

THE QUAKER & INDIANS.

BY T. C. BATTET.

I was employed as teacher at the Wichita Agency, Indian Ty, Jonathan Richards Agent, in the autumn of 1871. At this time the Kiowa Indians were a terror to all the white people in Agency service, they not unfrequently murdering the employees at their own Agency, were constantly committing depredations upon the frontier settlements of the neighboring states, capturing supply trains, and torturing and murdering the train men.

In the spring of 1872, I was impressed with the belief that if I was obedient to the Divine requirements of my Heavenly Father I must offer myself to reside in their camps in order to exercise a restraining influence upon their young men, and if possible to induce the tribe to adopt a more friendly attitude toward the Agency and the Government than they had hitherto occupied.

As a preliminary step toward carrying out this design it became necessary to see and confer with the Kiowa Agent. The Kiowa Agency was 35 miles from that of the Wichita: a desolate solitary road wholly within the Kiowa reservation: seldom traversed by white men alone, and never without being well armed. Only in the still hours of the night would the mail-carrier, a Mexican heavily armed with a sixteen shot carbine and six shooting revolvers: pass by himself over this road.

Notwithstanding the discouragement thrown in the way this trip was undertaken alone and unarmed. On my return after having had an interview with L. Tatum the Kiowa Agent, during the fore part of the journey my mind was overshadowed with a deep and solemnizing sense of the divine presence in which my very soul was stirred and solemnized within me. Under these feelings I rode forward until one half the journey was accomplished, when rising out of the deep ravine in which Chace Creek flows I beheld upon an eminence, and directly in my road a mile or two in advance, two Indians mounted upon their ponies but not moving in any direction. Immediately upon my seeing them they struck into a full gallop toward me, and my pony at once broke into a flying gallop to meet them: There appearing no way to escape meeting them, I permitted my pony to take his own course. As we approached each other the Indians separated and stopped on opposite sides of the road, and with hands grasping their revolver-handles awaited my approach. My pony galloped up at full speed and stopped between them. My coat was unbuttoned and spreading apart and back; from my rapid approach; showed them that I was unarmed. As my pony stopped I called out "How How," the friendly salutation between whites and Indians: to which they did not respond but sat each grasping the handle of his revolver in a most unfriendly attitude. At length one of them: after minutely scrutinizing my whole appearance: asked me where I came from; where I was going; and what I had in my pockets. I had the mail for the Wichita Agency, the many papers on which caused my side pockets to protrude to

quite an extent; I showed the papers; the letters being in my breast pockets and not so bulky did not attract their attention. After examining the papers he returned them; exclaiming "Model-Kum Model-Kum" they galloped away, leaving me to pursue the remaining part of my journey without farther molestation. I afterward learned that "Model-Kum" was the Kiowa word for crazy, and that it is considered by them to be very dangerous, or in their way of expressing it, bad medicine to meddle with or injure a crazy person, in fact their superstition is such, they dare not do it, and certainly my recklessly galloping up to meet them unarmed and with pockets stuffed with bundles of papers, of which they could see no use; was to their unformed minds no very strong argument for my sanity. However when I afterwards came to understand and reflect upon the circumstance; though not fully comprehended at the time, I could but admit the wisdom of divine providence in so ordering events as to lead them to believe me "crazy" to the evident prolonging of my life. Had I possessed arms, they would, so far from availing me anything, most likely but hastened my doom, as both Indians had their hands upon the handles of their revolvers, ready to present them when I came up, had they seen arms or any suspicious movements on my part. This is still further evident by the fact that on that same day a young man who was armed with a six-shooter was killed scalped and otherwise mutilated upon the same road I had but just passed over, and very likely by the same Indians I had met.

THE BIBLE AND WAR.

One is compelled to sift the Scriptures to find denunciations of polygamy, slavery, and intemperance. But one can hardly open his New Testament without finding texts which condemn hate, malice, wrath, and revenge. Hardly a chapter but commends the meekness, forgiveness, brotherly kindness, patience, long-suffering, gentleness, goodness, and other forms in which love expresses itself.

Many literally 'searched the Scriptures' to find texts to justify the late civil war—probably one of the cost of wars. The 'not peace, but a sword,' was quoted, as if 'sword' meant steel and bloodshedding. The 'two swords' were put to a use our Lord never intended and forbade. The sword of the magistrate was made to justify a multitude of battles as fiercely fought as any of Napoleon Bonaparte's. The Roman centurions who were commended, not for military virtues, but for charity and prayer, served various uses in justifying deeds of blood. The instruction of John the Baptist to the soldiers, 'Do violence to no man,' was deemed to be the divine recognition and countenance of their profession. Joshua's wars, the cruelty, and barbarism of which God winked at, were selected out of the many other unchristian acts which are recorded in the Old Testament, and held up for imitation. R. B. H. in *Congregationalist*.