

The Indian Helper.

A WEEKLY LETTER FROM THE CARLISLE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL
SCHOOL TO BOYS AND GIRLS.

VOLUME III.

CARLISLE, PA., FRIDAY, AUGUST 3, 1888.

NUMBER 51.

A MAN of kindness to his beast is kind,
But brutal actions show a brutal mind:
Remember *He* who made thee, made the
brute;
Who gave *thou* speech and reason formed *him*
mute.
He can't complain, but God's all-seeing eye
Beholds *thy* cruelty, and hears *his* cry.
He was designed thy servant, not thy drudge;
And know that *his* creator is thy judge."

—[Selected.]

A DAY IN LONDON.

WILLIAMSON'S HOTEL, BOW LANE, CHEAP-
SIDE, LONDON,

July, 12, 1888.

DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS:—We left summer
behind us when we left the dear home-land,
and our reception in London, so far as nature
was concerned, was chilling in the extreme.

With the exception of two or three hours of
very doubtful and unwilling sunshine, the
rain has dripped upon us ceaselessly since
our arrival, and yesterday the highest point
the thermometer could register was 55 de-
grees. However, we expected something of
the kind, and one hates to be disappointed.

How much can be crowded into a day, when
time is precious!

On Tuesday we started out after breakfast
and walked to St. Paul's Cathedral which is
only five minutes' walk from our hotel.

All my preconceived ideas of what a cathed-
ral should be were amply realized as I looked
up at the great dome and massive pillars,
black with age and the London atmosphere,
and then stood in the great nave and listened
to the silvery bells.

We climbed the steps to the "Whispering
Gallery," and went round opposite our guide
and sat down.

Presently he put his lips to the stone-wall,
and we heard every word distinctly as he
whispered to us an account of the cathedral,
though we were on exactly the opposite side
of the dome, and 160 feet distant.

Afterwards we climbed the winding stairs
to the stone gallery outside the dome, from
which we had a fine bird's eye view of Lon-
don.

It seemed like almost a solid mass of iron
and stone buildings, extending in every direc-
tion as far as the eye could reach, broken only
by the windings of the Thames.

Leaving the cathedral we descended to the
common-place world and went and had
lunch.

It seemed a little odd to hear "Two shillin,"
"six-pence," "thruppence ha'-penny," etc., as
values, to be charged six-pence for one toma-
to, to receive, on the contrary, twice as much
beef as America would give us for the same
money, and to see so many ladies drinking
ale and porter; but the most amusing thing to
me is the "Tipping."

Ask a 'bus driver half a dozen questions as
you ride along.

He will expect a "Tip" when you leave the
'bus. If you allow your "Grip-sack" to go on
top of a cab you pay the driver an extra
"Tip" for taking care of it.

Your waiter in restaurant and hotel, the un-
der steward and waiters on the steamer, the
cabby, the "Boots" and a host of others seem
ever on the watch for a "Tip" and many will
take even "Thruppence" if they can't get more.

After about a day of it, one learns to be
wary.

But lunch is over, and mounting to the top
of a London 'bus by a "Winding stair" on the
outside, we ride away down Fleet St., and the
Strand, through Trafalgar Square where is a
fine monument to Lord Nelson, and where are
to be found, close at hand, the National Gal-
lery, full of paintings by the old masters, the
British Museum with its wonderful collection
of curiosities, the Chancery court and other
law buildings, etc., etc.

On through Whitehall, past the Horse
Guards, where the defenders of Her Majesty
look very fine in their scarlet vests and
mounted on horses whose coats shine like
satin from much grooming.

We pass the Houses of Parliament, and
stand reverently before the massive walls of
Westminster Abbey.

Away back in 616 the Saxon King Sebert
built a church on the bank of the Thames
and it took the name of Westminster.

Afterwards it was enlarged by Edward the
Confessor and rebuilt by Henry III.

It is in the form of a Latin cross.

Nothing except the Tower has given me
such an idea of the antiquity of this great city
as the blackened walls of this old abbey.

Within, one almost forgets that the roar of
modern London can be heard within a square.
All is silent save the whispers of the crowds
and the steady echo of many feet upon the
floor.

Here in the "Poets Corner" we find a beau-
tiful marble bust of Longfellow, and on it are
lying fresh roses, dropped by some loving
hand.

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

The Indian Helper.

PRINTED EVERY FRIDAY, AT THE INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., BY THE INDIAN PRINTER BOYS.

The INDIAN HELPER is PRINTED by Indian boys, but EDITED by The-man-on-the-band-stand, who is NOT an Indian.

Price:—10 cents a year.

Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.
Miss M. Burgess, Manager.

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

THE INDIAN HELPER is paid for in advance, so do not hesitate to take the paper from the Post Office, for fear a bill will be presented.

LOST.—An opportunity of doing a kind act.

Thomas Metoxen writes from Wrightstown, Pa., that he has a good place. He and Willie Morgan sat up to look at the eclipse of the moon, and thought it very wonderful.

An interesting letter from Nellie Cary gives evidence of happy times while at work away from the school. It is such a good letter that we shall have to print a part of it in *The Red Man*.

There will be one more number in this volume of THE INDIAN HELPER. Now is a good time to send in new names. Cannot each subscriber send *one* new name, and ten cents? ONE?

A pleasant letter from Elizabeth Blackmoon, who is at Zion Md., says she is always pleased to get our little paper. Elizabeth is learning to milk, and she says they have 63 turkeys and 200 chickens.

Persis Bighair again sends a club of subscribers for the INDIAN HELPER. She forwards more names than any other of our boys and girls in the country, and the Man-on-the-band-stand is very much obliged.

Capt. Pratt, who is in Dakota on the order of the Department at Washington attending to Indian business writes from Standing Rock Agency that the Indians of that agency have made remarkable progress in civilization since he visited there a few years ago. Some have fine farms and are this year reaping good crops.

Camp Items.

On Monday a few of the boys caught some very good sized fish.

Crazyhead visited the ore-banks and went under ground 1,200 feet. He was greatly surprised and said "Heap good."

On Monday, Ben Thomas, one of the printers, led the list of berry pickers. The other printers were up to the average.

Dr. Stewart paid the camp a visit last Friday.

Snakes are more plentiful. The dry weather is bringing them off the mountain to water.

Charlie Dagnett has killed six snakes.

The school-band came up Saturday afternoon and attended a country festival given about two miles from here, they reported having a fine time and lots of good things to eat.

Paradise Island, south of camp, is a very cool and pleasant nook.

A tepee in the centre of camp, built in regular Indian fashion was put up by Wm. Bull and Alex. Yellowman.

Six printers, Samuel Townsend, Ben Thomas, Joe Harris, Henry Phillips, Yamie Leeds, and Chas. Wheelock came out to spend Sunday in camp.

Misses Ely, Patterson, Marion Pratt, and Burgess, and Messrs. Goodyear and Edward McFadden were here over Sunday.

Little Irene Campbell came to camp to stay with her papa while her mamma went to Lancaster for a day or two. WATCH DOG.

Encouraging letters have been received from Christopher Tyndall, now at Omaha Agency and Harry Shirley at the Kiowa and Comanche Agency, Ind. Ter. Neither of the boys expect to return to the school, though Harry says, many of the boys at his Agency are talking about coming back. Christopher has already found work, and we know Harry soon will if he has not now.

Levi Levering writes, "there is no chance for idleness around Omaha Agency, plenty of work to do." He is living with Dr. L. M. Hensel a missionary, and assisting him in Sabbath School work at Omaha Creek. He says that Noah Lovejoy (a boy who returned last year) is the best man out there.

Miss Lowe's interesting letter—"A Day in London"—printed on the 1st and 4th pages will bear studying, as it alludes to many things in history about which we all should know. If we do not know let us be quick, hunt up our histories and read the stories before we are made ashamed that we are so ignorant.

Justin Head who is earning his living on a Bucks County farm, sends ten cents for the INDIAN HELPER, and says the paper is so interesting to him that he can't do without it.

Mrs. Worthington has gone away on a little vacation.

The carpenters are repairing the Parker farm house.

ANSWER TO LAST WEEK'S ENIGMA: "Visit too much."

Miss Campbell, of the Fresh Air Fund, N. Y. City, is visiting the school.

Mr. Campbell is having a new back wing built to his house, a repair that has long been needed.

Mr. Morett, foreman of the shoe-shop, is again at his post of duty after an illness of a couple of weeks.

Miss Irvine is on duty again after a few week's rest away from the school. She returned Monday evening.

Our school will have an exhibit at the great Cincinnati Centennial Exhibition, which lasts until the 27th of October.

The masons are now at work on the deep part of the foundation to the new school building, and are making good progress.

Levi St. Cyr has had the mumps out on a farm. He said there was nothing to do but "let it mump," which he did, and he is now well.

Paul Boynton, a printer who has been working on a farm in Luzerne County for a few weeks, returned on Monday, and is setting type again. He comes back looking strong and well.

Mr. Woodruff, Miss Seabrook and Miss Nana went to camp, Wednesday morning. Miss Seabrook after a night at camp went to her home near Gettysburg, to be absent for a month.

Richenda, Irene and Johnnie had a little tea party, Wednesday afternoon. Johnnie made the table out of some shingles, and on the table were cake and lemonade. Where was the tea? When they grow big maybe they will have tea.

Miss Noble left on Thursday for a month's vacation. The culinary department has never been under so efficient management as since Miss Noble has had charge, but we trust that it is no selfish motive which prompts us to say, We hope she will be greatly invigorated and strengthened for the renewal of her work in the fall.

Irene now has short hair, and she says "Ith Nith."

Miss Campbell has gone to Asbury Park, N. J., for a week or two.

Miss Patterson left, Wednesday morning, for Juniata County to visit friends there.

Miss Cook has returned to the school. She is now a regular employe with us, and we welcome her back.

In the absence of Mrs. Campbell on Sunday, Miss Nana Pratt assisted with the vocal as well as the instrumental music.

Mrs. Lutkins returned to the school, Tuesday night, after a very delightful month's vacation with her daughter in Topeka, Kansas.

Mr. Jordan and his boys are making a new road running from the guard-house back of Teachers' Quarters to main road in front of Dining-hall.

"Indians work hard all days; white man lazy on Sunday," said Crazyhead last Sunday when refused sinew with which to make little Herbert a bow.

Miss Rote left for her home in Columbia County this state, on Wednesday afternoon, to be gone for a month. Mrs. Ring of town takes her place as matron of the Teachers' Club.

Authority has been received for the houses occupied by Mr. Jordan and Mr. Foulke to be repaired. There are not more faithful workers on the grounds than these two gentlemen, and they certainly deserve good houses to live in.

The Hiltons, where Randall Delchey lives not far from town sent a treat of apples to our boys and girls. It was fun to watch the boys stuffing their hats and pockets and mouths full all at the same time.

On account of a slight sprinkle of rain the girls did not get started to their picnic until after dinner, last Saturday. They went, however, and had a splendid time. It was on the banks of the creek at the cave about a mile from here, where they had their "big eat."

Herbert Goodboy is here on a little visit. Herbert has been on a Bucks County farm for a little more than a year. He knew very little English when he went. He now talks understandingly, has made a most excellent record, brought back a nice lot of money to put in bank; looks well, independent and happy.

(Continued from First Page.)

Here are the tombs of Chaucer and of Spencer, a monument to Shakespeare, a bust of Milton, etc.

In the choir we find the tomb of Sebert, erected away back in 1308, and in the chapel of Edward the Confessor we come upon the famous "Coronation chair," in which all the sovereigns of England have been crowned since 1272, and having under it the famous "Stone of Scone" on which used to be crowned the Scottish kings.

Ascending twelve black marble steps we enter the magnificent chapel of Henry VII, adorned with a thousand statues and figures, and filled with marble tombs on which rest marble effigies of those "Whose bones are dust" like those of commoner mortals.

Here in a white marble sarcophagus are supposed to lie the bones of the two young princes murdered in the Tower by their uncle Richard III.

Here lie those mortal enemies, Elizabeth and Mary, Queen of Scots, under beautiful marbles on which lie effigies of themselves.

Wherever we turn statues and busts of the good or great in the world's history crowd upon the vision, till we are glad to go and sit in the choir for afternoon service.

How the choir-boys' voices and the notes of the grand old organ go pealing up among the lofty arches!

And how solemn and impressive is the service in this place where pride, ambition, glory, folly all lie dead together! Only goodness lives eternally, the poet to the contrary, notwithstanding.

And now we reluctantly leave the Abbey, and descending a flight of steps to the water's edge go on board a pretty little boat and float away over the Thames to Battersea Park where the eye is rested by the beautiful trees and flowers, the clear lake, the sheep feeding in green pastures, the boys playing at cricket.

A bus takes us over a bridge, and here we hire a hackney for a long ride about Hyde Park and its neighborhood.

We pass "Rotten Row" where scores of lords and ladies are taking the air on horseback.

We ramble about the court of St. James' palace, while the good-natured cabby waits for us.

We view Buckingham palace from without and would view it from within if we could, but it is the Queen's London home, and inexorably closed to visitors except the favored few.

We take a look at beautiful Kensington Gardens and ride through Piccadilly and Pall Mall, feeling as if the shade of Dickens were our companion, and at length we turn away to Marylebone Road, and stop before Madame Toussand's wonderful establishment, which must be seen to be appreciated as it deserves.

Passing into the first hall and from that to the main saloon, we stand at once in the very presence, it almost seems, of the famous people of many generations.

Here are all the kings and queens of England clad in their robes of state.

Henry VIII looks very pompous, with his six wives grouped meekly behind him.

Here are all the great ones whose names have figured in the continental history for centuries.

America is not forgotten, for George Washington is there, and Garfield, Benj. Franklin and Abraham Lincoln and William Penn.

To be sure they are only life-size effigies in wax; but the faces are perfect so far as one can tell by the portraits one has seen; the costumes are true to history; and the sweep of satin and velvet, the flashing of jewels, the beautiful draperies and carpets and the soft lights make one feel as if one is at a great reception with certainly a wonderful gathering of guests.

From the main saloon we go down to a large room called the "Chamber of Horrors." Here, standing in prisoners' docks are groups of murderers, burglars and other law-breakers, some of them so sinister looking that one involuntarily shrinks away from them.

Here is a life-size figure of Marat with Charlotte Corday's dagger in his breast; and there the heads of Marie Antoinette and Louis XVI, the blood stains at lips and ears and nostrils making one shudder with horror.

On the right we find the original knife and lunette with which these and twenty-two thousand other unfortunates were decapitated during the first French Revolution.

Among the relics we find the key of the Bastille; the carriage of Napoleon captured after the battle of Waterloo; Voltaire's reading chair, and many other objects of interest to the student of history.

On the walls are pictures that make one sick in body and spirit, for they illustrate the terrible tortures of the Inquisition, and the shocking punishments inflicted on their fellows by the barbarous, the cruel and the fanatical of all ages.

We feel it a relief, when the time of closing has come, to walk out into the clear still night, and to know that we live in the 19th century, and in a country where we drink in freedom with the air we breathe.

A ride on the underground railway takes us to our hotel, weary indeed, but feeling that we have had a day long to be remembered.

A CARLISLER.

STANDING OFFER.—For FIVE new subscribers to the INDIAN HELPER, we will give the person sending them a photographic group of the 13 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card $4\frac{1}{2} \times 6\frac{1}{2}$ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

(Persons wishing the above premium will please enclose a 1-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For TEN, Two PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos as they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, for the same number of names we give two photographs showing still more marked contrast between a Navajoo as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

Persons wishing the above premiums will please enclose a 2-cent stamp to pay postage.)

For FIFTEEN, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE SCHOOL on 9x13 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth sixty cents.

Persons wishing the above premium will please send 5 cents to pay postage.

Persons sending clubs must send all the names at once.

At the Carlisle Indian School, is published monthly an eight-page quarto of standard size, called **The Red Man**, the mechanical part of which is done entirely by Indian boys. This paper is valuable as a summary of information on Indian matters and contains writings by Indian pupils, and local incidents of the school. Terms: FIFTY cents a year, in advance.

For 2, and 3, subscribers for **The Red Man** we give the same premiums offered in Standing Offer for the HELPER.

Address, THE RED MAN, CARLISLE, PA.