

The Morning Star.

"GOD HELPS THOSE WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. III. INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., NOVEMBER, 1882.

NO4.

THE INDIAN AT THE BI-CENTENNIAL.

He marched amid the throng with stately tread,
Like chieftain born, with grace he poised his head;
But sunning close that copper-colored face,
No line upon it could you chance to trace
To prove what passions or emotions stirred his soul
As he strode on in time to drum-beats roll,
The blare of trumpet and of cymbal's clang
That out on every side of him in triumph rang.
With stolid look he went through marbled halls,
Met waving flags, 'neath arches moved and walls,
And when the wondering eyes of all that mighty host
Were fixed upon him, still self poised he passed,
But well I knew, that 'neath that earthen look,
There shone a light, like that which Gideon took
And hid in pitchers for his nightly host,
And quick resolved to break the spell at any cost.
So as with panting breath the iron horse
Bore us with haste along our homeward course;
I asked—"My Brother as you passed along
With measured pace within that surging throng,
What said your mind to you, talking within,
Of all you saw and heard amid the mighty din?"
For moments, mute he sat, with lips compressed,
And hands pressed tightly on his heaving breast,
Then with unwavering voice and steady eyes,
He looked and said, "God made the white man wise.
My fathers o'er these grounds long years ago,
In pride and darkness strode with spear and bow—
Never to them had God in love revealed,
The wondrous wealth his hand had here concealed:
The secrets in the hearts of all these mountains round,
He never told to them—how from out the ground
They could make life and wealth their hands to fill,
They never dreamed; they only lived to kill.
The white man came; God gave him work and
thought;
And with these two, he all these wonders wrought.
I see to-day your fields and houses and your flocks,
Your walls and towns and towers built from these
rocks,
I hear your whisper run along these wires,
Am borne on iron road by horse that never tires,
See forms arise from the deep bowels of the earth
At your command, to light your home and warm
your hearth,
And greater still, I've seen while passing by
Far more in number than the stars in sky
Men and their children, who with thought and toil
Have wrought this magic from the rocks and soil,
And yet with such glad smiles their faces shone
I thought they had forgot how hard the work they've
done,
And my mind spoke to me talking within,
As I walked there mid all the rush and din,
These lives, this wealth, these wonders from the soil,
Are God's good answer to the white man's toil."
E. G. P.

Carlisle School at The Bi-Centennial in Philadelphia.

Through the kindness and courtesy of Marshal James N. Karns, Capt. Pratt was invited to attend the Bi-centennial Celebration of the settlement of Pennsylvania, in company with 150 of the pupils of his school and a few of his teachers.

The generous officers of the P. R. R., set three cars at his disposal, thus securing freedom and ease to these under his charge, in their transit from Carlisle to the city of Brotherly Love.

Arrived at the station, an escort consisting of Cadets from the Northern Home for Friendless children, with white plumes waving and drums beating, stood ready to conduct us to the Lincoln Educational Home where we found quarters during our stay. There we were met by Mrs. Cox, who was the moving spirit in the founding of the institution and has been its principal manager during the sixteen years of its existence. She with her husband, Bishop Stevens and others, gave us a cordial greeting; after which Bishop Stevens in a most felicitous little speech bade us "Welcome to the city of William Penn, the lover of the Indians." The first evening of our arrival was spent in taking supper, finding our places in rooms assigned for our use, and in going to bed, instead of attending a Peace

Meeting, where, we learned the next morning, it was expected we should appear but where we did not on account of some misunderstanding on the part of those to whom we looked for the programme of what we were supposed to do during those days of rejoicing. Early the next morning a buss belonging to the Home, with a capacity for fifty boys, took a part of our company to witness the landing of Penn. On their return the whole party started to join the procession for the day, still accompanied by their escort of Cadets: Capt. Pratt marching at the head of the boys while the teachers and girls were borne in omnibuses of enormous size. We were honored by being placed second in the line of procession, thus having an opportunity to have a full view of the grand marching and counter marching of those on parade. To essay at this late date any description of persons, costumes, or appearance of those composing the procession of the mighty thousands who crowded and jostled each other through the streets that day, would only, be repeating what rushing America could not stop to read; and were we to attempt it we should expect to hear the restless cry, "Have you nothing new to tell?" and so forbear.

One thing however was very noticeable. Though the true Indian who marched in the procession was dressed in citizen's clothes, he elicited much more attention and enthusiasm and drew forth many more admiring remarks from the crowd than did those who played the part of the Indian in their paint, feathers and gay costumes.

The officers of the Asylum for Mutes having extended an invitation to Capt. Pratt to visit that institution with his company, the evening was spent in the enjoyment of a little entertainment, in which both mutes and Indians took part; apparently to the great enjoyment of both parties, as the sign language was familiar to all. In addition to these courteous attentions, a large platform which had been temporarily erected was placed at our disposal for the next morning, that we might view the procession.

Early the next morning a number of our party consisting of Capt. Pratt, three of the ladies and a few of the Indian children, wishing to pay our respects to some of the elderly members of the Society of which William Penn was a member; visited at the house of Deborah Wharton. On entering, the mingled perfume of a variety of rare flowers greeted us, and the first view of the parlor revealed bouquets of great beauty crowding table, window sills, mantle and corner stands. Soon a woman entered in the costume of Friends, wearing the placid, sweet expression of face peculiar to the elderly ladies of that Society. A cordial greeting to all ensued and then came an explanation of the profusion of floral decoration. "Yesterday I celebrated my 87th birth-day," said Deborah Wharton "and these are gifts of my friends on that occasion."

Much of interest was crowded into the fifteen or twenty minutes of our stay. We were reminded that our hostess has lived in the time of each of the Presidents of our Republic and yet she sat before us apparently strong in mind and body, being as she told us, quite a traveller still. Her interest in the Indians has led her to visit several of their Reservations in Nebraska since the Friends have had them in charge; and she spoke with great enthusiasm of the work of Thomas and Mary Lightfoot at the Great Nemaha Agency. She also expressed in moderate Quaker terms her disapproval of the tinsel show with which her fellow-citizens were attempting to honor the name of William Penn, and did not hesitate to prove in words the fact that she clung to her hereditary Peace principles by disliking all military adherence. She received however, with great peasantry the plea of her military guest for preferring to remain true to his colors,

and the interview closed amid cordial hand-shaking and kindly interchange of friendly sentiment. Soon after our return to our lodgings, our attentive escort was again on hand to conduct us through the crowded streets, and we were truly thankful for the refuge from the throng, which had been so generously proffered us the evening previous. From the platform we richly enjoyed the display which the tradesmen, merchants and mechanics had prepared for the day's entertainment. Towards noon a small party of us withdrew from the company to go, by invitation of Mrs. Cox, on a visit to the new Educational Home in West Philadelphia. As has been previously mentioned, the Lincoln Educational Home during the first year of its existence was in the house where our company was quartered in the city. Its object is to gather the city waifs; give them shelter, food and clothing and an education that shall fit them for the labor of life. The school had grown till it was desirable to secure more commodious quarters; and we found the New Home located in the outskirts of the city with a few acres of land attached, which the boys assist to cultivate. The city building is still retained and used as a boarding house for the larger boys who are employed in various ways by the citizens during the day, but who still cling lovingly to the Home and return at night to rest and sleep under its shelter. As the house has now comparatively few inmates, it was with much pains-taking that it was fitted up for our reception; and we feel that we owe a special debt of gratitude to those who so kindly cared for us, while many strangers could find no place in the crowded city in which to sleep.

The matron of the Home, a lady of refinement and Christian culture, gave us a most cordial welcome and evidently knew best how to entertain the Indian portion of our company, as she immediately ushered them into a side room where tables were plentifully supplied with food for them.

The rest of the party, after a hasty view of the conveniences of kitchen, dining and bath rooms, and airy dormitories, had a refreshing lunch served to them in spacious reception rooms overlooking the grounds. Then all gathered in the chapel, which by its appointments would have proven to us that the institution is under the Episcopal denomination, had we not already learned the fact. There were gathered the younger members of the Home and their teachers; the elder of the boys being in town to view the procession. After a song by the pupils, the Indian children made short speeches. Passing out to take our carriages we were greeted by a round of cheers from our little hosts, who were gathered in line to see us off. On arriving at Girard College we found we were tardy revelers; as the party we had left behind, had for an hour or more been enjoying the hospitalities, to which we had all been invited for the afternoon and evening; but we hoped to be pardoned for any seeming lack of courtesy in not being prompt in the fulfilment of our engagement, as so much was to be enjoyed from so many sources in so short a time. Soon after our arrival all were called to chapel for evening service—then came a march to the top of the main building, to view the grounds and the city; a most rapturous sight—a pass through the whispering gallery where the sounds of so many feet rolled like thunder through the marble halls and corridors, and a view of the room containing relics of Stephen Girard the founder of the school.

There were his carriage, bed, wardrobe, bookcase chairs and various other articles used by him during his life. On passing out again, on the grounds, we found the college battalion drawn up for military drill an exercise which was of great interest to us all; because of the proficiency which the actors had attained.

CONTINUED ON FOURTH PAGE

THE MORNING STAR.

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

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

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

STILL GROWING.

This is the twelfth month since we wrote "We are Growing." Today we echo the thought. We are Growing Still. Our numbers are increasing, the minds of our pupils are expanding, their scope of thought is enlarging, they are more mature as men and women than one year ago.

We too are Growing. Thoughts which were in embryo in our minds one year ago on this subject of Indian Education, have taken form and developed, till they stand before us in such weighty dimensions, we wonder the seedling lay so long dormant.

Especially does this one thought, that Indian Education should be so conducted, that we do not recognize the Indian but the man; so fill our mind, that it finds expression on all occasions. The knowledge, that assemblies of wise men still sit and deliberate, and say they will watch and wait to learn what to do, after these two centuries of waiting, moves our choler.

To our mind, the axiom, Educate the Indian with our own children, not as an Indian but a man, and he stands by our side equal to us in manhood is so clear, we are impatient of the delay of any one to accept and act upon it. Though choler and impatience may not seem to be the strongest weapons with which to impress the public mind, yet we think some thing of the kind is necessary to arouse it from its lethargy on this subject, and scatter the clouds of prejudice which have overcast it; at least, could the people see the subject from our stand point, we believe they would be ready to pardon us if they think we err.

Could they, with our eyes, see these scores of boys and girls, growing rapidly into bright, attractive, ambitious youths; and our young men and young women, developing into all that is manly and womanly; and feel the depression that has weighed down our hearts, when we have eared they must go back to be Indians still, they would surely one and all, open wide the doors of their homes and their hearts, and say, we receive them as one with us, and are ready to confer upon them all the privileges and immunities, which belong with us, to all the nation's of the earth. It is written, "By their fruits shall ye know them;" we as a nation standing in our native nobility on the top-most round of Justice cry, "All men are born free and equal." Let us prove our sincerity not by words but by deeds.

Justice at Last.

After decades of permitting the white men to try and pull down the Indian on a level with himself, by furnishing him whiskey contrary to our laws; there seems to be a waking up to a sense of the wrong in one place at last.

From the report of the Records of the United States Court held recently at Rochester, N. Y., we clip the following items.

Rufus Washburn of Irving, charged with selling liquor to Indians. Fined seventy-five dollars and one day's imprisonment.

John Moroney of Carrollton, charged with selling liquor to Indians. Fined twenty dollars and one day's imprisonment.

Hiram Huff of the Cattaraugus Reservation, charged with selling liquor to Indians. Fined one hundred dollars and ten day's imprisonment.

Gottlieb Schwinger of Salamanca, charged with selling to Indians. Fined forty dollars and one day's imprisonment.

Hiram Huff was unable to pay his fine and will serve a sentence in the Rochester jail. All the others discharged the financial obligations imposed by the court.

One of our sergeants when he finds all things in order on inspection writes for his report 'Corrected.'

Indian Schools in Canada.

Extract of a letter from Huldah H. Bennett to the Editor of the Council Fire & Arbitrator. In giving this extract from the very interesting letter of our friend to the readers of The Star, it seems proper to us to say that we learn through our private correspondence; all persons do not as sincerely believe in the superiority of the Canada schools over those in our States and Territories as does she.

DEAR FRIEND: As it seemed an impossibility for us to make the visit to the Canada and New York Indians together I will give thee a few brief outlines of our trip. Letters went ahead from Jos. S. Elkin introducing us to the Indians and their workers. Commissioner J. G. Gilkinson, of Brantford, Canada, with his daughter, took us to the Mohawk Institute, which we found in good working order; their instructors worthy of their positions and the children are thoughtful and prompt in their recitations. I felt ashamed of our Indian work in the States after going through the Canada schools, I think our Indian workers might learn many good lessons from visiting even the day schools in Canada. The teachers are graduates of the Mohawk Institute, having a normal training there, and well fitted for their work. All the work of that institution is done by the pupils with two instructors, who direct the boys hire out by the day or part of the day in busy seasons—harvest time, planting, &c.—and the farmers are glad to have their help. We were at Chief Johnson's, a noble specimen of his race. His wife, an educated English woman, has four children; two daughters that would command respect and admiration in any refined society. We took tea there and were much pleased with them all. The two sons are educated young men, doing business, one in Toronto, the other in Hamilton, Ontario, Canada. From there we went to John Montpleasant's, six miles from Suspension Bridge, Niagara, he having an engagement with some friend from home, we had the visit with his wife, Caroline Montpleasant, an honor to her race and society. She went with us to visit some Indian homes and see the teachers. We found things in good condition, and much better than among some whites. I would like to go into all the merits of the work I am so interested in, but cannot. We went entirely through the Tonawanda reservation, made our home with Jacob Doctor and wife Laura, who is the niece of Caroline Montpleasant; she is an educated woman, and is now one of the teachers in the district schools for Indian children. Through her economy and industry they have a nice, comfortable home, furnished with carpets, walnut furniture, &c., &c. She employs an Indian girl to do her housework. Not far from Jacob Doctor's lives an Indian woman 115 years old; she makes baskets, hoes her vegetables in the garden, and is quite active. They call her the Widow Blackface. She gave us two baskets and I bought two. I feel much for these Indians. They have raised quite a liberal amount of money to add to appropriation from the State to build an industrial school. The house is built, and some of the furniture—beds, mattresses, bedsteads, &c., are there, and there it stands for the past five years a useless castle. A farm of, I think, 600 acres, in good state of cultivation, a good crop of hay, corn, wheat, &c., now growing. The Indians are very much dissatisfied about it, and are anxious friends should take hold of it, as such a school is much needed among them, and they do not know what to do with their children. They have bright, intelligent girls and boys who are ready for such a school. Oh, that we could have a few more manual-labor schools like Captain Pratt's, the Mohawk Institute, and Thomas' Asylum. Every reservation needs just such help; and now, dear friend, what can we do to bring about a change in the training of the Indian?

Rev. G. H. Atkinson of Oregon in writing to the Advance says of the Indian. "The color line fades out. Manhood is in the ascendant. The Indian too is a man. His woman is a wife. His pappoose is a child. His wigwam is becoming a home. His rights and ours are becoming the same in law. Yet many gaps must be filled to complete his rank."

From the Albuquerque Morning Journal we extract the following notice of the Indian School at Albuquerque, New Mexico.

"The School here was organized January 1, 1881 by Rev. Shelton Jackson D. D. Prof. J. S. Shearer was the superintendent until his resignation Aug. 1, 1882. It is conducted by the Board of Home Missions of the Presbyterian Church, under contract with the United States Government. The amount received from the Government has paid about one half the expense of the school. The balance is contributed by benevolent and charitable people.

The average attendance last year was forty-seven, while this year it bids fair to be seventy-five, those now present being divided as follows:

NATIVITY	Boys	GIRLS	TOTAL
Mescalero	6		6
Laguna Pueblo	20	10	30
Acoma	15	2	17
Pojnaque	1	2	3
Nambe	2	0	2
St. Domingo	1	0	1
Santa Ana	5	0	5
Isleta	1	5	6
Total	51	19	70

In addition to this, Major Llewellyn, of the Mescalero agency, is ready to send fifty children as soon as they can be accommodated. Major Fleming of the Moquis agency, will send fifteen children, and only seven of the nineteen Pueblos under Major Thomas are now represented in the school.

The school was never in more splendid condition than it is to-day, Mr. R. W. D. Bryan, the superintendent, being for many reasons personal and otherwise, the right man in the right place, his only desire seems to be the comfort and progress of those under his charge, he is anxious, as he should be, that the new building shall be commenced as soon as possible, that all the children of surrounding tribes may have the same benefits that those now at the school enjoy.

The citizens of this city owe it to themselves that they give to Mr. Bryan every support in their power to make the school here pre-eminently the Indian school of the United States."

That last sentiment is good, it is a righteous emulation; only we would say let it not be *The Indian School*, but the school where Indians are educated with whites and then we would wish such schools to be "Pre-eminently" *The Schools* of the United States and that every citizens should give them their support.

"MY RIGHT ARM HELP ME."

The following conversation is reported, between a little Apache boy who came to Hampton in February '81, and his teacher.

"Miss T. what I do when I go away. I don't know."

"Well—what would you like to do?"

"First thing I go home—not stay long—come back East and live."

"What do you want to go home for then?"

"I not tell you that one."

"Oh—then I think it is not a good reason—if you cannot tell me."

"Yes, it is good—I tell you. I have little brother at home. He good boy. I go, bring him back Hampton school. Then I go East to live."

"Whereabouts will you go?"

"I think Boston, That good place?"

"Oh yes, but what will you do there?"

"I don't know what, I work; perhaps I make cotton cloth—that good work?"

"Oh yes, that is good work. If I were a rich woman, I would help you to do it."

Drawing himself up to the full measure of his four feet six, he proudly declared.

"You not help me—nobody help me."

"Why what could you do in Boston without anybody to help you?"

Holding forth a slender arm with a diminutive fist at the end thereof, in which might course the blood of the Montezumas, our small brave replied:

"That my Right Arm! That help me."

—Southern Workman.

THE MORNING STAR.

EADLE KEATAH TOH.

Published Monthly in the interests of Indian Education and Civilization.

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

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

For the MORNING STAR, One Year, - - 25 cents.
For the SCHOOL NEWS, One Year, - - 25 cents.

O. G. Given M.D. of Washington Iowa has recently arrived on our grounds to act as physician for the school.

We have also a new nurse in the hospital Miss. M. E. Snyder from Bellevue Hospital Training School New York.

Miss Marianne Burges one of the teachers in our school is now in Dakota selecting a new relay of pupils for us from the different bands of Sioux.

LATER:—Rev. J. Robinson, of Pine Ridge Agency, has since arrived with sixty-five Sioux children from Rosebud and Pine Ridge Agencies.

The personal friends of Miss. M. R. Hyde of Lee Mass. have recently sent to her the sum of \$25 for the use of the school, and others of her acquaintance in New York donate \$15. for the same purpose.

Through the solicitation of the Misses Longstreth the Friends of Philadelphia have sent a box containing a variety of valuables for our Indian children. Another valuable box came through the Misses Jeanes of that city. Friends see a to remember that Christmas approaches.

Our pupils distrust their English if a word is long or difficult to pronounce. One of the larger boys was sent by his teacher to the Principal of the school to ask for an arithmetic. He hesitated, blushed, essayed to speak but did not. At last he said very emphatically "Two times two." He got his arithmetic and saying thanks left.

On a recent Sabbath it was our privilege after Sabbath School on our grounds to arrive at the 2nd. Presbyterian church in town in time to witness the closing exercises of their school. One of its marked features was, three classes of our Indian boys sitting in the same room with the others taught by three of the lady members of the church. When we remember that this same privilege is enjoyed by other classes of our boys in all the other churches of the city, we exclaim, surely a new day has come to the Indians. At the close of the exercises one of the teachers said to us, "How these boys who have been in the country have improved, it is wonderful how they have grown during their absence." We set that down as another strong support for our planting out system.

A number of the faculty at Carlisle Barracks were invited to attend exercises at Metzgar Institute at Carlisle, to celebrate Founders Day on Nov. 20. It was the Centennial Birth Day of the founder of the school, Mr. George Metzgar. Dying a bachelor in 1879, he bequeathed the sum of \$70,000 for the founding of an institute for the education of females. Two years after his death, the building was erected and the school opened, Carlisle is justly proud of the beautiful structure and the ample grounds surrounding it. It was a rich treat to which we were invited the exercises of the day consisting of an introductory address, an oration and a poem written for the occasion interposed with music.

Visitors.

Our columns having been too full last month for our notice of visitors, we add it to those of this.

The Hon. J. Simpson Africa accompanied by J. Zeamer proprietor of *The Volunteer* and J. Cooper assistant Editor of that paper honored us with a call during the week of the Fair.

Agent Miles of the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency visited us on his way home from Washington cheering us as usual by his prudent counsel and friendly social intercourse.

Mr. and Mrs. John Bellangee Cox, of Philadelphia and a company of their friends spent the night with us this month visiting the school, workshops &c. on the grounds, and expressed the wish that the work here be more widely known, that more of the people may learn what can be done for the Indians.

During the session of the Pres. Synod at Harrisburg recently, several of the attending clergymen made the school a flying visit and were present at chapel service on the Sabbath. The Rev. J. A. Henry D. D., gave a very lively little address, full of thought elucidated by anecdote to impress it upon our young minds.

Miss Julia Remington of Onondaga Castle, the Reservation of the Onondaga Indians in N. Y., recently visited us, bringing us one pupil from that tribe and has gone to Hampton with another. We were greatly interested in the account she gave of her work among that people, and had we space, would like to give a column of notes from her conversation on that subject to our readers.

During the recent meeting of the Presbyterian Church of Pennsylvania, which met at Carlisle; the afternoon of one day was devoted to visiting our school. We felt ourselves truly honored by the presence of so many representative Christian women of the Keystone State and strengthened by their expression of commendations of and of interest in our work.

Mr. and Mrs. Wistar Morris of Overbrook, with two sisters and a niece and Miss Susan Longstreth of Philadelphia have recently given us the pleasure of their presence. With them came Mrs. Tuttle who with her husband has spent several years as teacher among the Modocs of The Lava Beds and Mrs. Amelia S. Quinton, general Secretary of the National Indian Association.

An Indian's Idea of Alcohol.

The following exhortation to temperance, published in the revised edition of Drake's Book of the Indians, is part of a speech delivered in 1748 by a Creek Indian, of whom little is known, except that he was eminent for his good morals. It was delivered in a great council of the Creek Nation, was taken down in short-hand by a white person present and later came into the hand of an agent of Sir William Johnson:

"Fathers, brethren, and countrymen: We are met to deliberate. Upon what? Upon no less a subject than whether we shall or shall not be a people! * * * I do not stand up, O countrymen, to propose the plans of war, or to direct the sage experience of this assembly in the regulation of our alliances! Your wisdom renders this unnecessary for me. * * * The traitor, or, rather the tyrant, I arraign before you, O Creeks, is no native of our soil, but rather a lurking miscreant, an emissary of the evil principle of darkness! 'Tis that pernicious liquid which our pretended white friends artfully introduced, and so plentifully pour in among us. * * * O ye Creeks! when I thunder in your ears this denunciation, that if this cup of perdition continues to rule among us with sway so intemperate, ye will cease to be a nation! Ye will have neither head to direct, nor hands to protect you. While this diabolical juice undermines all the powers of your bodies and minds, with inoffensive zeal warrior's enfeebled arm will draw the bow or launch the spear in the day of battle. In the day of council, when national safety stands suspended on the lips of the hoary sachem, he will shake his head with uncollected spirits and drive the babblings of a second childhood."—Council Fire and Arbitrator.

Extract from the home letter of one of our Creek boys who participated in the Bi-centennial at Phila. Oct. 24, 1882

While we were away we saw many wonderful things, large buildings. When I saw them I couldn't help but to say to myself "Shall the Indians some day be able to build such buildings? Can they learn?" Then I said "Yes, they can learn, but as long as they are together all the time on reservations they never will be able but if they go out among the whites work with them and learn there may be some hope.

Training School.

We give the following article from the Editorial department in "The Pennsylvania School Journal" because the thoughts expressed in it are so truly the exponents of our long cherished idea on this subject. "All acknowledge the benefits of our Common School System. Funds are supplied most generously from year to year by the various states of the Union to aid the effort to secure, by the thorough training of the young, enlightened and moral citizens. Why should the more than 50,000 Indian youths demanding our care and support, and the more because they are still low in the grade of civilization—why should these 50,000 Indian youths, we repeat, not be put into training schools and saved so far as possible, from the savage barbarity of their fathers? Cannot the United States Indian service secure appropriations large enough to organize the system already successfully begun at Carlisle, so as to embrace all the Indian youths that can be persuaded to enter such training schools? A few educated boys and girls, returning to their tribes, cannot of course meet and overcome the overwhelming current of uncivilized life confronting them. But let them return in large numbers, increasing the interest more widely and more permanently, and the results will soon show themselves, and more than justify the most generous support the general government can give. The system, however, should be thoroughly organized, and in the hand of a wise and earnest General Superintendent, and carried forward in much the same form as is our public school system. And for this purpose, a generous appropriation should be made. As long as the uncivilized come into immediate contact with the highly civilized, the former must yield, because there will be an imitation upon its part of the vices of the latter, easily learnt, and no power to enter into that culture and virtue which it cannot apprehend. But if a large proportion of the young can be withdrawn from their barbarous surroundings and trained in industrial pursuits, and in the various studies and arts of civilization, the time will come when the contrast will not be so strong as to overwhelm the weaker; but on the contrary, the weaker will be sufficiently advanced to be attracted and lifted up by the stronger. A conquest of this kind will far surpass that of arms, and demands, if it be possible, a greater outlay of funds and interest.

One of our Pawnee boys wrote the following to one of the workers at Carlisle, during his absence. Charles Tatiah of whom he speaks, is a Pawnee young man, who was taken by his mother when an infant, into the Pawnee Manual Labor School in Nebraska, as she was employed there as a cook for the children. His father was killed by the Sioux several months before his birth, and his mother becoming a Christian woman after entering the school, dedicated her child to God, with the request that he be educated for a preacher to his people. It was the ruling thought of her life; and when one of the English speaking Indian men sought her in marriage, her answer was, "What do I want of a man who profanes God's name to be a father for my child who I desire shall be a minister?" Since the death of that mother, this young man has earnestly sought the privilege of coming east for farther educational privileges, and it is truly a joy to know his wish is realized.

"Oh, I am too glad, exceedingly glad, to hear the good news that Charles Tatiah has gone to Hampton. He desired very much to go there and I have no doubt now that he is feeling happy. I do not consider it a great help to our people when only five or six of our tribe come east to school, neither do I consider it a great help when twenty of them come, but I believe if fifty or more should come, oh, what a grand work that would be for our ignorant people. Government should aid in sending some more of our tribe. We need all their assistance. What can we do is the question I have often asked myself; then I asked James Murie, but he wrote to me and in his letter says: "We must try our best, if not come as we would wish during our days it will not matter much to us, for we should have tried our best. But others who will come after us will gladly take up the work and add little and little to it, until it shall all be finished." That encouraged me. I trust it will be. It is in this that we must look for the reformation of our tribe as well as the whole Indian race. I have often thought it to be very strange that the whites with all their civilization and intelligence did not discover their duty to the Indians till now at this present day."

SAMUEL TOWNSEND.

CONTINUED FROM THE FIRST PAGE.

As they marched off the parade a foot race was suggested, in which the members of the College and the Indian boys were to take part. The contestants were soon chosen; White Buffalo being the choice of our party. All ran well, but White Buffalo won, amid the shouts and hurrahs of the crowd; our usually reserved Indians so far forgetting their native dignity as to shout "Buffalo! Buffalo!" during the race, and when they saw him first at the goal, throw up their caps with added hurrahs.

After this, was supper—a royal feast served in the dining-halls of the College; oysters, cold ham, bread and butter, tea, coffee et cetera, with cake and ice-cream for 1400. It was truly a sumptuous entertainment, in regal halls, and not soon to be forgotten by those partaking.

On passing from the chapel in the afternoon, we had overheard the order, "See that the carpenter does his work;" and on entering after supper and seeing a curtain drawn across the platform which we had previously occupied, from behind which appeared a gentleman who entertained us with slight of hand performances, showed the amusing feats of a trained dog and closed by a curtain scene between Punch and Judy; we felt anew what kindly attentions and efforts to entertain our mixed company, met us on every hand. The evening closed by speeches and songs from the Indians.

The morning of the day of our return was full of interest still. The larger number of the party were out early for a steamboat ride up the Delaware, an account of which will be found in another column. Others remained to have the pleasure of a call on Susan and M. A. Longstreth, two sisters who are devoted to the interest of Indian Education, and have from the day of the inception of Carlisle School, up to this time, been unceasing in their efforts to further its interests. To have gone to Philadelphia and not have had the pleasure of seeing these sisters in their home, would have been to the writer, like the journey, with Philadelphia left out. The closing visit of the party was at the Jeanes Mansion where each of our 50 girls who accompanied us received a silk and a linen handkerchief from Anna Jeanes who in her black satin dress and white tulle cap, looked, while dealing out her gifts, like a veritable Lady Bountiful as she stood amid the crowd of our happy faced girls. After this ceremony a basket was carried to the rooms where the boys were seated, and from it each received a valuable pocket-knife. Mary, Anna and Samuel Jeanes, each presented Capt. Pratt with \$100 for the use of the school, and the whole party were treated to apples, bananas and ginger bread, and we bade adieu to our generous friends with the thought that Philadelphia shelters many whose hearts are filled with Brotherly and Sisterly Love. This feeling was intensified when we were stopped on our way to the depot, at the door of the Longstreth sisters, to receive mementoes of the Bi-centennial in the form of medals, pictures, banners and coin.

We were attended to the train by Mr. Topliff Johnson, who from the moment of our arrival till he waved us an adieu from the platform as the cars moved off, had been assiduous in his attentions for our comfort and happiness, and many of the special favors we received were conferred through his interposition. E. G. P.

OUR STEAMBOAT RIDE.

We having been invited to take a steamboat ride up the Delaware, a few minutes after six o'clock on Thursday morning we took our line of march, keeping step to the tap of our little drummer. On the way the Capt. made a detour, leading us into the grounds of the Pennsylvania Hospital to see a fine bronze statue of William Penn. The boys and girls were very happy during their ride. Scattered in groups all over the boat they asked many questions about the various objects along the river, and seemed to admire the steam tugs very much. We went up the river as far as Torresdale where we landed to wait for the steamer that was to take us back to the city. While waiting for the boat some of the girls gathered smooth pebbles along the river bank for "Jacks." An amusing incident occurred on our return. At the turn of the stairs, leading to the ladies' cabin, was

a large looking-glass, in which each one coming up the stairs, saw some object advancing suddenly to meet them. Our Indians started back and then laughed, as they saw it was themselves, and ran quickly up to the railing to watch the effect upon the next one, joining in the general laugh. The laughter attracted the other passengers who were greatly amused when they saw the astonishment in the boys' faces. The boys and girls sang for the pleasure of the passengers, who pronounced them a very happy, healthy looking and well behaved party. Many thanks are due to the Captain, of the Columbia, for our pleasant morning ride.

M. P.

Letters and Extracts from letters from our pupils.

MY DEAR FATHER NEW LODGE.—Now let me tell you I saw every thing. We went to Philadelphia last week on Monday. We stay there three days then we came back home at Carlisle School. I have been to work every morning, I go to school every afternoon too. They are not sick any more these children they are very well. They are doing the right way for this time. We want to see all the families at the home. I hope you try to make your heart all the time to be good best, not to thinking too much of me.

RALEIGH.

MY DEAR MOTHER.—I had a good time last week. Some boys went to Philadelphia. We went down to the dining-hall and played and made candy. I am well all the time. We saw some pictures in the chapel. Last week I worked on the farm, and pulled off the corn. This place is cold now and the leaves are pulling down. Some Indian boys and girls came here one week ago Saturday afternoon. There are some more children to this school. I am learning in the Geography. This is a pleasant day.

JESSE PAUL

Dear Mother.—I thought I would write a letter for you to-night. I wish to tell something about Indian Institution, some pupils are going to some place tomorrow, my teacher told me to write you to-night. So I must do it. This afternoon Miss Seample came, she listen to us, Seven of us are going to York. We are going to write arithmetic on the blackboard. I do not know how many girls are going. Last week some children came here, they had blanket on and they have long hair. Two boys and girl are going home to see their friends, they are coming back this Institution. I think they like here very much. Some days ago boy wrote to me he told me I don't know anything he said just I ride, eat and smoke. I think he copy news paper he wrote Mr. before his name himself that is all. From your son.

Alfrich.

Amos, one of our Dakota boys, who became quite skilled in wagon making during his three years stay at the school; writes from Pine Ridge to a friend here: "I have work to do all days and so now I fixed many wagons, and every day Indian men come to see me and say 'Amos my wagon you fix for me will you please if you can.' Every day Indian man said to me. So I make quick and well done, another one I take and fix all the time his wagon. I will do it every day, and did not get tired and very well it is my arms have work to do. I did not with white man work. Just myself I work.

Three things I am glad to tell you, Roger is cooking one month, Paul is making stove pipe 1550. Baldwin is cut hay four weeks and Guy worked two months.

In another letter to the same friend Amos writes "Rev John Robinson came to me, he gave to me letter; and he said my father, 'who is this give to you letter' I said she give to me letter Mrs.—And he said to me 'What she say? tell me my son' I said this letter Mrs.—she said to me she wanted boys and girls too, she very want. My father 'why?' he said. I said to him, these boys and girls, she teach Mrs.—and do not say no my father, you tell me what you think; let me go away with my sisters. I said, my father, and he said 'No Sir I don't want you go away my son!' I am so sorry Mrs.—but I will never did not forget you all."

We thought the writer of the following rather dull and unpromising, but on reading this we concluded he has good grit.

DEAR R. H. PRATT.—Now what I have been doing here I wanted to tell you about it or my work and you asked me how much I have wheat now. I am going to tell you about my farm, to-day I count how many have farm so I can tell you about that. I have to work about 8 of time all in here. I hope I will try hard to learn all I can and I did not go to school this time because we all have been husking the corn every day, it is nice and beautiful day every day, and I think when I getting husk all done before I go to school as soon as I can and now I tell you I work stable and feed them horses or pigs every morning and every evening. I am very happy every day because I had a good chance this winter. I am very glad that I can talk only English words every day and only Sunday I had talk very dutch to Sumner and I don't want to talk dutch I want to talk only English all days and all nights too. I expected some days I forget my own Cheyenne language. One of the Indian boys who came down here to me and Sumner too they said "oh it is very hard work for us" and I said Oh yes! I never saw hard work since I been here and I said again that is good way to do so we must be strong if we get hard work that is right way to do every day and night. I like to work if very hard work and I think if I have hard work or heavy work so I will be strong and so I hope I will not get tired all days. How many you got children in your Carlisle school I want to know. ALFRED BROWN, Cheyenne.

One of our girls who has gone home and is employed in a mission school writes. "I got very nice present from one of the school boys it is a silk handkerchief and a pocket knife. I like it very much. He gave me them because I iron his shirt and collars last Saturday. He said 'O my! I didn't expected iron that good. I laughed and said, didn't you knew I am one of the Carlisle girls?'"

This extract is from one of our large Arapahoe boys and we are expecting much from him in the future.

Capt. Pratt. Dear friend:—Your kind letter I received yesterday and I read it with a greatest of pleasure. And now Capt. I am going to tell you what I want to go back to Carlisle for, because I want to try hard and get my education for I can't get it and also I want try every way. This I mean I want learn more about how to be a Christian, and I am sorry because I am not able to stay all winter here and let me say again I want try and learn how to read and how to write good. I have a good chance here they said but I don't like it and so I thought Carlisle is best place to learn. Because it is about only one more year then I should be to return out west I think, and I am always glad to learn much more English at this place but I can learn some English out Carlisle, because I am not going get tired of it this English language, I am going use this language all the time. When I go back to my own home I am going use English and my own language both, but I hope to learn this English language perfectly this year if I only try hard of it, and Capt. you know I was Baptized in the First Presbyterian church on June 11th and always glad because I stand for Christ, and some times I pretty getting weak doing right, but I said to myself I must not forget to do right all the time, and some times I pretty near do what is not right and also I don't go to Fairville often because some these bad men might spoil me. One time I went to Fairville it was night too and one man came to me and asked me what tribe I belong and I told him, and after a while several men came all around me. They asked me good many questions I answer as many as I understood. One man asked me if I smoke cigar I said No sir thank you. Other man asked me if I drink beer or whiskey, I said No sir and they all laughed at me, and I said to myself I must go away from these bad men then I walked off they said "wait, come back," and I did not look nor say any word, I just come right straight home; and that is the way to stand for Christ I think.

Nothing more, with much kind wishes. Good-day. Your truly friend, JESSA BENT.