

Wah she he

Date of Death: January 29, 1885

Name variations: Washehe, Robert Washehe

Documents compiled here recording information about the death and burial of Wah she-he:

1. Card from Student Record Cards Series, NARA, RG 75, Entry 1328, box 4.
2. Page from Daily Morning Report (1884-1887), NARA, RG 75, Entry 1331, volume 1, [January, 1885], pages 14-15.
3. Page from Record of Burial (1881-1886) of St. John's Episcopal Church, Carlisle, PA, page 200.
4. "School Items," *The Morning Star*, volume 5, Indian Industrial School, Carlisle, PA, February 1885, page 5.

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

Dead

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|------------------------------------|-------------------------------------|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------|----------------------------|-----------------------------------------|----------------------|---------------------------------------|------------------------------------|-------------------|
| NUMBER <i>305</i> | ENGLISH NAME <i>Wah. she. he</i> | AGENCY <i>Chey. + Arap.</i> | NATION <i>Arapahoe.</i> | | | | | |
| BAND | INDIAN NAME | HOME ADDRESS <i>Pool Org</i> | | | | | | |
| PARENTS LIVING OR DEAD | | BLOOD <i>Full</i> | AGE <i>17</i> | HEIGHT <i>5⁶</i> | WEIGHT <i>140</i> | FORCED INSP. <i>34²</i> | FORCED EXPR. <i>32</i> | SEX. <i>m.</i> |
| FATHER, <i>Living</i> | MOTHER, <i>Living</i> | ARRIVED AT SCHOOL <i>Aug. 31, 1882</i> | | DATE DISCHARGED <i>Jan. 29, 1885</i> | | CAUSE OF DISCHARGE <i>Died</i> | | |
| TO COUNTRY <i>Sept. 19, '83</i> | | PATRONS NAME AND ADDRESS <i>J. J. Scudder, Fairville, Chester Co., Pa.</i> | | | | | FROM COUNTRY <i>Feb. 1, '84</i> | |
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SHAW-WALKER MUSKOGON 5478

Months in school before Carlisle,

Grade entered at Carlisle,

Grade at date of Discharge,

Trade or Industry,

Church,

Dead,

Report of Col. Pratt.,

Jan. 1-1904

January 1885

[illegible]

Total Average 492

Joshua, Otum, Almaine ret'd to L. University
One Onondaga girl admitted. (Mary Lynn)
" " " sent home (" ")

Stella to Jarin

Sam Johnson ret'd

Irvine to Agency
Bankske to Farm

Josephine, Asage Geo. Big Heart to Agency.
Frank Dudson to Agency

Black. 2000 g. 2000 g.
~~Washke, Wash. Soil Consumption.~~
 Noah Webster's etid from famu.

A.D. 1864-86. Record of Burials

| No. | Date. | Name. | Age. |
|------|-----------------------------|---------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| 274. | Oct. 24, '84. | John Jacob Hoffman - | about 3 yrs. |
| 275. | Dec. 1, '84. | Mrs. Mary Bentz - | " 72 " |
| 276. | Dec. 27, '84. | Capt. Isaiah H. Graham - | |
| 277. | Dec. 29, '84. | Miss Elizabeth Gray - | " 79 " |
| 278. | Jan. 30, '85. | Robert Waskche - Indian boy (Arapahoe) - | " 19 " |
| 279. | Feb. 3, '85. | Mr. John Bentz - | |
| 280. | March 21, '85. | Mrs. Eva (Sawtelle) Cart - | |
| 281. | April 21, '85. Reported. | Wendell Young - | Indian Boy - |
| 282. | Sept. 26, '85. | Miss Matilda D. Watts - | |
| 283. | Mar. 21, '86. | Wm Shanley - | A Soldier from abroad, buried by G.A.R. Post 201, of Carlisle. |
| 284. | April 29, '86. | Miriam Morris - | about 4 yrs. |
| 285. | May 1, '86. | Thomas Morris - | " 2 " |

Continued.

| Remarks. | Place. | Clergy. |
|---------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|------------------------------|-----------------|
| Service at House + grave. | Ashland Cemetery. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service at House + grave. | Ashland Cem. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service at Church + grave. | Ashland Cem. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service at house + grave. | Carlisle Cem. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service in Chapel and at the grave. | Cem of the Indian School. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service at house + grave. | Ashland Cem. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service at house + grave. | Ashland Cem. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service in Chapel and at the grave. | Cem of the Indian School. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Prayer at the House and Service in Church, and at the grave. - | Carlisle Cemetery. | Wm C. Leverett. |
| Service at the house of Mr. A. B. Ewing, and at the grave in connection with the G. A. R. Ritual. | Carlisle Cemetery. | W. C. Leverett. |
| Service at grave. | Carlisle Cem. | W. C. Leverett. |
| " " " | " " | W. C. Leverett. |

SCHOOL ITEMS.

Washehe, an Arapahoe, after a long illness died of consumption, Jan. 29th.

In the absence of the editor we have been compelled to fill the fourth page with matter not editorial.

Dr. Vance, of the first Presbyterian church, is in charge of the Sunday afternoon chapel services for the month of February.

Our last monthly chapel exercises, consisting of songs, recitations and speeches, were of unusual excellence.

We are indebted to the Presbyterian Board of Publication and to unknown friends for a generous supply of reading matter both instructive and entertaining.

Repeated falls having taught our children the treachery of ice and sleet, one of them remarked on reaching the ash strewn walk, "This is civilized ground."

To Messrs Blaylock and Blynn, Philadelphia, we return thanks on the part of our girls for the assortment of hats and caps which look to their adornment and comfort in the early spring.

By invitation of the Busy Bee Missionary Band of the Falling Spring Presbyterian church, Chambersburg, thirty of our children visited that place and gave an entertainment for the benefit of that society.

One of the teachers "borrowing some thunder" from the Philadelphia Press predicted an earthquake for the 3rd. The day dawned, one small boy watched its flight and then remarked dejectedly, "It did not quake."

Miss Stetson, professional roller skater of Boston, gave an exhibition of her art for the benefit of our girls. Whereas there were no outbursts of applause, there was evidently deep wonder at the ease and grace with which she performed some very difficult feats.

The suit of the South Penna., Railroad to force a way through our limited grounds and divide our home, under a state grant and without authority of Congress has been abandoned by that corporation. The constitutional right of Congress alone to legislate over properties belonging to the general government was admitted in this abandonment.

Clarence Wolf Face, Cheyenne, left Feb. 1st for Haskell Institute, Lawrence, Kan., where he will find employment as a baker. Others, of our returned students are continuing their trades at that Institution. On the same date Albert Wilson, Chippewa, and Louie Cornelius, Oneida, left, by reason of impaired health, for their respective homes at White Earth Agency, Minn., and Green Bay Agency, Wis.

It was monthly letter day; writing to "the old folks at home" had palled upon him, so he petitioned to send his letter to Johnnie Cook. No objection being offered that worthy was duly addressed and the letter brought us for direction. With bold confidence Johnnie's name was thrown upon the envelope when we were made to understand that we were in error, gross error, to judge by the remonstrance made. Persistent inquiry finally developed that the error lay in the use of Johnnie Cook's name for that of General Crook.

Mr. J. Wells Champney, of New York, who is known to all lovers of art, recently gave our children an exhibition of free hand drawing in charcoal. With a few strokes of the crayon he drew the winged cherub of which Dickens said, "It sings by ear for it has no lungs." Again, from a hasty touch or two, grew mountains and valleys. "After all," said Mr. Champney, "pictures are only dirty pieces of paper, but you must be careful where you put the dirt."

Quanah, Descendant From a Prominent Texas Family.

Jack Purmatah, Quanah, Sada-teehka, Comanches, Loud Talker, Kiowa, accompanied by H. P. Jones interpreter are at present our guests.

Quanah is the son of a Texas white woman, whose surname, Parker, is that by which one of the counties of that state is to-day recognized.

This woman, when a child, was captured by a raiding band of Comanches. Alienation from home soon bred forgetfulness, and by the time maturity was reached she had become so inoculated with the habits and practices of her captors as not to be distinguished from the women of that tribe. Her identity was almost entirely lost by a union with Put-tark, a Comanche, by whom she had three children. A few years later the hostile Comanches raided the Texas border, Put-tark's wife followed in his wake, when, by a strange chance of fortune she was recaptured by the whites.

It was not long until the fact of this capture reached the ears of the surviving brother of the woman's father.

Impelled by the thought that the captive and his lost niece might be one and the same, Mr. Parker hastened to Fort Worth in the hope of proving this identity.

After an interview in which fruitless efforts were made on the part of the interpreter to call up some forgotten memory of the past, Mr. Parker turned away disheartened and disappointed.

Stopping and looking back he said, "I will make one last throw, we called the little one Cynthia Ann." Before the interpreter could speak, the woman bounded upon her feet and striking her breast cried in Comanche:

"Me! Me!"

That we "love our chains" was perhaps never better illustrated than in this case. Back to those of her own blood she was carried but, she yearned for the people of her adoption.

Gladly would she have sacrificed the ease and comfort of her life for some word of her boys. This longing wore her life away before she learned that one had been killed in the raid in which she was taken, while Quanah lives to advocate progressive measures for the uplifting of his people.

Quanah's maternal inheritance consists of two leagues of land granted by the Texas Legislature in recognition of the curious facts of his history, and also a portrait of his mother which is at present among the features of the exhibit of the state of Texas at the New Orleans Exposition.

The Rev. J. W. Bain, in attendance upon the sessions of the Temperance Alliance in convention at Carlisle, lately addressed our school in these words:

"If a General was about to battle with an enemy he would keep cool, steady, and call his senses around him. His men would be under his control so that he could say to one 'Here!' to another 'There!' or to all, 'March together!' You have a battle to fight and the trials of life to meet, don't put an enemy in your mouth that will steal away your brain and break your will power. You say, 'But a drop cannot do that.' A drop makes you drunk just that much; a teaspoonful makes you drunk a teaspoonful, and a little more will make you drunk clear through. Drink will never help you to think, it will never help you to be master of yourself. But it will rob you of a steady hand and a clear head; it will petrify your heart, and at last unman you."

Agent Laban J. Miles, accompanied by Gov. Black Dog, En-ches-tah-wah-ti-an-kah, Nek-ahwashetunkah, Peter C. Big Heart, Paul Aken and E. M. Mathews from Osage Agency, I. T., paid the school a recent visit. There are at present 61 children of that tribe on our school roll.

Roller Skating.

The "wave" has reached us with the following results:

"I can very well on roller skates, I can first stand straight up but when I go to move the first thing I know my feet fly up in the air. I hope that is not the way to skate."

"I know very well the roller skates."

"Roller skates cost \$2.10 I cannot reach."

"I have one skate."

"I like roller skates but I hard fall and get hurts."

Our Hennyery.

Mrs. Whitall, of Germantown, gave us the money for a hennyery, in November, 1883. During '84 it produced as follows:

| | |
|---------------------------------------|----------|
| Dressed chickens sent to kitchen..... | 623 lbs. |
| " " " hospital..... | 158 " |
| Eggs to kitchen and hospital..... | 820 doz. |
| Chickens on hand..... | 175 |
| In all over \$300.00 in value. | |

A Class of Indian Pupils Visit the Great Steel Works.

The impression made upon our children by a recent visit to Steelton can be gathered from the following notes from their letters:

"Our visit to Steelton was one of our greatest delights this month. It is a small place, but is noted for its steel works, its steel being of the very best made in the country. It being about twenty-one miles from here to that place it took but a short time in the steam-cars. The Cumberland Valley having beautiful scenery all along the road, we took in all its beauty.

We passed the Susquehanna River and it was full of floating ice.

Ere we reached Steelton, we could see huge, black smoke rising from the work-shops, where three or four thousand men are constantly at work. On arriving at the place, we were anxious to see the man, who superintends the works. He was a short man with his head on one side, because he had so much to carry in it about the works. The men kindly showed us around the place. Having only one chance and wishing to see everything, we were soon masters of the place and going through the different working shops of the establishment.

What opened our eyes wide was, when we were in the converting room where the ore is melted. Our party declared it was a grand appearance to see the flame and the sparks rushing out from the furnace, but when the sparks were turned on them they forgot the grand sight and ran to get away from the burning sparks. It was fun to see them running.

What immense steel bars! Then to see them made into common size rails is wonderful. Could an Indian have thought out such work as that? I doubt it. We were told that forty car loads of steel rails each car, weighing fifteen or sixteen tons, were sent to different places every day. As we went from shop to shop we could see plainly that the men were intelligent and understood their business. That is not the case with some other places."

"Steelton is not a lazy village but a busy one."

"You could think that they must have some steel to make at that place because part of the name of it is steel."

"We saw a great furnace where the steel is melted and then runs down in a canal like water and then enters into another thing."

"First the iron is made 14 inches square which is called ingots; next they make it 46 inches long and that is called blooms. At last they make a rail 30 feet long."

Major Bent, superintendent of the works at Steelton, returned our visit on the 17th, accompanied by a party of friends.

The stirring hymn, "Awaked by Sinai's awful sound" was written by a full blood Mohican Indian.

It will perhaps be a matter of surprise to our readers to learn that the annual interest of a fund granted in the reign of George II, for civilizing and christianizing the Indians in New England, amounted to two hundred thousand dollars. For want of proper information as to the needs and condition of the people, the Trustees of this large sum failed to appropriate it to the end designed.