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NORTHERN IDAHO.

THE SENIOR EDITOR VISITS MT. IDAHO AND GRANGEVILLE—
GRAPHIC DESCRIPTION OF GREGG'S MOUNTAINS AND
CAMAS PRAIRIE—AIRING THE INDIAN QUESTION.

TO THE READERS OF THE NEW NORTHWEST:

Our work being over in Lewiston, on the evening of the 20th we packed a valise and retired to rest, leaving orders with the watchman at the Raymond House to call us up in time for the Mt. Idaho stage.

"How much warning do you want?" he asked, respectfully, adding the cheerful information that we must be on the road by 3 A. M.

"Not above ten minutes. Let me get all the sleep I can."

We retired before nine, and the renowned Dick Swiveller never "courted the balmy" with any more persevering assiduity than did we for the next five hours—but all to no purpose. Ten, eleven, twelve, one, two, were counted off by the vigilant chronometer, each hour measured in additional accuracy by a freshly lighted match; and then, just as we had fallen into a dream wherein a lightning express was bearing us away to the mountains on the wings of the wind, the watchman's rap, that we were dreading and yet longing for, was heard, and we arose and made ready for the stage, with half an hour of chilly waiting and impatient yawning to spare.

There was a big load for two horses, and a big crowd for two seats, but the horses were fat, the travelers good-natured, and the driver ditto, and we started off in the biting air, our lamp the waning moon, which reminded us, in its slightly hollowed form, of a mammoth cheese which had been awkwardly handled in the cutting by a hurried housewife. The route lay through a valley and over an upland and again through a cañon, the soil arid and rocky, with stunted sagebrush on every hand, and farms outlined by Lombardy poplars here and there.

At daylight we dropped into a little valley and came to Fort Lapwai, where we halted and left a passenger and trunk, and where nobody was astray except a couple of soldiers who opened gates for us and touched their hats politely as we passed onward. The fort looks much like all frontier posts. The quarters appear roomy, clean and convenient; and rows of locust trees in bloom swayed gracefully in the fragrant breeze as we drove past them. The Indians on the reservation number less than five hundred, in possession of a domain large enough for a small kingdom or a little republic—a domain given over to idleness and annuities, with here and there a primeval attempt at farming which was quite refreshing to behold.

Twenty-three miles from Lewiston, and we breakfast at a stage station that nestles at the foot of Gregg's Mountains. A good cup of coffee warms our marrow, and a feast of speckled trout appeases hunger. Then, with a fresh relay of horses, we start up the grade, our road winding in zigzag course through a wilderness of flowers pretty enough for Paradise. We are surprised to see many of the garden annuals and perennials of our childhood's days flourishing here in the most luxuriant profusion, among them the fragrant "Sweet William," the flaming "archangel," the modest "lady's slipper," the yellow "snap dragon," the single "Canterbury bell," in blue and white, briar roses in white and pink, and a perfect wilderness of those slender harbingers of Spring that children call "cuckoos."

The mountains much resemble the Blue Range, except that they are more rolling, and the timber in places more scattering, and the grass thicker. Indeed, the luxuriant range is a matter of surprise. Everywhere, in every direction, it rolls away in the breezes in graceful billows, inviting the starving flocks of the distant valleys to its feast of plenty.

But we forget. This is "reservation ground," sacred to the noble red man, whose highest ambition is a present of a pair of fresh Makinaw blankets every year, an Indian pony, a breech-loading gun, plenty of food and ammunition, and a squaw to dig camas for relish. All these the Government of the United States provides him gratis, save the squaw, who grows, and all (save the last) are so many incentives to new raids upon white women and children, in an unguarded moment, when the men are away. And after every raid more lands and blankets and food and guns and ammunition will be given them, which will enable them to riot yet longer in idleness and furnish yet other materials for the Harper Brothers and other ambitious but misguided philanthropists to make new books withal, in token of the cruelty of the white race and the lamb-like innocence of the down-trodden Indian.

The distance from breakfast to dinner is twenty-six miles, the last six being in the open plain, aptly called Camas Prairie, a broad, undulating stretch of alluvial soil of two hundred square miles in extent, grass-laden and camas-studded,

surrounded by tree-clad mountains, and dotted at wide intervals with homesteads.

Nowhere in all our wanderings have we beheld a prettier prairie or grander mountains than here. Beyond us, in the purple distance, rise the snow-tipped Salmon River Mountains, and beyond them the Bitter Root Range; and near the highway is the old trail where men traveled with pack-mules in the days of '62, when the memorable rush to Florence occurred and everybody was wild over the Salmon River mines. We are told that there are still good mining camps at Florence and Warrens, and a new discovery at Slate Creek has occasioned some excitement. But, after all, there is no gold mine like a good farm, and no gold that compares with apples, butter and eggs for certainty of yield and steadiness of profit. We doubt if mines of precious metals—so called because of their intrinsic worthlessness—have ever been a blessing to anybody. Certain it is that to ninety-nine out of every hundred they have proved a delusion and a snare.

A drive of twenty-five miles across Camas Prairie to the foot of the mountains brought us to the town of Mt. Idaho, of which L. P. Brown is proprietor, as he is also of the Mt. Idaho Hotel and the stage line. This gentleman is an uncle of our townsman, Judge L. B. Stearns, and brother-in-law of Hon. W. B. Stearns, of Douglas county. In addition to his other enterprises, Mr. Brown is largely engaged in milling, farming and mining, and owns an extensive flock of sheep, most of which got through the winter with comparatively little difficulty.

The climate of Camas Prairie is exceedingly mild for so high an altitude. The snow, which lay four feet thick in Yakima and Wasco valleys last winter, was less than a foot in thickness here, and the welcome "chinkook" visited the region regularly, thawing the ground and reducing the temperature to tolerable mildness. All kinds of fruits peculiar to temperate climates do well except peaches. Garden vegetables are fine, and the wheat crop is usually enormous. Last year—an unusual season everywhere—the wheat blighted in the milk, caused by a severe frost; but the crop promises well at this time, the only trouble, and that a serious one, the distance from market. In former times the mines made a sufficient market for all produce, but that day is past, and the people are weary of waiting for an outlet to the seaboard. Grain enough could be raised on Camas Prairie alone to bread all New England. We know of no better country for the stock-grower, and confess surprise that so few men with flocks and herds have yet availed themselves of the seemingly illimitable range and water that await possession. This country would be the paradise of growing horses. There is no better for cattle and the products of the dairy, and hog and poultry raising would be vastly more profitable than selling the wheat in bulk or flour.

The dreaded raids of the noble red men have deterred many stock men from coming to Camas Valley to settle with their families. Evidences of the late war abound on all sides. Remnants of stockades remain in Mt. Idaho and at Grangeville around the largest buildings, in which the defenseless whites were corralled like cattle for their own scalps' sake for months in '77, while their honorable foes, over whom the pseudo-philanthropy of the East is still gushing, maimed their stock, destroyed their houses, barns and fences, and killed every white person they could find unarmed; and then, after being routed by volunteers and regulars, these wily heathen held a grand pow-wow with the far less wily heathen at Washington, and are even now being double rationed, clothed and armed, while recruiting on reservations for a future onslaught upon the white settlers, who, unlike themselves, cannot hold their lands unless they "reside upon and cultivate them." But your average philanthropist must have something to pet, and now that the negro is free and left to shift for himself, and the industrious Chinaman takes care of himself, the Indian, being a savage, must be kept in idleness. But for the Indian Superintendencies and the political machinery growing out of their manipulation, the noble red man of the United States reserves would find himself no better off as a raider than the Chinaman or the negro; no better off, in fact, than his dusky brother of British Columbia, who, being compelled to take care of himself like other folks, finds it vastly more convenient for his tribe to be peaceable than murderous. The present policy of the Government means extermination to the Indian through his own helpless laziness in time, and that is some comfort—or would be if there were really no better way to manage him than is now pursued. The resident citizens have little fear of another outbreak—and yet, they had no fear of the first till it was upon them.

Mt. Idaho has only a few hundred inhabitants, but there is not an old or shabby house in the place, and nobody is poverty-stricken, though all are pressed for money, of which there is almost

none. A good school is kept by Mr. F. Cobb, a young gentleman formerly of Portland. Several stores of general merchandise are well stocked and evidently do a good business. A good Court House and Jail (the latter unoccupied save by the keeper), a post-office, a tin store, a stationery and tobacco store, two blacksmith shops, a good town hall, one hotel, one saloon, and a few Chinese wash-houses, form the business portion of the town, which is quite enough for the demand at present. There is one doctor, but the place is distressingly healthy, and he gets little practice. We gave two lectures in the hall, in presence of attentive and respectful audiences, not large certainly, but as large as the population afforded. The people are progressive, orderly and intelligent, and it is almost needless to add, are nearly all Woman-Suffragists.

On Tuesday afternoon, being exhausted from walking, talking, and breathing the rarefied air, we fell asleep for a moment, only to be awakened by the kindly housekeeper, who had been on the lookout at our request for a conveyance to take us to Grangeville. She had found a team, a rattling and uncertain lumber wagon, with a lock formed by a rope and a pole, a load of wood for ballast and a load of flour for cargo, the whole drawn by a pair of gentle mares followed by a young colt. A ducking coat was spread upon a sack of flour, and we climbed to it, and, riding backwards, made the distance (about three miles) in tolerable time, our only mishap occurring at the start, when the wagon bed slipped forward and a cross timber caught the wheel, whereupon we had to dismount until the spoke was cleared by a hand saw. The man in charge of the team proved an intelligent farmer who had once lived in Oregon. He left us at the hotel in Grangeville in charge of Mrs. Titman, a landlady from Harisburg, whose parents yet reside in Linn county.

The next morning found us with one of those abominable headaches that rack brain and body alike—a headache which, if it belonged to the genus feminine alone, would make us ready to declare that no woman ought to be allowed to vote. The day was spent in nursing that headache into subjection, and at night we met the denizens of the town and its vicinity for miles around, and gave the promised lecture, making an appointment for a second discourse on the evening following. The next day was spent in canvassing, with the poorest imaginable results, for the "needful" was as scarce as hen's teeth. It is a pity to see so fine and extensive a country so far from market. But the good people will hold on. They know the value of this alluvial upland. They admire its contiguous timber, its running water, clear air and rich soil, and they will soon adapt themselves to the new order of business, rendered imperative by exhaustion of the mines, and will prepare to export lard, bacon, wool and butter to distant markets by and-by. They have all taken homesteads, many have secured timber-culture claims, and some have preempted additional quarter sections. Raiding Indians cannot run away with the lands, and they'll die off after a while, leaving these settlers in as peaceful possession of their homes as average New Yorkers or New Englanders now are. Let us hope their descendants will not sit down a hundred years hence and print and publish books in wholesale abuse of frontier settlers and fulsome praise of the noble Alaskan or other North American Indian who is engaged in scalping our countrymen because of their industry and civilization.

We were shown the battle ground where the last attack was made, and dropped a silent tear, for his mother's sake, in memory of Foster, the scout, whose grave near by is marked by a lonely rail pen, over which the mountain breezes chant tearful dirges and the prairie birds sing songs of resurrection and future life.

The citizens have made application to Congress for indemnity for their loss of stock by Indians in the late war—losses which fairly impoverished them; but the Government must first re-provision and re-blanket its savage pets, and in about twenty years it may be led to consider the wants and dues of its citizens, whose moneys flow steadily into its treasury in almost incredible sums in payment for their lands and taxes. What a grand thing it would be to be an Indian, and have one's lands and hunting grounds and food and clothes and guns for nothing!

Let no one think that we would dispossess the Indians of their homes. Like every other child of Earth, they should be entitled to the use of the soil for a home and sustenance. But we believe that equality of rights is the best of rights, and are sick to chronic nausea of the maudlin sentimentality that provides for the Indian as though he were a child, and treats with him after a battle of his own creating as though he were a sovereign to whom a debt is due whenever he murders a white woman or child or steals or destroys a white person's property.

We confess that we turn from the contempla-

tion of this governmental anomaly to the thought of Captain Wilkinson's Indian school with the greatest relief. There, we believe, is something practical being done. And if, after their educations and trades are completed, the students, as fast as their majority is reached, are endowed with citizenship and its accompanying responsibilities, and given homesteads upon the same terms as whites, the Indian Bureau will be of no longer use—on their account at least. But the like of this will ruin the trade of the politicians, so it is almost too good to hope for.

In Grangeville we were pleased to meet Mr. Henry Pearson and family, formerly of Washington county, who know hundreds of our old Oregon friends, and who have brought the refinement of the highest civilization to this remote region in the form of books, papers and periodicals. Their parlor table contains selections that gladden the heart of an editor, including essays by Carlyle, Goethe and Schiller, and newspapers that refresh us beyond expression. The town is small and new, but there are many evidences of thrift to be seen. A good school flourishes under the management of Rev. and Mrs. Hall, and a literary society is conducted regularly, much to the enjoyment and edification of old and young alike. Many a town of the Old West of more than ten times its years is unable to keep pace with it in progress, and when the road is laid for the iron horse to travel over these prairies, an inland empire will rise to meet it, ripe with the progressive knowledge of the age and nation.

From here we are to return to Lewiston and go thence to Moscow and Colfax. A. S. D.
Grangeville, Idaho, May 27th.

TIGHT LACING.

[Editor of "Home Interest" in New York Tribune.]

It is estimated by intelligent physicians that four-fifths of American women are at this writing suffering from some one or other of the three-score diseases peculiar to their sex, and this suffering is mainly caused by that instrument of torture, than which the Inquisition devised nothing so cunningly and so slowly cruel, the corset.

Suppose, now, that you put a corset nicely fitting on a pig or a chicken, and draw it tightly around them. Soon the muscles compressed would lose all elasticity, the blood would become poisoned, and the animals sicken and die. Would any one dare to eat the carcass of an animal thus treated? And yet women seem to think that a human body thus abused may become the parent of normal and healthy infancy, and itself enjoy immunity from disease. But says one: "I don't lace tight." Perhaps not; but you surround yourself with a network of unnecessary bones and sinnet, which prevents the full and free play of the intercostal muscles; and this is proven by the fact that every woman who wears a corset says that she would "fall to pieces" if she should lay it aside. If she should lay it aside and exercise properly, and wear her clothing suspended entirely from her shoulders instead of from her hips, in a short time her muscles would become elastic and firm, and hold her up without any aid of whalebone and silica.

The fact is that men are as much to blame for tight lacing in women as women are—perhaps more. If men admired women shaped like the Venus de Medicis—the ideal feminine form—corsets would soon go out of fashion; but the slender waist, the long, heavy, intolerable train, with all its weight and cumbrousness, is even more fascinating to them than to the ladies. And it is said that there are even men who wear corsets and lace themselves.

We do not propose to argue the question. We simply place life and death before our young women readers, and implore them to choose life that they may live. Especially we beg mothers to give this subject their earnest attention and banish from their daughters' wardrobes all instruments of deformity and tight lacing. We earnestly advise them to acquaint themselves thoroughly with such physiological knowledge as will enable them to teach their daughters everything necessary for them to know in order to become healthful women, and to train them in such habits of dress and living as will be conducive to health, and not destructive to it.

It is said that the first woman who learned the art of half-dressing in England assumed the garb of a man, and thus deceived her teacher, who would on no condition have taught his trade to any but one of his own sex. But it was Emily Faithfull who originated the idea of women half-dressers in London, and who, in 1870, persuaded the Queen to accord them her preference. Since then, they have been universally employed, not only because of the Queen's recognition, which alone would have established their popularity, but because ladies have found it less unpleasant to resolve their own wear into their bodices.