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MY GUEST.

I wonder who the stranger was who came,
So sure of welcome, to my sombre room?
He spoke no greeting and he named no name,
While his swift smile the shadows did illumine.
As well might I the gladsome sunbeam grasp
And question of its birth and hiding-place,
Or stop the dancing mote that floated past
To ask who feathered it and whence its race.

When famine gaunt or fever's thirst implore,
And I would bear the sick one wine and bread,
What sufferer bids me linger at his door,
And begs to know my name and fame instead?

Was I not hungered? And my soul is fed.
Was thou not thirsting, fevered, craving heart?
And so this influence through thy chambers sped
With touch of healing for each wounded part.

Even where lock and bar had rusted long,
And portals opened not to any voice;
Where old-time Grief still crooned a gruesome song
He waited not for my reluctant choice,
Rushing aside each sash and creaking door;
Let balmy air and sunshine fill the hall
Where long have lingered ghost and wraith of yore,
Their ghostliness exorcised past recall.

I called him "Duty," but a warning line,
Of arching lips and flashing eyes of blue,
Cried, "Nay, not so, a gentler name is mine!
Does not some subtle instinct tell it you?"
A sweet, rare strain with tender music thrills;
My very breath comes softer while I muse;
But though my life with wondrous rapture fills,
My trembling heart the portents still refuse.

—Cora Stuart Wheeler.

NO MORE INDIAN WARS.

The wires carried from Washington on the tenth of February what was said to be the statement of American Horse, one of the Sioux chiefs now in the Nation's capital trying to get justice done unto his people.

If the report is correct American Horse made one of the most remarkable speeches ever made by a red man. It ought to waken a storm of indignation against the national treatment of all our Indians. I can only quote a few sentences. He says of their coming to Washington: "Our hearts were glad, thinking this time we could get justice. * * * We have had

many talks here. * * * They are wild. * * * We are not a wild people. * * * We only ask for justice. . . . When we want to talk we are told to be brief and they do not listen. The secretary told us how much money, stock, farming implements, etc., he gave us, but he did not tell us how many acres of land we gave him and how much this would come to. . . . What he gave was a trifle compared to the land we gave him in the treaty. . . . The Indian is not as stupid as he is made out to be. *We know the whites have elbowed us out of our lands and taken all the good positions on the agency.*"

This speech of American Horse is the voice of a broken spirit, going up at the doors of the Nation's halls of legislation. It is almost a cry of despair from a man who knows how his people have been wronged and how little prospect there is that they shall get the "justice" that he asks. It is all a terrible condemnation of our government and a disgrace to our boasted civilization. Will it ever cease? Will the nation ever become humane and cease to be barbaric in its treatment of the red people? Never, while the Indians are made a factor in the payment of political and party services. Never, until we cease to sell the control of the Indians to men who take the position of government herders over them for what they can "make" out of their offices through a presidential term. Never, till we cease holding the Indians as savages, and learn to treat them as people who know right and wrong and are as fully entitled to justice, to right, to protection as are the whites.

If only civilization could be placed in contact with the Indians, trouble would cease. If only honest, faithful whites could be given place among them; if only men and women who represent that civilization that has for ages denounced the wrongs of the Indian, could be carried from the centre to the verge of industry and what has been all these years hanging upon the outskirts of population as the perversion of civilization could be driven away from the Indians, there would be no more Indian wars.

Can this be done?

Yes. How? First let me show what government has been trying to do. For several years there has been a persistent effort to put the law of 1886 into

operation. That law is to the effect that the tribes and bands shall be induced to take allotments of land in severalty, so much for each family and individual; sell the balance of the reservations to the government, the proceeds to be placed in the national treasury at interest; the interest to be expended for the benefit of the Indians; the titles to the land to be guaranteed to the selectors and heirs forever, but to be held in trust for fifty years, or until the Indians have become capable of holding it; that is, until it is clear that they will not be swindled out of it by white knaves. Such a treaty was made with the Sioux two years ago, I think.

But there is a fallacy in this scheme. While I believe that it would be the best thing for the Indians, I am sure it would fail to produce the desired result unless a different class of whites could be placed among them. How to do that is the addition I wish to make to the literature of the subject. I have advocated this scheme before, but could not point out precisely the class of men who would, or could, if they would, do the work, and do it well.

Now for my solution of the Indian problem:

Amend the law of 1886 to the effect that treaties with the Indians shall include their consent to allotting to white families, of known honesty, industry and capability as farmers, alternate sections of land, or nearly so, with the Indians; the whites to become actual settlers and farmers among the Indians, not as "agents," but as people who are to live upon their lands and receive from government the same aid and protection given the Indians and the titles to their land to be held in trust in the same manner as those of the Indians and guaranteed in the same way.

What would be the result?

If the white families so sandwiched among the Indians were honest, capable and industrious, this would follow: The Indians would have before them continually an object lesson, not in vice and frivolity, as has been the case far too much in the past, but in just what the nation desires to make of the reds; that is, industrious, self-supporting citizens. I have been among the Indians enough to know that it is the object lesson that teaches them. I would waste neither time nor money in schools and churches among them until I had, by the object lesson,