

# THE FUTURE INDIAN.

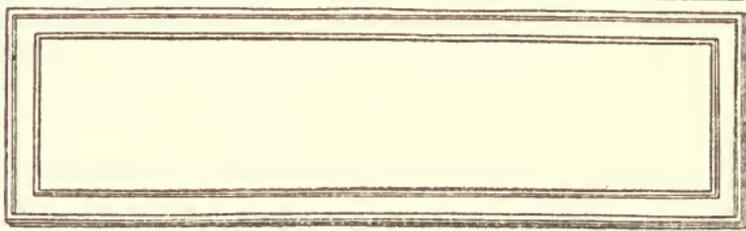
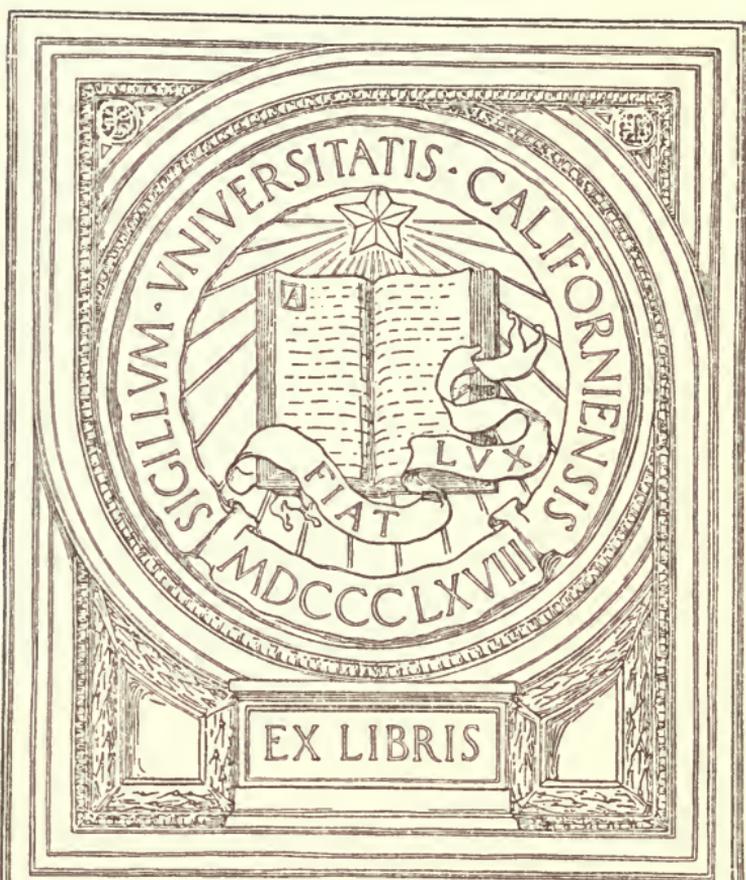
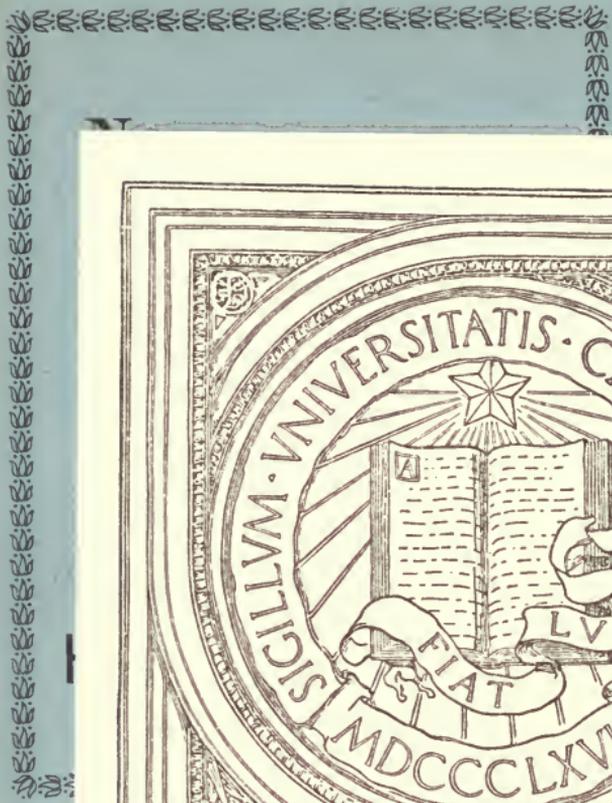
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THE  
FUTURE INDIAN

A BRIEF TREATISE

ON THE INDIAN QUESTION



BY

S. C. GILMAN



INDIANAPOLIS:  
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## INTRODUCTION.

ANOTHER "Indian outbreak," not unattended with destruction to human life, has occurred in the West—this time among the Sioux. But happily, through a wise and conservative policy, the troubles were brought speedily to an end, and a prolonged Indian war has been averted. During these troubles, charges of mismanagement and of injustice to the Indians came from sources that must be respected. Men do not usually go to war without some good reason. These Indians had some cause for their action, as has been clearly shown during the last four months. And now this question is before us: What are we going to do about it? Are there simply to be a series of receptions to the representatives of a people whom a month ago we denounced

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as treacherous vagabonds? Will we work ourselves into a furore for the time being, over these delegates from Pine Ridge, and then forget all about them, after they have gone away? Are there to be a few more pledges made that, if adhered to at all, will be done so in a half-hearted way?

What was the lesson conveyed by this last Indian trouble?

This trouble differed from the previous ones in that it possessed a religious aspect. It is significant that when despair comes to a man—when he is completely lost, and all hope and earthly help is gone—he will turn to some higher and immortal power to save him. So it was with the Indians. They did not know that that power had already come. True, missionaries had told them of a Messiah that had come to save all mankind, and some had believed. But many, in their simplicity, could not distinguish between the false and the true, and when civilization came and white men mistreated them, and told them lies—all

lies—they spurned the religion the white man brought and wanted none of his civilization. They had never been offered our best civilization. The only real happiness they had ever known had been in the wild, free life of the past. They saw that could never be again. Their lands were gone, their game was gone, and the civilization they had learned to hate was every day creeping in upon them. In their despair they turned to an immortal power to save them. One day, one of their number who been away in the Northwest, came back and told them of a Messiah, whom he had seen and talked with, who was to take them all out of their troubles, who was to destroy the white people, and restore to the Indians not only their lands and abundant game, but their dead. No doubt there were some who took advantage of the craze that followed, and worked the Indians up to a frenzy that would bring on a war. But the most of them did believe the story and were sincere, and when actual warfare did come

they faced death as only mad men would, firmly believing that the sacred robes they wore would shield their bodies from the soldiers' bullets. We all know the story of this whole affair. How the Indians inaugurated the strange ghost dance. How they practiced it, until the white people became suspicious and alarmed. How an attempt was made to stop it, which only made the Indians more earnest than ever. How the soldiers then came, and how the Indians did not abandon the cause until their own blood had been shed and they began to realize the folly of it all.

The real Messiah, I have said, had come. At least that is what we believe. That is what we love to preach and sing about and read. We commemorate His birth in a beautiful manner every Christmas time. Why, then, had He not come to the Indians as He had to us? Was it left for us to tell them about Him? If so, why have we not done it in a more general way?

Turning over in my mind this Indian

question, with its many phases, I have been prompted to write the following brief treatise on the subject, and while it may not sparkle, perhaps, with "deep, heavy argument," I trust there will be found therein some thought expressed—some truth clearly defined—that will give us all a better consciousness of our individual responsibility in this matter.

THE WRITER.

INDIANAPOLIS, IND., Feb. 5, 1891.



# THE FUTURE INDIAN.

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## SOME GLIMPSES OF THE BAD INDIAN.

**T**HE WRITER does not pretend to be an authority on Indian matters, and knows very little about Indian Bureaus, Indian Commissions, and associations for or against the Indian. Nevertheless, I propose to discuss the Indian question, treating it as the average person might who has lived for a time in the neighborhood of these savage people, where one is liable to form a few simple ideas on the subject. But in the first place, let us glance for a moment at the "bad Indian." In the summer of 1886 I resided in Gordon, Nebraska, a settlement which sprung up on the Fremont, Elkhorn and Missouri Valley Railroad when that line pushed into the northwestern part of the State and the Black Hills. Owing to

its close position to the Pine Ridge Indian agency the Government established an Indian freight depot at that point, afterwards moving it to Rushville. Gordon soon became a favorite lounging place for many of the Indians, and seldom a day went by when some of them were not in town with their squaws and "papposes." I never saw anything in these Indians of an inspiring nature. Excepting the freight carriers, they did not represent a very industrious element. In fact, they were not of the progressive ones, who generally stay more at home and take care of their lands and ponies. They belonged to the bad Indian class—the bad Indian, as I saw him, for those were "weak, piping times of peace," and the ghost dance was not yet on to rouse the warrior spirit sleeping within him. Lazy, dissolute fellows, they would shroud themselves in a blanket on a hot day, and lean against the side of a building, and stand motionless as a statue for hours, and then overcome by so laborious an under-

taking would amble off toward their tepees, and lay down on the prairie, to soon drop into a sweet, peaceful slumber. Meanwhile, the squaws would be running around doing all the work necessary.

Even the best of the Indians are disposed to shift all the hard work on the squaws, and the freight carrier especially finds her a help-meet, indeed, in his business. Once I saw a squaw coming up the street, bent almost to the ground, with a heavy wooden bedstead on her back, while her liege lord marched on in advance with all the dignity of a general whose duty it was to direct but not take active part in the campaign of work.

One day a band of Indians came over from the agency and gave an Omaha dance. It was a novel exhibition, and the people of the town raised a collection of nearly a hundred dollars for the performers. The Indians departed happy as kings are supposed to be, but a week had hardly passed when they again put in an appearance, ready

to give another performance, providing they should be as liberally rewarded as on the first occasion.

There was one old fellow, who cast his fortunes with the people of Gordon, named Thunder Hawk, an ex-warrior. He belonged properly at the Rosebud agency, where he was implicated in some way with the murder of Spotted Tail, and at his trial was banished from his own tribe and sent to Pine Ridge. An inveterate and shrewd gambler, he won from the Pine Ridge Indians their ponies and blankets so completely that they arose in a body and drove him away from the reservation. So he came to Gordon, where he remained for a long time, haunting the saloons and gambling resorts, and many a time fleecing some drummer or traveling man who mistook him for an innocent and endeavored to show him how to play pool and poker.

In the obtaining of rations, the bad Indian, it seems, manages to even up sometimes with the Indian agent for the decep-

tion and injustice which we are told that official is guilty of, and when a census is taken of the Indians it is not uncommon, I am informed, for many to loan their children to each other, and thus have their families rated much higher than they really are.

Well, perhaps the reader has been shown enough of the bad traits of the Indian. I allude to them here, because when we take up the Indian question, we ought not to conceal anything. The best act we can do the Indians is to expose and condemn that which is subtle and deceptive in their nature, and point out and persuade them to abandon all that is lamentable, weak and foolish. But in the work of reformation, we should not judge the whole race by the bad Indian or the hopeless cases. As well might we apply the same principal to ourselves, where we have only to go down into the slums in our midst to find men sunk lower than the brutes—men whose depravity would put to blush the meanest

Indian that ever lived. We shudder at the atrocities which an Indian will commit, and yet every day we read in the newspapers of crimes by civilized man just as fiendish and brutal. The Indian, of course, should come out into the clear light of Knowledge and Wisdom, into that state unclouded by ignorance and superstition, into that manhood possessing moral responsibility and a desire for all that is high and noble; but it will be with him then, as it has always been with us, and he will fall and suffer, as we have fallen and suffered, whenever he accepts the Wrong in preference to the Right.

#### INDIANS AS SOLDIERS.

“The supreme test of any scheme for benefiting humanity,” wrote General Booth in *Darkest England*, “lies in the answer to the question, What does it make of the individual? Does it quicken his conscience, does it soften his heart, does it enlighten his mind, does it, in short, make more of a true man of him, because only by such in-

fluences, can he be enabled to lead a human life?"

General Booth had in mind the reclaiming of England's paupers and lost human beings, when he wrote the above lines, but the question applies to all movements in behalf of humanity.

Several seemingly good reasons have been advanced for putting the Indians under military control, but I imagine the majority of those who favor this do so because they welcome a change of any kind that promises to take the Indians out of their present condition, and more so because a military man seems to understand the Indian's nature better than any other government official. But would it be the best policy? It is claimed that underneath military discipline the Indian could soon be trained into a good soldier and thus become serviceable to the government, upon which he is now made a dependent. Somehow, it seems to me that—to speak in the vulgar parlance of the street gammon—"we're playin' it kind a

low" on the Indian when we do this. Supposing he does become a good soldier, and to some extent self sustaining, would the conditions thus thrown around him tend to bring him up to the best type of manhood? I do not mean to belittle the soldier at all. We all love the soldier—the exemplar of honor and bravery, the man who will fight and give up his life in the discharge of duty. There are many good-hearted, clever men in the army,—able ones, too, who might easily become prominent among citizens were it not for a strange fascination for military life. But what does the regular service really mean? So far as the privates are concerned, there is not one among them who will not tell you, if he speaks out from the bottom of his heart, that it is a dog's life. Few men have entered it, and not regretted the act afterward. More than one capable fellow, to whom there happened to come some dark period,—one of failure and disappointment and enforced idleness likely enough—has impul-

sively joined the regular army, and after three or four years of garrison and field life out west turns up at home some day, a rounded-off, subdued being in blue coat and brass buttons, shorn of the bright personality that once distinguished him. In the army men lose their individuality—too often all ambition is crushed out of them—the natural and only result where everything is strict discipline and duty. In the army, too, men become clannish, and maintain a cold, almost cynical, attitude toward the rest of the world. Out west, the soldier has little love for the citizen, and as for the common settler, why, he is looked upon with contempt, a “land-grub,”—a creature vastly inferior to the Indian.

Let us find something for the Indian better than the soldier's life.

What could have been more fatal to the real Indian cause than the brilliant military review held by General Miles at Pine Ridge recently? I suppose the main object was to impress upon the Indians the size and

strength of the troops, although they had just learned the soldiers' power and the folly of attacking them. But imagine what the feelings of those savage warriors must have been when they looked down upon the spectacle from the bleak eminence upon which they had gathered. They saw only the outward show—the dazzling display. To the most of them, especially the younger element, it was a glittering reality, and there could have been only one lasting effect produced—a desire for such a life—a mad passion to be a soldier.

A standing army in the west, while necessary for the restoring of peace in time of trouble and rebellion, has all along, in my opinion, retarded the Indians in their industrial progress. Its appearance upon any little scare or trouble has dismayed the conservative ones, while its uniform and glitter, its apparent life of ease, has aroused the admiration and envy of the others and made them discontented in any other service. If we place the Indians under military control

for the purpose of making some soldiers and some farmers, let us be careful that we do not check them entirely in their industrial advancement. For the best of them, the young and able-bodied, the bone and sinew of the nation, the very ones needed to carry on the home life, would be taken into the service, where, if they were dealt with equitably and paid as are the other soldiers, there would be no necessity for them at least to do any other work. If, however, the plan applies only to the bad element, the hostiles, and these are the ones to be converted into loyal soldiers, then the matter presents itself to me in this light: The principal reason for an army out west has been to keep this element in subjection. Make an army out of them, and nothing would remain for them to do, excepting the ordinary work which a certain number of well-trained police could attend to. Like the Dutch corporal in the late war, the hostile would be made a guard over himself—made the victim of a huge

joke. All that he would have to do would be to "spy his shadow in the sun," pose before the dusky maiden, and once in a while shoot down an imaginary foe.

Well, some reader here exclaims, this argument is growing ridiculous. It implies that an army is a needless, demoralizing thing, and the only reason for stationing one on the frontier is to keep peace among the Indians; any one ought to know that it would be folly to leave the frontier exposed and open to invasion—a standing army should be there at all times. But, dear reader, let me remind you that America is not divided into numerous governments—like Europe—aggressive, selfish, always scheming to enlarge their boundaries. The United States is not surrounded by powerful nations, ready at any time to invade and seize a portion of our domain; but is one mighty Republic, occupying nearly the whole inhabitable part of a great continent. England and Germany may need a standing army with which

to conquer "Darkest Africa," and to retain their other vast possessions; Russia may need one in order to maintain the most despotic monarchy that ever existed; every little dynasty in Europe may need a standing army to keep its throne from toppling over; but peace-loving America, with an unselfish, friendly policy toward all nations, does not want a standing army.

Should there be danger of invasion, or of internal strife, we can soon meet it with a competent army. When the Southern Rebellion broke out, what a response there was to President Lincoln's call for troops. Everybody that could fight enlisted, and even the small boy wanted to go. All differences were forgotten. Old enemies became friends, and marched away, side by side, loving comrades. Down to the South went the people of the North, and in the war that followed they made a splendid fight. So did their enemy, some their own kindred. And when the war ended, with right triumphant, both forces, but with broken

ranks where death had come, returned to their homes ready to take up the thread of civil life that had been so long broken.

Prudence, I suppose, would dictate that a United States army, such as we now have, should be maintained, but there is no necessity for increasing it in this, a time of of peace, and in case of war we can call into use our National Service, increased and strengthened by our patriotic citizens, ever ready "to respond to their country's call."

I hope the time will come when men will no longer go to war. When armies will be a thing of the past. When every government will be for the people, by the people. When the world will be at peace. When there will be no uncivilized man. Such a day is no doubt far distant; but its coming is possible, and if we would make it so, surely we ought not to perpetuate among a savage race of people—whom we seek to uplift—institutions opposed thereto.

#### INDIANS AS CITIZENS.

It has been said that the land in the

Sioux country and the adjoining region is not fit for agricultural purposes, and in proof of this some have stated that there are not as many people on the government land there to-day as there were ten years ago. I do not know as this is the case, but I should not be surprised if it were so in some sections. It was poverty, however, that drove the people away, if they have come away, and not because the land could not be tilled. With the exception of the sand-spotted districts—there is, by the way, a desert ninety miles in length between Gordon and Valentine, Nebraska, a region of sand-hills—some fine land lies out there, and particularly so in the Sioux reservation. Of course, in its primitive condition it may not look promising. Neither did the prairies of Illinois or Iowa forty years ago. The country has its set-backs and bad seasons. So do the best farming regions in the east. Cyclones and blizzards rage through the east now as well as the west. But of what use is land to a man without the means to

till it? The people who settle upon our western prairies do not as a general thing possess very much money. The majority go west for a home because they can find none in the east and we never dream of the toil and hardship they undergo in the effort to secure it. The writer spent several months in an isolated region in Nebraska bordering the Sioux reservation. The nearest railroad point was Long Pine, forty-five miles away. The settlers' houses were made of sod, taken from the prairie, with earth for the floor and willow poles covered with sod and dirt and straw for the roof, a covering that let in a hundred little rivulets when a storm came along. In the winter, when the wind and storms drove down from the Northwest, it was impossible to keep the snow from beating in. All the settlers had to live upon was the products of their claims. In most cases, tea or coffee was a luxury, and wheat bread was unknown until wheat could be raised and converted into flour, not a very easy thing in a country where grist mills

are miles and miles away. The land was rich and fertile, and the settlers raised acres and acres of corn and wheat. One could stand and look across the prairie and see nothing but fields of growing corn stretching away for miles. But there was no market for any of it that year, and the man was in luck who could sell a wagon-load of corn for a dollar. The only real benefit it gave the settler was when he used it for fuel that following winter. I have not exaggerated here in the least, but have given the reader a true picture of the western claim-holder's life. Under such circumstances, is it any wonder that claims become abandoned, and the settling up of some regions is slow? The country I refer to was new and the settlers needed money to build it up and connect it with the rest of the world. They had no money, and just starved along with the hope that Capital would come in some day and give them a start. If they had had the money they could have soon created one of the finest little farming dis-

tricts in the west. High or low tariff, free trade or protection, the law of supply and demand, etc., etc., "had nothing to do with the case," as it stood then. They were starting a new enterprise, and they needed a little hard cash to begin operations with.

Now, why can not the Indians, properly encouraged by not only the Government, but all people as well—Christians and philanthropists—do what those settlers might have done?

Persuade the Indians to give up their firearms and discontinue their wild, repulsive dances. Gradually place them upon homesteads all over the reservation, with comfortable cabins to live in at first instead of the ragged tepee, and provide them with the means to cultivate the land. Change the trading posts into industrial centers. When the Indian boy leaves the school let there be a workshop for him to enter, instead of loitering in the trading store or skylarking over the reservation. Instead of buying the manufactured article at a large contract

price, send the raw materials out and let the Indians be usefully employed and learn to supply their own demand. There is nothing impracticable about this. You have simply to put the shop and factory there, manned at first with competent white people, and commence with the graduates of the Indian schools—bright, active young fellows that they are, many no doubt eager to undertake something of this kind. Or another plan suggests itself. When General Miles returned from Pine Ridge to Chicago, he brought with him the leaders in the Sioux outbreak, and stationed them at Fort Sheridan, where an effort is now being made to train them into soldiers and to make of them future peace-makers among their people. It is also proposed to bring two hundred more east for the same purpose, as soon as possible. Now, suppose the object of this movement had been to make citizens of these Indians instead of soldiers. Suppose these Indians had been put through a preparatory training course, and

then given every opportunity to become useful men. Suppose we had had institutions for that purpose in the east, to which these Indians could have come to learn the various trades and callings, to go back some day and help build up their nation. But let us take the Indian school graduates, and bring them east and apprentice them at the different trades, and we will soon have the material for our factory at the trading center.

What the Indians want, first of all, is more self-government than they now possess. Indians are not all ignorant, by any means. There are many sensible ones, who know better than any one else what is best for their people. The management of the Indians should be intrusted to a Governing Board—possessing some of the powers of a territorial legislature—composed of white officials commissioned by the Government and Indians taken from the best and conservative element. Let a body of this sort take charge of the work that was sought to be

done through Indian bureaus, commissions and agencies, combining with it such a policy as is briefly outlined in the preceding lines, and the coming age may see the Sioux "reservation" changed to the Sioux commonwealth, its people neither savage wards, nor savage soldiers, but citizens—free men, happy and industrious. The Indians can not be brought into this state of existence? Well, I don't know about that. Time works out some hard problems when men soften their hearts toward each other; and it would be a grand privilege for any of us to help so lift up the Indian.

The Indians' Messiah has come. Not the one who was to roll back the earth upon the white people, and restore to the Indians their dead, their lands and their game; but the Savior of Mankind, the one who walked upon the earth long ago and taught a doctrine that was to bind all people—all races—into a fellowship of love and peace. The religion He taught—Chris-

tianity—was to give to the world a new life, a civilization grander than the world had ever seen before. He commanded those who heard Him to go into every part of the world and reveal the Truth He spoke of, and to give the life He spoke of, to all who were in darkness. The inspiration this man brought into the world will ever remain, and to-day Christianity is the life, the soul, the purity, of civilization. As this Christian civilization spreads over the earth, and comes in contact with those who have never heard of the Christ, is it going to remember the divine command? Is it going to save? Is it going to impart the true life? If not, then, indeed, it would become an inconsistent, distorted thing—a mocker of its own soul. Christianity has done much for the Indian, but not all that it might. True, we should not confound the false with the real, but there has been too much indifference, too much selfishness on the part of a professed Christian people, too much injustice on the part of a Chris-

tian government. The wrongs of the past, however, may be atoned for in a measure by rendering justice in the future, and we can best show our love for the dead Indian, who has been injured, by caring for the ones who survive him. It is the Indian of the present and the future Indian with whom we have to deal.

The Sioux have been given more recognition than any other body of Indians (in return for the lands ceded by them),—homes have been built for many of the people, and schools for their children, while an enormous amount of money is expended annually in providing them with food and clothing—but as a body of people, as human beings, they are not being rightly dealt with. \*Treaties have been made that were not kept entirely sacred and promises have been made that are not yet fulfilled, but worst of all a system of management has been set up which makes an autocracy possible, beneath which many Indians lose all personal

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\*See Note I, p. 33.

liberty and become more degraded than the southern slaves ever were—a condition entirely out of place in a country which believes that all men possess certain rights which God has given them—chief of which is happiness and manhood—and that no man shall be deprived of those rights.\* Let us begin now to deal with the Sioux in a more consistent, honest manner. Tell them of the true Messiah, not as we have—the Church sending out a few missionaries, and the State throwing around them obstacles that would dishearten the angels themselves. Give them your whole religion. Give them your civilization with its inspiration for the sublime and noble. Give them your love, your sympathy and your strength. Throw about them the influences that shape out the perfect human life—that make the true man. Do this, and it will not be necessary to place them under “military control” or any other sort of “control,” in order to solve the “vexatious Indian problem,” for

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\*See Note II, p. 36.

the problem will then find its only solution.

And what is best for the Sioux Indians is applicable to all the others.

### NOTE I.

\* \* \* Let the Indian himself give a fairly good succession of reasons for the present discontent among the Sioux. American Horse is doing the talking, and he is directly addressing Indian Agent Royer at Pine Ridge. It happened three weeks ago.

"I think," said American Horse, "the late Sioux commissioners (General Crook, Major Warner and Governor Foster), had something to do with starting this trouble. I was speaker for the whole tribe. In a general council I signed the bill (the late Sioux bill), and 580 signed with me; the other members of the band drew out and it divided us, and ever since these two parties have been divided. The non-progressive started the ghost dance to draw from us.

"We were made many promises, but have never heard from them since. The Great Father says if we do what he directs, it will be to our benefit, but instead of this they are every year cutting down our rations, and we do not get enough to keep us from suffering. General Crook talked nice to us, and after we signed the bill they took our land and cut down our allowance of food.

"The commission made us believe that we would get full sacks if we signed the bill, but instead of that our sacks are empty. We lost considerable property by being here with the commissioners last year and have never got anything for it. Our chickens were all stolen, our cattle some of them were killed. Our crops were entirely lost by us being absent here with the Sioux commission, and we have never been benefited one bit by the bill, and, in fact, we are worse off

than we were before we signed the bill.

"We are told if we do as the white men we will be better off, but we are getting worse off every year.

"The commissioners promised the Indians living on Black Pipe and Pass creeks that if they signed the bill they could remain where they were and draw their rations at this agency, showing them on the map the line, and our people want them here, but they have been ordered to move back to Rosebud agency. This is one of the broken promises. The commission proposed to survey the boundary line and appropriate \$1,000 for the purpose, but it has not been done. When we were at Washington the President, the Secretary of the Interior and the commissioner all promised us that we would get the 1,000,000 pounds of beef that was taken from us, and I heard the bill appropriating the money passed Congress, but we never got the beef. The commissioner refused to give it to us. American Horse, Fast Thunder and Spotted Horse were all promised a spring wagon each, but they have never heard anything of it. This is another broken promise."

The treaty negotiated by that commission opened to settlement 9,000,000 acres of land. Much of that great tract has been surveyed and a great deal of it is now held by white settlers, although the Indians have not received one cent of the money promised them. FOR THIS CONGRESS ONLY CAN BE HELD RESPONSIBLE, FOR THE REPORT OF THE SIOUX COMMISSION WAS APPROVED BY THE PRESIDENT AND THE SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR on January 30, this year [1890]. The commission had a task of extraordinary difficulty. Usually, it takes two or more parties to make an agreement, but in this matter Congress decided that it knew what the Indian wanted and ought to have better than the Indian did himself. So the terms of the agreement were fixed by law before the opinion of an Indian was asked, and when the Sioux suggested amendments to the commission that body found itself peculiarly situated. Three things not in the congressional mandatory agreement were promised by the commis-

sion. One was that the Crow Creek Sioux should be given \$187,000 because their reservation was diminished more materially than the sections sacred to other bands; another was that \$100,000 should be applied to the purchase of beef in lieu of the aching void caused by small appropriations for the present fiscal year; and the third promise was that \$200,000 should be paid to Standing Rock and Cheyenne River Indians, whose ponies had been taken from them by officers of the United States army. Thanks to Senator Dawes, Chairman of the Senate Committee on Indian Affairs, a bill embodying all those promises was passed by the Senate last session. At last the House has passed it, but before doing so it cut out the \$187,000 for the Crow Creek braves. This amount will probably be put on when the bill gets back to the Senate, and then the struggle will be renewed in conference.—*Washington Star, December, 1890.*

[When the Sioux have a legislative body of their own, composed of competent white persons and Indians, acting conjointly with the head of the Administration—with no Congress between whose grind is slower than that of the legendary mills of the gods—they will make better progress in the future than they have in the past.]

## NOTE II.

\* \* One among their [the Sioux] grievances was that the commission which came here one year ago last spring had promised to each individual in the tribe \$50, and that the promise was not fulfilled. Another, that no discrimination was used in the issuing of clothing. One woman who had no husband and no man in the family told me that they had issued to her for her share a man's suit of clothes, and she said she did not know what on earth to do with them. They also issued a boy's suit of clothes to a little girl. \* \* There are about five Government farmers on the reserve, each receiving \$75 a month for teaching the Indians to farm (?). One can judge quite well of their qualifications for farming when one knows that a clerk who had never farmed in his life was given the position of farmer. Of course there are exceptions to every rule, and now and then the Indians may have had (I had almost said "issued" to them) a "good farmer." Having been brought up on a reserve, and having borne the infliction of having farmers issued to us, who were paid out of our tribal money, said farmers not even lifting a hand to teach an Indian to farm, I give my unqualified opinion that the Government farmer is utterly useless to the Indians, especially on a reservation like this, where the soil is sandy and more fit for grazing purposes than for farming. It seems that the farmers here, in addition to their utter uselessness as teachers of farming to the Indians, HAD ALMOST AUTOCRATIC RULE IN THE LOCALITIES THEY WERE APPOINTED TO in this respect; that if any man did not please them or do just as they wanted them to do, they had the power, or certainly exercised the power, of taking away from him the farming implements or farming machinery which had been issued to them, and giving it to some one else who pleased them better.—*Extract from a Special to the Chicago Herald from the Pine Ridge Agency, written during the Indian trouble.*

THE PROFFER OF A GENUINE CIVIL-  
IZATION WANTED.

**I**T IS a singular fact, and one which does credit to human nature, that the old Indians are always just and generous. He who fights the Indian must needs respect his magnificent courage and contempt of death. Those who meet him in council are compelled to respect his dignity and sagacity. My personal experience with Indians has covered a period of seven years. Three years were spent in teaching and studying Indians at Hampton, Va.; three years more in organizing a day school and doing missionary work in an Indian camp on the Missouri river, with intervals of travel over the reservations in the company of Indians, and the last year has been devoted to the official inspection and superintendence of all the Government school work

among the Sioux. I learned the Dakota language four years ago and have found it invaluable in the work.

The present crisis in Indian history is certainly unexpected to most of us. We who have been intimately acquainted with the Sioux for the past few years have felt (I can at least say for myself that I have felt) strongly two conflicting currents of feeling. There has been a growing eagerness for the highest good our civilization has to offer—a desire for the best education as the purest teaching of Christianity. Indians have learned to recognize the power of a self-sacrificing love when it appeared to them in the person of a woman or a man of the hitherto hated and suspected white race, and such men and women, usually missionaries, have gained their respect and loyalty. But there has been a powerful undercurrent of discontent, sadness and bitterness and a taste of despair. Civilization has not been to the people what it promised to be. The food it brought was usually vapid and immaterial.

The misery was real and present, while the noble and devoted white man was a rarity. The low-minded, sensual, greedy, over-ruling and utterly selfish white man was too frequently placed over them as a teacher, farmer or agent. Most unwillingly they relinquished a third of their domain and saw none of the promised benefits. Labor was robbed of its reward by an unrelenting climate and an ungenerous soil. Hunger was pressing and sickness universal, and death became a familiar guest in almost every house. Especially was the mortality among little children sad and fearful, and it is noticeable that in the songs and ceremonies of the ghost dance much mention is made of this universal bereavement. Then, by continual brooding over the old, free, healthy animal life, a sort of revival of old customs, culminating in the passionate, pathetic story of the new Messiah, a savior, has come to the Indian.

How actual warfare was brought about was another question, and upon which there

must have been much difference of opinion. My personal conviction is that there was no deliberate intention to destroy the whites ; that the Indians are standing in the attitude of self-defense, fighting only as they conceive themselves to be brought to bay.

One of the most striking scenes to be witnessed to-day at Pine Ridge, and one which appeals to our heart in behalf of the Indian race, can be seen by any one who enters the doors of the Episcopal Church, for eleven days a hospital for the wounded Indian prisoners. The picture of these helpless men, women, girls and even infants stretched on couches of loose hay covered with quilts, on both sides of the narrow aisle, the festoons of Christmas cedars hanging overhead, the altar covered with sheets and piled with extra clothing, the lectern used as a side-table, the stained glass-window shedding a soft glory on the sad scene—all this is strange and touching. Rev. C. S. Cook, missionary at the Pine Ridge agency, himself of Indian blood, opened the church

doors to the miserable captives, and has organized and inspired the work of mercy. The young Indian men and women of the church, although they have suffered much at the hands of the fanatic ghost dancers, have not spared themselves in night watching or day nursing, performing the most menial offices for the wounded with unfailing patience and tenderness. Even the roughest of our young men may be seen to handle a dying girl with all the delicacy of a woman and the deftness of a trained nurse. No painful sights, no heartrending sounds of agony, no sickening odors avail to deter them from their self-imposed task. Military surgeons assist the volunteer service of the agency. Physicians, also of Indian blood, dress the wounds of patients, and it is natural that the sympathetic ministrations of one of their own race should be most welcome.

I helped to bring the prisoners into the church on the night of the battle, and it was an experience that can never be forgotten. One young woman, perhaps twenty years of

age, in whom we have all been peculiarly interested, was literally torn to pieces by the bullets; breast, shoulder, hip, arm and leg were all injured. We thought her dying, but she still lives, a marvel of pluck and endurance. When she was brought in she still wore the sacred white robe of the ghost dancers, pitted in several places and bedaubed with her blood. Blood-stained feathers clung to her matted hair, and the ghastly face, with its clear-cut Roman features, was smeared with paint. As the doctor bent over her and began to cut away the dress, she opened her eyes and said: "Yes, take it off, the sacred robe; it is a worthless thing. They told me it would keep off the bullets of the white men."

The endurance of the Indian is wonderful. Survivors of the terrible affair at Wounded Knee are even now crawling into the agency after an exposure of eleven days to the elements, without shelter, food or clothing, and wounded at that. Two women came in late last night. Seven started to-

gether, and five of them are scattered along the road, having succumbed to the strain. The mind refuses to conceive the horrors of this prolonged journey.

Whatever may be the extent of this disturbance in the Northwest, we must hope it will finally result in some good to the poor Indians—in a better comprehension of his character and sufferings, and in the proffer of a genuine civilization.

ELAINE GOODALE, *in the N. Y. World.*

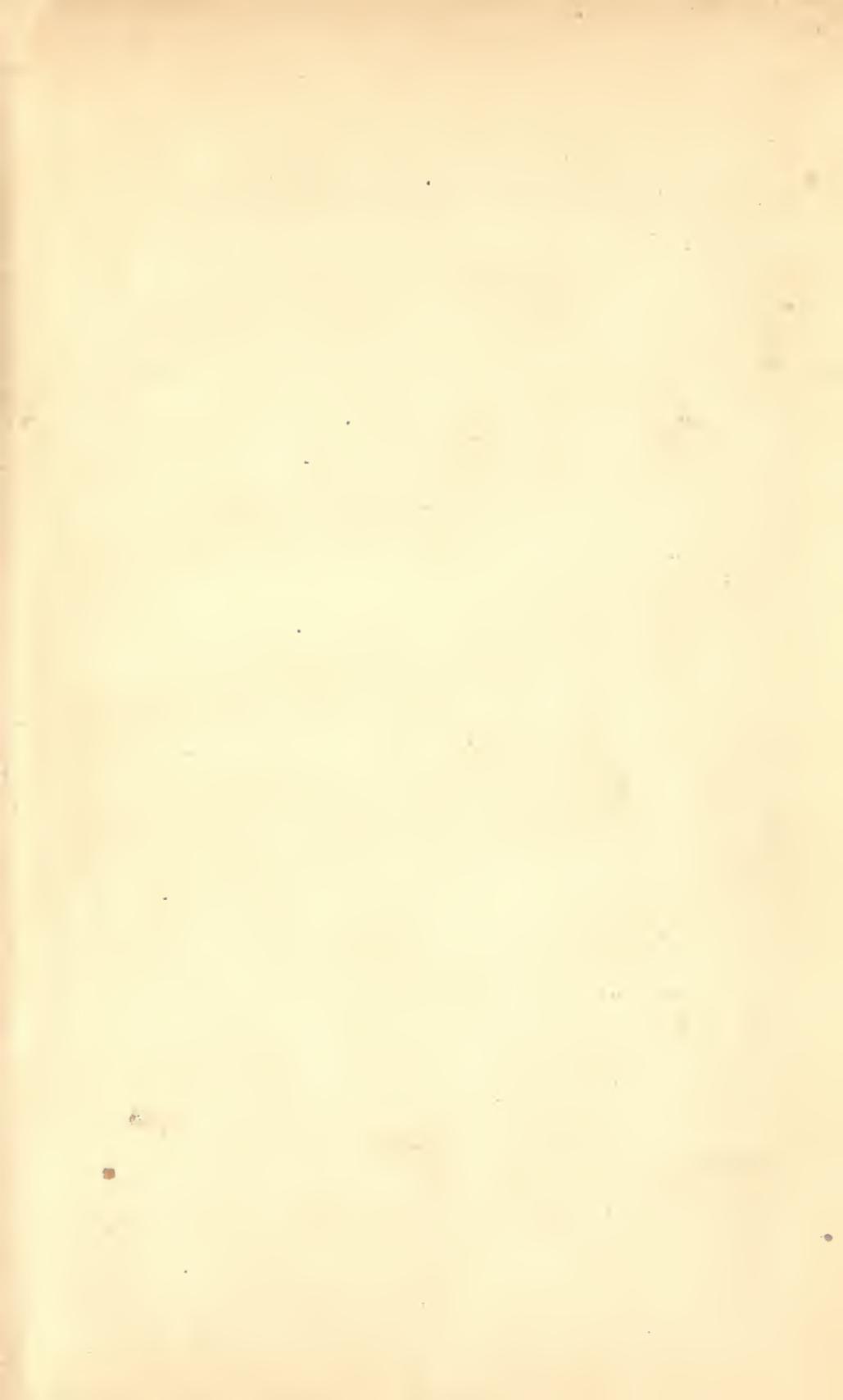
[Republished in this city by the Indianapolis News.]

The above was written shortly after the battle at Wounded Knee, South Dakota, a few miles from the Pine Ridge agency. This terrible affair occurred on December 29, 1890. On the day before, Big Foot, a Sioux chief, had surrendered with his whole band to the Government troops, but when an attempt was made to disarm the Indians, they turned suddenly upon the soldiers, and in the fight that followed nearly the entire band perished, women and children going down, while the government forces sustained a bad loss, Captain Wallace, of troop K, being among the victims.









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