We find in the Day Break a letter from Bishop Hare, an extract from which we give our readers:

We judge that his experience in displaying the accomplishments of his “troupe” is like that which is generally passed through by those who are privileged to prove to the people what Indians can do—they are made to listen in amazement:

"Yesterday I proposed to the children of Hope School that I should give them a drive in my traveling wagon. They were more than ready, and in the afternoon we started. Eleven little people crowded with me into a two-seated wagon, so that I was quite surrounded, 'Children to the right of me, children to the left of me, children in front of me'—shall I complete the line and say, 'volleyed and thundered'? No; not that; but I was charmed with the confiding way in which they soon came to be at home with me—first chatting with each other about the scenes through which we passed, and then at my request singing me some of their songs and hymns. Presently we stopped at a farm house where I had some business. The good people looked at my load a little askance, moved, I think, somewhat by the old dread that the whites have for the Indians, and somewhat by the feeling, 'How absurd to try to do anything with a lot of Indian children!' I thought I would undeceive them, and therefore after the children had played a few moments in the grove in the rear of the house, proposed to the family that the children should go into the sitting-room. 'Perhaps,' said I, 'you would like to hear them sing.' 'Why, yes,' was the quick, but somewhat unbelieving reply. In we all went, and to the amazement of the audience, the children stood and sang first—"Jesus, meek and gentle,
Soil of God must high,
Pitying, loving Savior,
Hear thy children cry.'"

and then one of their songs—

"In a meadow green I saw a lamb,
As it played beside its mom,
And I said to the lamb, 'What is your name?'
But it only answered, 'Baa!'

Chorus:—"'Skip, skip, lambkin; skip, skip away!
You have nothing to do,
But to frolic on the lawn, while the robins in the tree
Sing their sweetest songs to you!'"

I never before admired so much in the capacity of a traveling theatrical manager, and now know what are the sensations of such a personage when he is not ashamed of his troupe."

Faithfully and affectionately yours,

William H. Hare,
Missionary Bishop.
Big Morning Star.

Published Monthly in the Interest of Indian Education and Civilization.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., MARCH, 1882.

—W hen papers are marked X subscription has expired.

The Inspiration of the Work.

A knock at the office door; “come in,” we said, and a stripling was before us, looking wistfully into our eyes. As he stood respectfully waiting, we surveyed him. He was evidently dressed for the occasion: His hair had been combed and brushed until it lay in the approved curve around his brow; there was no dust on his clothing; his collar was fresh, and his boots newly blacked.

“Well, sir,” we at last said, “what can we do for you this morning?”

“I want a trade, Captain; I am anxious,” was the prompt reply.

And here is a son of the ‘savage Indian’ begging to learn a trade. Why was it that his father did not work? Was it that no inducement was placed before him that moved him to desire labor? We believe that is it; and now that the son has that incentive and is thus moved, our shops must be made broad enough to give him room.

We sit in our offices in the early morning: a bell sounds out its tones over the grounds, and soon after we hear the measured tramp! tramp! tramp! of coming feet. Thirty little boys file past our window, neatly dressed, on their way to the breakfast-room; and, as they go, there is a murmur of voices, all speaking one—the English tongue. They are our younger Indians, all growing into English-speaking civilized Americans.

They are scarcely passed before eighty girls appear on the piazza in the opposite quarters. They are of all sizes: from the full-grown woman to the wee girl of eight years; but we see no disheveled hair hanging about the face and covering the eyes in sign of grief, or tallowd braids, vermillioned cheeks and head seams, and ears filled with a mass of unsightly ornaments; no blankets wrapping the body from head to foot, bowed by loads of wood and hay, with axes and hoes hanging about the girdle that confines them. They are our Indian girls rescued from all that insignis of savage life who, washed, and combed, and dressed in the costume of our own women, walk quietly and orderly, from all that insignia of savage life, who, washed, and combed, and dressed in the costume of our own women, walk quietly and orderly, the manners of gentlemen.

The girls are first waited upon, and there is a pleasant interchange of thought between the sexes, showing that the gerns of a pure social life are taking root, and that woman is no longer to them the servant to be despised, and even spit upon if she offend them, and drudge, while they choose the lighter forms of industry.

When the meal closes they are no savage worshippers who sit for a whole hour, listening to the reading of the Word and uniting in a short-prayer. On Monday morning we have proof that religious instruction has not fallen into the old ways, as some seem to suggest will be the case. Sixty-eight of the largest boys are learning trades. We have 2 printers, 14 carpenters, 14 harnessmakers, 12 shoemakers, 9 tinners, 8 tailors and 9 blacksmiths and coachmakers. These boys work half of each day at their respective trades and go to school the other half of the day. Thus, we are doing three things at once: 1st, English language; 2d, work; 3d, book-knowledge. We have no need to be ashamed of the handiwork of our boys, and it will stand the test of close scrutiny. When placed side by side with the result of white labor the comparison is favorable. Had we the shop-room many more of the boys who are eager to be placed at trades could be accommodated.

The carpenter boys are putting the finishing touches upon the inside of the new hospital. In the harness shop last month they made 15 double sets of harness, which will make about 250 double sets made since the harness shop was opened. The shoe boys are repairing our old and making new shoes. The tinners are at work at present making tin cups, coffee boilers, pans, pails, dust pans, cans, etc.; while the coachmakers have several wagons that will soon be ready for shipment to the West. Taking it all in all, the work is very creditable, and that it is profitable can be seen from the fact that the shops for the past year show a credit of $666.48 over and above all expenses. This showing speaks for itself, and we believe it as good as would be were we to start a number of raw white boys in the several trades enumerated.

The boys like the trade very much, and we see many marks of their appreciation in the zeal with which they take hold of their work. As much as possible the boys are allowed to choose their own trades, which they, in the main, do with careful deliberation. The shop work has been very satisfactory, and we hope that in the future we could hope for yet better results in the future than the now very promising ones.

Others beside Indians boys and girls find it a serious task to learn English. The Golden Days gives us this:

“When Napoleon was a prisoner on St. Helena, he tried to master the language of his jailers. But it was too much for him. He wrote to the Count Las Cases:"

"Since three weeks I am in the English and I do not make any progress, 6 weeks do forty and 2 days, if I might have learn 50 words for day, I could know to two thousand and two hundred. It is in the dictionary more than four thousand, even if I should, must 200 much often for knowers of 120 or 200 words by which do much two year. After this you shall agree that I bury one tongue is a great labor, who must do it in the young aged."

He certainly had not made much progress when he wrote that letter. It is as good as a puzzle.

Agent L. J. Miles, in a recent letter to us, says: “I am glad to hear of the well-doing of Osage children there. I think every day that to keep them away from camp life until they learn something better, is the only hopeful thought for them.”

From Darlington, Indian Territory, comes this sad news: “We have just passed through a very fiery ordeal. The Mennonite Mission School building burned on Sabbath, the 3rd. Three of the boys between 8 and 9 O'clock, supposed to be from defective flue. The Rev. Mr. Harvey, Missionary in charge, last his own dear little baby—nine months old—and three Indian children from suffocation. The four little ones were buried yesterday. One of those severe ‘nothings’ was razing at the time, so that, taking all together, it is very distressing. Have not time to tell it more at present.”

The Missionary Spirit Abroad.

A Juvenile Missionary Society in Asiatic Turkey, composed of the children of American Missionaries, voted at their last meeting to devote their contributions for ‘81-’82 to their first friends, the Indians again. It occurs to us it might be well to send a large delegation of our people as missionaries to foreign lands to help them remember they have been at home to be cared for.

We asked Mattie if one of the chiefs of the party recently visiting us from New Mexico was her father, and her reply was: “—No; only a little bit my father.” Meaning, we suppose, that he was some relation, but she did not know how to express it in English.
another tack; Us-sa-wuk-y planted corn, and then toward noon came
with the plea that he had been at work and was hungry. He evidently
thought he had shown us a favor by planting corn in his field, and
we could not deny him. Having plenty of milk, the kettle that had held
his seed-corn was filled with the rich fluid, with the request that his wife
supply his bread. He was angry, and poured the milk on the ground,
but was not yet conquered. The chiefs were to go to the agency, and
waited corn for their journey. It was late Spring, and theirs was
modestly used up. Knowing we had laid in a supply for their own
for the summer, Indian-like, they divided the corn. Each chief
brought his basket, and accepted cheerfully what was given except Us-
nothin-sa-wuk-y knew of this, and decided he would be served from that if at all. He was refused, and the man who had served the others left the house. The chief was enraged. He told his
child to get his clothing and go home. There was a limited supply of
clothing for the school, which could not be renewed for months; and,
was it known if children on leaving the school could take their cloth-
ing, there would be a new set of scholars each week to be dressed, it
was distinctly understood by each parent on bringing a child to the
school, if he took away the clothing must be left. The son of Us-sa-
wuk-y, a chief, was going to the principal Indian teacher. On
his way home, he met the teacher, saying, " If you go home your clothing
must be left." The chief walked into the room, and, pushing the teacher
aside, told his child to run, and, striding back, took up his basket
of corn. The teacher followed, telling him he was not doing as he promised.
Corn with one hand, and tomahawk in the other, Us-sa-
wuk-y poured out a volley of angry words, telling of his efforts to be
refused, while the teacher stood by, looking at him unflinchingly,
thought he doubted if he would not end by sinking the tomahawk into
his feel, and in spite of his desire to get good corn, and how he was
refused, while the teacher stood by, looking at him unflinchingly,
though she doubted if he would not end by sinking the tomahawk into
her skull, for she was a desperado feared and hated by all his people.
But instead he roared out, " Ugh! " and then raising the basket, dashed
the corn on the floor, and was gone. Tide was a triumph for the teacher.
As she passed back and forth, caring for the other sick,
her seed-corn was filled with the rich fluid, with the request that his wife
the grease, aud dust, and vermin, she had collected during her two
weeks' absence. Preparing a quantity of warm starch, the teacher put
on much of the air and consequential gravity of the medicine man's
when we were sent possible, and saying, " Now, I am going to make medicine for your
child!" commenced the cleansing process, adding various manipula-
tions and passings of the hand, as well as to soothe as to make it effective
in the eyes of the father. When cleansed and laid in a cool, clean bed,
the child soon slept sweetly, the father saying by until she awoke re-
freshed and had eaten; for to eat, no matter how illy-prepared the
stomach is to receive food, is life to the Indian. The next morning he
was early at her bedside to see her thriving and vomiting with her
cough that was the height to which they raised her. As the teacher passed
back and forth, caring for the other sick, he censored more and more,
" Mother, feed my child. Mother, my child has not eaten," till forbearance ceasing to be a virtue, she stopped,
and, looking sternly, said, " You promised to let me do as I pleased if I took your child again; I love her; I will do what I think is good for her,
but you do not trust me; you forget your promise, and continual-
ly cry in my ears. " Eat- eat." Raising his hand as a sign that she stop,
bowed his head and said: " I truths; true!" The contest was ended,
and the teacher again the master of the situation.
Thus, in one way or another, the contest continued. A chief wanted
his child dressed better than the other scholars, and he must learn that in
dress as in all other things the children were on an equality in the
school. A soldier demanded that a strict watch be kept that no child
go in a certain direction from the building, because the enemy always
appeared in that quarter. The principal men of the village wanted to
visit the school, but they would like to be seated in the teacher's private
room, because the children made so much noise, and truly the contrast
was great between the fall of their uncrossed feet on their earth floor,
and those of our children with their heavy shoes running through our
chooking halls. Mothers wanted just a little bread, or meat, or coffee,
which they could not get together, and all who came wanted to know
how feeling that there was a lack of friendship and feeling if they were
not fed. There was no fence around the school building, and all the
villagers had free access to the doors and windows. Spoons, knives,
and food would disappear, and even blankets were dropped from dormitory
windows by those sent to put the rooms in order before locking them for
the day. Our boys were ridiculed as being women when they were seen
and, although they might be very brave to meet the enemy,
they could not always withstand the temptation to drop the ax or hoe
and run when they saw their friends from the village coming. The loss of
their scalp-lock marked them as ours, and the hat was worn at all
hours even at the table if permitted, to shield them from the taunts
of their scalp-lock marked them as ours, and the hat was worn at all
hours even at the table if permitted, to shield them from the taunts

Philadelphia and the Carlisle Indian School.

Our many friends in the great city of William Penn desired of us a Second Annual Exhibition of Progress, similar to the one given a year ago. Arrangements were made, and on the 2d inst., with 30 of our children, we left Carlisle on the early morning train and reached Philadelphia at 10:50 a.m. A delegation of our Carlisle School Committee, consisting of ex-Mayor Fox, Col. Wm. McMichael, Mr. L. P. Ashmead and Mr. J. T. Johnson, met us at the depot and conducted us to Crowell's Friendly Inn, from which, after an early dinner, we were escorted to the Mayor's office, where we were introduced by Mr. Fox to His Honor, Mayor King, who most kindly welcomed us, and took every child by the hand, giving a pleasant word to each. Then we were shown the wonderful complete system of five big printing machines that fold the papers as fast as they are printed. The trim engines, the very perfection of mechanical skill, seemed to interest the boys most. We then went to the engraver's and jobbing rooms on the sixth floor, where the many-colored show-bills are prepared and printed.

From Independence Hall we were taken to the Ledger printing establishment, which we were informed was the largest and best-equipped in the world. Mr. Childs received us and showed us the large collection of unique monuments in his office. Costs-of-mail, ancient implements of war, a great variety of clocks, and a multitude of other curious and antique things. We were then shown the four great presses, each one capable of printing 15,000 papers an hour, and the four folding machines that folded the papers as fast as they were printed. The trim engines, the very perfection of mechanical skill, seemed to interest the boys most. We then went to the engraver's and jobbing rooms on the sixth floor, where the many-colored show-bills are prepared and printed.

The United States Mint was next visited. Although it was after hours, the friends who were with us had the pass from Col. Snowden, and we saw tons of silver and stacks of gold—enough to pay the expenses of many a nation. We talked of the boys and girls back home, some of the thousand-dollar "pigs" of silver so carelessly stacked in the hall, but immediately abandoned the idea when they attempted to lift one. The melting, casting, stamping, counting, etc., were all interesting, and so, too, was a bundle of gold scraps worth $40,000, and the old coins made two thousand years ago.

From the mint we passed through the new and incomplete public building at the junction of Broad and Market streets. Thus will be one of the largest and finest buildings in the world, and is to hold all the public offices in the city. The men at work on the top of the walls were so high that they looked smaller than our boys. We went to the American Museum of Fine Arts and there we met Mayor Fox again, who introduced us to Mr. Claghorn, the Big Chief of the house where they keep many fine paintings and statuary, and who is a very large man with a kind heart for the Indians. He showed us all through the building, and then we heard fine music from a band of about thirty boys and girls. The boys most. We then rested until five o'clock and came home, satisfied that we had seen and learned more in two days than ever in any previous two days of our lives, and we think Col. McMichael, Mr. Fox, Mr. Ashmead and all our friends for it. We had an invitation to go to Atlantic City and see the ocean, and to Cramp's ship-yard and see a ship launch, but did not go this time.

A letter from White Eagle, the first chief of the Poncas, to his son Frank, is to us a reminder of the tenderness he as a father manifested when he came to place his son under our care. Sitting with us at the table, and speaking of leaving his child, his emotions became so intense that, for a while, his food was left untouched, while he gazed in tears. We give it entire:

White Eagle—Dear Son:—We are all well—your mother, sisters, and all. I hope this letter will find you well, too. I have been very busy or I would have written sooner. The school house will soon be finished, and it is a very fine building.

My dear son, how happy when I hear from you, and I want to know how you can talk English and read and write and how you are getting along in all your studies. I have not got any money, cash, but I have property, lands, horses, cattle, chickens, and stock of all kinds, so that when you come home you will find that we are not so poor as when you went away. You speak of coming home. I would like to see you, but as long as you are learning to speak English, and to read and write, I want you to stay, so that you may be well educated and fit for any position your tribe may call you. Capt. Pratt, your teacher, will know much better than you when you are properly educated and fitted to come home. I want him to decide that matter. You want to see me and I would like to go to Carlisle, but I have no money to go with at this time.

Your father,
Chief of the Poncas.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, Pa., February 5th, 1882.

DEAR MOTHER:—We are all very well; but this time I am writing to speak only English; but sometimes some of them talk Indian—about one, or four, or five Indian words, and some of them say many times, and next time when we came to school again and the teacher call us and answer, and you didn't talk Indian, I want you to talk English, and don't talk Indian any more. Sometimes we talk Indian, and count how many times they talk Indian, they say it; but this morning nobody speak any Indian words, and this make our teacher glad for it, and Captain Pratt, too, and then let me tell you how many weeks and how many days over I tried hard to speak only English without talking Indian. Here is how many weeks and Indian only English just ten weeks and five days over now. I commenced to speak only English on the 13th day of November. So let me add and see how many weeks and how many days—13, plus 81, plus 31 days = 75 days. Then let me divide 75 by 7 again. 75 divided by 7 = 10 and five-sevenths. I have been trying to speak only English ten weeks and five days over now. I commenced to speak only English on the 13th day of November. So let me add and see how many weeks and how many days—13, plus 81, plus 31 days = 75 days. Then let me divide 75 by 7 again. 75 divided by 7 = 10 and five-sevenths. I have been trying to speak only English 10 weeks and 5 days now. I speak the truth—I said ten weeks and five days. I am very glad.

I am very glad, now to want to say to you I am very sure you are thinking about me to go back home in the camp. You all better wait. Sometimes I will go home and see you and you what you are doing in Indian Territory. Before I go I will tell you some way about the language. I want to learn to make you happy again.

Now I want to say to you I am very sure you are thinking about me to go back home in the camp. You all better wait. Sometimes I will go home and see you and you what you are doing in Indian Territory. Before I go I will tell you some way about the language. I want to learn to make you happy again.

The Independent, speaking of the 140 bills now before congress for, and connected with, the Indian service, says: "It is hopeful to notice that there is a growing intelligence on the Indian subject, both in congress and in the public press. If the republican party wish to signalize their return to power in congress, in what better way can they do than by giving land, law and learning to the Indians?"

DEAR MOTHER:—I will try very hard to do my best all the time; but when my teacher says to me I don't read loud, then I get discouraged, but this time I will try read loud all the time. I don't care if I make mistake, to make any different to me; but I must never get discouraged. I will try to do as well as anybody can this time.

F. E. CHAPMAN, Chief of the Poncas.