

# The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME XI.—NO. 5.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1881.

PER YEAR—\$3 00.

## SOUTHERN OREGON.

THE SENIOR EDITOR HOMEWARD BOUND—SHE IS  
JUBILANT OVER HER RECEPTION  
IN JACKSONVILLE.

BUT DOESN'T FORGET TO PAY HER RESPECTS TO CERTAIN  
VOTERS, INCLUDING A PREACHER AND  
A PUBLISHER.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

The Autumn air was crisp and invigorating as at 8 A. M. on the morning of the 4th inst. your correspondent climbed to the top of the great lumbering stage, and bidding her Phoenix friends good-bye, set face once more toward Jacksonville.

Recent frosts had bitten the luxuriant vegetation that everywhere abounded, and successive days of sunshine had colored the dying leaves afar and near with deeper shades of amber, ruby, gold, crimson and scarlet than those that had met our delighted gaze in the Willamette Valley three weeks before. There had been rain enough to conquer the dust, and the face of nature was cleanly washed and rouged and radiant.

The ride of seven miles behind a spirited six-in-hand was a delightful one. Giddings, the driver, was an Ashland man, and as courteous and genteel as other gentlemen in that famous town. Beside us sat a Californian, formerly a resident of this valley, who has lost none of his old-time appreciation of its inspiring scenery, auriferous rocks and productive soil through years of absence. Like the driver, he was a staunch Woman Suffragist, and gave so many cogent reasons for his belief that it was not necessary for us to talk at all. But no one need imagine that we refrained from talking, for women seldom do.

It is estimated that the equal rights movement is growing so rapidly in this part of the country that five hundred more votes could be obtained in its favor now than could have been secured a month since. All the sensible women, many of the leading men and a large majority of the young folks are its outspoken advocates.

But here we are at Jacksonville, amid a host of friends. Preparations for the marriage of Charley Nickell, of the *Times*, and Miss Ella Prim, of her mother's millinery store, are going grandly on, and everybody is busy. There is to be one vacant evening, however, before the great event, and our friends decide that we must give another lecture before departing for Portland. So the announcement is made for Tuesday evening, and we occupy the intermediate time in receiving and returning calls, packing wardrobe, writing letters, and taking mental note of all that is going on.

The most gratifying feature of the success of the woman movement is noticeable in the work women are doing to render themselves financially independent of the protecting sex. Mrs. Evan Reames and Miss A. Ross, estimable daughters of General Ross, who is a well-known Woman Suffragist, and of course has sensible children, are engaged in keeping a handsome ladies' bazaar next door to the United States Hotel, which is also kept by a woman. Mrs. Howard, Mrs. Karewski, Mrs. Cardwell and Mrs. Ryan are also engaged in trade, and are making their business successful. The New State Hotel, kept by Mrs. Savage, has been lately reopened; and Miss Addie Klippel, a young lady of fine attainments, is assistant County Clerk in her father's office. While all women in business may not know that their opportunity to engage in lucrative and honorable employment is the result, more or less directly, of the movement for woman's enfranchisement during the past decade, it is very certain that the wisest of them are awakening to the fact and becoming quite brave in proclaiming it.

Foremost among the praiseworthy institutions of Jacksonville is the district school, of which Professor Merritt is principal and Mr. Hubbell and Miss Godfrey assistants. Accompanied by our ever-ready and capable friend, Mrs. Plymale, we made this school a visit on Monday, and we confess surprise that so good a public school, one so perfect in order, grading and general management, and withal so largely attended, should be found in a district so remote from rivers, seas and railroads. Professor Merritt inspires his school with the utmost confidence in his ability and integrity. The other teachers naturally catch the power to do likewise, and the pupils obey for the love of doing right and to please others rather than from fear of compulsion, or the prospect of personal reward. To this school more than all else may be attributed the moral and mental growth among the youth of Jacksonville, by whom we have been treated this time during our entire visit with the utmost courtesy and respect. Their example has also been communicated to older men, not one of whom has offered us any sort of indignity on the streets or elsewhere. We hear of the vicious sayings of certain wire-toothed protectors of our sex, and of other underhand but unsuccessful machinations to prevent the people from attending the lectures; but it's all right. No harm has been

done, and it would be expecting more than human nature can bear to look for their quiet acquiescence in the present triumph of our cause without a growl or grimace, when it is impossible for them to forget their shameful conduct two years ago.

The self-styled "representative men" of this place consist in great part of an associated ring of genuine Democrats and pseudo Republicans, who ostensibly differ in politics, but are really a unit in political purpose, each being afraid of the other, but all clinging together in times of a common danger, whether of real or imaginary existence, without the least regard to principle or personal opinion. But this ring, already small, is constantly growing smaller and weaker. It cannot run the town as it once did, and its best members are as restive as they dare to be under the collar they once wore with contentment. New Jacksonville, with its healthy young blood, its well-trained boys and girls and its many citizens who will wear nobody's collar, is stepping firmly to the front and rapidly redeeming Old Jacksonville from its former unenviable notoriety. The men who figured in the former riot still muzzle the press to a great extent, but their fangs have been extracted, and nothing remains to comfort them but the memory of their bygone glory, which was as evanescent as unsatisfying.

The little boys called upon us sometimes in companies of a dozen or more, and conducted themselves like perfect gentlemen during their visits. The little girls and young ladies also called in groups, inspiring us to new endeavor by their brilliant chat and earnest enthusiasm.

The farewell lecture brought out a crowded house. Prominent among the multitude were the elder members of Professor Merritt's school, who by special invitation occupied front seats and accorded the entire proceedings the most deferent attention.

At the close of the lecture, a committee of ladies, consisting of Mesdames Plymale, Kenney, Cardwell, Dowell and Holt, invited about fifty of the ladies and gentlemen who had treated our mission with respect and ourself with special courtesy, to attend a social reception in Madame Holt's public parlor. After an hour spent in hand-shaking, social conversation, merriment, and singing, the dining-room doors were opened and the company sat down to a handsome collation, given by the above-named ladies, as they explained, "in honor of the Jacksonville brass band, Woman Suffrage and Mrs. Duniway." Among those present were, Messrs. Smith and Smith, Walters, Hanna, Eggert, Luy and Plymale, of the band; Hon. R. Williams, of Portland; Superintendent and Mrs. Cronemiller, of the Fort Klamath Indian Agency; and the following ladies and gentlemen of Jacksonville: Mrs. Dr. Kahler, Mrs. Bilger, Mrs. Howser, Mrs. Karewski, Miss Issie McCully, Miss Minnie Ruggles, Miss Dora Godfrey, Miss Laura Hubbell, Miss Anna Dowell, Miss Annie Bilger, Miss Celia Levy; the Misses Sallie, Della, Rosie and Laura Cardwell; Mrs. Ulrich, Miss Lillie Ulrich, the Misses Fannie and Katie Plymale, Miss Celia Karewski, Miss Dora Elliott, Mrs. D. Cardwell, Miss Anna Dowell, Mrs. Thomas Kenney, Professor Kugler, Mr. J. A. Cardwell, Mr. D. Cardwell, Professor Andrew Hubbell, and others.

We were much impressed during this reception with the importance of thoroughly cultivating the social element in connection with the suffrage movement. Thomas H. Benton confesses in his great work, entitled "Thirty Years in the United States Senate," that it was the social power of women that elected General Harrison in 1840 and changed the current of American politics forever after. Let all the young ladies who read this resolve at once that they will make the movement socially popular among their gentlemen friends, every one of whom is a voter.

After the reception was over, we fell asleep at a late hour and dreamed that all the girls in Oregon were holding Woman-Suffrage levees and all the men were acquiescent and happy.

The following forenoon found us aboard the stage, homeward bound, our traveling companions a couple of commercial travelers and the Rev. Mr. Chapman, of whom we made favorable mention last week, and who, as we afterwards learned, is now Presiding Elder of the Southern Oregon District, and his present mission is holding quarterly meetings. But he moped, and pouted, and pretended to be reading a novel, and wouldn't speak except as we'd compel him by a direct question that he couldn't help answering, conducting himself so moodily withal that it was a genuine relief to every one when we reached Grant's Pass and dropped him.

"Who is he, anyway?" asked one.  
"A Methodist preacher," we answered, quietly.  
"Well, well, I'd never shoot him for a preacher, if I was hunting preachers for game," said the other.

"Reading Middlemarch and serving the Lord!" exclaimed the first. "Wonder if he reads novels for their sentiment or their style."

"He couldn't read at all, for the motion of the stage wouldn't let him," said the other. "He only pretended to read to keep from speaking to Mrs. Duniway."

"Why, gentlemen," we replied, "I like him, and he can't help it! I wrote him up for last week's paper—splendid!"

"I heard him tell the stage agent to put him outside if you rode inside, and vice versa," was the ingenuous reply.

"He needn't feel alarmed. I wouldn't hurt him; though I have been called a terror to evildoers several times that I remember. Wonder what ails him?"

"He said, back at the last station when we stopped to change horses, that he didn't like you because you had once accused him of locking a hall or church against you when he was two hundred miles away."

The mystery was explained. We let the matter rest and rode on, repenting deeply that we had imposed on the public by speaking well of a man in print whom we had afterward weighed in the balance and found wanting.

The stage did not halt long enough to give the passengers dinner till six P. M. Then we stopped at Leland at the well-kept wayside Inn of Mrs. Carl, whose husband is division agent on the route, and who keeps up her half of life's endeavor to make a living in a royal way. We hope her husband, whom we did not meet, believes in equal rights.

Oh, how long the hours were after dinner, and how the miles did stretch away toward infinity! The jolting grew intolerable. A couple of drummers had the outside seat, and neither would exchange to give us a little rest. Nine o'clock, and Levens' station. Here we stopped over for twenty-four hours, from sheer inability to go further. A racking headache banished sleep, and bruised bones banished rest. The next day was spent in dreamy solitude beside a generous fire. The only thing we did was a little writing, and among the little was the following letter to Presiding Elder Chapman:

Sir:—The surprise—not to say indignation—with which I have regarded your conduct toward me on every occasion since our first pleasant meeting (of which a handsome record to your credit is in print in this week's issue of the *New Northwest*) was melted into pity when, after you left the stage yesterday, I learned its imaginary cause. Would it not be well for a minister of the Gospel of Jesus to ascertain from "headquarters" whether or not there is truth in idle gossip before he publicly traduces his lady friend to a stage agent because of it, and purposely mopes his presence to prevent explanation, and peddles his imaginary grievance behind her back to commercial travelers? Whoever told you that I ever mentioned your name in print until this week's issue fled. I never met you until the day we went to Ashland, and do not think I ever heard of you till then. I am sorry to be compelled to beg pardon of the public in my next editorial letter for having called you a gentleman in my last one.

For further particulars, please see *NEW NORTHWEST* of this week and next. Yours for truth and justice,  
ARIGAIL SCOTT DUNIWAY.

Nine P. M., and stage time again. We are not able to ride, but must hurry on. The obliging landlord attempts to secure us the outside seat; but it is doggedly held by two voters, neither of whom will give way, although we politely assure them that if they were sick and we well, we'd gladly do anything in our power for their comfort. They do not even grunt a reply, and we climb inside, cheered by the courageous remark of the landlord, who exclaims, indignantly, "You can't help it, madam, if some men are born hogs, with bristles on their backs."

Our preacher is again aboard; but it is our turn to be silent now, which is easy enough, for we know he'll get our letter at Canyonville; and may it do him good during the remainder of his days, which we hope will be long in the land where he labors as a missionary of the Gospel of charity that "thinketh no evil."

We close our eyes and ponder long over the beautiful valley of the Rogue River that is left far behind us. We anticipate the approaching era of railroads with satisfaction, and respectfully decline to incumber the "protectors of women" when one of them gets ashamed of his selfishness and offers to exchange and favor us with the outside seat.

Midnight, and Canyonville. There is a sick woman in the stage, and we forget our own weariness in the futile endeavor to make her comfortable. The preacher leaves the stage at this place, and we two are alone till daybreak.

Now we approach Roseburg. The full-orbed moon, that has proudly rode the arching heavens through the entire night, grows deathly pale, and the morning star glides proudly up the blue horizon and hangs like an electric lamp above the undulating hills. The driver cracks his whip with a grand flourish, the jaded horses quicken their pace, the voters on the outside seat shiver with the cold, and with a combined rattle, crash and rumble, we dash up to the post office and alight at the terminus. Thank Heaven!

Roseburg is taking its morning nap, all heedless of the resplendent glories of exultant nature

that abound on every hand. We shiver for half an hour beside the bar-room stove, and creep away to bed just as the sun gets up and stirs abroad in his trappings of gold upon his chariot of fire.

We sleep for three hours, and then descend to breakfast; after which the remaining day is spent with Mrs. Owens in visiting at her pleasant home and calling upon other genial friends, of whom we recall the names of Mesdames Jones, Hooyer, Perkins, Carroll, Engle, Frazer, Gilliland, Stevens, Owens Sr., Jones Jr., and Messrs. Abraham, Owens, Engle, Stevens, Marks and Kelly, all of whom are advocates of equal rights, and of course good allies of the undersigned. Sorry we cannot remain in Roseburg for a week or two. Everybody is on the *qui vive* for lectures, and all have been expecting us to stop over. But we're too tired for field work now, and the Suffrage Convention is so near at hand that we cannot tarry. So, at 5 A. M. we are off again, our destination Portland-on-the-Willamette and home.

A. S. D.  
P. S.—We don't often add a postscript, but will just once, for the reason that we forgot to mention at the proper time a fact that ought to have an airing. Mr. L. Samuels, of the *West Shore*, was out in Southern Oregon a few weeks ago, and while canvassing for his publication, remarked to one of our patrons, who incidentally mentioned two Portland papers he was taking, that the *NEW NORTHWEST* was "a sweet-scented paper, truly, to have in a family!" Whereupon our subscriber, who is a gentleman of intelligence and honor, demanded his reason for such an assertion, and Mr. Samuels failed to specify further than to complain that we had once written up an insulting Brigadier General of militia, and had called a persecuted woman chaste, and had thereby wronged her husband! This same Samuels slandered the *NEW NORTHWEST* at Phoenix in presence of one of its lady subscribers, and was roundly rebuked therefor. Last Spring a lady told us at another town that this high-toned journalist had recommended his paper at her house, and when she, thinking he meant the *NEW NORTHWEST*, remarked that she "had often thought of taking Mrs. Duniway's paper," he proclaimed the *West Shore* as such to induce her to subscribe for it. If this be legitimate journalistic business, may we be spared from entering its purely odorless field forevermore! Amen!

Portland, October 11, 1881.

## GENERAL NEWS.

Dr. J. G. Holland, the poet, is dead. Guiteau will probably not be arraigned till next week.

Republicans have carried the elections in Ohio and Iowa.

There are immense crowds at the Yorktown Centennial. The national days are from the 19th to the 21st.

Seoville, attorney for Guiteau, is unable to get assistant counsel, except for very large retainers, and is discouraged.

The assassin has marvelous impudence. He has written a letter to President Arthur, appealing for aid and sympathy.

Mrs. Christiancy has given her testimony in the divorce suit, and makes the ex-Senator appear in a very bad light. She alleges most brutal acts on his part.

Rev. Thos. Harrison, the "boy" revivalist, is in San Francisco, and is holding meetings in the Howard-street church. He is 27 years of age, but has preached since he was 16.

A Mississippi tramp, arrested for stealing a mule, is found to be the son of the late British Admiral, Thompson. Lady Thompson forwarded several hundred pounds from London for his defense.

The unprecedented orders on the Internal Revenue Bureau for stamps are excellent indices of the immense volume of business the country is doing. On Saturday, 125 mail pouches of stamps were sent out.

Mrs. Garfield has requested Dr. Boynton to withhold his statement in regard to the autopsy, as she is satisfied the President's wound was mortal, and does not desire to have the controversy prolonged.

The first papers Guiteau has seen since his incarceration were accidentally left in his cell last week. The wretch has since been suffering torments from apprehension of violence, on learning what the people think of him.

The New York State Convention resulted in the defeat of Mr. Conkling and his friends, and the nomination of men of the step-ladder and transom kind for the offices. The resolutions, however, speak highly of President Arthur and pledge him hearty support.

The Senate was organized on Monday by the election of Thos. F. Bayard as President *pro tem*. The Democrats refused to allow the oath of office to be administered to the new Republican Senators from New York and Rhode Island until after the election. Senators Mahone and Davis voted with the Republicans.

Guiteau is to be taken from the jail to the court house in one of the Treasury Department's heavy carriages. They are made of plate iron, are almost burglar proof, have a small door and combination lock, and are generally used to transport bonds, notes and stamps to the Treasury from the Bureau of Printing and Engraving.