

"his heart had been pierced with a thousand cuts, that it might the more gently bleed away."

In the midst of the song the door was softly opened, and a servant brought to Mr. Meredith a letter. Mr. Meredith quietly rose, and, without interrupting the song, withdrew to his study. Cynthia sang on, apparently unconscious of his departure. Theodore had never looked up. He still covered his eyes with one hand, clasped his beard with the other.

The song reached its sweetest, tenderest, saddest place—the singer had to breathe the last farewell. Theodore, listening with all his soul and ears, heard the voice grow tremulous, heard it sound as if it were tear-fraught, and suddenly it ceased altogether, and then the sudden silence was pierced by a loud cry—and then Theodore, springing from his chair, had just time to seize in his arms the singer who had fainted in her song.

Was he to blame if he held her in his arms yet a moment, and allowed her head to rest upon his shoulder, while his heart beat tumultuously with wonder, hope, fear, and all the thousand inarticulate passionate emotions which her cry and her swoon had awakened within him?

At that moment Mr. Meredith hurried into the room, and Theodore gave his daughter into his arms. Some agitating thought, it was evident, had already occupied the father's mind, and left him hardly room for wonder.

"Poor girl!" he said in a low tone to Theodore. "This fainting-fit looks as if it were an omen—as if she could have known I have cruel news for her. Rhodes! that boy to whom she was engaged—to whom I was for so long all that a father could be—has married a dancing-girl belonging to the Opera House in Berlin! That's the story brought to me in the telegram I have in my hand!"

Theodore did not remain much longer that night. When Cynthia began to show signs of returning life and consciousness, he felt that he had better leave; and he left. But he went home with a wild hope glowing in his heart which lighted his way like a sun.

He visited the house next day, and found Cynthia alone, by the piano, in the same room. After some stammered unmeaning words, he said:

"Miss Meredith—Cynthia!"

She started.

"One question I must—I will ask of you! Why did you faint last night?"

Without raising her eyes she spoke in a low tone:

"First tell me—why do you leave us?"

"I felt that I must leave you—because I love you!"

"And I fainted—because you were about to leave us—to leave me!"

The revelation was complete; and the story is told. Professor Rhodes still retains his chair at the university, and has a wife who shares his studies, and holds his heart in hers.

## THE INDIAN:

### WHAT WE SHOULD DO WITH HIM.

PERHAPS no more striking evidence of the powerful influence of works of fiction can be shown than the belief in the heroism, bravery, and manliness with which the great novelist Cooper invested the person of the American Indian. Sculpture, which is sometimes the highest embodiment of the poetic and the ideal, has also lent its wondrous eloquence to this belief, for nothing could express pathos and manly strength dethroned more graphically than Crawford's noble figure of the American Indian. And then the poetry of verse has done its work, and in the magic lines of "Hiawatha" the savage has been lifted up and carried back into the charmed circles of myths and shadows. What the American Indian was, is in some measure the special property of the poet and the artist, into whose picture is woven the romantic and the ideal; yet the historian who traces the existence of the Indian from the hour when the first settlers landed upon the shores of this continent up to the present time will invariably fill up but one outline. It is that of barbarism with more than its usual characteristics of cunning and cruelty. As fast as the white man has moved into the interior he has met with implacable hostility and resistance. Step by step the retreating path of the red man has been marked with blood and fire. Neither by peaceful means nor by force of arms has he succumbed to the influences of civilization. Industry and frugal habits are foreign to his nature. He hates subjection to law; he despises thrift and order.

The writer, in the years 1855, 1856, passed several months in Kansas in the cabin of a half white and half Indian of the Shawnee tribe, which for many years had been under the influence of a mission school. During that time I came to know the people very well, and this acquaintance was extended over the Kansas River, into the reservations of the tribes of Delaware and Wyandot Indians. Among the latter there were men of some education and character; but, with half a dozen exceptions, among the Shawnees and Delawares I saw nothing of the good influences of civilization and Christianity. Under peculiarly advantageous conditions, the people rejected the better, and accepted the worst, that belongs to civilized life.

My host at the time of which I speak was altogether the best Indian I ever met. He had had a conviction of the truth of Christianity, and tried to carry it out in his daily life; but it was almost comical sometimes to see his half-savage nature in conflict with what he had been taught of the humility of Christ. The fierce inclination to cut the throat of his offending neighbor was quickly followed by repentance and prayer. He forgave, but did not forget. But a more forcible illustration of the unconvertible disposition of the Indian could not be

given than was found in the experiences of this same man, who had passed fifteen years as a missionary with the Kickapoos. He avowed to me that, with all his effort, he had never been able to save one soul to Christ.

With such untoward natural attributes is it not astonishing, in a nation like ours, boasting of its high refinement and superior civilization, that the affairs of the Indians should for many years have been shamefully mismanaged? This is a mild phrase to use, for the control and direction of Indian affairs have been the means by which millions of treasure have been stolen. The Indian Ring has been another name for corruption, theft, and villainy.

One of Hawthorne's most subtle and powerful tales is called "*Rappaccini's Daughter*." The heroine of the story is the only daughter of an old chemist, who has brought her up from childhood to live upon the most deadly poisons. Her system had become so impregnated with poisons that to her they were food and nourishment. The flowers in the old man's garden gave forth such noxious odors that the birds and insects fell lifeless to the ground: to the young girl they were richest perfumes.

The wondrous art of the writer has made every line and word of this story to be instilled with noxious vapors. The very air you breathe is malarious, and you rise from its pages with a confused, dazed sense, as if you too were under its baleful influence.

Such has been the horrible blight of the Indian Ring. From one end to the other, and through all its courses, there has been dishonesty. The poison seemed to pervade the very atmosphere of Indian affairs: to enter it was to die the moral death. In Washington, New York, on the Plains, every where, there was a combination to defraud. But, worst of all, on the border, where the Indian was unprotected, far removed from chance of detection, the robbery was most barefaced. The Indian was wronged and cheated in every way. Now and then some missionary society would get among them; but how can the Bible reach the heart when the brain is stupefied with whisky? As we have before indicated, the Indian did not have much virtue to boast of, but what little he had became demoralized. The sutler who sold goods cheated him, the agent who paid him his annuities robbed him, the official who represented the great power of the United States government defrauded him. Treaties were broken, pledges betrayed, and the name of white man became another term for deception and fraud. What wonder the Indian became a worse than Bedouin Arab, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him!

This had come to be the state of affairs when General Grant was inaugurated President of the United States, and then a new policy was instituted.

The President and the officers of his army had had experience with the Indians. They had fought them and knew their cunning, their

strength, and their helplessness as well. They knew also the wickedness and foul dealing of the Indian Ring, and resolved to break up the whole nefarious business. The Ring struggled hard for existence. Senators and Representatives, public men in high places, strove to maintain the organization; but Grant, Sherman, Schofield, Sheridan, Hazen, and the rest, were resolved to destroy it. A Peace Commission was appointed, one of which was General Sherman, who met in council the chiefs of the different tribes, and made new treaties with them, by which several of the tribes were to be located upon new reservations in a more southern part of the Indian Territory. Over these reservations were appointed officers of the army; men whose bravery in war had been tested in a hundred battles, whose honesty of heart and integrity of purpose were beyond cavil.

The plan of treatment for the Indians which was conceived and put in successful operation by one of these officers is the theme which has inspired this article. It is hoped that the firm, humane, practical common-sense of this scheme will attract the active support of that large class of good people who in this country make public opinion, so that Congress will legislate upon the subject in the interest of honesty and humanity.

It is the wisdom, skill, and patience of Brevet Major-General W. B. Hazen, I am convinced, that has solved the greatest difficulty of the vexed Indian question.

I need not stop here to tell who this officer is. In the late war his name appears with great honor in many battles, and as that of the hero of Fort M'Allister, with more of brilliancy and prominence than at any other time, but not with more desert. Later, it has been associated with the Indian question, but in a way so fragmentary and desultory that the public at large are not aware of what he has done, nor how vitally important it is that his work should be continued. His scheme first suggested itself to him, he says, during the summer of 1866, when crossing the Plains from Omaha to San Francisco, through the most hostile portions of the Indian country. He made this journey on horseback and in an ambulance, occupying some four months, during which time he never saw one hostile Indian. With such an experience, it seemed absurd to him, who, it should be remarked, bore a wound received in one of his many—long time ago—fights with the Indians, that the nation should be all the while agitated about a few thousand savages who were not so terrible but that a gentleman could thus ride through their country without molestation. The plan of treatment which suggested itself to him was embodied in a report which was sent to Congress by the Secretary of War in January, 1867. In this report he says: "Allot to each tribe, arbitrarily, its territory or reservation, and make vigorous, unceasing war upon all who do not obey and remain upon their grounds.

When once thoroughly whipped, there will afterward be no trouble with them. Prohibit all sales of arms and ammunition, and imprisonment on all who are known to violate this law. If necessary, feed the Indians, but give them no implements of war."

It is only lately, and after experience, that this sketch of a plan has been matured into a well-organized system which will be more definitely explained as the history of the experiment is unfolded in these pages; but it consists, in the main, in forcible retention of the Indians upon the reservations, under a governor who shall have civil and military authority, and who shall have both military and civil assistants. The Indians are to be fed and clothed, provided with means of instruction, agricultural tools, and allotted portions of ground for cultivation, so that they may be taught to support themselves. Under the old system they wandered about as they pleased, robbing and killing the settlers and wayfarers, appearing at stated times at the agency for the purpose of getting their annuities, with guns and ammunition, with which to repeat their depredations.

I have given above a brief sketch of the method which General Hazen has put in operation after the Indian has been induced to go upon the reservation. Perhaps it would be more in order if the means of getting them there had been first discussed. It is not necessary here to describe in detail the manner in which an Indian war should be conducted. In this matter General Hazen evinces his thorough knowledge of the subject. In this report and in other places he argues, in common with General Sully and other Indian fighters, that winter campaigns should be undertaken and pushed vigorously; but General Hazen especially insists that there is no need to kill these people. Like all ignorant aborigines, they have enlarged imaginations, and are easily alarmed. A small force should be kept all the while in motion, breaking up their camps and villages, forcing them on to their reservations. This policy persistently pursued, the Indians will, after a while, come to the belief that the government not only means to keep faith, but that the Indians shall remain where they are placed, under guard, and carefully protected.

It is worth while at this point to explain away a serious misapprehension which obtains very generally throughout the country as to the number of hostile Indians. We sometimes read of 250,000 of these people as being inimical to us; but this includes the entire number within our borders. It includes the New York, Shawnee, Delaware, Wyandot, Choctaw, Cherokee, and a score of other tribes of peaceful Indians. The numbers that are hostile have always been exaggerated. If, as it is expected, we can keep quiet those on the southern reservations, including the Kioways, Arrapahoes, and Cheyennes, the only ones left are the Apaches of Arizona, who do not exceed a thousand warriors, and the Sioux, with kindred tribes of the Upper Mis-

souri River, not to exceed five thousand warriors. All together, north and south, there are not ten thousand warriors who would fight, and these are disorganized and scattered in bands in widely separated sections of country. It is well to recall the memory of the campaign of General Canby in 1862-63, who subdued and brought to terms all the Navajoe Indians by carrying on the war in the manner we have described. This tribe were the most numerous, intelligent, and warlike of all the Indians in the middle country, and at the same time the most inaccessible; and they were completely conquered without the loss of a single soldier or killing one Indian. To be sure the campaign lasted twelve months; but at the final surrender many of the Indians were mere skeletons from fatigue and actual want of food. This method of "wearing out" was at the bottom of Grant's later campaigns in the war of rebellion; but in its application to the Indians it will require few if any additional troops. It is a show of war actively applied until all the Indians give up the contest; and it is an important fact that no tribe, once thoroughly whipped, and which has consented to go upon a reservation, has ever again given us trouble. There are scores of examples of the truth of this statement. And let it be taken note of, that if the Cheyennes take the war-path again next summer, it will be because they were not well whipped last winter, for the expedition in pursuit of them halted and passed the winter in quarters and idleness when it might have accomplished its full mission.

In the narration of events which follows, it will be seen that General Hazen has acted in obedience to the definite orders of General Sherman; but it is fair to infer that so much as embraces in these orders the plan of treatment of the Indians which we so warmly approve of was in answer to the suggestions of General Hazen, especially to those which were most fully embodied in his letter of June, 1867, to Senator Henderson, Chairman of Indian Affairs in the Senate, and one of the Indian Peace Commission.

In pursuance of the peace policy set in motion by the Commission, commanders of departments, districts, and posts were ordered to consider themselves as agents of the Plains Indians, so as to afford them temporary support to conduct them to their reservations. When Indian civilian agents were present with the tribes the military were not to interfere, except to report irregularities.

General Harney was placed in command of the Sioux, in the north; General Getty, of the Navajoes, in New Mexico; Major Lamotte, of the Crows, at Fort Ellis; General Augur, of the Shoshones, Snakes, and kindred tribes, in the Department of the Platte; while General Hazen, in the south, had control of the new reservations, which were bounded on the east by the State of Arkansas, south by Texas, north by Kansas, and west by the one hundredth

meridian of longitude. Upon these had been located the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kioways, Comanches, and such other bands as might hereafter be located therein. Of all but the last-named command there is no need of further notice here; but of the gentle creatures confided to the care of General Hazen, we might say, as did the famous recipe for cooking a hare: "First catch him," and so on. Of all the Plains Indians these were the most faithless, wandering, and aggressive; and a more hopeless, thankless, laborious task could not well have been intrusted to any man, especially to a gallant soldier who had won fame and glory at the cannon's mouth.

What General Sherman thought of all this will be seen in his personal letter to General Hazen accompanying the military order assigning him the command. It is dated at

HEAD-QUARTERS MILITARY DIVISION OF THE  
MISSOURI, August 14, 1868.

*General W. B. Hazen, U.S.A., en route to Fort Leavenworth, Kansas:*

GENERAL,—I have the honor herewith to inclose you a copy of my General Orders No. 4, in which, I trust, you will recognize the faith I repose in you. I am by law held responsible for the disbursement of a large sum of money among Indians, with whom the Peace Commissions have been treating.

With all the Indians located and to be located in the districts of country committed to your care there are confirmed treaties; and appropriations have been made with resident agents to apply the money. Therefore no more money is needed for them; but many of the Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, Kioways, and Comanches still linger above the Arkansas River, near their old haunts, and give trouble. The co-existence of two races such as ours and the Indian in the same district of country is a simple impossibility, without a constant state of war. Therefore the Peace Commission proceeded on the theory that all the Indian tribes south of the Platte should, by gradual process, be drawn down into the district I have assigned to you, and there maintained till such time as necessity and their own experience would induce them to cultivate the earth, and rear flocks of sheep, cattle, horses, etc. But the Cheyennes, Kioways, and Arrapahoes begged to be allowed to hunt buffaloes as long as they lasted in the region between the Platte and Arkansas, and the Commission yielded to them, and the right is reserved to them in the treaty. I will, as soon as possible, procure and furnish you copies of all these treaties; and I want you to be governed by them strictly; but I have given you the sum of fifty thousand dollars, mostly that you may make it to the interest of all troublesome Indians to go down to their reservations, and to stay there with their families. If they want to hunt buffaloes, try to arrange it with them, and with General Sheridan, so that no conflicts may arise. Though assigned to a district of country, I do not propose to limit your sphere of action to the boundaries of that country; but you can go wherever you know any Indians to be who properly belong to your district; and when you need escorts, on application General Sheridan, or the district commanders, will furnish them. Don't spend any of your money for the Indians on their reservations, but use it to the best advantage to remove them to their reservations, where their civil agents may take them in charge. Report to me fully all matters of interest; but don't hesitate to act on your own authority, as I expect you, on the spot, to be a better judge than I can be.

Your obedient servant,

W. T. SHERMAN, Lt.-General.

In this letter of the great soldier there is all of his perspicacity, directness, and comprehen-

sive knowledge of the situation, nor did he under-estimate its difficulties. One would have supposed that they would have begun among the savages of the Plains, but not a week had elapsed from the date of the above letter before a protest came from the Indian Bureau that Order No. 4 would conflict with the agents of the Bureau, and General Sherman was obliged to explain his instructions and orders as not to mean any such interference. The result of this was, however, at the outset, to deprive General Hazen of the authority most needed in the premises, although the subsequent absence of all but one of the civilian agents gave him larger liberty of action.

#### THE PAYMENT.

In September following these assignments to command over the Indians we find that hostilities have again broken out on the Plains. Generals Sheridan and Hazen are at Fort Larned holding council with Lone Wolf, Kicking Bird, Sa-tan-te, Timber Mountain, and Little Heart, of the Kioway nation, and Ten Bears and other chiefs of the Comanches. These two tribes, the Kioways and Comanches, have come in from the Plains in the hope of getting their annuities paid them; and the smoke from the camp-fires of their lodges rises from the ravines and among the forest trees. A most picturesque sight is usually to be seen at these "payments," as they are called. On the day fixed by the law the Indians gather at the fort or station where the agent is, or ought to be, in readiness to pay the tribe over which he has charge. The Indians are either in camp upon some stream near the agency, or they come in from a distance; but in either case they are clothed—ornamented, perhaps it will be nearer the truth to say—in all the splendor of full-dress. The fashionable costume of the red man is not subject to the variable moods of the Parisian; indeed it has not undergone any change within the knowledge of man. When he consents to wear clothes, he puts on a deer-skin coat, and a pair of leggins and moccasins of the same material. All of these articles are richly colored with various hues, and bordered and variegated with bright metal, beads, and stones. His head-dress is sometimes made of feathers, but some of the tribes cut their hair close to the scalp, leaving, however, a ridge of longer hair running over the top of the head, into which is stuffed all sorts of bright paints, red usually predominating. The faces are bedaubed and spotted and streaked with red, yellow, blue, and other colors, so completely disguising the gentleman that you would not recognize him even were he your most intimate friend. Many of the tribes do not clip their hair or paint their faces; but, in any guise, they are all picturesque as they come in mounted upon their gayly-caparisoned ponies, dashing over the ground at full speed, sometimes singly, most often in knots of two or three, or even larger groups. I ought to say here, with regard to the costume of the Indians,



that I have seen interesting specimens of them who wore more even than the celebrated Georgia costume, which was said to consist of a shirt-collar and a pair of spurs. My friends were naked, with the exception of a stove-pipe hat, a waistcoat, and a pair of spurs. As they were usually intoxicated when in this disguise, it should not be laid to their bad taste.

In the old time the ceremony of paying the annuities was not a very laborious one, for the money or goods were distributed to the heads of families, or to the individual who was known to the agent; but most often the Indians, during the year, had run in debt to the agent or to his sutler or store-keeping friend, so that the expectant savage got little or nothing, and the little was usually in the shape of terrific whisky, which soon found its way into the stomach and brain of the poor wretch, when he became about the most irrepressible being that a quiet man would like to have about. The vices of civilization are never so horrible as when displayed in the person of a wild Indian. Upon an occasion of this kind I have witnessed scenes so shocking that I would not, if I could, describe them.

When there was no check between the ignorant Indian and an unscrupulous agent, it will be believed that there was a vast difference between the appropriations made by Congress and the values paid to the Indian; and that, in most instances, the so-called "payment" was a farce which was played to amuse the nation while the thieves filled their pockets. The chiefs of the Kioways and Comanches, with their tribes, had come up to Fort Larned in the hope of getting their annuities, which had been withheld from them, and also, as some of them claimed, to get within the protection of the fort, for they knew that the Cheyennes and Arapahoes were on the war-path, and that the soldiers had gone out to find them. What other objects they had in view may be gathered from subsequent events and from the talk in the council, a portion of which I shall repeat, with the further purpose of illustrating the peculiar thought and singular mode of expression of these people.

#### COUNCIL WITH INDIAN CHIEFS.

GENERAL SHERIDAN. "General Hazen is here to see about your going back to Fort Cobb."

GENERAL HAZEN. "I have come out here to see you and stay with you. The Great Father at Washington wants you to go down to Fort Cobb, and it will be to your advantage to go. How soon will you be ready to start?"

LITTLE HEART. "We have listened to what you say, and it is good. We were all down in that country last winter. It is a bad country, and we have two hearts about going back. We heard we were to come up here, and were told our goods were to be here. We left there when the grass was young, and we have been waiting ever since, and no goods have come. The white man is stronger than we. Our children cry for buffalo meat every morning, and we have none to give them, but bread, and they won't eat it."

SA-TAN-TE. "I have nothing bad to say, but every thing good. In this country, between Zarah and Larned, our blood is on the ground. This was a long time ago. We are ashamed of our actions at that time. Our blood and the white man's blood is on the

grass about here. What I am telling you is not bad. We love our white brothers, and do not mean to do any thing against them. We wanted Mr. Tappan as our agent, and signed our names, and sent the paper to Washington asking for it; but we don't know now who our agent is. Our nation is between two fires. The Yutes and the Osages killed six of our young men, and we will be burned if the white man does not take pity. Another thing—we want our blankets. It is getting cold, and our wives and children want blankets. If we move down below here we will be cold without them. We want our goods, and have been looking for them a very long time. I know it is useless to go to war with the whites. The Cheyennes and Arapahoes have shown us a trail to follow. But we will not follow it."

TIMBER MOUNTAIN. "I have little to say. I am not a little boy nor a young man; what I say I mean. I hope you will remain, and will be at peace, and take us by the hand like brothers. It is getting cold, and we have no blankets. Our lodges are poor, as we killed no buffalo this summer; and how can we go south? I have two hearts. If I should go to the Wachita Mountains the snow would come, and I should be cold without blankets. Your white people living on the Arkansas have good houses, and are comfortable and warm (but we are without wood), and when we come in you look comfortable. I and my nation and the Comanches take all white chiefs by the hand, and we try to teach our young men to do likewise. They do a little stealing sometimes, but we tell them it is wrong. Colonel Wynkoop has been here, and treated the other tribes well; and we want our agents to do like him. This is all I have to say."

TEN BEARS. "My name is 'One-Eyed Ten Bears.' I am head chief of the Comanches, and I hold myself a brother to you, big white chief; and what you want me to do I will do. As long as I live I will do what is right; but when I am dead I can not be responsible for my nation. My particular band have always made their home on the Arkansas. Part of the Comanches live south, but this is my home along the Arkansas River, and I never go south with them. When I was a boy I had a home here, and hoped when I died to leave my bones on the banks of the Arkansas. Before now and at this time my heart is with my white brothers, and when I saw the soldiers my heart was always good. [Taking out a paper, his certificate that he had been in Washington, given him by the Department.] This paper was given me by the Commissioners at Washington, and I have always been good since I had it; and when I die I want it buried with me. My brother had one also, but the rain has taken it away. I am willing to go with you [to General Hazen] to Fort Cobb, but I don't want soldiers to go with me—a few may go. Two, three, or four. If many soldiers go with us our squaws and our papooses will be afraid; and when two parties are traveling together there are a good many fools with both, and they may make trouble. We don't want to fight our white brothers. Whenever we meet them we want to go up on the top of a hill, where they can see us, and we can talk. We don't want to fight, but only to be able to put our heads up over the hill and be afraid. We were told by our Great Father at Washington that we must hear what the soldier chiefs said to us, and we always do so. My heart is big, and I am glad that the other chief [General Hazen] is going with us, as he can take care of us. We want some arms and ammunition to hunt the buffalo."

GENERAL SHERIDAN. "Down at Cobb is the place for you to get arms."

TEN BEARS. "Whatever I say, my color does not prevent me from telling the truth, like the white brother from Washington. It is getting dark, and we want to go to our camp."

GENERAL HAZEN. "I will come down to your camp and see you to-morrow."

This council broke up after two days' session, with the understanding that the Indians were to go down to Fort Cobb; but as it would take ten days to bring from Fort Larned cattle for

their food, they were given that space of time in which to hunt buffalo; and on the following morning they had disappeared. Whether or not the voices of the children of Little Heart continued to resound upon the prairie, crying for buffalo meat, remains an open question, but certain it is that the tribes returned no more.

Within the ten days following the disappearance of the Indians war broke out in earnest, the hostile Indians attacking trains, killing escorts, assaulting outposts, and committing depredations generally. Of the family confided to the care of General Hazen, it is said that a portion were drawn into the fight; but the larger number, fearing such a result, or that they would be mistaken for enemies, made haste to get to Fort Cobb, hundreds of miles away.

It was originally the proposition of General Sheridan that General Hazen should accompany the Indians to their reservation with a safeguard (!!!) of six men, which the latter declined, having some little regard for life and limb. Fourteen men were then added; but even with this number General Hazen was unwilling to pass through the now hostile country. So he was obliged to make a circuitous route of over six hundred miles before he could reach his post of duty. Here, at Fort Cobb, he found two companies of troops; but these were quickly reduced to a guard of six men, who were specially instructed by orders not to do any other than merely military duty.

Deprived of all authority, except in regard to the disbursement of the \$50,000 intrusted to his care, by the objections of the Indian Bureau, and stripped of all military authority, and with no troops at his command, certainly our brave soldier was in an embarrassing situation. Here were several thousand naked, hungry Indians, who were forsaken by their agents with one exception, who were helpless, who wished to keep out of the war, but who now looked to this true "white chief" for support and care. If ever failure stared a man in the face, Hazen was the person who had the benefit of a long look; but the situation was not more discouraging than the heart was brave and the will strong which met it, and, in spite of Indian Rings and military envy, General Hazen, by thoroughly gaining the confidence of the Indians themselves, achieved success. In all his efforts and discouragements he had the warm sympathy and earnest support of General Sherman, as the following extracts from letters will show. Under date of October 13, 1868, General Sherman says:

"I want you to go to Fort Cobb, and to make provision for all the Indians who come there to keep out of the war; and I prefer that no warlike proceedings be made from that quarter. Both of the Indian agents, Boone and Wynkoop, are ordered there also with the annuity goods, which, under a resolution of the Indian Peace Commission, are to be distributed by them to such Indians as you may approve of. The object is, for the War and Interior Departments to afford the peaceful Indians every possible protection, support, and encouragement, while the troops proceed against all outside the reservation as hostile. And it may be that General Sheridan will be forced to invade the

reservation in pursuit of hostile Indians. If so, I will instruct him to do all he can to spare the well-disposed; but their only safety now is in rendezvousing at Fort Cobb. I will approve and justify any expense, or any thing you may do to encourage Indians to come on to the reservation, there to remain at peace; while I will urge General Sheridan to push his measures for the utter destruction and subjugation of all who are outside in a hostile attitude. I wish you to remain at Fort Cobb, or in that vicinity, as patiently as you can, looking for the time when all that are left of the Kioways, Comanches, Apaches, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes are gathered there. Afterward, at your leisure, they can be conducted to and established on their appropriate reservations, as defined in the Indian Lodge Treaty.... I advise you, through the Indians themselves, to give out general notice that all Comanches, Kioways, Cheyennes, and Arrapahoes that wish to escape the effects of the present Indian war should now remove to the reservations assigned them in their treaty at the Indian lodge; that you will have their agencies removed there, and their annuity goods given them, provided they manifest a proper spirit of peace; and that, pending the fulfillment of the treaty stipulations, you will use your means in hand to provide them food at Fort Cobb. ... I have already reported to the proper department of government my wish that the agencies of these Indians should be removed to the Canadian River at once; that annuity goods should not be issued at Forts Larned or Dodge, but at the head agencies; and that these annuities should consist, in chief, of food. I propose that General Sheridan shall prosecute the war with vindictive earnestness against all hostile Indians, till they are obliterated or beg for mercy; and therefore all who want peace must get out of the theatre of war, which will not reach the reservation committed to your care, unless absolutely necessary."

The letter referred to by General Sherman in the following extract is one of several from General Hazen, which are deeply interesting, as they reveal the condition of affairs from time to time, but their length forbids insertion here. These letters detail all the existing facts which were of vital interest; for while some of the Indians were at war, others were pressing into Fort Cobb as the only harbor of safety, both from their neighbors' tribes and from Sheridan's troops. The Indians flocked in great numbers to this place, and General Hazen soon found himself burdened with some eight thousand of them. They were without clothes or food; and although General Hazen had been furnished with \$50,000 for the purpose of removing these people upon their reservation, yet it was not contemplated that there would be an Indian war, nor that Fort Cobb was to be to all the peaceful Indians a city of refuge. It was also supposed that the agents of the Indian Bureau would exercise some care over their tribes, and distribute their usual rations and payments to the tribes; but only one of the number made his appearance; the remainder, frightened out of their wits, kept their persons on the safe side of the border. Thus General Hazen suddenly found upon his hands a gigantic responsibility, and it is this state of affairs he reports to General Sherman. In a letter dated November 23, 1868, General Sherman manfully responds:

"....I have this morning received your most interesting letter of the 17th of November, with contents, which I have sent to the Secretary of War, as we are

determined that Congress shall know all that it is possible for us to convey, to enable it to make a final disposition of this Indian question this winter.

"I know we are on the right track now, and I am well satisfied of the part you have acted, and in my Annual Report I have asked Congress to appropriate for you at once, for this winter's use, the sum of two hundred thousand dollars; and I have taken the risk of giving to General Sheridan the order that he will supply you with army stores, if necessary, to enable you to feed the destitute throughout this winter.

"I see clearly the difficulties that you have to deal with, and now give you full authority to feed, in the cheapest way possible, all the Indians that may be in your reservation, no matter of what tribe or nation, even if you must buy corn and meat on credit, until this whole question is settled...."

As we have before stated, the duties of General Hazen became manifold. At one time the record shows him to be in council with Big Mouth, White Wolf, Medicine Arrow, Mourie, Ben Bow, Ten Bears, and other chiefs, some of whom had come in from fighting with Sheridan, and, to use their own language, "were full of war"—that is, had had enough of it—"and desired to take their white brothers by their hand." With these latter General Hazen had but little to say, beyond accepting their unconditional surrender. One of the most provoking trials the General experienced came from the belief of the Indians who were at peace that they owned the territory of Texas, and that they had the right to make raids upon the settlers there. It is heart-rending to read the letters of complaint which come from these poor people, whose cattle and property, and, worst of all, whose women and children, have been stolen by these marauding bands. In many instances General Hazen was able to make restitution, and the Indians were notified that war made upon the people of Texas was as great a crime as if they went out to fight the soldiers, and that a repetition of the offense would meet with severe punishment.

At this time the position of the General was any thing but pleasant. Here he was almost alone, hundreds of miles from the borders of civilization, surrounded by thousands of savages, whose very nature was cruel and treacherous, many of whose hands were red with the blood of his fellow-soldiers. The large quantity of stores in his care was a constant temptation for these wretches to murder him and his guard, which had been reduced to three men. That he escaped unharmed is due to a miracle of Divine Providence, and the active operations of the troops outside, which kept the more evil-disposed in healthy awe.

The reader can form an idea of the excitements and perils of the situation by the following interesting account, which is from the pen of General Hazen:

"The approach of Custer's column into the Indian country, although many hundred miles away, was known to the Indians, and caused no little consternation among them. They were an accurate barometer, and although there was no exact knowledge as to when the blow would come, and where from, I had ordered up

more troops, and the entire country was on the tip-toe of expectation, when a courier arrived at ten o'clock the night of the 29th of November, giving the first intelligence of a battle, which subsequent accounts proved to be accurate. The chiefs of all the Indians near my camp soon gathered in my tent, to learn my intentions and give their own views of the situation. As the troops had already turned back, leaving the hostile Indians in possession of the field, it was the opinion of the best-informed that they would turn their attention to us, and, as the interpreter expressed it, 'clean us out.' Runners were at once sent to the camps of all friendly Indians, and by morning we had mustered four or five hundred of red, black, and white, all ready to defend our position, selected by the aid of the principal chiefs, who showed a perfect idea of the principles of attack and defense. By noon, however, it was learned that the Arrapahoes and Cheyennes had no intention of attacking Fort Cobb. Great uncertainty continued, keeping all the camps in a condition of chronic fever until the 15th of December, when a courier came in with the intelligence that a large army was some twenty miles away on the Wachita. Two days after, General Sheridan, with his command, arrived, and then commenced negotiations of peace."

There can be no doubt but that for the timely arrival of the troops General Hazen would have been driven from his post, even if his life had not been sacrificed. As it is, his method of treatment has had a fair trial, and, so far as it has gone, it has met with success. I will now devote a brief space to the details of his experiment, drawing largely for my information from the final report of General Hazen to General Sherman upon resigning his important trust into the hands of the Quakers who were sent out by President Grant.

To feed the starving savages was the first duty which met General Hazen; and, simple as such a thing may appear to one of our good citizens whose account is respected at the butcher's and baker's, it was a most difficult one at Fort Cobb. Usually those who have nothing ask for little; but it appears that it had been the custom under the former thieving system to exaggerate the number of those receiving rations, and they were rated fully double their actual number. There had been a custom of giving about equal quantities to each chief, without much regard to the strength of his tribe. After much trouble, it was decided to issue the following allowance to one hundred rations: 150 pounds of beef; 75 pounds of corn meal; 28 pounds of flour; 4 pounds of sugar; 2 pounds of coffee; 1 pound each of salt and soap. This ration costs eight cents for each ration. From the fact that the Indians have been used to an unlimited supply of buffalo meat, the ration of beef was considered by them to be insufficient, and with their habits of extreme wastefulness they complained of insufficiency, sometimes even to the point of

revolt; and for this reason one band of the Kioways actually left the fort, and wandered away not to return.

General Hazen places great force upon the necessity of continuing this ration, and believes that the entire success of the plan depends upon its issue. The ration is not merely a subsistence, but it is a subsidy given to them in lieu of the abundant supply they can get by the chase.

The statement may seem so simple as to be absurd; yet there is no doubt that the price of peace with the Indians depends upon a ration of sugar and coffee. A few pounds of those two articles are more powerful than tons of powder and lead. If these few items are steadily and continuously given to the Indians, one-half the battle is fought and gained. Our troopers last winter rode down and killed less than a hundred Indians in an earnest and energetic campaign. At the same time some eight thousand of them were kept quiet by one man and his guard of less than half a dozen men, through the means of sugar and coffee, and a firm, unchanging demeanor. To this unhappy Ishmael, confidence, first, last, and always, is the vital condition; confidence that he will get his ration, confidence that he will have his farm, confidence that he will be punished swiftly, surely, and fearfully if he breaks over his bounds.

I have mentioned the furnishing of food as being the most important point in the reform system; but that is but preliminary to the greater purpose of finally fixing the Indian on his reservation. If General Hazen could have disbursed the fifty thousand dollars placed in his hands in the way originally intended, and as it should have been, instead of filling up the gap made by the failure of others to do their duties, he would have broken up and fenced all the land ever needed for the wants of the Indians. He would have been able to build good houses for all the chiefs and principal men. School-houses would have been erected sufficient for the needs of all the people. Fruit trees would have been set out, wells dug, gardens planted, seed sown, and all things done necessary for the permanent establishment of the Indians on both reservations. As it is, besides feeding and caring for these thousands of strangers, a good substantial beginning was made toward the great purpose in the new system. Twelve hundred acres of land were plowed, a portion of which is fenced, and all under contract for fencing. Three hundred acres are planted in corn. Over a hundred patches of land, in lots from a few rods to ten acres, have been planted by the Indians with their own hands in gardens, and it is said they are as cleanly kept as any in the States. A few substantial houses have been built for the chiefs; while they and very many of their tribes are actually taking interest in farming. General Hazen says: They no longer speak of going away except for hunting, and seem inclined

to settle down to quiet, and in some measure industrious lives.

It is interesting to know the estimate of the number of Indians in the district described in the order assigning General Hazen to his duties here. They are as follows:

Comanches on the Reservation .....	916
Comanches not on the Reservation .....	1500
Kioways on the Reservation .....	986
Kioways not on the Reservation .....	100
Apaches on the Reservation .....	281
Caddos on the Reservation .....	481
Wachetas and affiliated bands on Reservation	1260
Arrapahoes on the Reservation .....	1158
Cheyennes on the Reservation .....	300
Cheyennes not on the Reservation .....	1200
Total .....	8122

General Hazen reports a large strip of land between the two reservations which is yet unappropriated, and which would be sufficient for all the Indians in Kansas. I have said above that General Hazen has worked single-handed in his reform movement, but credit should be, and is given by him, to the active assistance of Captain Charles G. Penney, United States Army, and to Mr. Boone, the only one of all the agents who was at his post of duty.

On the 30th of June, 1869, General Hazen, in obedience to the orders of General Sherman, closed his duties with the Indians, remitting their case to the civil agents. A portion of them are Quakers who were sent out by President Grant, and General Hazen expresses the utmost confidence in their willingness and their ability to carry out the method which has been so successfully begun.

In this brief sketch the writer has striven to give a chapter out of the history of the Indians in America, in the belief that it will point the way to the safe solution of the Indian question. Let Congress at once legislate so that all matters concerning the Indians shall be placed under the supervision of the War Department. Subordinate agents, similar to the Quakers who are now in service at Fort Cobb, may be appointed, but they should act under the immediate direction of military authority. Give to the Indians sugar and coffee, furnish them with plows and seeds, but let them at once and forever understand that the hand that feeds can, and if need be will, strike. The benefits of the arts of peace may be taught the red man, but the saving grace of our reform movement is, "The iron fingers in a velvet glove."

## BATHSHEBA CAREW'S CURSE.

### A LEGEND OF THE OLD COLONY.

**T**WO men stood upon the edge of a sharp cliff overlooking the town and harbor of Plymouth, the sparkling white beach inclosing the latter with one long protecting arm, the green strip of land called Saquish, and the Gurnet with its light-house; beyond all these the ocean, clear, brilliant, and blue, stretched to the horizon, and met a summer sky blue, clear, and brilliant as itself.

The two men who, standing upon the sandy