

The Morning Star.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. II.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JULY, 1882.

NO. 12.

[THIS INCIDENT, thrown into rhyme, occurred during our picnic at Pine Grove, and is contributed by one of the party:]

We walked in Pine Grove's cooling shade,
Cheered by the wild-bird's note;
From Pisgah's top we looked afar—
On lakelet rowed the boat.

Wearied with strolling here and there,
We rested by a tree
From 'neath whose roots a fountain burst,
Cooling, and clear, and free:

Pouring its crystal waters down
Into a basin wide,
Cut from a rock on which we sat,
Tsaitkopeta by our side.

With gallant air his coat he'd laid
Upon the basin's brim,
And asked that we'd be seated there
To talk awhile with him.

So, leaning down upon the moss,
We listened while he told
Of all the joy his new life gave
Compared with that of old:

Till, raising high the cup he held,
From which to slake his thirst,
"Yes, true it is, 'my cup runs o'er,'"
From out his full heart burst.

We sat in silence, charmed to hear,
And gazed with joy and pride,
On form, and face, and speaking eye,
Of the Indian by our side.

Again he spoke, his soulful eyes
Helping the tale to tell,
How once at noon our Saviour sat
To rest upon a well.

And asked a woman drink to give;
But when she did not haste
He told her of a fountain near
Of which if she but taste

She never more would thirst again.
The thought set all aglow—
His fine cut face, and holding still
The cup he'd filled to overflow:

"Of this," he said, "I drink and thirst,
Then to that Fountain fly
Where waters are a Living Spring,
And ever satisfy."

We clip from the Daily Graphic the following extracts from the work of Herr Kaln, who visited America when Franklin was among our leading men:

"It is related of all the Indians who live here in the land that they are a very good people when one lives in peace with them. No one can keep faith and promise better than they. When strangers of their confederation come to them, they show them more goodness and kindness than they could expect of their own." Herr Peter Bock gave me the following story of their uprightness: "It is scarcely more than two years since one of the English traders, who traveled about among the Indians to buy and sell various commodities, was mysteriously murdered, no one knew by whom. About a year afterwards the Indians got trace of the one, among their own tribe, who had committed the deed. They straightway bound him, send him down here to Philadelphia under guard, delivered him up to the governor, and said he had committed such an atrocious act upon the English he no longer belonged to the Indians, who did not wish to have anything more to do with him, but they gave him to the governor to be judged and dealt with according to the English law, as his crime deserved. The offender was thereupon hanged. Herr Benjamin Franklin and several others related to me several times that an Indian, who owned the land Rhode Island, which is as large as a small province, and now has a government of its own, sold the same entire to the English for a pair of spectacles. This Indian knew how to realize the true value of spectacles, which, as they were so few of them to be found, competed in value and price with the most precious gems, on account of the use that could be derived of them."

[EXTRACTS FROM A LETTER sent us by one of our teachers who accompanied those of our pupils returning to their homes in the Indian Territory:]

CAPTAIN R. H. PRATT—DEAR SIR: Soon after leaving you at Harrisburg the weather grew cooler. The mountain scenery along the Juniatta was enjoyed by all, though the sorrow at parting with you, and others to whom they are so much attached, was deep and heartfelt. After a few hours their faces grew brighter, and they talked and laughed with each other. . . . The children sang hymns at different times during the day. . . . In the afternoon two ladies—Mr. Heefner had them under his care—came into our car to see the children. We sang for them, after which they sang some beautiful songs in German for us. The children enjoyed it very much indeed. They are Mennonites; their voices are so sweet and plaintive; they live in the Lebanon Valley, Pa.

Ate our supper without tea or coffee just before reaching St. Louis. It was 8:15 Sunday eve when we arrived there. Saw William and Andrew in the St. Louis and San Francisco train for Pierce City; then went into our car, which was waiting for us—a much nicer coach than the one we started in: cleaner seats, more comfortable, a stationary wash, and other conveniences, which were enjoyed by all. Mr. Heefner said he told the officials he wanted a good car, and that of the many car-loads of people he had brought over this route, none had kept themselves or the car so clean as these Indians. . . . We reached Kansas City at 10 A. M.,—forty hours from Harrisburg to this point. When we reached Newton we found the teachers from Darlington there, who said that wagons and a large number of Indians were waiting for us at Caldwell. I think they reached there on Monday morning. We found they would run a special from Wichita to Caldwell. . . . Children too much excited to sleep or let any of us rest. . . .

We reached Caldwell at 1:30 A. M. The Indians were encamped a short distance from the depot. They heard the train coming, and were in the car almost as soon as the train stopped; held their children in their arms, wept over them, and showed much feeling. Mr. Taber, a missionary, was in charge of the party. He has been superintendent of the school for the past two months. He told the chiefs they might take their children out to camp with them or let them stay in the car with us till morning. They took them off soon with them. Those who met no friends remained with us in the car. . . . After breakfast we went to camp. I went around to the different tents and talked with the Indians. Alfred's father was very sad. Agent Miles had told him he would meet his son; then to find he had not come was very hard for him. He said, "I am an old man; I cannot work much longer; I want to see my son." I told him Alfred wanted to go on a farm and learn to work well, so he could make a good farm for him; that he is learning to make clothes, so he can make good coats and pants for him as well as a farm; that Alfred is a good boy; Capt. P. is kind to him; the teachers are kind to him, and that we would all take good care of him. He watched me very closely while I was talking, and I saw what I said pleased him. I gave him a chance to talk, but he only looked sad. Finally he said, "I will let my boy stay one more year—just one year: not two years—but one," repeating this several times. "When the grass is green I want to see my boy; I am old;

when the grass is green again I want my boy to come." I said, "I will tell Capt. P. and it will be all right." He seemed well satisfied when I bade him good-bye. . . . Bob-Tail, Joseph's father, wanted me to sit down on the blanket with him and talk. Joseph Hubbell, Hayes, Miles, J. Washa, and some of the other boys were there. Hubbell interpreted: "I went to W—; I gave my boy for three years; now he has come back; I want to keep him; we want to keep all these boys; send others; I have lost my big boy; now, I have only Joseph left; I want to keep him; some boys get sick and die, but my boy come back; I keep him."

I told them why we wanted them to come back: so they can learn much more—all about railroads and selling land; about everything, so the white men cannot cheat them and get their lands from them; that you wanted all the boys to learn trades; to make wagons, harness, shoes, clothes and everything. He seemed to see it would be well, but he wanted his boy to stay with him. Some of the children were very tired of five hours' camp life and will no doubt return. A. S. ELY.

THE LAZY INDIAN.—The spirit of endurance that sustains the Indian brave in the test of the dog-dance when he thrusts his hand into the boiling fluid and calmly draws forth the canine flesh, eating it as he dances on in the circle, is manifested by our boys who have not yet been considered hardy enough to put out on farms. Their matron tells us they covet to be detailed as farm hands for the half day, and show their blistered hands with great satisfaction as a proof that they are being hardened for service, while the still smaller boys who act as cow-boys rejoice in the afternoon detail because they drive the herd to the farm at night and are privileged to help milk, thus fitting themselves for desirable assistants to farmers. How do these facts tell on the assertion that the Indian is so lazy he will not work?

"RESOLVED, That it is the duty of the Federal Government to adopt a policy which will result in observing good faith toward the aborigines, by keeping intruders out of the Indian Territory, by enacting laws protecting life and property on the reservations, by prohibiting tribal removals, by educating all Indian children in manual labor schools, and by giving lands in severalty, and eventually citizenship to all self-supporting Indians who desire the same."

The above is one of the main planks in the Pennsylvania Republican platform which was adopted on the 10th ult. by the Republican State Convention of that State. We would be glad to see it emblazoned on the platforms of the different States, for it has the right ring, and all fair-minded people will endorse it.—Indian Journal.

A CHICAGO wholesale grocer on a business tour, having occasion to make collections in Flandreau, Dakota, offered to get the bank there a note drawn by one of the business white men of the place. This was promptly declined. "But," said the cashier, "If you have any notes against these Indians, I'll take them." Upon inquiry he learned that the bank was accustomed to take notes from these Christian Indians, who had come up from the Santee Mission and taken up farms there without security, and in no case had they failed to pay them up, generally before they were due.—Advance.

THE MORNING STAR.

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JULY, '82.

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

The School at the Yankton Agency.

It requires much self-control to speak—or even write—with calmness of a system permitted under our national government which brings so much injustice to individuals, and is a source of so much evil to an ignorant and helpless people, as is that to which we have so often referred—the continuous changes which are made of all those connected with the work on Indian reservations, from the agent down to the lowest employe.

The nature of the work to be done for the Indian is such that it seems apparent to every reflecting mind that those who are chosen to do it—from the highest to the lowest—should be selected for their special fitness for the part they are to play; and, if they prove themselves competent actors, that the longer they continue the more perfectly can they do the work assigned them.

Instead of this it would seem that special unfitness is the recommendation that might be given to many, especially to those who are placed in power on the reservations, and they immediately proceed to prove that recommendation well-founded by removing from their positions those who are proving themselves effective workers for our "nation's wards," as in the case of A. J. Standing, extracts from whose letters we give to our readers. We give these extracts to prove that our views on this subject of constant change, so often expressed, are not baseless.

We feel assured that the encomiums passed on Mr. Standing's work, as also his own assertions with regard to it, were justly made, from our knowledge of his faithfulness, efficiency and honor in everything he undertook during over two years of service with us, and we feel a new and more intense loathing, if possible, of this old system of injustice and wrong which has for so many years hindered the educational work among the Indians.

Maj. Andrus, the agent of the Yanktons, visited us, and requested that we part with Mr. Standing to go and establish a school similar to Carlisle in the new buildings he had erected. With great reluctance we consented. Now, after enduring all the toil and inconveniences that must be met in beginning an Indian school; after calling teachers from distant localities, that he might be sure of competent co-workers, and accomplishing what is seen by his letters he has accomplished, this is the result:

YANKTON AGENCY, June 30, 1882.

DEAR CAPTAIN: Just a line to tell you that school closed yesterday with very successful closing exercises by pupils, and speeches by Bishop Hare and others. I could not have looked for better results than were apparent. This morning I am relieved by the new agent. Have just turned over property. No notice given; no reason except that he has brought along a neighbor to fill the place. . . . I asked Mr. Redpath if it was his own act or from the Department. He said his own entirely—he wanted the place for his neighbor. . . . The dismissal though sudden, and a surprise to me and everyone else at the agency, and, I believe, damaging to the school, I look upon as having a broader bearing than this one case alone. Here was a school doing all that could be expected of it, and laying a good foundation for future work, suddenly interrupted, and the whole system, management and personnel changed—not from any defect, as the following extract from a letter of Rev. Jos. Cook in commendation will show:

"He has worked hard and faithfully and been rewarded with a large degree of success. He has succeeded in enlisting the interest of parents and relatives of the scholars, and I have yet to hear of a complaint from them, which is very remarkable, for Indians are great grumblers. His management has approved itself to the white people of this agency. I have visited the school several times and been highly delighted with the system and management. The children are neat and cleanly and show that they have been well-fed and cared for. I have been twelve years in the Indian work and I have never seen a Government school as well conducted."

In one enclosure in the same letter Maj. Andrus says "that I have accomplished all and more than he expected, and that he has always been satisfied with the condition of the school."

I have hitherto been a believer in, and advocate of, agency schools—not in preference to others, but as a powerful means to an end. I am no longer. It is no use expecting anything if Indian schools are to be run by political influence.

TIME, with all its celerity, moves slowly on to him whose chief employment is to watch its flight.

Tsaitkopeta.

The readers of the MORNING STAR will, perhaps remember that some months ago we gave them a letter from Tsaitkopeta, one of the Florida boys, who went from his prison life to Tarrytown, New York, finding a home with Dr. Caruthers and wife, of that city.

He has recently visited us for the purpose of joining the company of our pupils who have returned to their homes in the territory, as he had a desire to see his people again after so long an absence.

As that letter indicated, he thinks much and deeply on many subjects presented to him, and his stay with us has been a rich treat to all who came into such relation to him as to hear him converse freely. There is such a mixture of wisdom and child-like simplicity in his conversation; he is so grave, and under his gravity there is such a mixture of mirth and wit; there is so much of *naivete* in his manner and speech, his presence had a special fascination for us all.

During his visit he said one day to us, "When I go back to my people if I am not all civilized outside it will be all right if I keep civilized inside, will it not?" We did not probe him in order to bring to the surface the inner thought that had prompted this question, but set to wondering what had brought him to this conclusion. We remembered that nearly all who talk on the Indian question express themselves as thoroughly impressed with the idea that no Indian can be civilized who wears a blanket, has long hair and ears filled with ornaments, and decks himself with feathers and paint; but we thought he might possibly have reasoned in this way: "It is a mere matter of convenience whether a blanket or a long mantle is thrown over our shoulders; it is just a matter of taste whether a man has long hair or a woman 'bang' hers; it is as the fashion is whether the ear is pierced with a needle, and costly jewels suspended from the aperture, or whether the whole rim of the ear be slit at intervals with a cartouch knife and masses of hawk-bells, shells and other ornaments be hung in them; it is whether eagles' feathers or ostrich plumes are available in the country where we reside that will settle the question which shall be worn and, as to paint, ochre and vermilion are not so subdued in hue as rouge and lily-white, yet bright colors are used everywhere now, and, really, why should it tell on the civilization or christianization of a person which of all these are used, or when, or how; and, if it does, which is it that marks civilization? What are the fundamental principles from which we draw our conclusions?" Really, is it not an open question how, for we may judge of the inner man by the external appearance?—We remember PERER CARTWRIGHT told the young woman who asked if it were necessarily true that she was vain because she wore plumes, "that when he saw the tail of the fox out of the hole he was pretty sure the fox was there:" and we know it is always said of an Indian, if, after a course of education, during which time he has worn citizen's dress, he is found among his people dressed in their garb, that he has gone back to his old ways; but is this, as a matter of course, true? If we consider Tsaitkopeta's question with an unbiassed mind, may we not come to see that we have not been wise in all our demands upon the Indians whom we have desired to civilize and to christianize? It is not demanded of the Oriental nations that they dress in European style before they can understandingly and honestly listen to the instruction we would give them: then why demand of the American Indian an entire change in all his modes of dress before we acknowledge him civilized? Should not utility rather than our idea of beauty be the principle upon which we found our exactions for this people whom we would, but cannot, change in a day? If a moccasin is easier and lighter for him to wear than the stiff, heavy brogan which is provided for many of them, why not encourage them in their use, as they are a good thing to possess and wear in a dry time, only resorting to white man's foot-cover when he would be protected from mud and wet? If a blanket is a more convenient and comfortable wrap on many occasions than a coat, why not let him feel he is civilized if he wears it? And his childish games and songs—must they all be savage and not proper to be repeated or recalled even, and so everything must be torn from him and his mind and heart be left a blank till it can be filled with what we have prepared for it? and is it not a mistake to attack the "outside" and try to civilize that faster than the "inside" can be changed?

In a false quarrel there is no true valor. *Shakespeare.*

THE instruction of Secretary Teller to use the cradle and the scythe in cutting our grain and hay, that our boys might become skilled in their use, as they would probably not in the beginning at their own homes be able to purchase machines for that purpose, seemed to us so practical, and to show such a benevolent forethought for the future of the pupils under our charge, that the plan was most cheerfully adopted by us, and its workings show the great capability of these young men in adapting themselves to any form of labor which they are asked to perform. They have cut twenty-five acres of hay and mowed it safely in the barn, and our farmer, who very kindly and patiently goes back to the old way for the sake of those for whose good he is laboring, tells us that their work is equal to that of white young men of their age and training. We saw for ourselves their work in the wheat field, and the ease and celerity with which they swung the cradle, and the skill they showed in raking and binding the grain, gave promise of plenty of food in future to those who, in their own homes, have eaten wheat-bread only semi-occasionally, and that made from flour of white men's manufacture from the sowing to the grinding.

We trust that every agency may have its grist-mill; but, in absence of that, a hand-mill and a sieve will give them the most wholesome and sweetest of flour: so none of our pupils need lack for the "staff of life" when they leave us, for seed-wheat is to be found everywhere, and we mean the boys shall learn to sow broadcast next season.

Indian Progress.

In our shops we do only the mending necessary for our work on the grounds.

Believing it would be helpful—especially to our blacksmiths—to have a larger experience in that division of their labor than we can give them here, a place was secured for one of our apprentices in a blacksmith shop in a small country town where much such work is brought, that he might perfect himself in it.

After working for a few weeks he returned to us for a visit, and, as he entered the office, we said, "Well, —, how are you getting along?" He hesitated a moment. The answer came,—"Not very well; I do not learn there. How long you think it take that man to weld an axle?" We were free to confess we could not tell, as we have no knowledge of the craft. "Well," said he, "It take him one hour and a-half, and he heat it six times. I heat it one time, and do it in half an hour; I cannot learn of that man,"

We knew our boy to be a good workman, but were scarcely prepared for such a proof of his superior skill, though we rejoice daily in the dexterity these boys and girls manifest in the variety of labor they are learning to perform.

[Written by one of our boys going home:]

The boys and girls seems all very happy. The people in this Western States seemed don't care about Sunday. One of the white boys came into the cars and he had a basketful of oranges and some other fruits, and I told him that he must not sell those fruits to the Indian children, and he said, "Why?" "Because to-day is Sunday," said I. "If you don't care or don't know much about the Sabbath, you just get away from here, because to-day is the LORD's day, and he did not say anything." We have a very happy time: we sing the the songs and the boys and girls seems enjoy themselves very much. J. H. GIVEN.

Our dinning-hall is at times a source of amusement to our community here. The matron found not long ago the following note of advice to the boys and girls on her desk from one of the serving girls: "Boys and girls, you must try and be polite to each other at the table. If you want anything at the table, ask for it; do not reach over the table; that is not a bit nice. Say 'Please pass the bread,' or anything that is on the table. KATIE.

THE MORNING STAR.

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

Published Monthly in the Interests of Indian Education and Civilization.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., JULY, '82.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For the MORNING STAR, one Year, - - - 50 cts.
For the SCHOOL NEWS, one Year, - - - 25 cts.
For the two papers, to one address, one Year, - - - 60 cts.

The Picnic of Carlisle School at Pine Grove.

Through the courtesy of W. H. Woodward, Superintendent of the South Mountain Railroad, Carlisle School and all its employes had a delightful ride to Pine Grove on Tuesday, June 27th. No June day could be richer in sunshine, and azure flowers, foliage and bird-song, and while every child-heart seemed to be brimming over with gladness, the elder members of the party appeared suddenly to have grown young again.

The grove was placed at the disposal of CAPT. PRATT, for the pleasure of the school, by the South Mountain Iron Company, who have it in charge, and who do themselves great credit by the tasteful and convenient manner in which it is fitted up and the fine order in which everything is kept. Indeed, the generous great-heartedness for which Pennsylvania has so long been famous, crops out in all the arrangements for public cheer in this gem of a valley, and as nature seems to vie with man in furnishing all that is restful and delightful, it must be a miserable grumbler who would go out here in any direction seeking pleasure and not find it. But this grove in the foot-hills of the Blue Mountains is a special charm, bounded on one side by a stream, with its rocky bed, over which are thrown rustic bridges; its lakelet furnished with boats; its fountains rushing from under the roots of trees, or artfully made to spring from the body of the tree itself, and pouring into rocky basins, upon the mossy sides of which one may sit while he slakes his thirst; tables in the cool shade, where the hungry can spread their food; pavilions for rest and play; a rustic range where the fire is burning and kettles steaming for the use of those who are not content with cold dinners; swings for those who would move but are too indolent or weary to walk; the flying-machine, with its ponies, reindeer, elephants and sleighs, and even a bowling-alley for those who cannot find joy enough in drinking in all the wonders and beauties that nature has so lavishly poured out in and around Pine Grove.

If it be true that "It is more blessed to give than to receive," then surely the gentlemen through whose generous kindness so many that so seldom spend a day outside the walls that enclose the Barracks were filled to overflowing with gladness, must be blessed indeed.

AN EXCURSIONIST.

MUSIC IN THE DINING-HALL.—The matron at our dining-hall says there is necessarily much of sameness in the every-day life of an institution like this, yet it is often arranged here to throw in little drops of joy to relieve the monotony that might otherwise become wearisome, and such was the sending of three strolling Italians the other day to give us music at dinner. It set all the blood circling in our veins in time with its bars, and it was scarcely safe to essay to walk lest involuntarily the body move in time with the waltz; but when the notes died away and the strains of "Sweet By and By" swelled softly on our ears, the new emotions that were stirred were visible on many faces.

OUR WEDDING FEAST.—We are none the less appreciative of the kindness of the ladies of West Chester and Germantown who furnished the means for our wedding feast that, thanks for their kindly gift, came afterward rather than at the time. Though it was no oversight of ours that the recognition of their generosity did not appear, as would have been timely, in our last issue, yet we are more than half glad to have occasion to recall the pleasures of the day, and especially the joy which the furnished refreshments gave the children. We wish our benefactors might have been present to enjoy the entertainment with us.

THE FIRE-FLY COMPANY.—Among the original entertainments given us during our vacation evenings is that of a long line of small boys marching dian-file across the lawn each with a fire-fly in hand that is prompted, by some means, to show phosphorescent light at each step of its captor.

ONE EVENING LATELY CAPTAIN PRATT, PROF. LIPPINCOTT, two of the ladies, and a small party of our girls and boys, had a pleasant ride to Dillsburg, ten miles from Carlisle.

The village lies well up among the mountains, and the ride there was delightful, in spite of the mud, which could not prevent our enjoying the old-fashioned, substantial-looking farm-houses as we passed, the fields of waving grain ripening for an abundant harvest, looking more golden contrasted with the blue-wooded mountains in the distance.

When we reached the Presbyterian Church, where the meeting for the evening was to be held, we found it full of people curious to see the "Indians" and hear what was to be said about them and by them.

The exercises were begun by the pastor of the church, Mr. BARBOR, who made a few kindly remarks about the Indian work at Carlisle. He referred to the prejudice felt by many toward the Indians; but thought if they could but see what he had seen, their views would be changed. He told them how much at his house they loved the Pueblo girl, ANNIE MENAUL, who has been with them several months, and how devoted she is to their little children.

PROF. LIPPINCOTT, of Dickinson College, having been chaplain at the barracks during the past two years, spoke whereof he knew when he told the interested audience something of the work going on in the school-rooms, in the shops, and in the sewing-room.

Surely every listener must have been convinced that, with like opportunities given, the Indian need not lag very far behind his white brother in the race of life.

In order to show a little of what they can do, there was next singing and speaking by the girls and boys. The two older boys, ROBERT AMERICAN HORSE and EDGAR, gave short speeches which they had themselves written. None did as well as they usually do, for they had prepared on very short notice.

CAPTAIN PRATT then announced the objects of the meeting, which were to let the people of Dillsburg know what was being done at Carlisle, and to find homes for some of the children during the two vacation months. Two months away from their school-home makes a pleasant break in the monotony of their lives. They are learning to work, learning self-reliance, and improving continually in their use of English.

At the close of the meeting one of the girls was spoken for at once, and went away with the new friends smiling and happy. We hope there are other good homes awaiting some of our bright little boys, who are ambitious to learn farming.

Our evening ended with a visit at the parsonage, where, with kind thoughtfulness and hospitality, the pastor's wife had prepared for us delicious cake and lemonade. Thus refreshed, we set out on our homeward ride, we four grown people,—and most certainly the children,—sure that we should always have pleasant thoughts associated with Dillsburg.

E. L. F.

Pottsville.

A company of our teachers and pupils went to Pottsville to attend the State Teachers' Association which met at that place, but we have not been able to secure anything very definite in writing with regard to the trip, as the time of those who could do the work for us is very fully occupied in other directions.

We learn, in a general way, that the party were very courteously treated, having very pleasant rooms assigned them at a hotel, where they received all needed attentions, and that, so far as they were able to judge, the part they took in the exercises was agreeable to the assembly.

One of the party says: "Every one seemed interested in the exercises; each one who appeared

pleased them more than the last."

How long-lived that interest was must be proven in the future by the good fruits it will bring for the Indian: for the great object aimed at in sending parties of our pupils to different points is to awaken living interest in the Indian by showing of what he is capable.

Failing to win any written article from the older members of the party who went, we asked one of the little girls to give us something, and evidently with the thought of her recent visit to the iron mines in her mind, she says:

"They did not dig into the mountains where the city was; I did not see wonderful things there, but I saw pretty things."

After telling that they picked fruit from the trees, and had each a bouquet of flowers given by one of our boys who is at work there for the summer, she adds:

"Then a kind man took us in a big house and gave us ice cream and ice water. Now, I think that man remembered this when he did this kind thing for us: 'And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise.'"

Letters and Extracts from Letters.

H. C. Jones, the intelligent Indian interpreter at the Sac and Fox Agency, Indian Territory, in sending us a club of subscriptions for the MORNING STAR, says of that section: "Crops look well; no excuse people not have plenty corn and bread: CREATOR sends plenty rain."

In writing of the Indians he says in substance that those who have a small money annuity do best for themselves, and that, though our Government has pledged them a certain amount by treaty stipulations, if they can only see ahead they will make proper use of it, and adds, "One thing Indian people ought to know and ought to see, time has drawn near when red man has got to 'paddle his own canoe.'"

Agent J. D. Miles in an advisory letter with regard to the return of some of our pupils to his agency, adds, "Thirteen Arapahoe boys left the agency to-day to be placed in good Christian Mennonite homes in Kansas. Robert Burns, (Cheyenne), and two or three others from the Cheyenne school, go to the States 1st prox., to be placed in good Christian families and schools, all at the expense of some of our good teachers and their friends. We wish to put as many out in this way as we can and still hold ourselves in readiness to supply you with what you may call for."

STRASBURG, JULY 8th, 1882.

DEAR SCHOOL FATHER: I received your welcome letter, and was very much pleased to hear from you. I will now try and answer your letter. When did the school stop? We will go to Sunday School to-morrow if it does not rain. We have a very large Sunday School class and they can sing very beautiful; but one thing I noticed was that they didn't behave themselves as our Indian children do. When the Minister read out of the Bible to the children they didn't seem to listen to him, but very few of them. It made me think of the whites, because they were the first people to receive the Bible, and the children here at this Sunday School don't seem to pay any attention to the Minister, but we Indian children try to listen to the one who was reading to us. We go to the Presbyterian church at Strasburg, and there we gain more of the blessed words of our SAVIOR. How very wonderful it is to think of God, and when I think of Him it fills my heart with gladness, and I can't help from giving my heart to Him. I will never forget to try my very best to learn all I can here. Mr. and Mrs. Bachman sometimes go on a visit and leave us at home, so we have a nice time cooking, and we try and clean all the things about the house, so that when Mrs. Bachman comes home we surprise her with our work. I send my love to all. I have a text to remember: "Be not weary in well doing." Good-bye.

MARY L. NORTH.

OF TWO OF OUR BOYS and one girl who are in Orange county, N. Y., on a dairy farm, the proprietor writes: "We are more than satisfied with every one of the three. The boys are both earnest and intelligent in their work, and interesting outside of it, and I am particularly pleased to find they get along so well with our other 'hands,' three or four with whom they associate most in work being 'farm pupils'—fellows from very good families." Of the girl he says: "She is a success in the house, and a great favorite with all. She is a substantial comfort to Mrs. Alvord and we shall do our best for the girl. She is a bit homesick at times but doing well."

Miss Fletcher and the Going Home of Our Sioux Children.

It was our good fortune to be permitted to secure the services of Miss Alice Fletcher, who has become so widely known through her ethnological researches among different Indian tribes, to accompany our outgoing Sioux pupils to their homes. We feel assured the account which we permit her to give in her own words of incidents occurring during the journey will be of rich interest to our readers:

In the afternoon Bishop Hare came on the train and the conductor brought him in to me. He spoke to the children while the train was at a station, and was with us during our "evening song." He bade them hold fast to the good they had gained, telling them they were bringing back to their people greater good and blessing than ever came to them before in the knowledge they had gained at Carlisle. He urged them to return and learn more, and become stronger, and so more able to help their people forward. He urged them to resist temptation and go regularly to church. He greeted every boy and girl and all seemed well pleased.

Mr. Fowler, at the Lower Brule Agency, opposite Chamberlain, will hold a service on our arrival, giving thanks for the safe journey, and say words of welcome and courage. I hope all these external stays will help the children. . . . We are now off for Chamberlain. The conduct of the pupils has been, without exception, good. The boys are respectful, neat, orderly and efficient. Ralph and Julian have been my aids distributing the food, and when the pupils went out, seeing that all were safely aboard.

The dirt in the car has mainly come from the people who will flock in and leave the floor dirty from their own disgusting habits. I have said to all who came I would answer their questions, and have been particular as to whom I have allowed to talk to the boys. The general appearance of intelligence, neatness and good behavior has been the universal comment from Carlisle to this point. Even the rough people, as we ran for the boat, modified their tone after a little talk with me and a look at the pupils. The journey has been an education to the white people, who seem to be much impressed at the sight.

"Do they speak their own language?" is a frequent question after looking at the pupils. When some people question as to their advance in studies, and seem to expect more, I generally ask them how far they could go in two and a-half years provided everything must be learned in German or Greek. A sudden brightening of the features shows that new light has dawned. . . . The conduct of the pupils is excellent; they win golden words from everyone. Rev. Mr. Hubbard, the minister here, gave them a welcome last eve, and we had prayers together. Cook was much pleased by this. This town has grown up since they left, and the people have expressed their pleasure at seeing the Indian so well prepared for life. The boys all registered at the hotel.

There is no little work in the shifting of baggage and getting things straight. . . . Three Hampton boys from Lower Brule agency came up to visit the boys. The H. boys looked well. I go with the Indians. Have had to lay in some food for the journey.

DEAR CAPT.: The children for Rosebud reached there the 27th, well and safe. The Pine Ridge boys are here and the girls are not yet in. I wrote from Chamberlain what I had done about lodging, meals, and transportation. The Indians have assumed the entire expenses. They will pay the hotel bill, \$38; the transportation, \$25. The Pine Ridge children pay for transportation from Lower Brule to Rosebud, where the children found relations, and I did not feel justified in hastening the girls and boys here at further expense to their parents. Lucy Day's sister met her at White River, and she and Lizzie Glode came on to Pine Ridge. They have not yet reported. I left Rosebud on the 28th, and was rushed on in two days, reaching here the evening of the 29th. The boys arrived July 1st. Some of the parents of the girls have started for them and they will doubtless get in here next week.

When the children first saw the painted faces of their friends and relations, revulsion and tears came. "They had forgotten the paint," they said. They were brave and went forward and greeted, but many did not know parents, and the parents were equally strangers to the children.

It was a pretty sight when, in the gloaming, the boys and girls marched in an orderly procession from the camp to the little church at Lower Brule agency. The Indians followed and joined in the service of thanksgiving. When, after service, the officiating clergyman came and shook hands with boys and girls, many of the former rose to shake hands.

Saturday all broke camp and started for Rosebud. I secured four wagons for transporting the Pine Ridge children and baggage, from Maj. Parkhurst, the agt. Sunday morning we had an early service at the Mission Station at White River, and the boys and girls seemed greatly to enjoy it. We had kept up our morning and evening song. Saturday evening there was an Indian dance at the White River encampment,

and, after I had appointed each one his and her place to sleep—those without their parents—I started to retire, but thinking it well to look round once more, I discovered that many of the boys and girls had slipped over to the dance. I took Standing Bear and went to look after them. S. B. was opposed to their staying, and, after their curiosity had been gratified, urged their return to camp. They came back willingly. They engaged in games—leap-frog and the like—in the moonlight; the girls sang songs. By-and-by the boys joined, and, while the drum still beat on the hill, and the Indians kept up their wild din, the group on the plain below sang and chatted, and made a wonderful contrast, showing what a few years of systematic education can do for the Indian.

The fording at White River was troublesome, but the boys stripped and went at the wagons with a will, and helped the floundering horses out of the quicksands. No further undue adventures.

Part of the party broke camp before daylight Monday and reached Rosebud at 12 m. I got in Tuesday noon. In my wagon I kept Alice, Ruth, Hattie and Lulu. Lulu was ill Sunday night: fainted for an hour or so. The Indians behaved well and did not try to interfere with my remedies. Alice, Ruth and Hattie went to visit friends at Rosebud, but Lulu refused to go into an Indian home; so the clerk took her until her relations should come.

Of the Pine Ridge boys, Amos stayed with the Missionary. Guy, whose conduct has been of the very best, steadfastly speaks English, interprets, and has not left the agency. He has gone with the kitchen of the policemen, and is assistant to the cook. Roger's father is trying to make an Indian of him. At the Sun Dance the father gave away a horse, calico, and made a feast, leading up Roger and having the crier proclaim it. Roger stood with head hanging. I felt very sorry for him, and went up and stood by him, bidding him have courage and not forget all he had learned, etc., and to help his people to do better. He has not come here yet, nor Baldwin, with whom I had trouble making him keep with the wagons—he wanted to run off. Paul has reported, and Dr. McGillicuddy will do all in his power for them. It seems best to wait awhile and let the Indians talk. I shall see several, and Dr. M. thinks there will be no trouble to get these children to take back.

Extracts from Home Letters.

DEAR FRIEND CHARLES: I am going to write to you this morning. We all write home letter again: so I must write to you and you must tell all my sisters about what I say to you. All my sisters want me to come home this summer, but I think I guess I am not to go home, because I have been here only two years all. Some of the other Kiowa boys are going home very soon, and they said they want to come back again, but only one—me—am going to stay here. I told all my sisters I feel sick all the time, and I want to go home, but this morning the doctor see me all over my body, and he said I am not very sick: he said my lungs is all right; so he told me "You need not go home; you are all right," and I told him will I have stay here? C. PINQUODLE.

MY DEAR FRIEND P. B. HUNT: I have been here at Carlisle Barracks almost three years. I never write to you since I came here: this is the first time I write to you. It is because we were going home. I want you to try and find a place for me where I can work. I don't want to be a lazy boy; I want to do something when I return to you. If you don't find any place for me I think I will come back to the Carlisle school again. About two weeks ago the Secretary of the Interior was here to visit our school. He told us boys if you want to come back again you may do so. I have been learning a trade, but I did not quite learn much yet, because I only work there six months; but I could make old shoes without anyone to help me. This is all I say to you. H. CHAWHIP.

DEAR BROTHER: Yesterday we had a pretty good time playing in the woods. We enjoyed yesterday very much to have picnic. We stayed out there until about four o'clock in the evening, and then we get in the cars. No; first we went where the iron is dug, and there we saw such strange buildings all made of bricks, and inside was an engine. I don't know what they call it in the white people's language, that thing. It was very wonderful thing to see—that thing going up and down, and where that thing was inside it was something pumping. It goes something like the pump! pump! We had a nice time to have picnic once more. Where the iron is dug the mine was made more than a century ago. JOHNSON LANE.

DEAR UNCLE: When I was at the Indian Territory I could not hardly speak a word of English, but this time I can use my tongue without any trouble, simply because our parents were around and about us when we were out there yet. CLEAVER WARDEN.

DEAR BROTHER: Yesterday I saw the iron mine—the first time I ever saw iron mine, as I was there looking at it. I thought to myself how I use to wonder how the iron is made. E. MCKASHEY.

DEAR FATHER: I have gone through another month of school at Carlisle, and I'm getting along first-rate, although it has begun to get quite hot, which makes it somewhat unpleasant for us, also for the teachers. I have done all I could both at school and in the shop. I hope it will profit me in the future. Yesterday—the 27th of this month—we had a picnic at Pine Grove. . . . The place where we went was called the South Mountain, and it has some iron mines on it. I went and saw the mines and saw the iron works, and I have some iron ore which I picked up, and I am going to bring it home to show you.

WM. B. PEERY.

DEAR BROTHER: On the 17th of June, Mr. Teller, Secretary of the Interior, gave us a visit, and on that day in the evening we had an exhibition in the chapel to let him see what we can do at this school. After the exercises were over Captain got up and introduced him to the school. I can't tell whether he is pleased to see the Indian children or not. He is a hard thinker, still he gave us very good remarks. He said, "I will do the very best I can for you if you only help yourselves." He talked deep and strong. We are very glad to know that he is the friend of the Indians.

JOSHUA H. GIVEN.

[The extract given here is by a boy who has gone to a farm in Orange county, N. Y. This peculiar style originated in the fact that, having been taken captive by our soldiers when quite young, he spent several years before becoming a pupil at this school in a garison where he not only learned of the common soldiers, but knew something of the life and habits of the officers, and in this way gained an admixture of their different modes of speech:]

I have left my friends, teachers and schoolmates of Carlisle just a week ago to-day. I have traveled all day, I and my other two couple, my only two Indian friends with which they were a company to me, until we all reached the city of Jersey, after a beautiful scenery that we had passed on our journey. We went on to a boat across the great rolling water of Hudson river, and reached the great city that is often spoken of—New York. After we got off through a large building and crossed the street, then we took our seats in street car, and drove up the city, I do not know how far; but it was quite a way of a drive. Then we took the board of a boat again at Erie Ferry and landed on the other side of New York. But, my friend, I must not forget to say something about what I saw at the city of New York, or while I was looking out from the street car. The wagons drove too close along the streets, and more were coming and going with loads of something, and some seemed that they were going to run on to each other. Some more interesting things I thought it about the beautiful buildings, some of them reached about six and seven story high—about four or five times higher than the highest buildings we have at Carlisle Barracks. I wondered ever since could we Indians ever have such buildings as that? Hardly; it took many years in building those buildings, and it took many men who had more skill than we Indians ever will have. In some things we may some time or other we can do things that will show a little different from the superior educated people can do. That is my hope. I am here well pleased of this place, though the work is man's work; but we can always outworked the white men that we worked with yet. We work from 7 A. M. to 12 M., and from 1 to 6 P. M. It is quite beautiful farm. Last night Mrs. A—— told us—Almarine and I—to come to her house, for Mary Perry was going to cook everything for supper, and that we must come to supper with them at 6:30 P. M., with our full uniform on. So at the appointed hour, we were there. Oh! it really surprised us, the table was full of nice things of all sorts. After supper we spent the evening with Mrs. A——. That is first start I think for the Indians to invite their friends to dine.

INDIANS AT SCHOOL.—Agent W. H. Llewellyn, of the Mescalero Apache, arrived at Albuquerque, N. M., recently, with six young boys of the tribe, for the Albuquerque Indian School. The parents of three of them—Savjuan, war chief of the Mescalero tribes, captain of the Indian police force, and Charley A. Ark accompanied them, with two other head men of the tribe. This event is regarded as important by all the people of New Mexico. The Mescaleros have hitherto been a war tribe, and have frequently assisted the Apache chief, Victoria, in his raids. One of them was for three months a member of Victoria's murderous band until he deserted. This is his first introduction to education, and the chiefs are much concerned at having their children with the whites.

An appropriation has been made by the Indian Bureau to build a school there for the Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. Albuquerque citizens have donated land, and contracts have been called for.—Indian Journal.

"STANDING BEAR!" exclaimed old Mrs. Partington, after reading a long account of the Indian troubles. "How dreadful! I suppose those rascally agents stole all his clothes!"