

HISTORICAL SKETCHES. Chapter VI.

"The Lord's hand is not shortened that it cannot save."
 "Satanta and Big Tree are already at the Agency. The Agent wants us to come in and receive them." These were the words of Min-wan-ti a Kiowa chief returning to camp from the Agency, some three weeks after the close of the Medicine Dance.

"Did you see them?" "No, they had not come when I left the Agency.— Agent send messenger—overtake me on road."

Why you no go back—See them, bring paper? Too far; heep hurry to bring good news to camp."

Thomisy had doubts of the truth of this message believing the Agent would have sent him a written message, advising him of so important an event, but the tribe gave it full credit, and set about organizing plans for a grand military reception.

Before the separation of the tribe after the Medicine Dance into its respective bands, it had been customary to have a parting feast. On the present occasion this had been deferred longer than usual, partly to secure a supply of buffalo meats and skins for lodges, before leaving the buffalo ranges.

And partly with the hope that they might hear something more definite regarding their imprisoned chiefs. Preparations were being made for this feast, when the Kiowa chief brought the message.

It had previously been determined in a council of all the chiefs and war-chiefs to retain Thomisy as a hostage to exchange for the prisoners should they not otherwise be released. In order to hold him with greater security, they had also determined, that immediately after this parting feast, one or more of the chiefs with their bands should return with him to the place of concealment, near the center of the Staked Plains, which at that time was known to white men only as an unexplored region. The above-mentioned message, upset all previous plans, and new arrangements had to be made. The parting feast became one of rejoicing.

Councils were held, and two days consumed in organizing a Military Display for the reception of their celebrated chiefs.

There was also a discussion as to the headship of the tribe. Kicking Bird was acknowledged as such by the greater part of the tribe, but his policy of friendship to white people did not encourage the marauding propensities of the more restless of the warriors which they received from Lone Wolf, who was an older man and ambitious to secure the leadership of the tribe. Nevertheless, upon hearing Min-wan-ti's message, they all set out, as soon as they could, for the Agency, taking Thomisy with them fully expecting to find Satanta and Big Tree there ready to be released.

Thomisy was carried to the Agency in a very critical condition, having been taken violently sick. Satanta and Big Tree had not arrived.

The Agent had sent no message to the Kiowas. Who it was that started the report we know not.

The tribe was greatly disappointed—nearly desperate. Some of the more fiery spirits, were for making an immediate onslaught upon the Agency Commissaries, but the more moderate chiefs prevailed and the tribe retired to the mountains (about 12 miles) where they held a council.

Thomisy had slipped from their hands. Their hope for an opportunity of exchange was frustrated unless it could be renewed. It was determined to send five of their most daring and desperate men—men to be relied upon for cunning, boldness and strategy, to the Agency, secure the Agent as well as Thomisy, rush away to the Staked Plains and hold them until an exchange could be effected for their chiefs.

The men were selected, and though they set about it with extreme secrecy, the whole plot was made known to the Agent by a friendly Apache.

"You have a fine new revolver there," said the Agent to White Horse, the leader of the men sent to make the capture, just seating himself in an arm-chair at the Agent's house.

The Indian thus addressed—a well known desperado—having made a show of surrendering arms by handing an empty revolver to the Agent's wife on entering the house, was, as well as his companions greatly confused at this discovery, and knew not what to say in reply; he having concealed a loaded revolver beneath his blanket, which being raised by the arm of the chair, when seating himself disclosed the secret. Knowing well the nature of their errand, the Agent betrayed no emotion, but had a warm supper provided for them, himself and wife sitting with them at the table.

Soon after supper the Agent informed them of his practice of making Medicine, by reading from the good book, the Great Spirit had given us, and talking to Him before retiring to rest, he then invited them to remain during the medicine making.

They remained; and after seeking help and protection from Him who alone is able to control all events, thwart the most subtle scheme of designing men, blankets were furnished them and they went into camp near by.

Thomisy was confined to his cot at the Doctor's house at this time, and knew not what was taking place, the whole plot being kept from him on account of his extreme weakness.

After remaining another night, and being baffled in all their plans, and without making known any part of the plot they were there to execute, though they saw no outward preparations for the defense of the Agency, they returned to their camp and reported saying, "A power was about those white men, which we could not overcome."

"Medicine too strong, we could not touch them."

Here we see 5 men whose hands were swift to shed blood—men not easily turned from their purpose—selected for their intrepidity by one of the fiercest of North American tribes—turned aside and utterly foiled in their undertaking, without any visible agency, and yet by a secret power, as they themselves acknowledged, so strong, that they could not overcome it. Could a body of well armed and trained men have furnished a better protection?
 T. C. B.

Of ourselves we may have but little weight, no particular talents or position or any thing else to put into the scale; but let us remember that again and again, God has shown that the influence of a very average life, when once really consecrated to Him, may outweigh that of almost any number of merely professing Christians. Such lives are like Gideon's three hundred, carrying not even the ordinary weapons of war, but only trumpets and lamps and pitchers, by whom the Lord wrought great deliverance, while He did not use the others at all. For He hath chosen the weak things of the world to confound the things which are mighty. *Selected.*

FROM "BLACK BEAUTY."

"THE UNCLE TOM'S CABIN" OF THE HORSE. The War Horse, tells his story. See page 168.

"Some of the horses had been so badly wounded they could scarcely move from the loss of blood; other noble creatures were trying on 3 legs to drag themselves along, and others were struggling to rise on their fore feet, when their hind legs had been shattered by shot. Their groans were piteous to hear, and the beseeching look in their eyes as those who escaped passed by, and left them to their fate, I shall never forget.

After the battle the wounded men were brought in, and the dead were buried."

"But what about the horses?" I said; "were they left to die?"

"No, the army farriers went over the field and shot all that were ruined, some that had only slight wounds were brought back and attended to, but the greater part of the noble, willing creatures that went out that morning never came back!

In our stables only about one in four returned.

"I never saw my dear master again. I believe he fell dead from the saddle. I never loved any other master so well. I went into many other engagements, but was only once wounded, and then not seriously; when the war was over, I came back to England, sound and strong as when I went out."

I said, "I have heard people talk about war as if it was a very fine thing."

"Ah!" said he, "I should think they never saw it. No doubt it is very fine when there is no enemy, when it is just exercise and parade, and sham fight. yes it is very fine then; but when thousands of good brave men and horses are killed, or crippled for life, it has a very different look."

"Do you know what they fought about?" said I. "No," he said, "that is more than a horse can understand, but the enemy must have been awfully wicked people, if it was right to go all that way over the sea on purpose to kill them."

ON PAGE 191 OUR GENTLEMAN SPEAKS.

Just ahead of us on the other side of the street, a cart with two very fine horses were standing before a liquor shop; the driver was not with them and I cannot tell how long they had been standing,

but they seemed to think they had waited long enough, and began to move off. Before they had gone many paces, the driver came running out and caught them. He seemed furious at their having moved, and with whip and rein punished them brutally, even beating them about the head.

Our gentleman saw it all, and stepped quickly across the street, said in a very decided voice,—

"If you don't stop that directly, I'll have you arrested for leaving your horses, and for cruelty.

The man who had evidently been drinking, poured forth some abusive language, but he left off knocking the horses about and taking the reins got into his cart; meantime our friend had quietly taken a note book from his pocket, and looking at the name and address painted on the cart, he wrote something down.

"What do you want of that?" growled the driver, as he cracked his whip and moved on. A nod and a grin was the only answer he got.

on returning to the cab, our friend was joined by his companion, who said laughingly, "I should think you had business enough, without troubling yourself about other people's horses and servants."

Our friend stood still for a moment, and throwing his head a little back, "Do you know why this world is as bad as it is?" "No," said the other.

"Then I'll tell you. *It is because people think only about their own business, and won't trouble themselves to stand up for the oppressed, nor bring the wrong-doer to light.* I never see a wicked thing like this without doing what I can, and many a master has thanked me letting him know how his horses have been used."

"I wish there were more gentlemen like you, sir," said Jerry, for they are wanted badly enough in this city. Finally, as our friend was getting out of the cab he said, "My doctrine is this, that *if we see cruelty or wrong that we have the power to stop, and do nothing, we make ourselves to share in the guilt.*" Now you want the rest of this story.

Well, write to Geo. T. Angell, Boston: and send 20 cts: or better get a dozen as we did. Ed.

A NOTED QUAKER SAYS:

When my son started to the State university I went with him to get him excused from the military drill. He wanted a reason for my objection to the military drill. I said it is incompatible with the spirit and precept of the gospel, and I thought John Wesley was right when he said "war is the business of hell," and I didn't want my son learning the business of hell. I didn't want the hands that God made to do works of beneficence, to be trained in the science of killing men. With all due respect for the opinions of others, I cannot but regard the military drill connected with our colleges as a relic of the Dark ages. *Selected.*