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Division of
Indian Affairs

1893

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R. H. Pratt
July 9. 1890.
Carlisle, Pa.Incloses and disapproves
articles by Elaine Goodale.

2 incl.

File

July 9th, 1890.

Cover

Capt. Pratt -

Enclosing articles
by Miss Goodale.Remonstrated
July - 1890.

have the say.

Respectfully yours,

Capt. & Subt.

Personal

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL,
CARLISLE, PA.

July 9th, 1890.

Hon. T. J. Morgan,
Commr. of Indian Affairs,
Washington, D.C.

Dear General:

I send two articles from the pen of Miss Goodale. She is more eager for the dollars she can get from Newspaper and Magazine correspondence than she is for those she can get for Government work. She fought the work of the Sioux Commission of which I was Chairman and adjourned her Government school a fortnight to be present at our councils at Lower Brule and write us down. You see in these articles she attacks Congress and everybody else. Suppose I were to answer her, there would be some dirty linen washed, which might please the newspapers but would it help the service?

The article from the April New England Magazine is illogical in that she draws a hard picture of the Reservations, Agencies and Agents and then blames me for wanting to get the youth into better lines. That from the Evening Post is also illogical in that she is in charge of Schools in Dakota and claims that the Sioux shall direct as to Schools and then urges Home Schools, which only means that she herself shall have the say.

Respectfully yours,

R. H. Ball
Capt. & Supt.

What the Indians Say About Them--

An Appreciative Speech--

The Deserted School-

(Commercial House, Ind. U. S.)

IT IS A FACT NOT TO BE OVER-looked in dealing with the educational work among the Sioux, that the Sioux people themselves have an interest, and an intelligent interest in the training of their children. It is my policy to recognize fully this growing sentiment in favor of education, this increasing comprehension of its meaning. I concede the Indians' right to pronounce upon the number and kind of schools to be supported by their money, which are to determine the future of their people.

As I journey over the prairie country, pausing at every tree-fringed creek that borders the bell-capped school-house—perhaps the sole frame building in the Indian village—I take care to talk with some of the principal beneficiaries of the school and ask their opinion, respectfully; I listen to them seriously; I reply to them after due consideration. I do not treat these shrewd, experienced men as children, but as men who have opinions to express, and a right to express them. Sometimes their native caution gains the upper hand, and they answer me in general terms. Occasionally I hear an unworthy or an idle complaint. Frequently, however, their frank statements and shrewd criticisms have been of service to me.

"You will never hear," says one gray-headed man, "a complaint from any one regarding that school. There is no complaint possible. Every year there are a crowd of children at the gate who cannot be admitted. If there were two more schools like it at the agency, they would all three be full. The children are never punished, but they are always obedient. It is curious," he adds, as if to himself, "I never could understand by what art those children are made so obedient and so good."

"That woman," says another man at another place—a camp school—"that white woman of whom you speak was the best teacher we ever had. We are all her friends. She worked hand in hand with the church—she was President of the Women's Guild—she visited the sick. Our girls were neatly dressed then—see how ragged they look now! Our children all spoke English. I wonder who took our good friend away from us? Will you not write a letter and ask her to come back?" This after three years' absence of their "good friend!"

A third naively remarked, "Our teacher likes to shoot rabbits and prairie chickens. He likes it so much that he is often gone all day, and the bell does not ring for school. When the land was opened to the white people, he made haste to take up a claim—he built that little house over there, and he did not teach school for many days. I wish you would ask our Father in Washington to send us a teacher who attends to his business."

On one of the scores of pretty, winding creeks scattered over the Sioux country there stands a neat little school-house, with its belfry atop and its wing for the teachers' dwelling-rooms—one of many such. But this school-house is empty and deserted. It is nearly two years since that bell has rung out a summons to the children, who play about the village in rags. I am told that the people wish very much to have this school reopened, and in order to see and hear for myself I send for my team and drive out there in the teeth of a threatening black cloud and occasional fierce dashes of rain, alternating with hot sunshine. We drive first to the little chapel, opposite the school-house, on the further side of the creek, and here I hold parley with the native catechist, whose strong face brightens wonderfully as I address him in his mother tongue.

"Do the people here wish to have the school reopened?" "Yes"—heartily spoken. "How many children are there?" "Nearly thirty," is the reply, given after a moment's thought. "All of school age?" "Yes"—and he holds his hands at varying distances from the ground to indicate the height of the children. "Can you give me a list of the names?" He disappears within the house and returns in a very few minutes with a neatly written list of twenty-eight names. "Now," I say, "I want to see some of these children and talk to their parents. Will you go with us to their houses?" The

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Finally, I take a nearer view of the building, which appears to be in good order, and peeping in at the window, see a school-room furnished with all the requisites, including an organ and a sewing-machine. Pictures and maps hang on the walls; the living-rooms contain the necessary furniture. Everything is undisturbed, even the large wood-pile outside. I get out my camera and take a photograph of the scene, intending to let it tell its own story to "the powers that be."

Anxious as these people are for schools at their own homes, both day-schools and boarding-schools, they hesitate long before sending their children to the East for an education. The agent at Rosebud has been trying for months to make up a party for Carlisle, with almost no success. This is a matter which, in my opinion, should not be forced. It would be far better to drop the subject for the present, but double the numbers of the home schools and improve the quality of the teaching. I believe that children trained in the best of these schools will compare favorably, in average usefulness, with those trained at Carlisle. The exceptionally capable, ambitious student will volunteer to go East, and probably improve his special opportunities. Let it be understood that the home schools, and especially industrial day-schools, are to be made the effective means of training the mass of these Indian children, thus satisfying the parents and furnishing a wonderful stimulus and help to the whole body of the Sioux people.

ELAINE GOODALE,
Supervisor of Education among the Sioux.
—New York Post.

INDIAN SCHOOLS.

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(Commercial House, Ind. A.)

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audiences, especially in Ireland, and although his manners and language were even then singular, his sarcasms on English society were generally incisive and eloquent. In fact, they cut so much to the quick that John Bull, not being used to being told unpleasant truths about himself right in his own domain, didn't know what to make of it, and for want of doing something better cursed and d—d the "howdacious Yankee" most frightfully. This, however, was before the civil war broke out here. After Fort Sumter had been fired upon, and during the first two years of the fratricidal struggle, Mr. Train devoted himself to an even bolder—and decidedly more useful—task. He went through the length and the breadth of the "tight little island," seeking whom he might convert to union principles, whom he might win over to the cause of preserving the integrity of this Republic. He found it a tough job—a very tough job—and his courage was often put to the roughest sort of test, being rotten-egged a score of times, mobbed quite often, fiercely assailed in the British press, treated with contumely by the "hupper crust." But all that did not deter him. His American nerve never forsook him, and he went on advocating the cause of the North against fearful odds. He won over thousands upon thousands in England to the Union side, and it is not too much to say, although Mr. Train has never received due public credit for it, that he actually did more to shape British sympathy in favor of the North than Henry Ward Beecher did during his course of lectures over there.

In 1852 Mr. Train returned to his native country. During the seven years he had been absent from home this young man had written and published, besides the intensely busy and public life he had led, the following larger works: "An American Merchant in Europe, Asia and Australia," "Young America Abroad," "Young America in



GEORGE PARALYZES JOHN BULL.

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After his return to this country, in 1864, Mr. Train labored earnestly in behalf of the peace convention, believing it possible that the North and South could come to an understanding, and terminate the terrific strife in that year.

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G. F. T. IN MADISON PARK IN '86.

meant measure proved a fizzle. About that time, too, he interested himself greatly in the starting of the Union Pacific Railway, and was one of the leading spirits in the organization of that other mighty engine, the Credit Mobilier. He played a great role in both of these gigantic enterprises, and it was through them that he obtained a slice of wealth large enough to last him for the rest of his life. Incidentally, too, he got some land in Omaha, Neb., which since has become very valuable. His connection with the Credit Mobilier, it is but just to say, had ceased long before Oakes Ames got into the scheme and long before the name of Credit Mobilier acquired a rank flavor in the mouths of Americans.

A couple of years later, in 1868, we find George Francis Train once more prominently before the public. He figured as a candidate for the Presidency and made a grand tour of the United States, delivering lectures on the then political situation in a thousand cities, towns, villages and hamlets. While not a Democrat, and in the main a believer in Republican doctrine, he opposed the radical tendency of the latter party, declaring himself emphatically against reconstruction as practiced by the victors in the down-trodden South, and cited facts and reasons why a more conciliatory policy would redound to the best interests of the nation as a whole. His mission, however, ended when the campaign resulted in the election of General Grant, and he then for years lapsed into a state of "innocuous desuetude," his Patmos being (and continued to be for a long time) Madison Square in New York. At the same time his manner and his whole bearing became steadily more eccentric. Do-

New England Magazine April 1890

PLAIN WORDS ON THE INDIAN QUESTION.

By Elaine Goodale.



THE new method of dealing with the Indian, not as an Indian, but as a man, is better understood in the form of a general proposition than as applied to the details of administration. Our national policy in this regard, as recently formulated in the President's message and in the Report of the Secretary of the Interior, must now be familiar to every intelligent citizen, even though he had overlooked the declarations of the two strong Indian associations, the statements of thoughtful missionaries, and the platform of the famous Mohawk Conference. We have undertaken, as a nation, to put every Indian child in school, and every Indian family on a homestead; to abrogate all "Indian rights," and to invest the red man with all the rights and the privileges of an American citizen.

It is unfortunate that the avowed policy of the government does not, in this case, strictly govern its official action. It is my purpose to call attention to the actual dangers of a timid and conservative administration of Indian affairs, of course including Indian legislation. These dangers are chiefly connected with reservations and Indian agents.

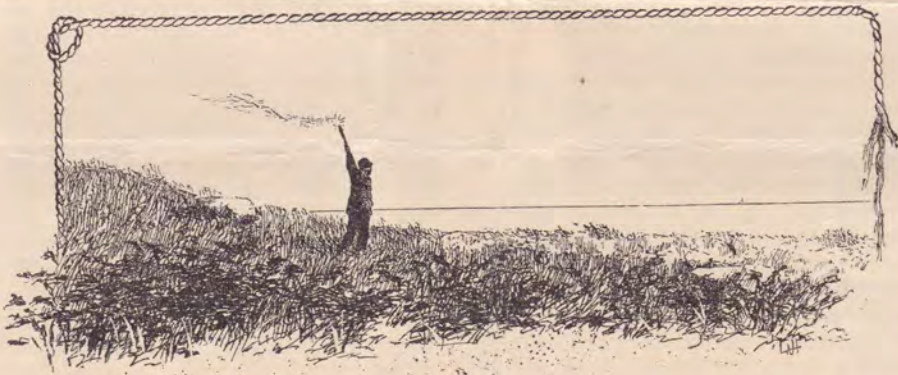
The Indian Reservation is a part of the superannuated segregation policy, which was long pursued by our government with deplorable results. The Reservations were originally set apart for a perpetual heritage for the Indians, and I suppose that the men who made the first treaties really believed that we should never need those vast tracts of wilderness, or perhaps that the aborigines would conveniently "die out" before we did need them. It is quite possible that they promised in good faith to feed and clothe and protect the savage from the encroachments of the white man to the end of time, and that they honestly saw no other practicable method of securing peace. The event has proved their unwisdom, although not their insincerity. The rapid growth of our great country has com-

pelled us to tamper with their solemn obligations,—it has apparently necessitated a succession of frauds, cruelties, and deceptions. In the meantime this race of involuntary prisoners and paupers has become as demoralized as we should expect from the conditions, and has lost to a great degree its pristine courage, patriotism, independence, and honor. This is the saddest result of the Reservation system.

These facts are admitted to-day, not only by advanced thinkers, but by the rank and file of citizens. It is surprising that these admissions could not have prevented the passage of such a retrogressive measure as the recent act to divide the Sioux Reservation, and throw open 11,000,000 acres to settlement,—an act which, under the cloak of a progressive piece of legislation, endorsed by the "friends of the Indians," creates six separate reservations for the six subdivisions of the Sioux tribe, and solemnly pledges the government anew to the old policy of setting apart and letting alone. At the very moment when everybody is condemning this Reservation policy, when nobody believes in it or wants it, a commission appointed by the President of the United States is concluding a fresh treaty of precisely the same nature as those which have been systematically broken, and had better never have been made,—is gravely promising never to disturb the Indians upon their newly created reservations, and never to allot their lands to them in severalty without their formal consent. And this piece of policy is supposed to have been committed "for the benefit of the Indians," because, forsooth, it contains a few compromises in the shape of appropriations for education, already promised in former treaties, and provision for voluntary acceptance of allotments, already better provided for in the general Land in Severalty bill, passed nearly three years ago! This Sioux bill was *not* passed "in the interest of the Indians," but in the supposed interest of the whites and it is not to the real advantage of anybody. It is a temporary makeshift, unworthy of our national Indian policy.

Volumes could be written reciting the deeds done and heroism displayed by the life-savers, even in the face of death. I will relate a most pitiful disaster which caused the death of Keeper Atkins and Surfmen Taylor and Mayo, of "Peaked Hill Bars" Station. On the morning of November 30th, 1880, the sloop *Trumbull* was discovered by the patrol on the inner bar. The life-boat was quickly manned by Keeper Atkins and Surfmen Taylor, Mayo, Kelly, Young, and Fisher, and rowed to the helpless craft. The crew, excepting two who positively refused assistance and remained on board the vessel, were safely landed on shore. The gale continued to increase in fury. The sea was now running high, and Keeper Atkins, realizing the danger that threatened those who had refused assistance, again started out with his brave band, to save them from what seemed certain death. The darkness was intense, and in their attempt to get near the sloop the life-boat was caught by a swinging boom and capsized. The same sea that caused this calamity struck the vessel, and she floated from the bar and sailed away. The men clung for a while to the overturned boat, but finally attempted to swim to the shore, as their only chance for life. Surfmen Young, Kelly, and Fisher,

apparently more dead than alive, were rescued by Surfman Cole, who remained on the beach, and were cared for by him while one of the sloop's crew was sent to the town for medical aid. The remainder of the boat's crew, including Keeper Atkins, Surfmen Taylor and Mayo, though excellent swimmers, were fighting for life against fearful odds. Their dying cries, mingling with the shrieking winds, were soon silenced, and they were swept by the waves beyond the reach of help and swallowed by the angry sea. Eager, watchful ones patrolled the shore, hoping, praying that, though dead, their bodies might be recovered. After many weary hours of watching, as if to make amends for its cruel work, old Ocean gave back each lifeless form and laid it gently on the frozen beach. The whole village turned out to do these brave men honor, and when they were carried from the church to their last resting-places few eyes were dry. Small mounds of earth and marble slabs now mark the places where they sleep. What more suitable epitaph could be carved than the words telling that they died in saving others,—what more eloquent eulogy pronounced than that in time of great danger they were not found wanting in the performance of their duty?



Showing Coston Light to a Vessel in Danger.

We have committed ourselves anew to the recognized mistakes of the past.

I have next to say that, in my opinion, the Indian agent is at the present moment the greatest single obstacle to Indian civilization and citizenship. This is not saying that there are not good agents, who are trying to "civilize" the Indians. The proposition is wholly independent of the question, whether a specified agent is a good or a bad man. He is in either case an obstacle to progress, *because he is an Indian agent*; in other words, because he is a despotic ruler.

It is not easy for the average American to realize that a United States Agency is an absolute monarchy on a small scale, — a little Russia in the midst of republican America! Let him live in an Agency for a few years, as I have done, and he will realize it only too clearly! It may or may not be brought home to him personally in an unpleasant way — that depends entirely upon whether or no he makes himself obnoxious to the agent, and it is in any case a minor consideration. But he will see, if he have eyes, that the one-man power is in its way supreme, and held in check only by entirely inadequate government inspection, and somewhat, of late, by the possibility of outside criticism. He will see that justice is practically administered or set aside at the will of the agent; for although criminal cases *may* be brought before state or territorial courts, it usually depends upon the agent whether this is done — and it seldom is done; and although so-called "Courts of Indian Offences," with a bench of Indian judges, are organized in many instances, not only does the agent appoint the judges, but he sets aside their decisions at his pleasure! I will not recount the miscarriages of justice which I have witnessed under these circumstances, for it is my object merely to point out the anomalies of the system, which speaks for itself.

The schools are equally at the mercy of the agent, who largely controls the appointment of teachers, the issue of school supplies, and the business of supervision. It is easy to see that by the discreet use of his unlimited power to issue or not to issue supplies, tools, horses, etc., to individuals, and to notice or refrain from noticing particular misdemeanors and crimes, the Indian agent can largely influence any ex-

pression of opinion or concentrated action among several thousand human beings. It is also obvious that all white men living upon an Indian reservation, as subordinate employes of government, missionaries, teachers, etc., or any who are travelling through it for purposes of observation and study, may not displease the agent on any account, at the risk of losing their positions, or their influence, or of finding the situation intolerable in one way or another, — and this without being able to fix the responsibility or obtain redress.

Lastly and chiefly, it is a vital mistake to place the difficult task of leading the Indians up and on to a plane of self-support and citizenship in the hands of a man who has a personal stake in the existing order of things. Of course, it is official suicide in an agent to admit that the Indians are able to do without him, — it is to his interest to defer as long as possible the final withdrawal of rations and annuities, or their payment in money, or any step towards complete independence of his sway.

I trust I have made it plain that there exists in our country one notable exception to republican rule, and that the Indian agent, be he the best and ablest of men, is an anomaly in free America, and an almost insuperable obstacle to Indian progress. The best agent is perhaps really the worst, because he does not lead people to look too closely into a system which *may* appear to work well enough. He may be, for the present, a necessary evil; but the wise statesman will use every right means to define and limit and curtail his absolute power, especially in the true lines of administration of criminal law and control of the school system. United States courts should be at once extended over all the reservations, — and the Indian schools should be conducted by a body of teachers and superintendents responsible directly to the Indian bureau, and thus removed wholly from the sphere of Agency affairs. They would then be, not local, disconnected, almost personal concerns, but the correlated parts of a great system.

I have a final protest to make on behalf of the natural right of the Indian parent to have his child educated at home. One of the strongest advocates of the theory that the Indian is at bottom a man like other men, and is to be treated accord-

ingly, is the veteran Indian educator, Captain Pratt. He says all this in one breath, and in the next breath he adds that the way to educate Indians is to place half the continent between them and their homes, to bring them up in a climate and a country entirely unlike their own, and then to *keep them there!* He seriously proposes to us to break up families wholesale, to leave the old people to die childless and forsaken, and to compel the younger generation to enter the highly organized society and compete with the oversupplied labor markets of the East, instead of "growing up" with the great West, as they would easily and naturally do, as soon as the barriers of the Reservation are broken down. Would any class of American citizens submit to such treatment as this? Has not every parent in the country a right to elementary instruction for his children at primary schools near his own home, — at *day* schools, in a word, which the child can attend and still remain at home? It is right that the Indian father should be given the opportunity which is not denied to other fathers, of sending a capable, ambitious child away from home for the "higher education," for the benefits of travel, and the advantages of a great school or university. It is *not* right that he should be required to do this, or given the alternative of district schools, or none.

It is unnecessary to waste words upon the chimerical scheme of permanently disrupting the family tie by obliging those young men and women who have been educated in the East to find a home and earn a livelihood there. It cannot be done; and if it could, it ought not to be, for the reasons already suggested. On the other hand, the establishment of a primary day-school system, on a large scale and under competent direction, is an urgent practical need. This is no menace to the really fine training-schools already in existence, of which none stands higher than Carlisle. Far better than another Carlisle, however, would be the application of Carlisle methods to a vast series of elementary schools scattered all over the Indian country, ready to become, at the earliest possible moment, an integral part of our common school system.

These, then, are some of the obstructive fragments of the old which threaten our new Indian policy, — the reservation-making treaty under the specious guise of a progressive act of Congress; the Indian agent, invested with autocratic powers, and expected to "civilize the Indians"; and the great boarding-school as a substitute for — not a supplement to — the primary home day-school. The people should be on their guard against these illegitimate offsprings of anomalous conditions and a progressive theory.

THE ASTOR LIBRARY.

By Frederick K. Saunders, Librarian.



PUBLIC libraries exert a potent influence upon the intellectual development of society, not only in their immediate vicinity, but throughout the land. It has been well said that "moral and intellectual light is all-pervading: it cannot be diffused among one class of society without its influence being felt by the whole community." The public library is destined to prove, in our country, the great educator of the popular mind. In

a republic of such free political institutions as ours, intellectual and moral culture is a necessity, for it is the palladium and guarantee of our national greatness, if not of our existence. Public libraries present many claims upon our grateful regard, since they not only educate and elevate society, but also conserve and perpetuate the intellectual wealth of past ages. It is one of the ennobling characteristics of our age that so many endowed institutions of learning deck our broad domain. The founders of such beneficent establishments, whether they be colleges, universities, or