

one. The world is all complex to the child, to the savage. Science simplifies by formulating laws and grouping results. Religion needs to be simplified in like manner. The Gospel as an abstraction is as perplexed as other abstractions. Apply it in life, and you will find that it simplifies itself more and more. People may talk as much as they will of the subtleties which it delights mankind both to invent and to refute. This may be a harmless, even a useful mental gymnastic. But let us seek more and more for this applied Gospel, and for such purity of prescription and stringency of example as may help us more and more to its application. And one word more about simplicity. There are two opposite views of God, which, like other oppositions, should illustrate instead of excluding each other. God may be considered in

his three-fold aspect, for every true unity is capable of a three-fold interpretation. But the unity of God remains for Christianity the cardinal doctrine, the simplest, most scientific and practical. So pray let us hold to this divine unity, which does not exclude the study of trinity, but which must preclude any such division. I think you ought to have more Unitarian churches in New-York—more, and other. The want of centrality makes itself felt in this. Much thought which orthodoxy fails to crystallize does not enter into the faithful combination which forms a church; and this is the last place in the world in which such a concourse of consciences can be dispensed with. Here the faithful should constantly meet, and uphold each other in the constant, peaceable warfare against the wrongs that undermine society.

OUR INDIAN RELATIONS.

BY COLONEL S. F. TAPPAN.

"A SOUND of war is on the western wind;
The sun, with fiery flame, sweeps down the sky;
Athwart his breast the crimson shadows fly
Of fearless forms no fetters e'er can bind.

"The eagle plunges from his mountain nest,
And screaming, soars above the distant plain,
Plucking his plumes without a pang of pain,
Though stained with blood from his own beating breast."

AGAIN is the country startled by reports of an impending conflict, the hurrying of troops to the plains, and active preparations for an armed contest with the Sioux Indians. The excitement is temporarily allayed by an occasional telegram from Wash-

ington, that the general of the army is confident that there is to be no serious trouble after all. He is alarmed, and foolishly imagines that, having raised the storm, he can control it. He very well knew—for he is not an idiot—that when he, with his

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lieutenant, as early as last October, deliberately planned the betrayal and assassination of a small camp of Piegans, when the winter and small-pox should have rendered them completely helpless; a conspiracy that culminated, in January last, in a massacre so atrocious as to fill the country with amazement and horror; that such a deed of shame would drive the Indians to make common cause and retaliate, and a general war would be the result. Having for months failed to force the Comanches, Kiowas, Cheyennes, Arrapahoes, and Apaches to open hostilities, by massacre and the most excessive cruelties, he made sure work of it by the destruction of the Piegans. And now, while making extensive preparations for war, and demanding an increase of the army, he assures the country that the trouble will soon be at an end.

War threatens us, which, under the circumstances, will prove the greatest of calamities, a calamity not so much in the loss of life and treasure, as in the loss of our national honor and fame. The government, not the Indians, is at fault; for it refuses them simple, even-handed justice, which is all they demand, as a condition of a permanent and honorable peace. This nation is guilty of a wanton, persistent violation of sacred obligations, entered into with the red men of the west, and thereby forces them on to the war-path as their only means of self-preservation and safety, as their only tribunal for a redress of grievance, their only way of resisting the terrible and infamous edict proclaimed against them, that they are to be "exterminated, men, women, and children;" that the

dreaded fate of the poor sick Piegans is to be theirs, whenever an opportunity offers the troops for the consummation of such transcendent treachery and atrocity. They see the black and piratical flag displayed in their country by our army, and comprehend its villainous and bloody import. They understand fully the design of their *Christian, civilized*, and cowardly enemy who refuses them quarter, and glories in the massacre of helpless men, women, and children. They know very well that if they submit they are lost; if they rely upon the plighted faith of the nation, they are betrayed and assassinated.

The regular army, in its fear of reduction, becomes a scourge to the Indians, and to the country as well; it afflicts them with suffering and death, while it fastens upon us as a people dishonor and shame. It commends them to the eternal sympathy of mankind as victims, while we are doomed to be execrated for all time to come as the assassins. Of the two give me the fate of the Indian. "Better the victim than the assassin." Better leave the world by the hand of violence, the last of a noble race more sinned against than sinning, than to remain forever with untold wealth, unlimited power and fame, with the consciousness of having aided in the destruction of an entire people, for no crime, but upon the miserable, cowardly, and false assumption, criminal in the extreme, that we could not govern or civilize it.

Believing that all this trouble originated with men of prominence, for the purpose of preventing a threatened or anticipated reduction of our military establishment; that wars with

Indians are wholly unnecessary, can easily be avoided, and are dishonorable to all connected with them; that the children of the wilderness only demand simple justice as a condition of a permanent and honorable peace; the writer enters his earnest protest against these warlike proceedings, and declares that there is no necessity or justification for them whatever; that under the circumstances it is not war but massacre, and, if persisted in, fastens upon our beloved country a crime more atrocious and infamous than that of the St. Bartholomew massacre in France a few centuries ago.

With these convictions, the writer will attempt, in this and future numbers of *THE STANDARD*, to present the true state of this great cause; to write from an experience of years among the Indians of the plains and the Rocky Mountains; first, as an officer in the military service, in command of troops and posts in their country, and afterward as a member of the Indian Peace Commission, created by unanimous vote of Congress, by an act approved July 20th, 1867; writing with no other wish or desire than to deal justly with all, arraigning before the country the real criminals, whatever their position may be, and protecting from misrepresentation and slander the innocent, under whatsoever ban they may exist.

The United States Indian Commission was organized some two years ago, by distinguished and philanthropic gentlemen of New-York, for the benevolent and statesmanlike purpose of removing the ban of outlawry from the Indians, making them citizens of the United States, protected by and amenable to its laws;

to prevent the government from waging wars against its wards and dependents; to promote their advancement in the useful arts, pursuits, and education of civilization, and so far influence the government and public opinion as to create a wholesome and humane sentiment concerning their rights and privileges; to publish and circulate the best information, from official and other sources, concerning the condition and interests of the unfortunately proscribed Indian race; also to facilitate the organization of similar associations throughout the country, and, by agitating this question, create a better public sentiment, which would induce Congress to give it sufficient prominence to command their attention, and thereby secure the much required legislation.

For two years this commission has existed and labored in various ways, doing splendid service, sending one of their number, Mr. VINCENT COLYER, to visit the Indians of the plains and mountains, to examine into and report their condition and wants. Faithfully and ably was this work performed by their agent, who, returning to this city to make preparations for a visit, under the auspices of this commission to the native population of Alaska, was appointed by President GRANT, in recognition of his valuable service on the plains, and the importance of the New-York association, as one of the Board of Indian Commissioners, and sent to our newly acquired territory of the extreme north-west, from which he returned a few months later and submitted his able and faithful report, which, more than any thing else, will prevent a costly war in that quarter.

The military were determined to bring about a conflict with the Indians by outrages upon them. Now, the record so unmistakably vindicates the peaceful character and intentions of the natives of Alaska, and so strongly condemns the conduct and actions of the troops stationed there, that trouble is averted.

This commission is still at work, sustained by the public sentiment of the country, although that sentiment does not yet find expression in similar organizations which are so much needed. At a meeting of the commission on the evening of the 26th of April, at the Cooper Institute, presided over by the president of the society, the distinguished and venerable PETER COOPER, Esq., resolutions were unanimously adopted, calling upon the friends of this great movement throughout the country to organize for coöperation with this association, and to meet with it in convention on the 18th of May. A call that the exigencies of the public service demand should be generally responded to by the American people.

At the April meeting referred to, the Indian question was discussed in its broadest and truest sense. One of the speakers, Hon. SIDNEY CLARKE, member of Congress from Kansas, and Chairman of the House Committee on Indian Affairs, in his address stated an important truth when he said, "All the government wanted in this crisis was an Indian policy." Now, no well-defined and understood policy exists. The President, determined on a radical reform in the administration of Indian affairs, has sent well-known peace men as the representatives of the government to

the Plains Indians, with most favorable results, even while the nation's wards rest under the ban of outlawry and outrage, and are the victims of the most violent passions and unjust prejudices, with the army determined on war, and Congress refusing its aid. Even under these adverse circumstances, the policy of the present administration has commended itself to the country as a success. What would it not be if these obstacles were removed and the President had a clear field? It proves beyond question that the Indians are not opposed to a permanent and honorable peace.

During the summer of 1865, after the Sand Creek massacre, and during the continuance of a war that followed as a consequence of that cowardly and infamous atrocity, Congress saw the necessity of a radical change in the administration of Indian affairs, and delegated a committee of their own members—including the then President *pro tem.* of the Senate—to proceed at once to the Indian country, ascertain the cause of troubles, and suggest a remedy. These distinguished gentlemen faithfully performed the work assigned them, reported as the cause of Indian wars the fact that the Indian was an outlaw, and the remedy a very simple one, namely, the extension of the civil law over the Indian country. To secure this, they prepared an act which passed the Senate by a considerable majority, but it was afterward defeated in the House. This committee had no difficulty in conferring with the then hostile tribe. The Cheyennes heard of their coming, and stood ready to meet, and did meet them in council, when an agreement of peace was made and

faithfully adhered to by the Indians, until the burning of their village two years after.

In 1867, war again existed on the plains, attended with a fearful loss of life, a serious interference with settlement and travel, and an immense expense of treasure. The Indian Peace Commission was created by act of Congress, approved by the President on the 20th of July. This commission was sent out to meet the hostile Indians, which was easily done. Council with them was held, hostilities on their part stayed, and terms of settlement agreed upon. After which the commission reported to Congress not only the causes of Indian wars, but suggested the remedy: The ban of outlawry must be removed from the Indian, the protection of laws extended over him, civilization, education, liberty, and a permanent home guaranteed to him and his forever. Unfortunately for the country and the peace of the plains, these recommendations have not yet been acted upon.

Consequently, Congress is not free from all guilt in this matter; it has persistently refused to legislate upon the subject, as advised by its own commissions; but, on the contrary, has repudiated them in a manner so treacherous and unjust that the Secretary of the Interior was impelled to send in a special message, indorsed by the President, defending the Peace Commission and its dealings with the Indians from the unaccountable action of the House of Representatives.

The treatment of the Indians for centuries, by the government and people, has made them outcasts and

vagabonds, has fastened upon them the enslaving and degrading ban of outlawry, given free license to ruffians to murder them as if they were wolves, has encouraged the army to betray and massacre them while trusting in the plighted faith of the republic, has robbed them of their right to the soil, and driven them step by step, by treachery and atrocity, beyond the pale of civilization, government, and law; has outraged them in every possible way, at one moment dealing with them with all the solemnity and dignity of an independent power, and then spurning them as if they were poisonous reptiles.

Even with this system of wrong and outrage, persevered in for hundreds of years, we have not yet succeeded in destroying the truly noble and generous characteristics of their nature, have not converted them into fiends; they still retain their virtues, and are, in the words of the Indian Peace Commission, "the very embodiment of courage;" my experience among them enables me to add, of honor as well. They have never yet, from the earliest settlement of the continent by their enemies, who hunted them with bloodhounds, maimed and murdered them by hundreds and thousands, and sold their children into slavery, until now, equaled the whites in atrocities upon the living and the dead, in perfidy and treachery—never, to our shame, never.

The Indian race is able to present for the admiration of the world representative men, men like the Cheyenne chieftain *MOKE-TA-VA-TA*, (Black Kettle,) whose peer for all the manly heroic virtues does not exist, and never has existed in our history, or the history of any other na-

tion. The writer, who knew MOKE-TA-VA-TA intimately and well for years, once told the story of his life and services, of his magnanimity, generosity, integrity, and courage, to the celebrated historian, Mr. MOTLEY, and challenged him to refer to his equal in any age or history; he could not do it. MOKE-TA-VA-TA is without a peer, the true hero, the true man; he sleeps by the side of his ever faithful and devoted wife, VO-ISH-TA, in his bloody shroud, on the crimson banks of the Wichata.

"And thou wert slain. Whoever dared to trace
His name upon the order for thy death
Will wear the sting until his latest breath,
And bind the curse of Cain upon his face."

Betrayed, assassinated, and mutilated by our troops, in a massacre of unparalleled atrocity and treachery, applauded by the commanding generals of the army as a glorious victory.

"MOKE-TA-VA-TA, thy wrongs shall be redressed,
Thy viewless form fills all the vernal air;
Nor earth's fair bosom, nor the spring more fair,
Can stay the footsteps of a race oppressed.

Their name is legion, and from mountain slope
And distant plain their fearless forms appear,
All conquering and all potent, without fear
They come with our proud nation now to cope.

And if the rivers shall run red with blood,
And if the plain be strewn with mangled forms,
And cities burned amid the battles' storms,
Ours is the blame—not thine, thou great and good.

Thy name shall live a watchword for all time—
A herald and a beacon-light to all
On whom the tyrant and the despot fall,
Making thy death a heritage sublime.

If of this noble line thou wert the last,
And stood on the extremest ocean verge,
Thy eloquence would all thy people urge,
And in one deadly conflict they would cast

Their gauntlet in our shameful, flaming face,
And then, without a thought of praise or blame,
Would perish to avenge thy noble name,
And prove that thou wert of a kingly race.

A sound of war is on the western wind;
The sun, with fiery flame, sweeps down the sky;
Athwart his breast the crimson shadows fly,
Of fearless forms no fetters e'er can bind.

Down through the golden gateway they have
The mighty scions of a nation come
In sweeping circles from their shining home,
With weapons from the battle-plains of Go. J.

DISBANDING OF THE PENNSYLVANIA ANTI-SLAVERY SOCIETY.

BY JOHN K. WILDMAN.

AFTER the consummation of that act in the progress of liberty which banished political restrictions on account of color, there seemed to be nothing left for the anti-slavery societies to do but disband. This became a willing service, grateful to every member. They had witnessed the fulfillment of the pledge made to the colored people of the nation, and saw that the grand purpose of the anti-slavery movement was thereby accomplished. All that was essen-

tial in the aim and scope of the constitutions of their societies had become absorbed in that of the United States. It was therefore fitting that they should meet together and exchange congratulations and farewells.

The final meeting of the national society was followed by that of its auxiliary of Pennsylvania, which occurred on the 5th of May, just a third of a century from the date of its organization. Rare indeed was the

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