

DESERET NEWS

WEEKLY.

TRUTH AND LIBERTY.

WEDNESDAY, - AUGUST 30, 1876.

THE INDIANS.

In connection with Wendell Phillips' ringing letter to General Sherman concerning the Indian policy of the United States, it is but justice to the gallant General to say that he entirely repudiates the idea of extermination.

There is one rather hard thing in the instructions to be given to the Indian commission to treat with the Sioux, as reported in our dispatches, and that is, that they are to be driven out of the Black Hills, that country is to be wrested from them, or in other words stolen from them, if they make any claim whatever to it, or any portion of it. The justice of this it is difficult to see.

Another point, to establish the Sioux on a reservation on the Missouri River, appears to be in consonance with the wishes of Sitting Bull himself, whether or not he will be willing to relinquish all claim to the Black Hills country, compensation or no compensation.

There is another remarkable thing in to-day's dispatches, and that is, that, from reports, the sagacious Sitting Bull has come to be of an opinion similar to that of various cultivated white Americans, that practically the Government of Great Britain is superior to that of the United States in a number of particulars, and for that reason he apparently rather envies the peaceful and contented condition of the Indians in the British dominions and is desirous of sending a Sioux deputation to Queen Victoria, to request the efforts of the British Government in the way of endeavoring to effect a peaceful solution of the difficulties existing between the Sioux and the Government of the United States.

If the United States would take away this reproach, and inaugurate, in this centennial year, an Indian policy which would be just and fair to both parties, and do away with Indian wars and mutual depredations, it would be a thing to be proud of at the next centennial.

THE INDIAN CAMPAIGN.

THE many reports of a heavy battle between the troops and the Indians and of the severe defeat of the latter, repeated even so late as yesterday (Aug. 24), are more and more evidently but rumors. Letters from the troops in the eastern papers, as late as the 12th, make no allusion to any such battle. According to the latest trustworthy accounts, the Sioux in any large body, have not yet been seen by the troops; whether or not they have in smaller bodies. A big trail was struck, which Crook and Terry were following sharply, and some of the troops were making forced marches, to intercept or overtake the main body of the Indians, if possible.

The principal idea of the campaign now appears to be to form something of a circle around the Indians, cutting off their retreat, and guarding the probable avenues of escape. It is likely enough that the Indians are and will be hard pressed, while the presence of so many troops and Indians in that country will scatter and reduce the game, the principal means of subsistence of the Indians. It is also possible for the troops to come suddenly upon the Indians in a body, and then if the Indians find their retreat cut off, some desperate fighting may be expected. But the chief policy of the Indians will be likely to be to escape a general battle and to divide into small guerilla parties, so as to insure their own escape and to inflict as much damage as possible upon the troops in a desultory sort of a way. There is no doubt that the troops will force a fight of a decisive kind if it can be done, and there is equally no doubt that Sitting Bull's generalship will be exercised to the utmost to prevent it if he can. The fights with

Custer and Reno were forced on the Indians. The attacks were first by the whites, and the Indians were originally on the defensive until those battles were well advanced.

SPEAKER KERR'S DISEASE.

A DISPATCH in the New York *Herald* concerning Speaker Kerr states that his disease was phthisis intestinalis, or consumption of the bowels; that in his last hours he sank rapidly, suffering intense agony much of the time, with profuse discharges, and his skin was bedewed with a cold, clammy perspiration. The emaciation of the patient was the most extreme, compatible with life, that Dr. Pope had ever witnessed. The abdomen was flattened absolutely down to the backbone by the shrinkage and wasting away of the abdominal contents. A single hand could clasp the thigh, and the bony framework, divested of almost every particle of adipose and muscular tissue, was merely covered by the attenuated skin.

It may be further interesting to know that Mr. Kerr talked politics to the last, manifesting great interest in the political issues of the day, and that he nevertheless awaited his dissolution with the calmness of a philosopher and the resignation of a Christian.

THE INDIAN WAR.

THE following is from the New York *Herald's* correspondence from the seat of war, the first paragraph from Crook's command on Goose Creek, and the others from Terry's command on the Rosebud—

August 4.

The soldiers, on the eve of seeking another battle, with the terrible fate of Custer and his men so fresh in their memories, are by no means gay as they were when they last started toward the Yellowstone. But there is a grim resolve evinced in their manner and their faces to seek vengeance for the slain of the Little Big Horn. The only question now to be solved is their management by their officers. If that is good they must do well. A nobler body of soldiers never marched to meet a foe.

August 6.

Under very discouraging circumstances every one here has been doing his best to get the column in motion, and every one is anxious for the campaign to close. The country is most uninviting, and all the romance of this Yellowstone region fades like the baseless fabric of a vision when viewed from a military camp, with its prospect of long and fatiguing marches through the sand hills and sage brush under the burning beams of the sun that scorches the very marrow of the bones, with alkali water for drink, and the sweet season of sleep made hideous by the howling of coyotes or the more terrible yell of the Indian savage.

Within a few feet of the spot where I write runs the broad trail marking the passage of Custer and his men. "Custer's Trail," as it is called, and they went in far more confident of success and fuller of courage than even the men who follow to avenge or perhaps lie with them. There is no use trying to conceal the fact that the victory of the Sioux, so terrible in its completeness, has lowered the morale of our troops; not much, perhaps; but if one listens to the soldiers as they discuss among themselves the campaign the conviction is forced that they no longer look upon victory as certain. Perhaps it is better so that to have an excess of confidence in fighting so wily a foe as the Indian has always proved himself. To prevent so lamentable a disaster so far as can be judged the present campaign will be conducted with the utmost caution; it may be barren, but it is not likely to be disastrous, unless the Indian revolt has taken proportions beyond all estimation.

The true way of dealing with the Indians is to take their guns and ponies away from them, supply them with domestic cattle instead of frittering away the funds voted by Congress as annuities to the different tribes in the purchase of useless trinkets, war paints and other articles that are now given to the savage to tickle his fancy and encourage him to continue his barbarous habits of life. The present

system is admirably calculated to prevent any progress toward civilization on the part of the red man.

He is brought into contact only with men who are interested in cheating and deceiving him, and upon whom there rest none of the healthy checks upon dishonesty which exist in all other departments of the government. The few checks created by act of Congress are disregarded, and Indian agents convicted of fraudulent practices have been known to receive pay in full, although the examining officers had refused to sign the vouchers. Under these conditions it is not to be wondered at that the Indians look on the white man as a cheat and a liar, and despise what we are pleased to call civilization. Unless we are to be constantly exposed to cruel and ruinous wars the Indian question must be dealt with in a statesmanlike spirit.

The solution is easy enough to be found if honestly sought. It consists in disbanding that group of thieves, the Indian ring, and treating the Indian with firmness and justice. There should be no more treaties, as though we were dealing with a sovereign power, but each Indian should be made a responsible being before the law, with the same rights and the same duties as other men.

THE DISAFFECTION OF THE WHITE RIVER UTES.

ACCORDING to a dispatch in the San Francisco *Chronicle* the Utes from the White River Agency, were proceeding from Fort Fetterman towards Crook's command, under the command of Lieut. Spencer. It was evident that there were two factions among the Utes, as rebellious murmuring had been heard from them for several days, which increased as the expedition advanced. On Aug. 18th, at noon, the expedition camped on a small stream, five miles south of Big Cheyenne. After lunch, the white men prepared to resume the march, but not an Indian left his blanket,

and it was soon discovered that they were resolved to go no further north. They claimed that the Sioux were not as near as they had been led to believe, that the interpreters had lied to them; they would wait till the enemy were brought to them and then they would fight. The whites pursued their journey, and the Indians held a council. "Mr. Curtis asked the Utes what they proposed doing. Chief Douglass replied that his men were dissatisfied in several respects. They claimed that they had fulfilled their contract; that the enemy did not appear, and they were under no obligations to go further north; nor was it his opinion that they would. Chief Wyampati nervously and stoutly declared that he did not leave White River [Colorado] to fight the Sioux. He came along with others to take whatever rations, arms and protection the Government would give them until they marched to a place whence they could strike out from the command and go buffalo hunting. Chief Saqueska said that he would go on north in case he could find the Sioux within seven sleeps and could get their scalps and ponies. Chief Uelueyt said the Government had been good and the Utes ought to do what they had promised before they left White river; that the Government would not help the Utes hereafter unless the Utes helped the Government now to kill the Sioux."

The result was, the declaration that the band would divide, twenty-seven continuing north, under chiefs Douglas and Jim, and the others would go to the Sweetwater and hunt buffalo. The twenty-seven joined Lieut. Spencer, who now had forty-nine in all, whites and Indians, and the others deliberately set fire to the grass around their own camp, raising a smoke that could be seen fifty miles distant, and then left for the Sweetwater, taking with them the guns and pistols issued to them at Medicine Bow. Lieut. Spencer expected that when they reached Powder River, forty miles north, the remaining Utes would desert and join the others, making for the Sweetwater via Independence Rock, the Seminole mines and Rawlins Springs, and thence to their agencies on the White River and the Uintah.

The correspondent says Lieut. Spencer concluded to continue north, with his reduced Indian allies, "against his better judgment, and at the clamorous request of several white interpreters, who are covertly en route to the Black Hills and are employing this opportunity under the guise of scouts to reach Camp Supply on government rations, where they are in expectancy of stealing fresh horses—the officer decided to go on through, with but the slightest thought of reaching Crook." Also that "a number of lights in the Ute firmament admitted that they were afraid to go further north, and that buffalo hunting was safer," that "the lesser chiefs are young, ambitious and jealous, and are in a constant ferment," and that "it is the general impression that to attempt to conduct a band of Indians from the White River Agency to the Yellowstone could not prove otherwise than abortive."

"FURLOUGHED AT STARVING RATES."

A WASHINGTON dispatch to the Cleveland *Herald* says that, owing to the reduced appropriation, a large number of navy officers are to be furloughed and placed on smaller pay, running from a vice-admiral at \$3,000 and rear-admirals at \$2,000, down to ensigns and midshipmen at \$600, \$400, and \$300. The dispatch says—

"Under this compulsory reduction many of the most distinguished naval heroes will be reduced almost to beggary and the pay of furloughed lieutenants and below that grade will be less than that of many classes of enlisted men such as machinists, firemen, boat-swains, mates, and cooks. The result cannot fail to cause great distress among the lower grades and be a serious impairment of the morale of the service."

Of course this is all very deplorable to these servants of their country. But when the country does not need their services, would it be altogether right for them to be furloughed indefinitely on full pay? What sort of fair play would there be in that to the people who pay the taxes?

Take the great army of mechanics and all other of the people who work for salaries or wages, and we will warrant that they would jump for joy at the offer to furlough them indefinitely on half pay, or anything like that amount, when business or trade grew slack, and their services were not required. Half a loaf is much better than no bread, especially when no work is required for it, but merely to hold oneself in readiness to work for full pay when work becomes sufficiently plentiful. Many men would rejoice at that option, and would do well at it. Their pay would furnish them the necessities, the substantial, of life, and they would operate around at other business to procure additional income, or would spend a little time in fixing up things comfortably at home. Bless the men, half pay and no work is not half a bad thing, when we come to consider the many thousands of workers who have no work and no pay.

BOUCICAULT'S FENIAN BENEFIT PERFORMANCES.

ACCORDING to the New York *World*, Dion Boucicault's last visit to England was for the political purpose of playing the "Shaughraun," for the benefit of the Fenian prisoners. He did not expect his efforts would effect the release of the Fenians, convicts not being so easily turned loose upon society in England as in the United States. But he did hope to revive interest in the subject. He says, of the actual effect of his attempt upon the English mind—

"As far as I could judge, I believe the upper classes thought it Quixotic on my part, and believed I had done myself, socially and professionally, some harm. I think it injured the success of my play, as I expected it might do. The English people carry loyalty to so extreme a degree that they cannot conceive of a man defending Ireland and the Irish except to be a foe to England and the English."

Mr. B. says his play took well in the provinces, from which he realized upwards of \$2,000 for Fenian sympathy purposes, \$1,000 of which he proposed to devote to the necessities of the Fenians recently escaped from Australia, and the balance is being usefully employed in England.

The Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed the "Shaughraun," and the Prince remarked, in effect, to Mr. B., "You have taken a very delicate subject, but you have treated it with good taste and avoided its danger."

On being asked if the English Government attempted to interfere with his pro-Fenian performances, Mr. Boucicault answered—

"No. The Government entertain a profound conviction of the law-abiding and orderly character of the English people, and do not fear the discussion of any question, and I felt sure no opposition would be made to the play. The English people, the parents of the Americans, form the noblest race, the best the face of the earth has ever seen. They have their prejudices, and one of them is with reference to Ireland and the Irish. I do not love England the less because I love Ireland the more, and the time must come when England will overcome this prejudice, as she has overcome others, such as her prejudices against the French and the Americans. It is simply a question of time."

EDITORIAL NOTES.

—Sitting Bull has been badly defeated several times—in the newspapers.

—A Montana paper says that the country has lost all interest in the Tilton-Moulton-Beecher business, and it is no use bringing it up again, but that what the country wants is "a fresh, healthy scandal."

—The Montana *New Northwest* claims that the reason that the regulars oppose the introduction of volunteers for the Indian war is because the former hold that "Sitting Bull is our meat."

—Concerning the water supply of New York the *Herald* of that city says, "Let us have 'fibrous matter,' 'algæ,' 'nostoc,' 'bacteria,' or anything but a saturated solution of village sewerage."

—Lieut. Sturgis, killed in the Custer slaughter, was the only son of his mother, and it is said the lady has become insane at her loss.

—The New York *Herald's* Washington dispatches of August 18th say, "The Adjutant General of the army has stated in a communication to the Secretary of War that during the last five fiscal years ending June 30, 1875, there were over 30,000 desertions from the army. During the fiscal year 1875 there were over 2,500 cases of desertion, or ten per cent. of the entire force."

—A politician is said to be one who loafs and fishes.

—George Eliot maintains that marriage is promotion, but promotions have sometimes to be taken with bitter herbs. True enough, some marriage matches may have been made in heaven, but dipped in the other place. Such marriages are apt to have a similar effect to that of the Irishman's promotion, when he was "elevated a little lower."

—A Washington correspondent exercises his ingenuity in relating an anecdote of a Signal Service Bureau official, the affianced of a loving, charming, and wealthy girl. On the eve of the wedding day that was not to be, the fair one said, "Albert, there is one thing I wish you to do when we are married." "Name it," he replied, making her feel that her corsets were a mile too large for her. "That is, to have no rain on Mondays, because, you know, darling, that Monday is washing day, and if the things are not washed and dried, then the week's work is so fearfully put back. You will, won't you, my own?" The gentleman sadly remarked that his duty to his country would not allow him to do so, when the barometrical disturbances would not sustain him in it. "Then you do not love me," she sobbed, bursting into tears. The reader will readily understand how they progressed to a quarrel and parted enemies. She returned his presents, and is now lecturing on women's rights, and he is a confirmed misogynist, and sits up all Sun-