lace, with facings and headings of satin, if made up at home, need not cost over eight or ten dollars. A veil of blonde or tulle, with trimmings of white roses in the hair and at the throat (natural flowers are best), with white kid gloves and shoes, completes the outer toilet, which, after the festive evening, should be religiously laid away, never to be worn again. A bride who cannot afford a special dress, however cheap, for such a ceremony, cannot properly afford to get married at all. The writer, who was a country girl a quarter of a century ago, would gladly give a hundred times its value for her never-forgotten but long ago vanished bridal dress.

If a bridal tour—a fashionable folly at best—must be taken, the bride should studiously avoid any display of her new relation in matters of toilet. Such displays always give occasion for aside remarks from lookers-on which would entirely destroy the self-consciousness of the interested party could she but hear them. The traveling dress should have nothing "bridal" about it. It is appropriately made—for a bride in the middle stations—of gray cashmere, camel's hair or other woolen material, trimmed with novelty goods of corresponding color with gloves, veil and traveling hat to match. No flowers or flowing ribbons should be worn on the hat or in the hair. The hat should be of gray felt, straw, plush, or satin, according to cost or taste, trimmed with ostrich plumes to match, and bows of gray satin (pieces of the novelty goods with which the dress is finished will look equally well), mounted by a handsome bronze buckle or *aignette*. A broad white necktie of fine mull, edged with two rows of full lace and tied in a large bow at the throat, will give the suit a stylish, finished look without being at all suggestive.

For receptions or evening visits, a good silk is the cheapest in the long run, even for a bride of moderate means, as the material, until worn out, is never shabby, and can be made over in numerous ways as long as the pieces of it are sufficiently whole to obstruct shelled corn. For a bride who can afford but one silk dress, a black should be chosen by all means. Such dresses are comparatively inexpensive now, and when made up with jet trimmings, of which nimble fingers at home can construct great varieties at extremely moderate cost, are gay enough for any occasion if worn with white ruchings and laces at throat, bosom, and wrists, relieved for evening wear by white gloves and natural flowers.

If the bride cannot afford silk, she can make a tolerable substitute of fine glazed linen cambric, in black, bronze or navy blue, trimmed with narrow pipings of white at the head of folds and kilt or box-pleat flounces. Remember, the dress should always comport with the surroundings. Rich clothing is exceedingly out of place on rag carpets or naked floors, and cheap clothing looks shabby by the side of elegant furniture. "The eternal fitness of things" is more frequently disregarded in dress than in aught else.