

# William Snake

**Date of Death: January 28, 1883**

Documents compiled here recording information about the death and burial of William Snake:

1. Card from Student Record Cards Series, NARA, RG 75, Entry 1328, box 3.
2. "Died," *The Morning Star*, volume 3, Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, PA, March 1883, page 2.
3. *The Morning Star*, volume 3, Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, PA, February 1883, page 2.

**CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL.**  
DESCRIPTIVE AND HISTORICAL RECORD OF STUDENT.

|   |                                      |  |   |
|---|--------------------------------------|--|---|
| NUMBER<br><i>117</i>                      | ENGLISH NAME<br><i>William Snake</i> | AGENCY<br><i>Ponca</i>   | NATION<br><i>Ponca</i>                  |
| BAND                                      | INDIAN NAME                          | HOME ADDRESS<br><i>Big Snake</i>                                 |   |
| PARENTS LIVING OR DEAD                    | BLOOD<br><i>Half</i>                 | AGE<br><i>16</i>   | HEIGHT                                  |
| FATHER, <i>Dead</i>                       | MOTHER, <i>Living</i>                | WEIGHT   | FORCED INSP.                            |
| ARRIVED AT SCHOOL<br><i>Feb. 20, 1880</i> |                                      | FOR WHAT PERIOD<br><i>3 years</i>                                | DATE DISCHARGED<br><i>Jan. 28, 1883</i> |
| TO COUNTRY<br><i>June 18, '81</i>         |                                      | PATRONS NAME AND ADDRESS<br><i>Benj. Satterthwaite, Trenton,</i> | CAUSE OF DISCHARGE<br><i>Died</i>       |
| FROM COUNTRY<br><i>Sept. 15, '81</i>      |                                      |  |   |

SHAW-WALKER MUSKOGON 5178

Months in school before Carlisle, .....

Trade entered at Carlisle, .....

Grade at date of Discharge, .....

Trade or Industry, .....

Church, .....

*Died at Carlisle,*

# THE MORNING STAR.

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., FEB., '83.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class matter

## Star Dust Swept up at the Barracks.

Drawing teacher with her class of Indian children intently looking is making angles giving their names, an obtuse angle is made and the name given—then the question "What is this angle?" Answer—"Obstinate angle."

Teacher with figure of a skiff before the class explains the use of the oars, which is the stern, and which the bow, and then asks, "Now children which side of the boat would you sit?" Very small girl answers quickly, "The inside."

Excursionist at Carlisle Barracks—Are these children born to speak English? Answer—"No, they each speak the language of their people till they are taught to speak English."

Excursionist—"Treacherous I suppose," Answer—"Yes we find some treachery among them as we do among all mankind." Excursionist—"I have always read that the Indian is very treacherous, and I supposed you would not know what day they would get angry and scalp you." Answer—"O those are book Indians! Ours are real Indians, and we do not find them any more treacherous than our own race. We often find we have been betrayed, by those of our own blood, in whom we have placed confidence." Reassured Excursionist asked for a cup of tea, and sitting on a pine bench by the side of a bare oak table, sipped the beverage while surrounded by a score of busy Indian maidens, to prove his trustful friendliness.

"Hurry! Hurry!" whispered a boy in a reading class the other day. Each member of the class seemed at once to grasp the cause for haste, and as soon as one ceased reading the next was on his feet uttering the words in a clear full tone that he might not be asked by his teacher to repeat. The class was dismissed and they were busy writing the lesson, just as the Principal entered the room with guests and said to the teacher "You have no class reciting just now?" Learning that the lesson was being copied, she passed on to the next room, when one of the boys looking archly at the teacher said, "We were not obliged to write the lesson on the board for them."

A large company had a few moments before left the room, and as they were passing out another company were seen entering the grounds—hence the exclamation Hurry! While the pupils are expected to repeat any lesson which is required of them, any proof of a new thought is pleasant to the teacher and that the class preferred the regular lesson, to displaying their accomplishment to strangers, was encouraging.

## The Same Old Story.

Representatives of the six Indian nations of New York are in Washington, seeking pay for a claim they have against the Government. A number of years ago the New York Indians bought considerable land in Wisconsin. Afterwards the Government wanted this land, and proposed to give the Indians 1,824,000 acres in what is known as Kansas. A treaty was made in 1838, by which the transfer of this land was agreed to. The United States also agreed to appropriate \$400,000 to aid the Indians in removing to their homes and supporting themselves the first year after their removal, to aid in educating them and acquiring knowledge of mechanical arts. The land is situated directly west of Missouri. The Indians claim that the Government failed to make the appropriations promised; that the white man emigrated to the Territory and bought the land at from \$3. to \$5. per acre; that they were prevented from using it, and also lost their lands in Wisconsin. They now ask that the appropriation agreed upon be made to them, and that they also receive pay for the 1,824,000 acres of land. The Indians will have a hearing before the Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

A claim has been presented by Red Cloud to the Indian Bureau for ponies seized from the Indians and

sold by Gen. Crook in 1876. The amount realized, \$18,000, was to have been applied to the purchase of cows for the benefit of the Indians, but Red Cloud asserts this was not done, and a partial search of the record of the Indian Bureau fails to show any return ever was made of the money. The persons who had made the sale will be called upon for an explanation if further search does not reveal a satisfactory account of the transaction.—*Indian Journal.*

From the "Cheyenne Transporter" we clip the following account of an editorial visit to the Kiowa & Comanche Agency.

"Col. Hunt has everything about the Agency in good working order, and toward civilizing the Indian, is accomplishing great success, and is deserving of no little credit for the good work that he is perfecting. A great many of his red citizens have already erected houses and have been taught the art of agriculture and cattle raising extensively and are meeting with success in both branches. On Sunday morning, while walking up the south side of the river, we were met by Rev. J. B. Wicks, who was starting out to hold services at a Wichita church, a distance of three miles. We climbed into his carriage and, after calling at the Wichita school for Supt. Calmes and at a residence for Miss Brown, proceeded to the Indian chapel.

We found a large number of Indians in attendance at the service, and also a number of the Agency people, and all seemed to take a great interest in the good work being conducted by Rev. Wicks. From here we returned to the Kiowa mission, and were introduced to Geo. W. Hunt, the superintendent, to the teachers and school employes. Mr. Hunt has a well organized school and an enthusiastic corps of workers. Rev. Wicks held the regular Episcopal communion service at this school at 3 o'clock p. m. and administered the Lord's supper to a large class of his young Indian converts."

In the same paper we find this, under the head of "Cheyenne School Local"

"Agent and Mrs. Miles and Lawrie Tatum attended study hour and collection and spent the evening with us. Agent and Mr. Tatum each gave the children a good talk. Cheyenne children are always delighted to see Agent come into the school room—they know he has something interesting to say to them. These friends seemed to enjoy having the children ask them questions about their lessons.

Study hour is an enjoyable time for the children. At this time they prepare the next day's lessons, and the little ones used their Kindergarten materials, building blocks, pictures, etc. A few minutes of each session is spent in singing and achieving the Sabbath school lesson. Only English is spoken in the school room. If you want to see a lively happy set of children, drop into our school rooms during study hour—6. 30 to 7. 25 p. m."

DEAR MOTHER—Every month I have written my letter to father, but this month I shall write it to you I know you would like to know what I have been doing this month besides studying in the school room. I think it has been a very useful month to me, I am an apprentice girl this month in the sewing room. I go to school in the afternoon and work every morning. I also teach a class of small boys and girls every morning from ten to half past ten. In the sewing room we have been cutting and making checked and white aprons for the girls. Night-shirts, drawers, shirts and other things for the boys. The boys night-shirts are cut out here and then sent into Carlisle to be made by a lady. I have done a good deal of sewing and cutting both. I cut out some night-shirts this morning and fixed them ready to be sent to the lady. Dickens, one of our school-mates died on the 22d of this month. William Snake, another died yesterday morning and will be buried this afternoon. Capt. Pratt was away when Dickens died. On the 22d thirty-four girls went out for a sleigh ride. We had a delightful time. We started at four o'clock and returned at six o'clock. On the 18th, one hundred and sixty persons were here from Boston, they had been to Luray Cave in Virginia, and were going back to Boston. There is snow on the ground today, but it will soon disappear as it is melting very fast. With fond love. I remain your affectionate daughter.  
Rosa Ross.

## From one of our Cheyenne boys.

DEAR FRIEND—CAPT. PRATT—Now I am going to write to you this morning I am very well ever since I was here. I go to school every day and I learn just like white person, last week ago the Center school house pretty near burn, if it does no snow whom will burn it, the stove fell over on the floor, and we are glad to go to school now this time.

Mr. Rev. Kerlin preach at Rhorsburg M E. church every night this week last, and Mr. Rev. C. K. Canfield at Presbyterian church this week every night. Now dear friend Capt Pratt, I tell you, you know that arithmetic I was standing ahead, one time I don't succeed perhaps I was dream that right I try study hard fourth reader. I expected to learn as much as I can. When I don't succeed then I dream right. God think that is the right way to do I am very happy every day, I am satisfied to live with those some good I am learn fast and I know much every thing now, when I go home may be Indians gave me an opportunity to do it. I might have a good education, knowledge and truth to help my folks at home Now. I am near to close my writing my folks are all well except the poultry had all froze to death this cold weather, Mr. Mather don't you know I careful or take care of poultry so they did not getting froze themselves every morning and every evening I bring them straw

Now Dear Capt Pratt I promise to tell you that is indeed true we have a nice time to ride a sleighing in Columbia Co. I expect your children they had a good chance to do them rules than country children. Here the Indian boys who employed Columbia County they all well but some days they are visited themselves now Dear Capt. Pratt, I will close for this time. I am your friend,  
SUMNER RIGGS.

## From our Sioux Friend Eagle Feather

MY DEAR FRIEND—You was come here and asked us for you want some children go to school at Barracks. So I promise to give you my love son, but now you send him back to me June 29th now that time I look at my love son and my heart was very glad and pleased. My friend I know you have good sense and you have talk in the good ways to my son now this time I think of that, then I remember you and I wrote this letter to you, then my friend I want to say something to you again this time because I am very glad that is reason I was your friend and I like you and I give to you my son with three boys but two of them died, one of them was sick at Barracks but send home and we saw him then die but I was glad and happy because I know that is they know in the white people's way then die but that is you counsel now that is all so, but we did not say any thing that way so you know, and then my friend my son come home I have it him I say, but he was not at my home but he live at Agency and work for Agent. Two days I see him with my eyes. My friend I am very glad indeed so that is the reason I tell you about it. I believe you that you teach hard the children in the white man's way so my son come home from your school and he does know how to work very well. I am glad about that my friend, therefore my friend my son did not make me sorry, but he always make me happy, and I do the same. When you have my son there at that time I think I was white man, because I proud of you and my son.

I send my very best love to all the teachers and to yourself, from your true friend. I. E. FEATHER.  
Do you remember who is my son? I will write his name is RALPH I. E. FEATHER.

## Our Boys and Girls Abroad.

The county Superintendent of Public Instruction, on visiting a school where one of our "Planted Out" girls attends, pronounced her copy book as ranking higher in neatness and penmanship than that of any of her fellow pupils. Is not this another high tide mark for the Indians?

Elkannah one of our Cheyenne boys has been to visit at Wrightsville as the guest of Mr. Marquette. He spent the Sabbath and addressed two S. S. His host very wisely suggested to him to write his little speech before delivering it, which he did, but spoke without notes. His visit is said to have been very agreeable to those who met him, and he returned very happy in the thought of his new found friends and their pleasant gifts.

# THE MORNING STAR.

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., MARCH, '83.

Entered in the P. O. at Carlisle as second class matter

## Day Break.

Bishop Hare at a recent meeting in Philadelphia said, "The face of the Indian has always been turned toward the west." Soon after, at a minister's meeting in Boston, Mr. Herbert Welsh said, in speaking of his recent visits to Indians in different localities, "Their present state is more hopeful than ever before. Whenever they have tried to protect themselves, war has followed and driven them farther west. Now they are in the center of the country with civilization on the east and west." As I pondered these sayings, my heart echoed a strain from the last song of our poet Longfellow.

"Out of the shadows of night  
The world rolls into light  
It is day break every where."

Yes, day is breaking even on the Indian. It is proven by his own blind reaching out and feeling after knowledge. Some rays have touched his darkened eyes and he is spreading his hands and calling out to the wise men to whom the morning star has appeared in its brightness to lead him up into the light.

It is proven by the faint whispers that betoken the awakening of those who have so long slept over the fact that the Indian lay shrouded in darkness, while they held the power to give him light. The rustling sounds that betoken this awakening are heard on every hand. The opening of schools for Indian education, the gathering of the people in hamlets, villages, towns and cities, to listen to the breezes that bear tidings of Indian needs and Indian improvements. Gospel torch bearers holding their lights to this subject with an earnestness never before witnessed, and those who sit in the councils of our nation sounding out their clarion voices for Indian education, civilization and christianization. Even though storms of opposition arise, they only tend to roll away the darkness that the coming light may shine more clearly on the Indian's path, and the paths of those who are trying to lead him into the light, of the breaking day—this day that is so surely coming for the Indian. But the clearest proof of this coming day issues from the office of the Secretary of the Interior, in a recent order to agents on all reservations to repress the hideous dances and horrid feats of legerdemain which have been the strongest bands that have held him in thrall.

The heart quails at thought of the transformation that would come to the features of those who were wont to take part in those fearful orgies, as seen years ago. And not only did it influence those taking part in them, but the sound of the midnight drum and the wild unearthly notes that floated from the village up to the ears of our pupils in the dormitories of the school building, seemed to possess them with the demonical fervor of their friends, and it required the strictest vigilance to secure their stay with us, during the continuance of the ceremonies and hinder the secret imitation of them. If it was thought best in case of some of the older pupils not to repress their burning desire to witness what was held so sacred by their friends, there never failed to be abundant proof of the savage spirit that had been imbibed during the interval of absence.

But now it is true as Mr. Welsh has said "He has civilization on the east and the west of him," he is sandwiched between layers of light, and how shall he longer sit in darkness? If he turn to the orient, the glorious light of the coming day shall fall upon him like an anointing for his new life, and if he face the occident he shall be baptized in the afterglory of the retiring splendor as an emblem of his purifying from all his old ways. E. G. P.

## William E. Dodge.

It is much to say of any man, that he has passed over sixty years in a great center like New York, and most of that time in public life, identified with a great variety of public movements, and has al-

ways been found on the side of religion, morality, order, patriotism and philanthropy. That, in brief, is Mr. Dodge's record. There is, however, a fact back of this, which is the key to the record. His life represents, beyond everything else, the religion of the Gospel. That was its basis, its inspiration, its controlling force.

There are two closely linked Christian principles which find their illustration in this long, varied and useful career. The first of these is *stewardship*, a distinctively Christian principle, which formulates its law thus: Property is mine to be used for Christ; while the world's law is: Property is mine for my own use and enjoyment solely. Mr. Dodge, while enjoying with Christian moderation the privileges of wealth, regarded himself as a trustee and administrator of wealth for the service of humanity and the interests of religion. Stewardship was to him not merely a principle but a privilege. His must have been in a preeminent degree the blessing pronounced upon the cheerful giver. He held his means at the call of the work of Christ, and recognized in the demands of that work legitimate claims.

With this principle naturally went the other—ministry. No man more clearly recognized service as the staple of Christian life. Nature made him an active man. He could not be idle; and if he had been a bad man he would have been a power in the interest of evil, as he actually was in the interest of truth and goodness. "Pure religion and undefiled," not the conventional sort, but "before God and the Father, is to visit the fatherless and widow in their affliction." Mr. Dodge was liberal in personal, no less than in pecuniary ministries. His time and his labor and his presence, no less than his purse, were put at the service of the poor, the sorrowing, and the degraded. Like the Divine Master, who was his inspiration and his model, he went about doing good. The messenger found him with his lamp burning and his loins girded. Only a few weeks before, he was at the office of some company with which he was connected, and looking around at the portraits of the deceased members which lined the room, he remarked that he was almost the only one left of the old members, and added: "But I am ready." Several years ago he said to me: "By the grace of God I have been entirely delivered from the fear of death."—*M. R. Vincent, in the Independent.*

Lately there fell in New York City the central trunk of a banyan tree, of which it has been well said by Dr. Cuyler that it threw down a stem into almost every land of the globe. William E. Dodge spread abroad his benefactions, his personal Christian effort, his oversight of great religious enterprises, until he was a power in India, a power in the Sandwich Islands, a power in Japan, a power in half the states of this Union. Mr. JOSEPH COOK, from the Independent

## Kiowa Legend

They claim that this is the sixth generation since they received this revelation. It was revealed to them that the Great Spirit created the earth, trees, grass, buffaloes, deer, all kinds of wild animals and bows and arrows with stone heads.

He also created horses, cattle, wagons and guns, one Kiowa and one white man. He put all these things together and asked the Kiowa and white man to choose what he would take. The Kiowa chose the buffalo, deer, wild animals and bows and arrows.

The white man took the horses, cattle, wagons and guns.

The Kiowa and white man were now asked to create some of their people. Each of them were given power by the Great Spirit and they brought forth some of their people.

The Great Spirit then asked to have a beautiful Kiowa woman. So a woman was sent up a tall tree and from that she went on up to the abode of the Great Spirit.

Sometime afterwards when the Kiowas were travelling about, a very fatal disease attacked them and they all died except this woman who had gone up to the abode of the Great Spirit. He being greatly grieved at this, set fire to and burned up everything on the earth, after the fire he sent a flood until the whole earth was covered with water.

He thought now that he had destroyed everything but in looking about he saw a spider crawling around on the earth. He looked again and he saw a white man. This made him very angry. So he set about to kill them. The Kiowa woman who lived with the Great Spirit had compassion on them and wept. Her son whom she bore to the God of thunder and lightning also wept bitterly because all his friends on the earth were destroyed. The woman plead with the Great Spirit to spare the white man and spider, and so he did. The boy plead with his mother to go down to the earth. She said no our people are all dead. The boy continued pleading, so the mother consented and the boy and his mother were let down by a thread, and as they were swinging over the earth, the God of thunder and lightning, discovered their flight so he sent the lightning and killed the woman. The Great Spirit pitied the little boy, and directed him to the spider for company. The God of thunder and lightning through compassion for his son, plead with the Great Spirit to again create some Kiowas. The Great Spirit consented upon condition that if they were ever destroyed again by any power he would destroy everything with them, and afterwards die himself. The Great Spirit proceeded to make more Kiowas by cutting up the little boy.

As long as he sees their camp fires burning he knows they are still in existence.

The Great Spirit has never pledged to any other people as he has to the Kiowas that if they should be destroyed from any cause he would destroy everything else and afterwards die himself.

P.S. It required a great deal of persuasion to prevail upon them to give me this account.

They regard it as a very sacred affair and only to be talked about upon stated and grave occasions.

O. G. G.

## Cornelius Carr's Report.

We have received a report of Cornelius Carr, one of our Creek boys, who is attending school in Bucks County, and are glad to find he maintains the Carlisle record. The following is the report—

|                        | Jan. | Feb. |
|------------------------|------|------|
| Days absent            | 0    | 1    |
| Per cent of attendance | 100  | 99.5 |
| Times late             | 1    | 0    |
| Department             | 100  | 100  |
| Spelling               | 98   | 98   |
| Reading                | 100  | 100  |
| Pemanship              | 99   | 100  |
| Arithmetic             | 100  | 100  |

One of our boys had a severe cold in his head and was obliged to give much attention to his nose. After giving a hard "blow" he exclaimed "My nose cry too much."

## Died

William Snake, a Ponca, nephew of Stauding Bear. From his first coming to us he has been subject at intervals to a cough, but we had hoped, change of climate and mode of life would be the means of his relief. But as is generally true when disease attacks an Indian, he had not the vitality to resist its inroads and it culminated in bronchial tuberculosis.

Dr. Lippincott of Dickinson College, who is our acting chaplain conducted the funeral services, assisted by Rev. Mr. Foster of the M. E. church of Carlisle.

The melting snow so flooded the walks as to prevent the school from forming in procession to march to the cemetery, as is usual on such occasions, and the remains were followed to the grave only by Co. A. to which the dead belonged.