

Pacific Library

The New Northwest.

FREE SPEECH, FREE PRESS, FREE PEOPLE.

VOLUME X.—NO. 11.

PORTLAND, OREGON, THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1880.

PER YEAR—\$3.00.

EASTERN OREGON.

MRS. DUNIWAY DESCRIBES HER VISIT TO CANYON AND PRAIRIE CITIES AND THE RIDE TO BAKER—SCENES AND INCIDENTS.

SHE MEETS MANY FRIENDS OF WOMAN SUFFRAGE—THE GRANT COUNTY SOCIETY—A CLUB TO BE FORMED AT PRAIRIE CITY.

BAKER CITY, November 15, 1880.

DEAR READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:
The more we see of Canyon City the more we are amazed at the pioneer thrift and industry that has hewed out the necessary accompaniments of our higher civilization and planted the standard of domestic life in the very heart of the rugged gold fields. The town is long and narrow, reminding us of a barn we once read of, which was claimed to be six hundred feet long and only six feet wide. The business of the place occupies the one continuous street, both sides of which are closely lined with stores, saloons, hotels, markets and residences. A number of short side streets branch away into the near-by mountain gorges, leading to comfortable residences and tasty flower gardens. These streets are as crooked as the famous cow paths of Boston, and their sidewalks, though primitive, beat nothing by long odds when the weather is bad.

At the end of the main street stands the vine-embowered cottage where the now famous Joaquin Miller lived while a resident of Grant county. We carried away an apple as a souvenir of the first orchard ever planted in the county, gathered from a tree raised by the Oregon poet. It is a "Tolpeharen"—if we spell it right—and as hard as the heart of a man who would desert his family for the bubble of fame.

There are three churches, the Catholic, Episcopal and Methodist, in Canyon City, and an excellent district school, with Mr. and Mrs. M. N. Bonham as teachers. We did not meet the Catholic priest or the Episcopal clergyman, both of whom reside elsewhere, but we formed the acquaintance of Rev. G. E. Wilcox, of the Methodist church, and are happy to be able to testify that he is not only a zealous preacher who is progressive enough to draw large congregations, but is also a staunch Woman Suffragist, who, like many other clergymen we could name, is proud to lead in the work, as becometh a valiant soldier for the right.

The stores of Canyon City are large and flourishing. Messrs. Sels, Muldrick, Clark, Gunlach and Metschan being the leading merchants. A prosperous livery stable is well kept by Mr. I. H. Wood. Dr. Horsley's drug store does a thriving business. Messrs. Herberger and Gray keep excellent meat markets, and Mrs. E. Turk, whose husband met a melancholy fate last Spring under peculiar circumstances, keeps the store he left and heroically supports her large family. Miss Mary Douthitt is proprietor of a very choice line of millinery and keeps a handsome little store, our only complaint being that she sells her first-class goods too cheap. The two hotels, one kept by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson and one by John Segerdahl, are comfortable and orderly temperance houses. The post office—Mr. E. Hall, P. M.—does an immense money order business, and the daily mail is a great convenience to everybody. Lawyers abound in the place, Mr. M. V. Olmsted being the leading disciple of Blackstone who patronizes the People's Paper. Among the ladies whose acquaintance we shall prize while memory lasts, besides those above mentioned, are Mesdames Olmsted, Rutison, Sels, Kuhl, Southworth, Gray, Horsley, Lockwood, Herberger, Metschan, Shepard, Trowbridge, Southerland, and many others, all being amiable, intelligent and womanly, and all, of course, wanting to vote.

We acknowledge ourself under special obligation to R. Lockwood, Esq., the obliging deputy sheriff, who gave the use of the Court House for the lectures; also to Professor Baldwin, the efficient band master, and his obliging pupils, who favored us with excellent music, thereby contributing largely to the success of the meetings. This band, after only two and a half months of practice, would do honor to any company of amateur musicians in any country.

Mr. S. H. Shepard, editor of the *Grant County News*, is running a paper well up with the spirit of the times.

Politics in Grant county are Democratic in majority, many of the ladies being earnest Democrats who want to vote, and whom we would like to introduce to the editors of the *Pendleton East Oregonian*, the *Jacksonville Times* and the *Portland Standard*. The acquaintance would do them good, for the ladies could teach them a badly needed lesson. There are also earnest Republican partisans here among the ladies, whom we would be specially glad to see forming the acquaintance of the editors of the *Jacksonville Sentinel* and the *Hillsboro Independent*. Some men who can never learn anything from the sensible women in their

own neighborhoods might yet be able to learn the truth if they could see equally sensible ladies from abroad.

Major Joseph Magone, whose untiring assiduity in the Woman Suffrage cause had already paved the way for our visit, rode in on horseback, though a rheumatic invalid, a distance of fourteen Cayuse miles, to attend the lectures. The Major may be a little sensitive about his age, being a widower, but rumor places him at about seventy; and yet he is more enterprising and public-spirited than many men of forty. The Grant County Fair, which was inaugurated and has been carried forward mainly through his exertions, was a financial and popular success this year, and the Major deserves great credit for his zeal in the work.

The weather, which was fine at the opening of the lectures, grew fearfully bad as they proceeded; but the good people, nothing daunted, assembled to hear them nightly, the attendance each evening being large, and the order and appreciation all we could ask for or expect. As an evidence that our labor was not in vain, we are proud to state that, on the afternoon of the 12th, a convention of gentlemen and ladies of Canyon City met at the Methodist church and organized the Grant County Woman Suffrage Association. A constitution, briefly stating the objects of the Association, and making it auxiliary to the State Society, was adopted. [Mrs. Duniway gives the list of officers of the society, the proceedings of the meeting, and the resolutions adopted, which we have marked out of her letter, as the matter was published on the fourth page of the *NEW NORTHWEST* of last week.—JUN. ED.] The next meeting of the society will be held on Thursday, November 18th, for the purpose of adopting by-laws and arranging for the future work of the Association.

Our labors being over in Canyon City for the present, we reluctantly bade our many friends adieu, and on Thursday morning mounted the Baker City buck-board, our destination Prairie City, fifteen miles further on our Wintry way. The snow lay on the ground like a mantle of ermine, profusely besprinkled with diamond dust, and the air was biting and keen. Our route lay through John Day town, which by daylight showed to much better advantage than when we had seen its skeleton proportions in the darkness on a former occasion. We should have been pleased to tarry here for a season if the weather had permitted. There is here an excellent grist-mill and a fine hot-house. The gulches, as at Canyon City, are all burrowed out, and the gravel beds have all been worked, sluiced and turned over. The mines in these regions are by no means exhausted, and we have no doubt that diggings equal to any yet known await the future discovery of somebody.

On and on and on goes the bobbing buck-board, through a winding and widening valley, with mining cabins here and there, and big ranches there and yonder, and at noon we halt at Prairie City, a literal village of the plain, where we take refuge at the primitive hotel kept by J. W. Mack, Esq., formerly of Linn county, and where we are, of course, at home. Here we shiver around the red-hot stove till lecture time, when we repair to Grange Hall, a commodious and comfortable auditorium, and meet a large, orderly, intelligent and respectable multitude of farmers, miners, mechanics, merchants and stockmen, and nearly an equal number of equally intelligent and enterprising business women, with their rosy children and good-natured babies. Professor Baldwin, who also has a band of cornet pupils at this place, again favored the public with excellent music; and the lecture, which was voted a success in every way, held the people in silent attention to a late hour.

In the morning, accompanied by Mrs. S. M. Cleaver, a successful dry goods merchant, whose enterprising husband keeps a flour and general produce emporium next door, we sallied forth in the snow a-cavassing, and, thanks to Mrs. C., we met with excellent success. We formed many new acquaintances and met quite a number of old-time friends. Among the latter were Mrs. S. E. Settlement and Mr. and Mrs. Hardman, formerly of Linn county. The public school, kept by Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Sweek, is in a flourishing condition. A gentlemanly blacksmith, whom we found hard at work at his anvil, subscribed for the People's Paper, after assuring us that he was pleased to know that we were not only not an enemy to men, but had always been their firm friend on general principles. Surely nothing but common sense has ever made the newspapers such cowards in the past as to lend them to publish us, though a mother of men, as a man-hater. We met a nice old bachelor miner living at Dayville, who deserves a good wife and a better lot than single loneliness, and several other bachelors, whom we advised to subscribe for this journal and carry it with them when they go a-courting, and show it to their sweethearts. Besides the Cleavers, there are engaged in merchandising the firms

of Shearer & Laurance and W. J. Galbreath & Co., and Mr. W. R. Fisk. We found all the people ready for the gospel of peace on earth and good will to men and women, and not one lady who did not want to vote. They intend to form a Woman Suffrage club here, that will be auxiliary to the Grant County W. S. A.

High noon and stage time. Again we mount the buck-board, wrapped like an Esquimaux, and hot rocks at our feet. The rarefied atmosphere cuts our breath and freezes veil and nubia stark stiff; but the sun shines, and we jog along without much discomfort. Two o'clock and dinner, after which we journey on again, climbing up and up into the snow belt, and after awhile entering a mighty forest of yellow pine and mammoth fir and deciduous tamarac, all loaded down with snow blankets, and all as white and stark and cold as Upernavik ever was in mid-Winter. All the afternoon and till nine at night we plowed through the snow in the dazzling moonlight, passing Burnt River so near its source that a little foot-bridge spans it, and coming down at last to the foothills, where we were yet seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Here we emerged into a little open prairie, guarded all around by tall timber, and halted, after half an hour's further driving, at the hotel in the solitary wilderness, where we were welcomed by the obliging landlord, Mr. W. C. Parker, and his hospitable wife, and were soon shivering beside the glowing stove and enjoying a supper of venison steaks and baked potatoes. Slept at night with hot irons in the bed, in an unfinished room, where a rift in the outer wall close to our nose reminded us, even in our dreams, that it was mid-Winter. Spent the following day in agreeable chat with the landlady and in petting her great dog, Tiger, who beats a Gatling gun on short range as a defense against wild beasts or wilder savages. He has more sense, too, than many a voter we wot of, for it is easy enough to see that he is all right on the woman question; and he won't drink whisky.

Nine p. m., and stage time again. We wrap in overcoats and furs and blankets till a grasshopper would be a burden, and climb to our perch on the buck-board and bowl away, leaving Tiger to the solitary association of his good mistress and Nicodemus, the cat. That night ride to Baker City will never be forgotten. How the stage-drivers endure the alternate cold and heat and mud and dust they encounter yearly in carrying the mail is beyond our comprehension. And then the miles are so long and crooked that they must have been measured on writhing anacondas. No Cayuse horse could have done them justice. But the country, mountain and plain alike, is passing beautiful, and there is vacant land enough adjacent to the stage lines to make ten thousand farms. The land fever catches, or rather we catch it, every Autumn. There is apparently enough timber on these mountains to supply the world for centuries, and prairies enough to raise the wheat and graze the cattle of a score of Middle States. Nobody can thoroughly know Oregon until permitted to travel over the entire State on a buck-board or the driver's seat of a Concord coach. The friendly moon, which had dazzled us with its radiant light through the long hours of the arctic ride, sank below the horizon at four a. m., but at this altitude the day was even then breaking; and the rush of cold air that even in mid-Summer heralds the approaching dawn, is such at this season of the year as to chill the very marrow bones of the benighted wanderer. How glad we were to discover the dim outlines of Baker City in the hazy distance, we can never tell you, good reader. We shook as if in an ague fit, and if our teeth had been false we should surely have lost them. But the weary and faithful horses jogged steadily on, bringing us nearer at every bound of the bumping buck-board. If there isn't a horse heaven, there ought to be. We had left the snow behind us and on the mountains round about, and the bare frozen ground was rougher than a corduroy bridge.

Six o'clock, and Baker City. The brick hotel where we halted was overcrowded, and we could not get a room, but the landlord kindly procured us a refuge at Mrs. Howard's home for travelers, where we soon fell asleep, and went to dreaming that everybody was an actor and all the world a buck-board.

To-day (Monday) we have accepted the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Cleaver, and have become a guest at their hospitable home. Mrs. Cleaver's mother, Mrs. S. J. Peters, and her sister, Miss Georgia Peters, of Portland, are here visiting for the winter, and their many friends in the valley will be pleased to learn that they are well and happy.

This evening we are to begin a course of lectures in the Court House. Adieu till next week.

A. S. D.

A party of twenty-one ladies in New York City have filed articles of incorporation of a society for the care of infants and young children.

A SOCIETY FOR POLITICAL EDUCATION.

There has recently been established in New York an association under the name of "The Society for Political Education," which claims to be "non-partisan in its character and, in the best sense, National in its scope." It is to be managed by an Executive Committee of twenty-five members selected from different sections of the United States, "many of them being experts in different departments of the study of social and political science." A singular feature of its organization is that it has no President, and thus avoids the risk of having its aims confounded with the idiosyncrasies of any individual chosen for its head. It will have five Corresponding Secretaries, one each for the East, the Northwest, the Southeast, the Southwest, and the Pacific slope. Its Executive Committee is not yet filled up, but it now comprises Prof. W. G. Sumner, of Yale College, New Haven; Hon. David A. Wells, of Norwich, Conn.; Charles Francis Adams, Jr., of Boston, Mass.; and several other gentlemen from different sections of the country. R. L. Dugdale, Secretary for the East, No. 79 Fourth avenue, New York, or M. L. Scudder, Secretary for the Northwest, No. 40 Portland Block, Chicago, will furnish any desired information of the Society's plans. The course of reading for the year will be Nordhoff's "Politics for Young Americans," Perry's "Introduction to Political Economy," Johnson's "History of American Politics," and McAdam's "Alphabet in Finance." These volumes will be issued in a cheap edition, costing only \$3.00. Next year another set of books will be selected, and it is planned to extend the library gradually according to the growth of the Society, until attention shall have been given to the whole range of subjects comprised under social science. As the indications are favorable for the enfranchisement of women in Oregon, the different suffrage societies should secure these books. While a good portion of the members are familiar with American political history and economy, yet all would be benefited by studying standard books. When women vote, a better element will be introduced in public affairs, and this element must be politically educated. There is too much ignorance among the voters of the present, and the voters of the future must be prepared to correct errors and abuses.

A young lady in Connecticut, feeling a desire to contribute personally to the triumph of Republicanism, had her father's horse harnessed on election day, and carried Republican voters to the polls all the morning. She was treated with distinguished consideration. No fear was expressed that she was in danger of degradation. No cry was raised that she was "out of her sphere." But had she, after coming to the polls without contamination, offered to slip a little piece of undilled paper into the ballot-box, the howlers would have commenced their cries about the terrible ruin threatening her. The Republican party, like the Democratic, is very willing to have the help of women, provided the women don't wish to help themselves at the same time.

The Iowa Woman Suffrage Convention, which was held at Fort Dodge on the 12th ultimo, is said by a local paper to have been "eminently respectable in the number and personnel of delegates," there being present "a very good number of ladies of ability and social position in the State." The officers of the society are: President, Mrs. Caroline A. Ingham; Corresponding Secretary, Mrs. Laura A. Berry; Recording Secretary, Mrs. N. B. Allen. Executive Committee—Mrs. M. J. Coggeshall, Mrs. J. C. McKinney, Mrs. M. G. Davenport, Mrs. M. C. Haviland, Mrs. E. H. Hunter, Mrs. L. B. Reed, Mrs. M. A. P. Darwin, Mrs. M. W. Campbell, Mrs. M. J. Green.

Edward D. Mansfield, who died recently at his home near Morrow, Ohio, contributed much to aid the woman's rights movement, in its early days by the publication of a volume on the "Legal Rights of Women." This book showed the disabilities of wives as they then existed, and the very statement of them in a consecutive manner called attention of both men and women to the cruel and barbarous laws which afflicted wives, and by which they were held in subjection. Mr. Mansfield was a distinguished lawyer, and his book carried the weight of his name and position, and was a great help.

Mrs. Hayes, wife of the President, and Mrs. Waite, wife of the Chief Justice, have been elected respectively President and Vice-President of the Woman's National Relief Society.

Wisconsin has introduced the Constitution of the United States as an obligatory study in her public schools. Every State in the Union should do likewise.