

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME XI.—NO. 4.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 6, 1881.

PER YEAR—\$3 00.

SOUTHERN OREGON.

WOMEN'S CONDOLENCE MEETINGS AND MEMORIAL SERVICES IN SYMPATHY WITH THE WIFE AND MOTHER OF THE MARTYRED PRESIDENT.

[This correspondence should have been published last week, but failed to arrive in time.]

ASHLAND, Or., September 24, 1881.

To THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST: The sad news that the great calamity which for eighty days had brooded over the entire world with its wings of sadness had at last culminated in the death of the nation's patient has paralyzed business for the week, even in this remote part of the great domain over which James A. Garfield had been called to preside as its Chief Magistrate. The news reached Jacksonville at 8 A. M. on Tuesday, the 20th instant. All business was at once suspended. Stores, hotels and dwellings were festooned in mourning, and preparations for the final obsequies occupied everybody's time and thoughts. The undersigned had lectured on the previous evening, in presence of a large and respectful audience, and had afterward been the recipient of a band serenade, which made a universal sensation until superseded by the startling, though not unexpected, announcement that the nation was in mourning.

The City Council called a meeting on Tuesday evening, and elected a committee of arrangements for the purpose of observing the obsequies on a large scale on the forthcoming funeral day. The women of Jacksonville then decided to hold a memorial service, or woman's condolence meeting, which convened on Wednesday evening in Holt's Hall, and was largely attended by the very best people. Mrs. N. A. Dowell, wife of Judge B. F. Dowell, founder of the Jacksonville *Sentinel*, presided at the meeting, and made the opening address. This lady frequently distinguished herself, during her husband's absences from home while the *Sentinel* was in his possession, by conducting that journal with the vigor and ability of an editor in the manor born. The paper was Republican in politics, and she is said to have proved herself able to "out-Herod Herod" in waging an aggressive campaign against the Democratic hosts that menaced her. Partisan strife is happily slumbering now, and Democrats and Republicans pass good-natured jokes at each others' expense over their former differences, and the result is harmony.

Of the committee of ladies who managed the women's condolence meeting, and to whom, with Mrs. Dowell's aid as presiding officer, its success was attributable, are Mrs. J. McCully, Mrs. W. J. Plymale, Mrs. E. Kinney, Miss A. Ross, Mrs. Kubli, Auntie Ganung (a venerable lady in gray hair and snowy cap border whose years and grace rendered her conspicuous among the younger occupants of the platform), Mrs. J. A. Cardwell and daughters, Madame Holt, and many others, whose names we cannot now recall. Though unaccustomed to presiding over public assemblies, Mrs. Dowell proved equal to the occasion in every particular. Her address was characterized by appropriateness, feeling, and faultless diction, and would have reflected credit upon any famous woman of the East. Rev. B. J. Sharp, pastor of the M. E. church, officiated as chaplain, and the excellent brass band of Jacksonville, of which Professor Smith is an able and obliging leader, favored the meeting with funeral music, as sweet and sad as it was welcome and appropriate. The following resolutions, read by Miss Isa McCully, were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, In times of a common calamity, women, equally with men, are interested in giving expression to the grief that on an occasion like the present involuntarily wells up from every overburdened heart; therefore,

Resolved, That we, ladies of Jacksonville, though far removed from the funeral pageant that guards the body of our nation's dead, have hearts that beat in unison with the nation's woe, and our sighs are wafted from the land of the setting sun to the far-off shores of the Atlantic seas, where they mingle with the sobs of the millions of other mourners whose bereavement brings us together in the wall of a common lamentation, cementing us anew in one great family that knows no North or South or East or West or black or white or male or female, bond or free.

Resolved, That we, ladies of Jacksonville, the honored head of this mighty nation, has been stricken down by the red hand of an assassin whose name and character inspire every mother's heart with shuddering and horror; therefore,

Resolved, That we will teach our sons to speak the cowardly murderer's name with contempt and loathing, and our daughters to contemplate his memory with scorn and disgust.

Resolved, That our hearts have throbbled in pitying unison with the conjugal woes of the faithful wife of our martyred President during the long period of public suspense that has at last ended in the universal calamity that we have convened to mourn.

Resolved, That we tender our sincerest condolence to the bereaved widow of the nation's honored dead, and point her with trembling fingers toward the Better Land, where murderers cannot enter, and where she may one day join her loving husband in a blissful reunion that no assassin's bullet can destroy.

Resolved, That we remember with emulation the spirit of heroism that prompted the estimable mother of our martyred President to protect him and her three other helpless children through the long years of her lonely widowhood,

bringing them up in the ways of usefulness by her own perseverance, and leading her illustrious son to fame through her own intelligent faithfulness.

Resolved, That we tender sympathy and condolence to the President's venerable mother. May the Angel of Mercy speak peace to her anguish-stricken heart and the Angels of Love and Hope lead her safely on through the remainder of her journey toward her near-by haven of eternal rest.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the wife and the mother of our martyred President.

Your correspondent was then accorded an hour's hearing, of which we can only say that it came from the heart, and was received by the large assembly in a manner thoroughly satisfactory to ourselves and friends. A funeral dirge concluded the exercises, and all retired to their homes profoundly impressed by the national calamity that has draped the world in mourning.

Our own physical indisposition, added to the suspension of business and general grief attendant upon the death of the President, has hindered us much in the discharge of usual duties and retarded the dispatch of regular business, and we are obliged to leave Jacksonville for the present without having taken note of its different enterprises, as we hope to do on our return.

Thursday, the 23d, and we take the stage for Ashland. Our fellow passenger is Rev. Mr. Chapman, pastor of the M. E. church in Corvallis, in whom we are pleased to find a progressive thinker and courteous gentleman, awake to the intellectual demands of the age, and of course, a consistent Christian. It was mainly through the efforts of this gentleman in securing subscriptions that the Ashland Academy became the property of the Conference and is now in a flourishing condition.

We reached Ashland after a three hours' ride, and took refuge in Houck's well-kept hotel, where Mrs. Houck, one of the most amiable of landladies, made us welcome by her cozy fireside. On the morrow we repaired to the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Thompson, where we were taken in charge by the good wife, who proceeded at once to administer hygienic remedies with such success that when Saturday dawned we were able to assist the bright young girls of the beautiful town in draping the Presbyterian church for a woman's memorial service, which was held in the evening in the presence of a very large congregation. Mrs. J. McCall, wife of one of Ashland's leading merchants, presided at this meeting, and though, like Mrs. Dowell, she was wholly unused to taking such positions, her manner was that of a veteran in the service. Her address, though brief, was logical, telling, feeling, and appropriate, and many eyes were bathed in tears as she depicted, in beautiful and impressive language, the sorrowful scenes in the sick chamber, the death-bed agonies of the assassinated President, and the heart-rending emotions of the faithful wife and aged mother of the nation's illustrious dead. Mr. Fraley officiated as chaplain, and a well-trained choir, under the supervision of Mr. Willits and Miss Scott, discoursed appropriate music, Miss Wagner presiding at the organ. Resolutions of condolence, analogous to those offered by the ladies of Jacksonville, were read by Miss Kate Thornton and unanimously adopted, after which came an hour's talk by the undersigned, which was received amidst the profoundest and most impressive silence. The choir sang "America." Rev. Mr. Royal pronounced the benediction, and the great congregation dispersed to their homes, while we repaired to our room at the hotel to write this letter and wrestle unsuccessfully with the fickle tyrant, sleep.

A. S. D.

THIS WEEK'S CORRESPONDENCE.

THE SENIOR EDITOR IS ENAMORED OF ROGUE RIVER VALLEY, AND FAIRLY RHAPSODIZES OVER ASHLAND AND PHOENIX—A GOSSIPY LETTER—EVERYBODY GETS A COMPLIMENT, AND EVERYTHING A BLESSING.

PHOENIX, Or., October 1, 1881.

Among all the beautiful towns we have visited within the past ten years, we have not found one more picturesque than Ashland, nestled as she is under the hills at the head of Rogue River Valley, where she sits like a gem upon the brow of nature, directly under an arching tiara of tree-clad summits that roll away toward heaven and seem to sleep with their vernal crests against the obtruding sky. The houses are mostly new and tastefully built, surrounded by gardens arrayed in gorgeous drapery of flowers, rivaling the sun in their brilliancy of coloring. Never was a town better supplied with running water, and never did the people know better how to utilize it to the best advantage in beautifying lawns and gardens. Housewives swap plants with one another with whole-hearted generosity, and each vies with the other in the laudable attempt to have the greatest variety and prettiest selection in rival door-yards.

Rogue River Valley looks as if it had sometime rolled itself away from some far-off parental foothill, and, broadening and flattening in its course, had at last met a mountainous obstruction here, with which it contended for a while, and then settled down in billowy undulations, content, after

a season of unrest and tossing, to remain within its prescribed boundaries, and henceforth strive to atone in beauty for what it lacked in further dimensions. And yet the valley is not little. It is larger than French Prairie and Washington Plains combined, and equal to the valleys of the Lucklumite, the La Creole and the North-Yamhill taken together, with a diversity of climate, soil, productions and scenery quite equal to all of these. The climate is not too wet, nor is it too dry. It is not generally too cold in Winter for comfort, and is not very often too hot in Summer for endurance. Fruits, grain and vegetables flourish in wonderful luxuriance, and with as little labor to the husbandman as in any other part of the temperate zone.

The proprietors of Ashland saw and appreciated these combined advantages, and did not overlook the fact that Lake county, beyond the mountains, would necessarily pay tribute to her commercial interests if she would provide herself with the commodities of trade. Nor did they fail to see that she must one day in the near future become a terminus for a railway enterprise, such as is now contemplated by surveyors already in the field. And they have built brick stores that would be a credit to large cities, and erected grist mills and woolen factories of ample dimensions, relying upon the unrivaled wheat of the valley and the equally excellent wool of the plains and hill-sides for an abundance of raw material that can always be produced in quantities to meet the demand. They have also built a college, which, though yet in its infancy, has formed the nucleus of a seat of learning that may yet outrank a Dartmouth or a Princeton; for the country is new, and its most sanguine friends have scarcely yet imagined its future possibilities. The college is presided over by Professor Rogers, with Mr. Royal, Miss Kate Thornton and Mrs. Rogers as assistants. The comparative number of young ladies in attendance is a matter of surprise, and their superior intelligence is a subject of much congratulation. Any croaker who doubts the expediency of the advent of woman's equality before the law should visit the Ashland college and become acquainted with its lady students.

There are two handsome churches in the town; the Presbyterian and the Methodist, in the former of which it was our good fortune to meet a large and respectful audience on the evening of the 28th ult., to whom we discoursed as best we could upon the gospel of liberty. We were also favored by a choir of well-trained voices, led by Miss Ella Scott. The general appreciation accorded our work by leading men and women will never be forgotten.

Through the courtesy of Mr. J. H. Atkinson, we were conducted through the woolen mills, and were gratified to see the newest and best machinery in rapid motion, turning out the very best qualities of flannels, cassimeres, fancy cloths, blankets, hose, etc. The demand is greater than the supply, although the manufactured goods will amount to a cool hundred thousand dollars' worth this year alone. Messrs. Thornton, Wagner, Anderson and Atkinson, the proprietors of these mills, deserve great credit for their enterprise in building up so large an industry in this great inland center. Quite a number of girls and women find employment here, and we are assured by the gentlemanly superintendent that they make more faithful, steady and capable hands than average men. Another evidence that the enforced kitchen sphere of most women is not a normal one.

The grist mill belonging to Mr. Jacob Wagner is noted for the excellent quality of its bread-stuffs, due in part to superior wheat and in part to the mill and the miller, all being first-class in their line.

Of the merchants of Ashland, Messrs. McCall and Atkinson are leaders, though there are others who do a thriving business.

The two hotels, one kept by Mr. and Mrs. Houck, and the other by Mrs. Vining, are in a flourishing condition. Mrs. Vining, who formerly lived in Jacksonville, will soon retire from the hotel business and remove to her own private home, as her dutiful son, Mr. J. H. Vining, has reached his majority, and, like the true son of a strong-minded woman, is ready to shoulder the responsibility of supporting the mother who protected him in his infancy and helplessness and reared him to self-dependence and useful manhood. Mr. V. has established himself in an oyster and confectionary saloon, and bids fair to become the Alisky or Hegele of Ashland in his chosen line.

When commercial travelers coming from the south reach Houck's hotel, they usually lie by for a day or two to enjoy something good to eat, and when they return over the same road they take along a hamper of cold victuals to live upon till they pass Marysville and strike another region where hotels are good.

Among the other paying industries of Ashland which we had cause to note specially are the

blacksmith shop of the Smith Brothers, the boot and shoe shop of Mr. De Peatt, the drug store of Dr. Chitwood, the livery stable of Mr. Norton, the Linkville stage line of Mr. Phillips, the wagon shop of Mr. Kentnor, the meat market of Mr. Harris, the millinery store of the Misses Anderson, and last, but not least, the billiard saloon of Mr. Erb, where anybody can go and play a harmless game without any more danger from the evils of intemperance than they meet in their own parlors.

Who in Portland will follow the example of Mr. Erb and establish a billiard room where there is no intoxicating accompaniment to lure the sons of women to ruin? We pause for a reply.

Ashland is a pronounced temperance town. Lately a saloon has been established here, in the face of general protests of indignation, and several ladies, including Mrs. Root, Mrs. Gillette and Mrs. Russell, made up their minds to raise a subscription and buy it out, and they have succeeded, the erstwhile proprietors pledging themselves to never again start a saloon business in the county. The evil is scotched, though not killed, and we fear that the ladies will have a heavy job on their hands if they continue to keep the saloon business bought out, even in Ashland. When they become voters, they will have the power to assist other good and responsible citizens in abating such nuisances, and they will then be able to work as sovereigns, instead of suppliants as now.

We must not forget to mention Professor Willits, the efficient musical director, whose name was inadvertently omitted when writing our last Ashland letter, and whose art has reached a high stage of excellence. Nor should we omit Mr. Klum, the obliging telegraph operator, nor Mr. W. C. Myer, the famous importer and owner of Percheron horses and Jersey cows. Nor would this sketch be complete without a notice of Mr. Leeds, editor and publisher of the *Ashland Tidings*, a readable and newsy county paper in which the citizens take commendable pride. Mrs. E. A. Sears, formerly of Albany, is now residing here with her family, and we know her former friends will be glad to hear through these columns of her health and prosperity.

Ashland, like every other town of its size, has its social divisions, of which any visitor can hear both sides; but it will grow up out of these differences after a while, and its whole-souled people, if they do not all unite as formerly, will cease to antagonize over different opinions, and then their little animosities over side issues will fade out and be forgotten.

A friendly rivalry between several enterprising house-builders is going on, and the result is noticeable in a number of new mansions now in process of erection, any one of which is sufficiently attractive for the mundane abode of a Member of Congress.

Nowhere have we found the people more wide-awake than here upon the Woman Suffrage question, nor have we ever met a larger proportionate number of first-class co-workers in the cause. Its few opponents are so noticeably deficient in intellect and understanding that they excite the commiseration of all the rest. The home of Hon. Lindsay Applegate and wife is here, and the influence of this worthy couple has been noticeably beneficial to the cause of liberty.

Our time was up in the town, though our visit was not half completed, and it was with genuine regret that we took leave of our good hospitable friends, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Thompson, to whose kindly care we owed our rapidly improving health. Spent the night at the hotel, and were off by 6 A. M. on the stage, bound for Phoenix, where we alighted, after a two hours' ride, and were made genuinely welcome in the spacious home of Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Colver and their amiable son and daughter-in-law. Here in the evening (Thursday) we met a fine audience, and on the morrow went with our good friends into the country, where we all spent the day in the genial company of Mr. and Mrs. Gore, Mrs. Vandye, Mr. and Mrs. Rose, and their families, and returned at night to meet another large assembly in Colver's hall, to whom we again preached the gospel of equal rights.

Phoenix is a little town in the midst of a big country. It has two stores, one kept by Mr. Sergeant, and the other by Mr. J. R. Reames, a blacksmith shop, hotel, drug store, etc., and is a model of intelligence and progress. Its people are, of course, Woman Suffragists. We regret that Uncle Sam Colver is not at home, but his good wife and family render us every needed aid in carrying forward our mission of liberty. Among the ladies not before mentioned whose acquaintance we have made in this place, who have taken active interest in our work, are Mesdames Sergeant, Dunlap, Farlow and Robinson, Mrs. M. Colver, and Mrs. Dr. Devis. With such a corps of assistants, the work cannot fail to prosper, and we shall, take the morning stage for Jacksonville encouraged and strengthened for renewed endeavors in the great battle for the right. A. S. D.