

# The Red Man.

HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE.

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

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The outing system, and the use of the public school system of the country is the essential principle and vital reason for having schools away from the Indians.

We don't want a public school system for the Indians, but we do want them in the public school system of the country, and this can be done if the powers that be so determine.

It is a great wrong to the Government and the Indians as well, to spend Government money in educating Indians to be Indians and tribes. American citizenship with all its associations, opportunities and responsibilities should be the aim of every expenditure.

## THE COMING INDIAN.

The Catholic Review for March 1st, 1890, contains an article on a certain Indian school at the Coeur d'Alene reservation, Washington, in which it is stated that there are about sixty girls in attendance, twenty-three of whom are white. It further states that nearly all the Indian girls are half-breeds, and some of them as white as ordinary white girls.

The drift of the article in question is that this school, (so well spoken of by Indian Inspector Cisney) should be taken by Commissioner Morgan and Superintendent Dorchester as a model Indian school, one by which others should pattern. Doubtless it is a good school, possibly a model, but is it Indian? A survey of the material of which it is composed would incline one to say No, for certainly on the hypothesis that a child would be rightly classed with the race whose main characteristics it bears, it cannot claim to be an Indian school. But even if the claim to be called Indian was granted, with twenty-three white girls and the balance half-breeds it ought not in common fairness to enter in comparison with any school a majority of whose constituents are Indian.

These young people are in no sense to blame for being of mixed blood. That such is a fact is in itself a hopeful feature of the conditions, and evidence indisputable that the two races can be brought to associate together in the most friendly relations.

If in view of the conditions existing as shown in the figures given in the foregoing statements, if the Government was careful to insist that legal relations should be established instead of the illicit ones which to so great an extent have prevailed we might reasonably expect a progressive and prosperous community to spring up in place of the present anomalous state of affairs, which classes all mixed bloods as Indians and throws on the Government that burden of education and subsistence which ought to be borne by their white fathers.

As a result of past laxity in this respect we find that this one school only, composed of twenty-three whites and the remainder mixed bloods, which it is presumed are the only ones for whom the Government is expected to pay, cost, according to the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1888, (page 579,) at the per capita rate of \$108.00 the sum of \$5,235.

## GIVE THE INDIAN HIS FAIR.

The influence of education and the general policy of the Government in promoting agriculture and settlement on land in severalty has to a considerable extent changed the hunter into a farmer. This is doubtless a prosy life in comparison with the one he remembers and hears about which was full of its exciting incidents.

The white farmer toils hard day by day, but he has his outside world of knowledge, his books, politics, excursions, fairs, etc. The Indian has but little of this, but he needs it—some little break in the monotony of life, some worthy ambition and aim that will come well within the limits of his ability, is almost a necessity and cannot fail of being useful.

There seems nothing just now that will compass so much to foster agriculture and encourage the Indian farmer as a few thousand dollars spent in agricultural fairs at the more populous points, and in fact on almost every agency. Certain prizes for excellence in products or work; for superior stock; improvements to house and farm; wells dug, or any other of the desirable improvements that add to the comfort and health or wealth of the family.

We discouraged and properly, the sun-dance and other savage festivals, which whatever else they did filled a want felt by all classes in some way or other, of something different from the every day affairs of life. It is evident that while taking away that which is undesirable and hurtful but yet satisfies a craving of nature, if we can replace, with that which is innocent and beneficial, we are doing good; hence, every day to celebrate be it Fourth of July, Christmas, Washington's birthday or any other national holiday is to be welcomed as adding its quota to life's purposes, but as the grand event of the year add *The Agency Fair*, and spend enough money to make it attractive and profitable. The investment will pay.

A. J. S.

## MONEY WELL SPENT.

Years ago, each recurring Spring was dreaded by dwellers on the frontier, and those who had the responsibility in dealing with the Indians, for the probabilities it brought of acts of rapine and hostility, on the part of some of the wild tribes who on various pretexts would rob and destroy.

To, in a measure, circumvent those annual explosions of savagery, the Government often found it convenient to a number of chiefs, chosen from among the more restless tribes to visit Washington in about the months of June or July and prolong their stay well into the summer. The effect of this was to insure the good behavior of the tribes while their chiefs were off visiting as they were practically hostages, in the hands of the enemy.

This was money well spent, as each successive year that passed weakened the Indians and strengthened the governing power.

In course of time the schools of the East practically took the place of the annual visits of chiefs and head men accomplishing identically the same end, by a different method, and compassing the education of the youth at the same time. All Indian schools have in a measure served this double purpose and to a great extent been the means of breaking down the old prejudice against labor, although much yet remains to be done.

## THE RELATION OF THE GENERAL GOVERNMENT TO INDIAN EDUCATION.

By Thomas J. Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs.

In view of the great change that has come to the Indians in the gradual but rapid breaking up of the reservation and the taking of lands in severalty, and the consequent dissolution of the tribal relation and the passing of the Indians into the rights, privileges and duties of American citizenship, the question of their education as a necessary prerequisite to individual participation in American life, becomes more important and urgent. The one great purpose of the Government should be, and is, to prepare the Indians, especially the younger ones, for this all-important change in their relations. Accordingly, schools of various grades, day schools, reservation boarding schools, non-reservation industrial training schools, into which all Indian pupils of school age who can be induced to attend shall be gathered for instruction in the arts of living, the duties of citizenship, and in those rules of conduct that shall make them respectable members of intelligent communities of free men, are being rapidly developed. The total enrollment in schools of all grades and kind for the year ending June 30, 1889, was 15,784. The number enrolled for the quarter ending December 31, 1889, under the present management of the Indian Bureau, is nearly 1000 greater than the number enrolled at a corresponding period last year, and if the present plans of the Indian Bureau are carried out, the number of pupils enrolled will be increasingly large year by year until the entire number are gathered in.

From the nature of the case, this work must, for the present, be done entirely, directly or indirectly, by the general Government, because the Indians are as yet incompetent to provide for themselves proper school facilities, and besides, they do not sufficiently appreciate the blessings of education to avail themselves of educational advantages of their own creating. They must be treated as wards of the Nation.

The time is not far distant, however, when education of the Indian will become the duty of the several States in which they reside. When these Indians shall have become citizens of the United States, occupying their own farms, paying their share of taxes and participating in all the activities of social, economical and political life, there will be no more reason for maintaining by the general Government separate schools for Indians, than there will be for maintaining by the general Government separate schools for any other class of people. The Indians, after one generation of them have been properly trained, will very readily assimilate with our people, attend the common schools, and will not require any special oversight which is not given by the general government to other classes of citizens.

Already in some instances Indian children are welcomed into the common public schools and mingle freely with other children in the pursuits of knowledge, and it is extremely desirable that this process shall be fostered and encouraged. If they are to become fellow citizens the best preparation that they can receive is that which is offered to them in the public schools. The daily intercourse which they will there enjoy with American children, the familiarity they will acquire with the English language, and the acquaintance they will make

with all our habits of life and modes of thought, will utterly break down those artificial barriers of distinction which heretofore have so unhappily separated them from those among whom they have lived. They should be educated for American citizenship in American schools, by American teachers, and be trained as men and women and not as Indians.

There are very few States where the number of Indians is so great as to render their admission into the public schools impossible or even difficult. New York has about 5,000, Michigan 7,000, Minnesota 6,000, Nebraska less than 4,000, Wisconsin 9,000, Washington less than 10,000, Oregon 4,500, Montana 11,000, California less than 13,000.

Reckoning 20% of these as being of school age, from 6 to 16 years, it will be readily seen that provision could be made for them in the public schools in each of the States at a very moderate expense, and without at all disarranging or interfering with the schools which they enter.

The present plans of the Government contemplate the establishment of at least one industrial boarding school for Indians in every State, except perhaps New York, where there is any considerable number of Indians, with a view of reaching such a number of them, and awakening such an interest in education among them, as will prepare the way for the entrance of all of them into the public schools of their respective States.

Indian industrial training schools have already been established in South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Nevada, Oregon and New Mexico, and bills have been introduced into Congress providing for the establishment of similar schools in Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Montana, California and North Dakota.

It is hoped that these schools will all be in full operation within a year from the present time. They will not provide by any means for all Indian children who ought to be in school in these States, but they will provide for a very considerable number and others will be provided for at a later day.

A very considerable popular interest in these Indian schools has manifested itself especially in Pennsylvania with regard to the school at Carlisle, in Nebraska, regarding the one at Genoa, in Kansas as to Haskell Institute at Lawrence, in Colorado, about the one at Grand Junction, and in Oregon with reference to the school at Chemawa.

These schools are visited by large numbers of people who go to see for themselves what kind of work is done by Indian boys and girls at school. A very lively interest is manifested on the part of many public school superintendents and teachers and their visits, suggestions and encouragement are very helpful in the great work that is there being carried on.

It is the purpose of the Government to render the Indian schools so far as practicable, equal in every respect to similar grades of public schools, so that Indian pupils may enter into competition with their fellow citizens in the friendly rivalries of life, feeling able to hold their own. It is one of the especial aims of the present administration of these schools, to make it easy, where circumstances permit it, for Indian pupils to pass from the Government Indian schools into the ordinary public schools. To this end, the grading of the schools, the course of study adopted, methods of instruction followed and the discipline maintained,



are all, so far as possible, modelled after the best public schools.

It is in the highest degree desirable, both for the sake of the Indians and for the sake of the people among whom they are destined to live, that the efforts of the Government to give to all Indian youth a practical common school education, as a preparation for American citizenship, should receive from all public spirited citizens in the several States, especially where these Indian schools are located, the warmest encouragement and support. It is very important that these schools should be visited by school people, that the teachers in them should be made to feel that they have the sympathy and respect of their fellow teachers, and the Indian pupils should be encouraged to believe that the same pains are being taken with their education as with the education of white children. It is above all, particularly to be hoped that in all cases where it is practical, Indian children may be encouraged to enter public schools on the same basis as other children. It is probable that arrangements can be perfected by which the Government will bear a fair share in the support of the schools attended by Indian pupils, in cases where the Indians' lands are not taxed for public school purposes.

The object of this brief paper will have been fully accomplished if the attention of school superintendents gathered here in this National Convention, can be awakened and you can be led to take a personal and professional interest in the work of Indian education in your respective States. All of you, of course, are interested in the general question, but some of you possibly may have failed to appreciate that you may have a personal interest in the education of the Indians of your own State as being a part of your special duties as superintendent of public instruction. Whatever arguments can be advanced in behalf of education for any class of people, have weight when applied in behalf of the education of the Indians.

They have many noble traits of character; they have possibilities of great usefulness as members of the Republic and when properly educated will readily and joyfully take their places en masse, no longer as wards, no longer as a race to be pitied or even despised, but as fellow citizens, co-workers, worthy to be respected and honored. If the present efforts of the National Government can be supplemented by the educational agencies in the various States and Territories, the Indian problem will soon cease to exist, our National honor will be redeemed and our National life enriched and strengthened, and the remains of a once powerful people be rescued from destruction, to become participants in all that is richest and best in our modern Christian civilization.

#### A DIGGER INDIAN CHAPLAIN.

"Rex," the Des Moines, Iowa, correspondent of the Omaha Bee, notes great liberality in the Iowa legislature as to denominational differences. Clergyman, not only of all creeds, but without respect to nationality, color or sex, have been called upon to perform chaplain duties. More than once they have had female preachers to pray for them; the same is true as to negro preachers, and in one notable instance an Indian preacher, whose career has been a romance. His name is Peter O. Mathews, a genuine California Digger Indian, who during the rebellion served as a Union soldier in the 40th Iowa Infantry. After the war he became an Indian scout and went through several memorable campaigns on the plains. Then he became converted and began to struggle for education; went through an Iowa college, was ordained to the ministry and became teacher in Indian schools. His ascent from the condition of a California Digger to the chaplaincy of a legislature confirms the familiar declaration that "Honor and shame from no conditions rise."

"Give the Indian reasonable protection and assistance, and then let it be a case of root, hog or die."—[Col. Edward Collins.

#### A BRAVE WOMAN ALLOTING LANDS TO INDIANS IN IDAHO.

Novel and Interesting Experiences, as told by the Companion of Miss Fletcher.

I left you in my last letter to go to the council room to meet the Indians that were to come in, in response to the call of the Agent.

We had so universally found in our various expeditions, the Indians gone out to their nominal homes that we began to think that the Nez Perce tribe might, after all, be only a myth. There are so many things in the conduct of Indian affairs that have nothing more tangible than a name to live; so many opinions not warranted by facts; so many orchid ideas which grow in the air; so many parasitical beliefs sprung out of other peoples' inherited prejudices, that it would not have surprised us greatly if, upon going over to that council room, we should have found it filled with nothing more substantial than United States Indian treaties.

But the Indians were there—a handful of them; enough to fill the small room and overflow about the doorway.

It does not seem as if there would be any thing in that room to very deeply impress an allotting agent. Put yourself in the place!

It is a hot day. There is not a cloud to break the force of the sun. In your path there is a young robin fallen from its nest. You pick it up and place it carefully in the shade of the house.

The grasshoppers spring up under your feet. You catch one and put it into the beak of the orphaned bird, and then pass on through the open door.

There is absolute silence within. Dark forms are arranged against the walls; some on wooden benches, others standing. Some prone upon the floor. The attitude of all is simply that of waiting—waiting to know what is wanted of them.

You catch no inspiration from their faces as you are introduced by the Agent in charge, and make a little speech, as graciously as you are able. There is no half-way meeting of your friendly overtures; only silence which can be felt.

You read the Severalty Act and explain it. You think you make it plain, but the rows of old red sandstones Sphynxes make no sign. Their eyes are fixed upon yours in stony dumbness. They never heard of the Dawes Bill. They cannot take it in.

Imagine yourself, some bright May morning sitting out upon the horse-block in your own back yard, waiting for breakfast in that calm state of mind induced by early rising and the prospect of a savory meal.

The old cock crows from the top rail of the fence, with paternal pride, and the yellow-legged old white hen scratches for the early brood of little fluffy chickens.

Before you, lie broad acres—your own well-tilled fields that were your fathers' before you. They have been in the family for generations many.

In retrospect you behold the bent forms of your aged grandparents, standing amid the heavy topped wheat, ripened like themselves; and glancing down the future you see the children of your boy Tom playing out there upon that sunny knoll, among the buttercups and daisies, when you are awakened by the slam of the front gate, and the lightning-rod man or a book agent comes around the house and tells you that the Empress of all the Indians, or some other potentate with whom you have treaty relations, had sent him to divide your lands according to act of Parliament, in the year of our Lord, Feb. 8, 1887.

You stare wildly, and the lightning-rod man proceeds to explain, that as head of the family, you are to have 160 acres of your own land; your boy Tom, being over eighteen will have 80 acres; and the little girl, the pet, the black-eyed darling, she will have 40 acres.

Mechanically, you repeat, "160, 80, 40, —280 acres". That's just the size of your meadow, where the cows and horses pasture; and what of the rest?

The lightning-rod man goes on: "The remainder of your land will stay just as

it is, unless you want to sell it. Ah! It looks queer, does it?"

Well! Little by little, you begin to think. You have heard that the Empress of all the Indians resembles the old woman who lived in a shoe, without her resources—she hasn't beds enough.

You have seen turbulent Fenians hovering near your potato field. Wild-eyed, whirling dervishes have been reported as revolving about your succulent garden-patch. Esoteric Buddhists may be at the moment in your lilac bushes. Your suspicions are aroused. You look exactly as those North Americans looked in that council room.

As allotting agent you stand before them, and with reddened cheeks and stammering tongue, you try to impress them with the advantages of this little arrangement. You had pre-arranged your arguments, and expected to convince this docile people as easily as you had convinced yourself, but somehow, you weakened. Your arguments gave way before the logic of voiceless helplessness. You could think of nothing but that crippled robin out there in the shade, nodding over the digestion of the grasshopper you had given it. Your arteries throb so loudly in the silence that you can think of nothing more to say. You ask the interpreter to tell the Indians that you will be glad to answer any questions, and you sit down. Your cravat is tight and you loosen it. There is a stricture about the cardiac region. You unbutton your coat and look along the lines of dark faces. They do not light up as they meet your gaze. The *per diem* of a United States Special Agent for allotting Indians dwindles down into an interrogation point, and you wish you could earn your bread and butter, in the comparative comfort of the Chinaman who stands all day long, outside at the pump, in sunshine or rain, washing official linen, in public.

But, at last, an old man rises, with the dignity which renders invisible his poor garments and low estate, and makes you do him reverence.

"How is it," said he, "that we have not been consulted about this thing? Who made this law? We do not understand what you say. This is our land by long possession and by treaty. We are content to be as we are."

And a groan of assent runs along the dark rows of Sphynxes, as the old man draws his blanket about him as if to forever shut out the subject. The action rouses you, and you gather your forces while the next man in less quiet tones asks if you are not afraid to come among them on such an errand.

"Our people are scattered," said another. "They must come together and say whether we will have this law or not."

You tell them that there is nothing for them to say. They have no choice. The law must be obeyed, but you will wait until they can understand better all about it; and the council is adjourned. Clearly, you have not yet caught your Indian.

You shake hands with one or two as they pass out. Mostly, they avoid you. A few linger and you talk a little. You do not say, "I am your friend." That phrase means nothing now to the Indian. You tell them that by and by when you know each other better, perhaps you may trust each other, and they agree to that. It looks reasonable. At any rate it postpones the issue, and the Indian likes that. He cannot be hurried, and you know better than to try to hurry him.

He goes home to talk about this allotment business, and you study the topography of the country, and write to the Department, and consult your surveyor. You investigate land claims. You open a peripatetic school of instruction, and inform the actual settler, who is in Egyptian darkness as to the provisions of the Severalty Act.

You are busy trying to get a starting point. You talk and talk and then talk some more; and the talk travels. It is like a little leaven, it permeates the tribe, and sets up a ferment, so that when the people come together again you find yourself on trial. You are questioned and cross-questioned and out of a chaos of talk decided opposition appears.

You will have need of all the tact you possess to avoid an open conflict. You recognize the signs. You see that there are two parties in embryo, in the people before you.

Some inquire and listen; others harangue and oppose.

By and by the first will yield to reason, and be convinced. The other will grow more and more obstinate and violent. The industrious and progressive will take their lands, eventually. The old-time conservative, hangers-on-to-the-reservation-system party, they who stand up for treaty rights and talk about the Great Father, and hold their mouths open to catch the beggarly crumbs which fall from the Agency table—copper-heads, we might call them if they were not copper-colored—they will not have their lands; they tell you so.

But you are to allot the whole tribe, not a part of it, and so you talk and talk and go on talking, and grow very tired, until finally you refuse to talk any longer. You start out to do something. The Indians obstruct you in all possible directions. They forbid your chain-men to work. They intimidate your employees, so that they slip away one by one. Your interpreter grows thin and depressed and afraid of his own shadow. He is a true and brave fellow, but the pressure on him is hard to bear. You see that he is anxious. He objects to driving out with you on various pretexts, and finally confesses that the Indians threaten to stop you, if you proceed in your work.

You make as much of a compromise as your determined character will admit. You agree to run out the border lines of the reservation and correct the encroachments of the white settlers.

The Indians tell you that the ranches of the white man have eaten into the reservation as the Missouri River eats into its banks. You agree to straighten the line, and then—

Then there must be no more delay.

The greater part of the progressive Indians live farthest from the Agency. You will pitch your tent among them and work out from that point.

You haven't yet caught your Indian, but you have a Micawber courage. You hope something will turn up, or turn over, or turn out, that will bring him within your grasp.

You visit the good missionaries and learn something from them. They advise you to "go slow". You smile. There does not seem to be much need of that caution.

You learn a good deal about individuals of the tribe from the Agent, and make prolific notes, only to burn them unread, later on, when you discover that it is safe to rely alone upon yourself and your own unbiassed judgment. And so, you work your way slowly, like the drill through the solid rock, by dint of unremitted labor, by seizing every small advance, and holding fast to it; never going back, always pressing on.

And the month of June comes to an end, and the earth is parched with drought.

You spend Sunday in anything but a peaceful state of mind. In fact, you are in that chaotic frame resulting from the effort to make up your mind at all, out of a very scanty supply of material.

You have promised yourself to do something on the morrow. You have been told that the more progressive Indians live at Kamiah; if you were there you might find a fulcrum whereon to rest your lever.

"Kamiah is a Paradise," the good missionary tells you. You would like to have a taste of Paradise. The change would do you good. You will go to Paradise. You are ready at 4 A. M. The sun was up before you, and the pine-wood porch is literally broiling in its rays. Your feet stick in the pitch that exudes from the boards as you step out to mount your wagon. The co-operative Agent has kindly allowed you to take for the trip, the Webster wagon and the team of work-horses to carry your camp outfit.

It is a tentative outfit, aside from the tent itself, for you are penetrating an un-



known country. You scarcely know what you will require. You have no settled ideas about Paradise, not even in the matter of clothing. In your mind's eye there still lingers the picture you used to study in your infantile Watt's Primer of Adam and Eve being driven out of Paradise, but you were never able to decide whether or not they had to leave some of their clothes behind them.

The clothing question has agitated the philosophic world from the pre-glacial man down; from Carlyle to Mrs. Bloomer. It troubles you now. You were told in Washington that this climate was equatorial. It was a half-truth, the climate is a hybrid, with a constant tenacity to Atavism.

By day your blood rushes a torrid stream through your parboiled arteries; by night, four blankets hardly prevent its congealing. You always liked even-tempered people. You hated a blow-hot and a blow-cold sort of friend. Alas! You have become a very off and on sort of character yourself, and still it is impossible to change your garments as often as is necessary. You oscillate from overcoat to gossamer under clothing, twenty times a day, according as the sun goes into or comes out of a cloud, for here the sun is verily the "source of all light and heat."

But you are all packed at last—your tent, your trunk containing winter clothing, and your trunk containing summer apparel, your wash-board and your cook-stove, your tin-ware and your wooden-ware, your canned tomatoes and your coal-oil can, your Chicago corn-beef and your Idaho lucifer matches. These matches are anatomical curiosities. Imagine an ordinary kitchen match split longitudinally into four sections, and each section cut transversely into two, and you have eight good Idaho matches. It might have appeared at first sight as if these matches had been evolved out of the contract system, but they were a product of the Great West and were to be found in all territorial stores. One could hardly be called a coward for not coming up to the scratch with a weapon like those matches. It was the habit of the cook to rub an entire bunch at once. She had no time, she said to conduct a microscopical investigation in search of their individuality, every morning, and the breakfast to get. Your cook was not so mild in character as her environment required.

Your outfit was completed by your blanks and your blankets, your bag of flour and your ax, your baking-powder and your rifle, your potatoes and your salt; your bobbin of red-tape, your camera and umbrella, constituting the ornamental part of your equipage.

You bowl out of the Agency enclosure in fine style, you, leading the way, driving Dick and Jimmy, your especial team, radiant in their new harness. Your interpreter follows with the loaded Webster wagon and your surveyor, a jolly, good fellow with a head on his shoulders and a heart buttoned up in his blue jeans blouse comes last, with his span of ancient but quite respectable horses attached to what is called in western parlance a "buggy", being an open box wagon.

The buggy is packed fore and aft, with the surveyor's camp belongings, over which his much-the-worse-for-wear canvass tent is corded. His coffee-pot hangs behind in company with his iron camp-kettle.

There is no holiday-look about the surveyor or his outfit. It is all for honest work, and you thank that Providence which sent this stout Vermonter from the other side of the Rockies, as you glance backward and behold his team plunging on with an inspiring directness of purpose.

At the end of the first quarter of a mile you suddenly stop. The weight of your load has pressed the brake-block down upon the wheel and locked it. Fortunately you have an ax, and you cut off half an inch from the block and go on. Your big off-horse is pigeon-toed with elephantine ankles, and hoofs to correspond. You grow dizzy trying to analyze the resultant motion of his feet. The animal gets

over the ground so much faster than his mate, that your driver told you you ought to have some "eveners". An evener is a strong strap holding the double-tree and single-tree together in such a way that one horse can't run away with his side of the wagon against the will of the other horse.

Eveners work well. I should think they might be more frequently applied to partnership in general. There would be less necessity for extradition treaties with Canada, and politics would be more respectable with some such appliance.

Eveners are inexpensive. You bought a pair for \$1.50 and paid for them out of your own pocket. There wasn't time to write to Washington after your driver suggested this necessity; and there was the small matter of axle-grease. You were not aware how much axle-grease it required to run a political machine like a Government wagon on a reservation, until too late to ask for authority to purchase. And then, as to vaseline for the horses' knees. How could you know that Dick and Jimmy would take a devotional posture every time they went down hill?

Vaseline costs fifty cents a box in this part of the world. A box lasts two knees one application. There are 640 hills in every mile. You can make the calculation at your leisure. The Bureau might think you extravagant in vaseline, so you pay as you go and don't mind it so long as you have change in your pocket.

And then, there is the item of whips. Some horses wear out more whips than others. Yours are not economical in whips. You carry one whip on your property return. It is eighteen inches long, now, and for the most part you carry it under the wagon cushion. It was so short-lived, you don't like to voucher for another, so you let the new one go in with the currycomb and brush and sponge and soap, which in ignorance of local usage you purchase for the toilet of your horses.

After one month you find the remains of your rusty currycomb, and the back of the brush, and your driver thinks the coyotes carried off the sponge, and the magpies the soap.

Then there are the horse-shoes. The Agency blacksmith might be expected to attend to that little matter, but it would not be convenient to carry his forge all over the reservation, forty miles a day, for the purpose. Your horses are extravagant on shoes. You are finally forced to let the Department share this expense with you. Nails take feeble hold in cracks. It isn't so much the fault of the rough road that your horses' shoes fall off so constantly. Everything pulls off here, the weight of the mutton chops most notably. Not that your butcher is dishonest. It is simply the force of circumstances. The butcher lives fifty miles away. You send for a roast of beef, by an Indian on his pony. It may start all right, but fifty miles of broiling sun in a bag slung at the saddle-bow! If it does not fall off altogether you are lucky. A fifty per cent. loss of weight by evaporation is not to be complained of.

But we are en route to Paradise.

The way lies over Craig's Mountain. The ascent is the roughest, your load heavy. The poor beasts do their best. They toil painfully up the winding road which hugs the mountain side. You are brave in general. There is not a fibre of moral cowardice in your make up, but as you turn a sharp corner and find yourself hanging on the verge of a sheer precipice with a rocky climb just beyond you, and Dick stops short, and then begins to back, you rise to the occasion. On level ground, your team at rest, you are wont to dismount by the help of a step ladder. You have an inconvenient lameness, which adds rigidity to your otherwise yielding nature, so you have this habit from necessity of stately stepping from your wagon.

Now, with the foundations of your faith giving way beneath you, you stay not upon the order of your going. Your cook, photographer and friend has never been able to say whether your flight was over the wheels or over the dash-board. It

scarcely could have been over the mountain of mixed freight in the stern of your wagon.

Later on, when that was unloaded, there was no evidence of the passage of a heavenly body. The eggs were intact in the basket. There was no deeper impression upon your prints of butter. There was no additional jar of pickles. Nothing to support that theory but two inches of cosmic dust. If your orbit lay in that direction your velocity had counteracted the effects of the law of gravitation. All your photographer could clearly state was that he had a drop-shutter impression of a swiftly moving object in mid-air, and an instantaneous view of the possibilities which lay at the bottom of the abyss on one side, the adamant trap rock wall upon the other, the rugged ascent in front, upon which the horses seemed to be suspended by the neck, and struggling to gain a foothold.

Your cook said she saw something jump out of the frying-pan into the fire. Your friend related how she felt a momentary sense of betrayal, a consciousness of being deserted, and then a sharp cut of the whip on Dick's back and the strong voice of your driver arrested the backsliding team, and prompted it to a vigorous effort to regain lost ground.

You steady your nerves by a climb on foot, and at the top of the hill you gather up yourself and the lines, and go on until night fall finds you beside a spring of pure water, where cattle are loitering for their evening draught.

It is a pretty place. There is a little line of green herbage along the stream, which rests your sunburnt eyes, and you pitch your new tent under a lofty pine tree, and fry your potatoes and boil your coffee over crackling thorn bushes. It is your first night off the Agency, and as you lie under the stars and listen to the sleepy notes of the young birds, an eternal peace crops out of the soul of nature into your own, driving out the echo of the strife and bickerings of men. You feel as if you were indeed on the road to Paradise.

You fall asleep upon your blue blankets, and dream that you are no longer hunting Indians, but that they come trooping to you in childlike confidence, putting their small brown hands in yours and asking to be led in the new way, and you wake with a choking in the throat, only to fall asleep again under the silent stars, lulled by the rippling of the brook and the sighing of the wind among the pines.

The next day the same broiling sun, the same burnt grass under your horses' feet, where it is not sharp broken trap-rock. You toil on, stopping an hour at noon to rest the horses, and to eat the bit of cold bread and beef. It is too hot to boil coffee.

You arrive at the top of Craig's Mountain, and the temperature drops as the daylight wanes. You do not know how much, but when your tent is pitched, you shiver at its whiteness, and your surveyor sets a pitch pine tree on fire to warm you and you struggle into your overcoat, while all the time you wait for the coffee to boil, there is such an unpleasant creeping up and down your spine.

In the morning there is ice in the water bucket, and hoar frost stiffens your tent cloth. You ask your driver the distance to Paradise, and something he says gives you pain. He says you have gone over all the road there is. He guesses he can take you down, but he does not know how the wagons will stand it. By dint of much ingenuity expended in the severest anthropological research of your life, you come at the facts, I might say the bottom facts but your surveyor said the fact was a canyon, and the bottom had dropped out.

Yes; Paradise lay at the water level on the Clear Water River—a sheer descent of 2,500 feet.

So far your way had been as rough as a political campaign, but now you are told there is no road whatever. You are just to tumble bodily down a canyon.

You look at the Webster wagon and it dawns upon you that you have made a

mistake. It is nowhere written that a man can go into Paradise with a couple of Saratoga trunks attached, saying nothing of sundry other cases and boxes which up to this hour you had considered indispensable.

(You are not the first Pilgrim on the way to Paradise that has had to unload en route.)

There is a cabin just ahead. Your surveyor proposes a halt for reconnaissance. The cabin is a rough unfinished board box, but it has a roof that will cast a shade, and for miles and miles there has not been the shadow of a tree or great rock, and your head is hot and your heart weary, so you are glad of the cabin. It is better than your white tent. The owner of it died before it was finished. You do not wonder at that as you look around the place. You wonder at the tenacious courage of the average squatter. That they do not all die is a mystery.

You sit down upon a block of wood while the horses are unharnessed, and turned loose to browse upon the dried grass. The spring below the cabin trickles its way through a black bog. There is a blighted onion patch beyond and a struggling potato field. The dried leaves of the sun-flower rustle in the breeze. You hear in the near distance the coyote's bark and you see numbers of gray squirrels scampering in all directions over the ground riddled with their burrows. You feel of very little account in the world at this moment. The squirrels do not even notice your presence. Your cook goes into the cabin and estimates its possibilities. Her importunate call rouses you. You go in and find her brushing off a long carpenter's bench. You fetch the broom from the wagon and sweep the shavings from the floor. The cook finds a hammer and nails, and improvises a wardrobe. You hang up your duster and unpack your carpet bag. Your driver comes in with the camp bed, and the surveyor mounts the cook stove on the bench with its pipe sticking out the window, and you begin housekeeping. Your cook, optimistic by heredity, is soon forced to look on the dark side of things. Indeed there is no other side to look at. A brisk current of air comes down the stove-pipe and the blazing turpentine pine spurts out large greasy flakes of lamp black, anything but soothing to a distracted mind bent upon the mysteries of hash.

Your jolly surveyor at your suggestion lifts the stove down to the floor and puts the pipe out of the door. It was then that you learned that some domestic institutions were best not meddled with.

There are wrecks of human beings strewn all along the path of history, who have tried to increase the efficiency of certain departments in domestic economy. You learned not to attempt to ventilate that stove. You shut your eyes to its irregularities. Briggs, the surveyor, shut his with a howl of anguish, and the cook disappeared round the corner of the cabin. She had a habit like that of Mrs. Grummidge—to "go and be a riddance," at a supreme moment like this seemed to be necessary to self-preservation.

Your photographer viewed the situation with his ordinary calm exterior. He "never allowed himself to be flustered," he said. It interfered with his profession. He is a philosopher.

"Everything is largely a matter of time," he asserts. "All the ills of life are simply ill timed. Everything will correct itself in time. All mischief is brought about by undertiming or overtiming. True philosophy is to keep cool and take things as they come." I append an illustration of the way the photographer takes things as they come:

Monuments have been raised by a grateful country to commemorate the virtues of valiant soldiers and great statesmen, and it is well. Our country needs all the monuments it can get. They are useful to point a moral and adorn a tale. That's why I admire the statue of Washington east of the capitol, and that of Jackson in Lafayette Square. They are my models, but neither of them

(Continued on the 6th Page.)



## WHY A SEPARATE REGIMENT?

Secretary Proctor has submitted to the Interior Department a proposition for the enlistment of 1000 Indians in the regular army. It is proposed to officer the regiment with graduates from West Point, the subordinate grades to be filled by pupils who have been educated at Eastern schools. The details of the plan have not as yet been fully matured, but it is the opinion of the secretary that the Indians "can be received into the regular army in a separate regiment both to their own advantage and that of the Government."

—*Phila. Ledger.*

So it is seriously proposed to use Indians as soldiers! And they are to be allowed to fight the battles of the United States equally with the whites, but for some reason they must be made into a regiment all by themselves and specially officered.

There is abundant testimony to the effect that Indians make soldiers, and they have in an irregular way been made use of very frequently as a useful adjunct to the army, but on what principle must they be made Indian regiments?

For many years past the idea of using Indians in this way has been more or less talked of, but it had not really seemed fair to ask a man who was not protected by the laws or flag of a country to fight for it. If, however, under the changed conditions that are coming to the Indian he could reasonably be asked and expected to do this, then do it in a way that will make as little distinction as possible between the Indian and the other nationalities of which our army is composed.

There are some good points in the course suggested. It opens an avenue of discipline and more or less education to a class of the Indian population now at the restless period of their lives, too old for school and not willing for regular labor. By this means they would be thoroughly drilled in obedience, laws of cleanliness as to person and surroundings, and in many ways be benefitted, as well as exposed to some influences that would be very injurious; but if such a plan were adopted why not make it five or ten men to every company as now organized. Such a plan could be put into operation at once and the few among the many would be old soldiers, in a little while, no extra officers needed or any addition in any way but just so many men enlisted for each company, taking the same chance for promotion as other men in the ranks.

A. J. STANDING.

## THE UNITED STATES RETIRES FROM THE SHOW BUSINESS.

The following extract from the Philadelphia Press of April 14th insignificant as it may seem as an item of news reflects no little credit on the purpose and management of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs. The results ensuing from the return to the reservations of those Indians who have been off with various shows, have been deplored and regretted by all agents in charge, but they have been powerless to prevent. Now, however, that the Indian Department at Washington has spoken plainly we find the red men have to be imported from Canada. So far so good. Now apply the Tariff, or the law against contract immigrants:

Charles H. Davis, of Forepaugh's Circus, arrived in this city yesterday morning with a large number of Indians, which he had secured in the far wilds of Assiniboine Dominion of Canada. Mr. Davis tried to engage Indians from the United States for this season, but the Indian Commissioner refused to let him take any. He had, therefore, to hie away to far-off Assiniboine, where, with F. D. Gates, whose Indian name is Sic Sah, he secured the services of forty or fifty Sioux, Mandan, Blackfeet and Assiniboine Indians.

There are thirteen Sioux Indians in the party. Their chief is Black Bull Bear. They all participated in the Custer massacre. They rejoice in the names of: Red Ears, Two Tails, Black Horse, Red Bear, Slow Bull, Got-no-horse, Two Hands, Fire Lightning, American Horse, Hard to Kill and Spotted Tail. The beauty, Mrs. Hail-Stones-in-Her-Stomach, is with them.

Mr. Davis took the Indians out to the grounds, Broad and Dauphin Streets, as soon as they arrived here. They were placed in a temporary tent for the night.

To-day they will pitch their regular camp for the week. The braves are all fine, manly looking fellows. Just at present some of them are suffering from having cinders in their eyes. They would persist in sticking their heads out of the ears on their seven days' trip here and now they are suffering for their carelessness.

In our last issue we note a proposition to brevet those officers of the army who are conspicuous for their bravery in Indian warfare. Is it not a little late in the day to do this? We admit the dangers that are incident to Indian warfare; but why select any one class to be peculiarly honored for successful dealing with Indians, and that by the simplest process of all, i. e. killing them. We are told that the victories of peace are more glorious than those of war; so that if it be just to specially honor those whose efforts lead to the victories gained by war how much more should the successful Agent, Missionary, Teacher or Farmer who by peaceful methods subdues these same people and saves but does not destroy life, be honored.

A. J. S.

The school is again indebted to the American Bible Society for a liberal grant of Bibles which were much needed for the use of the nearly three-hundred new pupils received within the past year. The society has our sincere thanks for this and past favors of the same nature, which are also tendered to the Pennsylvania Bible Society for supplying us with seventy-five Bibles in addition to the above. These Bibles do not remain at Carlisle. They go among the Indians of every section, each one in the hands of some one who can read it and in a measure explain its contents to those not as well informed as themselves, and who perhaps could not be as effectually reached in any other way.

The account given elsewhere of the odd experiences and difficulties encountered by Miss Fletcher, Special Agent for alloting lands to the Nez Percés, and her companion, will be read with much interest notwithstanding the article is somewhat longer than is usually printed in our columns. Miss Gay the gifted writer has presented the pictures in her own gay inimitable style, which cannot fail to be highly appreciated by all who take the time to view them. Read the article! It will pay.

In a recent letter from Pawnee Agency, Indian Territory, we learn that the old dilapidated log houses that have been an eye-sore to the Agency for several years have been torn down and the Government has built five cottages. The old house in which the first Agent lived is being re-modelled into a church. Farming and gardening have begun in earnest and prospects are brightening somewhat. The little Agency is looking better than it ever did.

Among the women of our country who stand prominent as examples of energetic work for the elevation of mankind that is Dr. Susan La Flesche, an Indian graduate of Hampton, and graduate of the Women's Medical College, Philadelphia. This brave young woman is now practicing medicine among her people, the Omahas of Nebraska, and is a power for good which cannot be estimated.

We build falsely and to our hurt when we establish or by any means whatever confirm tribal systems of any sort, and we do this whenever we attempt to make of the Indians separate model communities. Tribal schools attempt this and fail absolutely everywhere. Fraternity, unity, equality along all lines is our only safety, and the only method promising a solution and an end.

To educate Indians out of relations with their own people and into relations with our people and into self-support should be the work of the Government, and it would not take many schools similarly located to Carlisle to compass the whole.

## CARLISLE SCHOOL NOTES.

The lower farm has been dressed up in a new fence.

The Anniversary Exercises of the Carlisle School-come this year on the 14th of May.

The Anniversary Exercises of the Hampton Institute will be held this year on Thursday, May 22.

Spring weather brings out the base-ball fever. Several clubs have already been organized and some good playing done.

Our graduating class, this year numbers eighteen, representing the Cheyenne, Oneida, Sioux, Chippewa, Pueblo, Crow, Winnebago, Quapaw, Omaha, Keechi, and Comanche tribes.

Farming operations on both the school farms have begun in earnest. Under the direction of Mr. B. F. Bennett, the newly appointed farmer, we expect large improvements in quantity and quality of products and work done. Mr. Bennett hails from Bucks County, one of the best agricultural districts in the State.

There are nearly two hundred pupils in the big boys' quarters now, and the whole house does credit to the boys and their managers. The new boys are falling in nicely. There is no hazing at Carlisle. One can note the difference even in a week's time in the erect attitude and manly bearing of the boys. When the new comers first arrive they are easily distinguished from the rest by the way they "don't hold their heads up." After a student has been here a few days he loses his doubtful beaten look, and appears to have discovered that the world was made for him. His air is one of independence and "straight-forwardness."

There are a great many surprises for the boys and girls who come to Carlisle, fresh from the camps where they have been accustomed to wearing a garment till it parts company with them, and where a weekly change of raiment is unknown. Some who come from more civilized tribes are used to more frequent change, but scarcely any who come here have been acquainted with the nightgown, before being introduced to it after the bath the first night at Carlisle.

Sometimes they object to putting it on, but more often they hold it up as a practical joke, and walk about looking at one another in amazement.

To sleep in a clean white dress astonishes them. One of the little boys was promenading one night in evident pride of his appearance. His night shirt was very long, and he enjoyed the effect. The matron asked him if he had ever worn one before "Oh, yes" he answered "when I was a baby."

## VIEW OF THE CARLISLE SCHOOL WORK SHOPS FROM OUR REPORTER'S STANDPOINT.

### Shoe Shop.

At the shoe shop they make shoes. They are no apology for shoes, made to sell and cheat the wearer into buying another pair before the first ones ought to be half worn out. Good strong material is used, pliable leather made to wear well and give ease. An Apache boy who learned his lessons well in this shop is now in Arizona making both ends more than meet at his trade.

### The Tin Shop.

At the tin shop one is tempted to loiter. The bright sheets of tin that pass under the boys' deft fingers, come out to surprise you in all sorts of shapes. The boys like this work. Perhaps because there is some "show" for it when it is done—results that shine. One small workman can make eight dozen pint cups in a day. But the thing that pleased us most was the coffee pots. Who, that has "camped out" has not often had to mourn the frequent loss of the lip or nozzle of his coffee pot? Just as your pot begins to boil and you take hold of the handle to lift it off the coals, behold, out drops the mouth of

it and half your beverage is spilled. Some years ago there was a request from the Department to send, if possible, coffee pots without a soldered lip, something that would stand the camp fire without melting. The improvement was made in the Carlisle Indian shop. The result is a perfect kettle with nozzle continuous with the main body. If you have an idea of trying camp life this summer, we advise you to try this new invention.

### The Printing Office.

It is surprising to see how soon even small boys learn to manage our printing presses and type. Such piles of the RED MAN and Helper as are neatly wrapped and sent to the Post Office! It is impossible to overlook the boy with the broom, for he is always at it. He raises no dust and sweeps calmly on, visitors or not. These boys manage to get more fun out of their work than most any where else. The printers are quick at repartee and joke in a quiet way. There is a kind of family affection between them not often observed, a sort of Editorial relationship. They learn to be quick in their line. When we attempted to play a word game the other night with a printer boy we commenced "slow" and felt it our duty to rather help him along, but we soon found that we had better look out for our own affairs. Our opponent came out ahead.

### The Bakery.

If anybody thinks it is fun to make bread let him step into the bakery and take a hand at it. He will find a bread-trough big enough to hold many tons of flour. Did I say tons? I meant several hundred pounds. We saw a piece of dough weighing 450 lbs.

No child's play housekeeping is this. And the "head man" is an Indian boy with sleeveless jacket. He might be proud of his arms they have grown so muscular with their daily task of kneading 250 loaves of bread.

### The Tailor Shop.

In the tailor shop the needles were flying in and out and the sewing machines were stitching the long seams at a rapid pace. "Ye tailor of ye olden time" had no such aid to his work, but he must thread his needle and wax his thread a hundred times a day. "Tailor button holes" are made here to perfection. They are no "pigs eyes" palmed off for the genuine article. The boys smiled when we asked them if they ever pricked their fingers, and owned up to it. And they also owned to sending the needle on explorations down the nail. The best cloth used here is manufactured in Oakland, California. The tailor boys are now busy on the graduating suits, and pretty suits they are.

### Blacksmith Shop.

There is something particularly fascinating for our boys in the blacksmith's work. They enjoy putting the rough, ill-shaped iron into the fire, blowing the big bellows till the iron is at a red heat, and then moulding it more quickly than a piece of wood could be carved. They like to twist and shape the iron into beautiful things, and then to polish it into brilliancy. We saw some specimens of handy tools they are making to send as an exhibit to a Church Fair in Brooklyn. And here they are manufacturing ambulances or wagons for the western plains.

Wait for the (Carlisle) wagon!

A peep into the carpenter and harness shops, and other places of work will be given next month.

## DIFFICULTIES OF ENGLISH IN SECOND GRADE.

### A Composition on Scissors.

The scissors is made of iron, and pain (paint) of black into the handle, and some pain of brown, and its good for cud the cloth and pappers and cud the finger nails, and some scissors its not sharp, and some very sharp, in the mittle they put screw on in, I saw some scissors are very big and little onse.

The Ponca Indians were paid \$4.40 each on Saturday, interest money on the relinquishment of their lands in 1880. The money was soon disposed of in the usual Indian way, for trunks and needles.

—*Omaha Bee.*



## ONE OF DR. DORCHESTER'S STORIES.

Of the many good stories told by Dr. Dorchester, our Superintendent of Indian Schools, while with us, we select the following:

A colored brother wanted a license to preach. He was told he must pass an examination on the Bible.

"Well!" said he, "I'll do the best I can."

"Well!" said the examiner, "Tell us about the women of the Bible."

He went on:

"There was the Virgin Mary and Mary Magdalen and t'other Mary."

Then his face brightened up, and he said:

"There was that right bright wicked woman called Jezebel. One day when king Ahasuerus was riding along, he looked up to Jezebel's fifth story window and saw her making up her face at him."

He told his servants to go up and fro her down, and they fro'd her down.

Then he said, 'Carry her up and fro her down again,' and they fro'd her down again.

And again he said, 'Carry her up and fro her down seven times, and they fro'd her down seven times.

And then he said 'Carry her up and fro her down seventy times seven,' and they fro'd her down seventy times seven.

And they did so, and the dogs came and heked her wounds and eat her flesh, and they took up twelve baskets full and five small fishes, and last of all the woman died also, and in the resurrection, whose wife shall she be of all these?"

## CARLISLE.

### By a Recent Visitor from the West.

To those in sympathy with the education of the Indian or feeling the least concern in regard to the future of that race, a visit to Carlisle is full of interest. In no other place in the world has the attempt been made, on so large a scale, to test the capabilities of the Indian for civilization; and there are probably few who do not feel an interest in the process, by which the young barbarian of the breech-clout and blanket is transformed into that product known as the "Carlisle" Indian.

Carlisle is situated in Southern Penna., in a beautiful valley, between two ranges of the Alleghanies, about one hundred miles from Washington, and twenty miles from the Gettysburg battlefield. It was at one time a military post, but the barracks have been changed into dormitories, the old brick stables have become shops and store rooms, and the contributions of generous citizens, aided by Government appropriations, have added farms and new buildings until the institution has grown to be almost a city in itself, and by its varied industries largely contributes towards its own support.

Capt. Pratt the Superintendent is an army officer, whose first experience with Indians was obtained on less peaceful fields than the Carlisle camps. The assistants, about fifty in number are what we should expect, intelligent, refined and conscientious. It is to be doubted if any school in the country can show a more efficient corps of instructors than can be found at Carlisle.

The pupils are from nearly all the States in the Union. Oneidas from Wisconsin, Apaches from Florida and New Mexico, Cherokees from Indian Territory, Winnebagoes from Neb., Pawnees from I. T., and Sioux from the Dakotas. They probably form as merry and mischievous a band of youngsters as it would be possible to find. One thing is noticeable the dull stolid stare of the reservation Indian is wanting. They are apparently as bright and alert, as quick to see a point and as ready in their appreciation of a joke as a similar body of white children, and one cannot help wondering as he notes the difference how much clean, warm clothing, wholesome food, and comfortable beds have to do with the change, and whether under proper con-

ditions the Indian would always be the dull stolid creature that he seems.

The government of seven hundred Indian children unused to any kind of restraint, must certainly be a difficult task, yet so perfect is the system, that the discipline is not apparent.

The school is a bee hive for industry. All the pupils, girls and boys work one half the day and attend school the remainder. The girls are taught sewing and general house work, the boys learn farming or one of the trades. Of these they have an ample list from which to select as the school manufactures boots, shoes, harness, wagons, tin ware and clothing, besides doing their own carpentering, blacksmithing and printing. The range of studies includes about the ordinary common school branches.

One feature of the work the "Outing System" deserves special mention. Pupils of sufficient age, are allowed under proper supervision to work for the surrounding farms, each to be paid according to his ability and to keep for his own use the amount that he earns. This has become so popular with the pupils, that the demand for positions is constantly in excess of the supply, and would seem to indicate that the Indian under proper conditions, takes as keen an interest in the pursuit of the almighty dollar as his white brethren.

One thing is certain that until the solution of the vexed Indian question is found, the public will watch with interest and sympathy the various enterprises of such institutions as the Carlisle Indian School.

## OUR FLAG.

The following original speech was given by Carl Leider, a Crow pupil, at one of our monthly exhibitions:

Our flag, The Star Spangled Banner, was first used in the beginning of the Revolutionary War. It was unfolded by General Washington at Cambridge, before the Continental Army who were to carry the flag during the war. From that time till now, the flag has been upheld in the heavens over lands and people that represent the United States. Our flag in comparison with the flags of foreign nations in power is among the first. The European nations declared that we hold the greatest maritime power in the world. Therefore they have every reason not to abuse it, but to honor it with the greatest respect. Our duty to the flag is to protect and honor it. The United States could not call herself a Union or say in "Union is Strength," if she did not defend it with her utmost power. It is the flag of the nation, the flag of truth and the flag of liberty. We look up to it in times of joy and sorrow, in times of need and prosperity. The day will soon come when even, the American race will call it ours, fight under it, and live in peace under it. It is wrong to hide it from the people who have just as much right to bear it. It is wrong to bear it in the face of a murderous fire, in extermination of the red man. The United States flag now promises to deal with the Indians honestly and with justice. It is planted on these grounds for the cause of Indian education and civilization. It stands here as an invitation to all the Indian children of the forest, who are living in darkness and degradation, to come and receive the requirements of womanhood and manhood.

### The Pueblos Need Physicians.

Governor Bradford Prince, of New Mexico, in his report to the Secretary of the Interior, says:

"One suggestion, which comes from the Pueblo agent, is worthy of consideration and I think of adoption. It is that several of the most promising of the pupils at Carlisle or the local schools receive medical education. There certainly should be a good physician in each Pueblo village and on each reservation, and one of their own people would have far more influence in weaning them from over-confidence in their medicine-men than any stranger. The number of deaths among the children from small-pox, diphtheria, and kindred diseases is surprisingly large, and could be greatly reduced by the exertion of a resident physician."

## FRIENDS' MISSION WORK AMONG INDIANS.

Nearest of all to us except what may be called home mission work (including with this the labors of Friends in Virginia and North Carolina among their colored neighbors and dependents), is that which is carried on in the Indian Territory amongst the tribes still on reservations. In regard to these Dr. James E. Rhoads writes, Fourth mo. 2:

"The latest reports from the mission work among the Indians of the Indian Territory are very encouraging. There are now 17 places where meetings are held, and there are four day schools. The average attendance on First-day mornings for Second month was about 630, the largest probably ever known by these meetings. At the Iowa Station, John Mardock's efforts have been blessed, and 14 names have been sent up to Shawnee-town Monthly Meeting for membership.

"Charles W. Goddard and wife have just been added to the corps of workers. After twelve years of waiting and crying, the Mexican Kickapoos have been induced by Elizabeth Test to send nine pupils to her to school. This is a cause for much gratitude. Four places around those mentioned have sent requests for meetings at least once a month. We ought to respond to those appeals. In each case the people offer to aid in building log meeting-houses. If we had \$100 one of these could be started at once. Other places are crying out for religious teaching. Surely we ought not to turn a deaf ear. Our contributions should be increased one quarter next year. The funds of the Associated Executive Committee are now taxed to the utmost."—[Friends Review.

## PAY UP, OR LEAVE!

Ever since the Pawnees left their Nebraska home in the Platte River country, in 1875, there has been difficulty in obtaining pay from settlers on their old reservation. The following Bill which passed the House on the 9th inst., if carried forward will relieve these deserving Indians who are eking out an existence under adverse conditions in the Indian Territory.

Be it enacted, etc; That all purchasers of lands of the Pawnee Indian reservation in Nebraska who may be in default of payment of either principal or interest under the provisions of the act approved April 10, 1876, and the terms of sale thereunder, are hereby required to make full and complete payment therefor to the Secretary of the Interior within two years from the passage of this act; and any person in default thereof for a period of sixty days thereafter shall forfeit his right to the lands purchased and any and all payments made thereon.

SEC. 2. That the Secretary of the Interior is hereby authorized and directed to declare forfeited all lands sold under said act of 1876 full payment for which shall not be made in accordance with the provision of this act; and he shall thereupon cause all lands so declared forfeited to be resold at public auction in Nebraska in such manner and upon such terms as he may deem advisable, except that the time for full and complete payment shall not exceed one year, with clause of absolute forfeiture in case of default; And provided. That the same shall be sold to the highest bidder, but for not less than the appraised value, nor less than \$2.50 an acre.

### Words of Good Cheer from our Sister Country.

WINNEPEG, 15th April, 1890.

I have for several years been an interested reader of the monthly paper issued from your school now called THE RED MAN, and I am so fully persuaded of its influence in fostering right views in regard to Indian education and indeed in regard to Indian affairs generally, that I ask you to add to the list of your subscribers the names of one at least of the mission teachers in each of the Indian schools under the care of the Presbyterian Church in Canada.

You will please renew my subscription to the RED MAN and put me upon the list of subscribers for the Indian Helper and send copies of both these papers to the undermentioned persons. In payment you will please find a post office order for \$6.

With much admiration for your school and best wishes for the success both for it and the paper which represent its principles and teachings, I am

Yours very truly,

A. B. B.

Of the Foreign Mission Committee, Synod of Manitoba and the N. W. Territories.

## MERCIFUL.

The Indians believe that if the stillness over the waters of the lake be broken by any careless word the spirits of the place will be offended. In the days of the early settlers, we are told, a white woman had occasion to cross Lake Saratoga, and the Indians, who were to row her across, warned her of the danger that one rash word might bring; but of course, being a woman she was superior to all such superstitious notions.

It was a calm, cloudless day, and the canoe sped like an arrow across the smooth waters. Suddenly when in the middle of the lake, the strong-minded woman determined to prove to these simple folk the folly of their belief. So she lifted up her voice in a wild cry that woke every echo of the hills.

The Indians were filled with consternation. They uttered no word, but, straining every nerve, rowed on in frowning silence. They reached the shore in safety, and the woman triumphed; but the Mohawk chief looked upon her in scorn. "The Great Spirit is merciful," he said. "He knows that the white woman cannot hold her peace."—[Youth's Companion.

## Sun Struck.

A bench is used in the sewing room, which is not quite in as good condition as it might be; and as some of the girls took their seats on it the other day, it weakened somewhat. Presently a good sized Indian girl by the name of Sun who can boast of several pounds avoirdupois, added her weight to it. When it was suddenly brought down precipitating herself and the others to the floor. An Indian girl busy at one of the machines with an amused expression on her countenance said very quietly, "Our old bench got sun-struck."—[Pipe of Peace, Genoa, Neb.

### From a Man of Long Years in the Indian Service.

"I have just finished reading some of the excellent articles contained in the RED MAN, for last month, particularly those referring to religion in Indian Schools. I must say that it is a very interesting paper, and with my experience and observation in the Indian service I can heartily concur in all the views therein expressed relating to Indian matters. Enclosed I send you one dollar for which please enter my name and that of ———, as subscribers to your little paper of condensed solid good sense."

AGENCY TRADER.

The decision of the Sioux, or, at least, of those who took part in Friday night's conclave and dance, not to accept lands in severalty within their now restricted reservation cannot have been wholly unexpected. During the conferences of the Commissioner last year and the year before, many of the chiefs opposed the allotment system. Here and there was an exception, like John Grass, a noble specimen of the red man, who risked his popularity at the dance by appealing to his hearers to earn their living instead of being beggars and dependents on the Government bounty. But the rejection of his views is not strange considering the determined opposition which severalty allotment meets with among tribes of the Indian Territory where there is much education, intelligence, and comprehension of the fundamental ideas of property, society, and government. No doubt, among the civilized tribes the advantages which a few of the most influential have in cultivating for their personal account more than would be their share of the tribal lands if allotted individually may account for their satisfaction with the present system. But the familiar ideas of all Indians and the comparatively slow progress made as yet under the severalty act show that the holding of lands in common is hard to eradicate and that much patience will be required to effect the desired change.—[N. Y. Times, Apr. 8.

Otto Zotom who was lent us by the Carlisle School, stayed with his Kiowa friend five weeks until there was no longer need of an interpreter. Otto not only won our admiration by unselfish devotion to his young friend during his long illness, but by his earnest appreciation of little kindnesses, his thoughtfulness of others, and his at-all-times gentlemanly bearing commanded the respect and affection of both students and teachers.—[Hampton Southern Workman.



(Continued from the 3rd Page.)

would do for Briggs, the surveyor. Who shall magnify the virtues of Briggs, who actually produced that night, from the infernal recesses of that diabolical stove, (these adjectives are dispassionate and purely descriptive) a delectable loaf of bread, white as the driven snow, if you will believe it, and crisp as the night air stealing in through every crack and cranny and rushing in mad cohorts of blasts through the open door?

Talk of patience on a monument!

Briggs is a monument on patience. Patience is the substratum of his being, and the Eddystone lighthouse is rickety compared to Briggs upon this foundation. We all anchored to Briggs. When he drew that loaf from the interior department of that stove, the pessimistic cook came round the corner with the coffee-pot, which she had boiled over some chips behind the cabin, and life began to appear desirable as a means to an end, that end, to catch your Indian.

After a luxurious supper of coffee, cold corned beef and bread, you hold a protracted meeting with your driver and interpreter, and succeed in drawing out of him all he knows about the way to Paradise. And then you draw the drapery of your camp bed about you and lie down to unconscious cerebration.

You have a hundred pounds or two of outfit, and a six month's supply of provisions upon your burdened soul. You comprehend even in your sleep that it is one thing to roll a loaded Webster wagon down a canyon and quite another to pull it up. If you should by any happy concatenation of events be able to catch your Indian and should want to climb out of that subterranean Paradise, and go to a new point of departure, the question of subsistence would be a grave one.

A man may burn his ships behind him, but he goes ashore to conquer a fresh supply. He would scarcely burn the ships and swim out to sea naked and alone, unless he were bent upon suicide. You feel yourself tossed in a sea of trouble, with a white elephant couched upon your breast. In your frantic efforts to float that elephant, you wake yourself and listen.

From the outer darkness comes the contented snore of the surveyor. A beam of moonlight falls athwart the face of the cook. She is smiling in her sleep. Perhaps the angels are whispering her the secret of getting even with that stove. The photographer is putting in his time with aggravating placidity, and the driver, wrapped in his blanket beneath the stars, is beyond all care of the morrow.

You hear Dick and Jimmy grubbing the roots of burnt grass, and the hobbles of Briggs' team clank, clank, as the half-starved animals hop on two legs over the parched field. Now and then there is a tramp of many feet and a rush in the air, and you know that a drove of horses from the reservation have come down to the spring to drink; and from the hill-top behind the cabin come ever and anon the bark and cry of the coyote. You do not sleep any more, but before morning your mind is made up to cache half your provisions, and to send back to the Agency the Webster wagon, your big trunk and sundry other impedimenta, and to go on in light marching order.

After a breakfast of cold corned beef, boiled potatoes and coffee with the mangled remains of Briggs' loaf, you find that your horses must rest a day. They are not like the brook which could "go on forever." They were worn out and you had no grain for them, not yet having received authority to purchase. It would take another twenty-four hours' grubbing to scrape up a ration, so you yield to fate and divide your goods and repack your trunk and consult with Briggs and send him off to retrace the boundary line of the locality, and you call upon the settlers of the vicinity.

They are courteous and kind and offer to assist you in any way in their power. You study the nature and lay of the land, the crops that it will mature, its best possibilities under the vagarious climate.

You find the spots where water can be found, where the markets are and are not. You measure the depth of the soil. You write your report and wait with what patience you have, the return of your driver that you may go on toward Paradise.

At last, one bright morning, so bright that your photographer takes an instantaneous view at five and a half A.M., and finds it overtired, you rise while it is yet night and pack your small belongings, and pull out towards the much desired bourne. The sun streams down upon your devoted head. Your cook has hung the coffee-pot to the tail-board of the wagon, where it will be hot when wanted. Your photographer grumbles about the softening of his gelatine plates. Your friend is in her usual melting mood. She declares that she feels just like a jelly fish out of water. Your surveyor says that he is as cool as a cucumber in a cold frame. Anything less than 120 degrees in the shade is beneath his notice. Your horses kick up the alkaline dust in a cloud. It excoriates your face, gets into your nostrils and sears the mucus membrane, inflames your eyes and blisters your parched lips.

You look through your smoked glasses, straining your vision to catch the first glimpse of Paradise. All day long you think of green pastures and still waters, and all day long you traverse wide stretches of burnt prairie, where the soil is thin and the growth of dry grass scanty, over rocky wastes and sharp pitches up and down passing now and then patches of good land which a reliable supply of water might convert into fruitful fields, until just as the day is waning a cloud spreads out from the West and covers the entire sky.

It has an angry look, but "clouds in summer in Idaho, are harmless bravado," your surveyor says.

You are trying to put implicit confidence in your surveyor when your team stops and your driver tells you to "get down. You must walk the rest of the way."

Paradise must be entered on foot, it seems.

You find yourself on the brink of a sharp descent. You look over the edge, and Lo! The vale of Kamiah is at your feet, 2,500 feet below. The silver Clear Water River runs through the canyon, for canyon it is winding and narrowing in picturesque curves, the outline of the mountains against the sky adding the element of grandeur to the beautiful scene, and the shadow of the swiftly moving clouds giving a strange weird coloring to the whole.

There is a rumble of thunder behind you growing nearer and nearer, and a vivid flash and a crash among the tall trees whose tops are beneath your feet. And the wind rushes like an army of ghosts past you down into the valley, and the long arms of the fir trees wave to and fro, and the rushing sound echoes and re-echoes and rises and falls over the plains, hills and valley, dying in a sob, only to rise again as the waves of the sea break and gather and beat upon the shore.

Your broad-brimmed hat struggles in the gale for freedom. You hold to the wagon wheel to study yourself. Your driver says you are to go along the ridge of the bare mountain upon whose summit you are, and you blindly obey. You see no path only a slight trail which you follow until you reach the jumping off place where the trail is lost. The wind nearly takes you off your feet. The mountain slopes at an angle of, — well, you can't measure the angle. You only know that you can no longer preserve your uprightness. If you go down any further you must roll down. You sit down to keep from blowing off the ridge, and your cook makes up to you with the appropriate remark, that "this is a pretty kettle of fish."

Your photographer says it's a nice place to get the drop on you. Your friend takes you by the arm and turns your face away from the dizzy outlook.

"We must go back," she said, "and follow the team. Where they can go, we can go, too. We are not flies that we can

crawl down the sharp edge of this mountain."

While you are thinking that if you were a fly you would use your wings in this dilemma, you catch sight of the teams plunging down the ravine to the left. In your bird's eye view the horses seem to be under the wagons. The wheels are locked and they slide gratingly over the stones in a manner that prophesies their disintegration at the gates of Paradise.

You turn and scramble on all fours into the gulch, pitching like a storm-tossed vessel, now head foremost, anon with broadside on, and lodging against a tall tree, just as a forked flash of lightning and a sharp report of thunder startled you and put renewed vigor into the limbs of your cook, who declared with what breath she had left that she never could abide trees in a storm. You would never have known the rate of locomotion your cook was capable of but for that storm. Not that she was what she would call slow at any time, but her progress that day was simply phenomenal. You try in vain to keep pace with her. You have all you can do to preserve your bones from dislocation. You take no note of the desertion of your photographer and friend who are sliding down before you, intent upon reaching the plane of their own desires.

You always knew that one must enter Paradise alone, and so half-famishing, altogether exhausted you come upon the disjointed members of your party at the bottom of the canyon and sit down upon the trunk of a fallen tree to recover breath and strength. Your garments are wet and mud-stained. The blood has mounted to your head. Your eyes are dimmed with congestion. Your hands and feet are cold and you shiver in general discomfort. Your cook arrived before you long enough to feel a reaction from her exalted energy setting in, looked exceedingly chop-fallen. She expressed great anxiety as to your welfare, and held an umbrella over your head. As you had caught all the rain and absorbed it already, and the shower was over, this was a work of supererogation, but the cook was in the state of mind that produces works of supererogation.

The photographer at the moment of your arrival was expressing himself in exceedingly thin negatives to your friend who had asked him for his opinion on the Descent of Man, and if he did not think if there was much of this sort of getting through the world to do, a reversion to type might not be desirable. The cook said it always put her into a stew to hear people talk of the good old times. For her part she never looked backwards. She wasn't going to make a Lot's wife of herself. Her motto was "Be sure you are right and then go ahead."

You couldn't help remarking that the cook's practice coincided with her theory, and then you had time to look at your driver. His calm appearance rested your nervous system. He had his usual irresponsible bearing and was as inconsequential as if he had not been the author of all your present woes.

Your horses' heads are too heavy to be held up, and rested upon the poor brutes' knees, and their wet flanks were heaving and streaming. Dick looked as though he were going to lie down in the traces, and Jimmy as though he had found out that there was positively not another oat in the world. The surveyor stood with his arms akimbo. Your forlorn debouché upon the scene had arrested the development of his latest joke, and his features were twisted into a grotesque expression of commiseration:

"My land!" said he. "It's too bad. What a holy terror of a canyon! She just scooped and away she went."

Whether this remark referred to yourself or the cook, or the canyon you did not gather at this time. You learned later that the surveyor always spoke of a canyon as "she."

And thus you entered Kamiah.

The clouds rolled away, the sun smiled again, the blue sky was reflected in the Clear Water. The valley lay like a haven of rest and peace, lovely in the rain

washed atmosphere, but so very silent! Not a sound of any kind greeted you as you came out of the gulch upon the shore of the silver stream.

There was a ferry boat which would carry one team at a time. The surveyor and driver polled it over. A few cows were standing near your landing place. They ceased chewing the cud for a moment to stare at you. A piebald pony in a fenced field, with alert ears and curious eyes stood with his head over the top rail trying to make you out, but the cows uttered no sound and the pony was dumb. There was not even a chattering magpie to greet you. You enter Paradise unexpected, unwelcomed.

You see a log cabin or two as you drive along the river bank, but no one waits at the open door for you. The doors are closed. You are but human. You are oppressed. Homesickness is stealing over you. You close your eyes to the lovely landscape. Its beauty does not compensate for what it lacks. There is no soul in it for you. You shut it out and reach back for a clasp of the hand of your far-away friend. It steadies you to grasp even in imagination, something that is your own, for here you are indeed a stranger in a strange land.

A sigh comes from your cook at your side. You had forgotten her. It is possible that she, too, suffers with nostalgia. All at once you are sorry for the cook. She sighs again and you say "What is it?" with as much feeling in your tone as you can spare from yourself.

Now if that cook were forty fathoms down in the dumps she would speak only of — well, — dumplings. She is of the kind that would "let concealment like a worm i' the bud prey on her damask cheek," for the term of her natural life, and then have cheek enough left to deny the worm. So, when you inquire the meaning of that sigh, she unblushingly says, "I wonder if there are fish in the river. It would be nice to have a fry for supper."

Now —, complex man is still a perplexing study, and a subjective view is partial in every sense of the word. One attributes one's actions to the highest motives, and one's emotions to the most exalted source.

It gave you a shock when your matter-of-fact cook spoke of a fry, but it was a revelation. It gave you an objective view of yourself. You found your soul where the average man carries his. You traced your homesickness home. Your sentimental melancholy was the gnawing of the unemployed gastric juice. Your spirit strivings were the throes of your outer man in the pangs of hunger. There was a dissolving view of your loneliness, and a vision of nicely browned river trout supervened. You re-adjust your emotions to meet the facts of the case. You shake yourself together with determination. The scales fall from your eyes. In the vacant valley you see the innumerable cloud of witnesses encompassing you. Nature is never silent except to the deaf. Your ears are unstopped, and the limped Clear Water sings aloud as it ripples over its rocky bed, and the radiant atmosphere is vocal with the tongues of guardian Angels.

Even a United States Special Indian Agent has a right to possess a soul, but it is wise to leave it in the safe deposit vault with other valuables inconvenient to carry about. You crush yours into your cash box under your per diems and turn the key, while the cook is appeasing her conscience for the effects of her disingenuousness. She thinks you are radiant over the foretaste of that impossible fry. Does she not know beyond a peradventure that there is a predestinated bill-of-fare, not only for that night but for many and many another, that nothing less than a miracle could substitute either the fowls of the air or the fish of the sea for the inevitable corned beef and potato diet of a United States Special Allotting Agent.

But you are feasting on ambrosia now, and you smile on the cook and ask the driver what that small board cabin just in sight may be. There is a chimney at one end, made of stones and mud and



sticks. A Virginia rail fence surrounds it, mullein stalks grow among the burnt grass in the yard and there is some sort of a curtain over the western windows, and three magpies sit on the wooden steps.

"Who lives there?"

"O," said the driver "that's where we are going."

He takes down a section of the worm fence, and you drive into the enclosure. And this is to be your home in Paradise. The door yields to a strong hand and you enter. It is but a "poor bit place," three little rooms. But the spirit of the good missionary whose home it had been for many years seemed still to be within its walls. There are two pine tables and some benches there. The surveyor dumps his cargo in the outer room, and your effects are piled up in the inner. The teams are drawn away to a field beyond, and you are left to evoke order out of chaos. How you succeed must be told later on. You are tired and the cook is cross and night overtakes you before your hunger is appeased. There is still some unsatisfied want in your first night in Paradise.

## THE NEW YORK INDIANS.

The difference of opinion in regard to the condition of the various tribes of "New York Indians," to which public and somewhat warm expression has been given during the past year, is not at all surprising if we consider the difficulty of getting at the facts and the widely varying point of view from which observations have been made. The State officials, for example, have made statements which are absolutely contradicted by resident missionaries, who, in their turn, do not see the facts in the light in which they present themselves to casual visitors, or even to visitors going with a purpose.

No one man, and no group of men, especially if they have pre-existent conceptions or an end to serve, are likely to see all around such a question as this; and it is only by a careful balancing of the testimony, both as to quality and quantity, that interested outsiders have any chance of getting at the truth. The report of the Special Committee appointed by the New York State Assembly of 1888, the report of Judge Draper (as State Superintendent of Public Instruction), the report of the committee appointed by the Buffalo Presbytery, and the voluntary witness of individual observers, seem, however, if taken collectively, to be pretty nearly exhaustive of the subject.

A careful analysis of these ought, if human testimony is of any value whatever, to result in securing a stable foundation for future work in this important and somewhat neglected field; and we should like, in particular, to call attention to an account of a visit lately made to the Reservation in question, by Mr. John Habberton, of the editorial staff of the New York Herald. His observations are recent, thorough, and presumably unprejudiced; and the fact that they are, in the main, encouraging, tells strongly on the side of those who believe in dealing with these Indians according to the methods of modern philanthropy. His conclusion, founded upon innumerable details, is that the material is far from hopeless, either physically or morally, and that the surroundings are not, on the whole, unfavorable. He denies explicitly the exaggerated statements made, in some quarters, in regard to their thriftlessness, lax morals and intemperance; indeed, he is inclined to believe that, in these particulars, they do not make a much worse showing than our agricultural districts where the population is mostly of foreign extraction. He fully corroborates the reports of the mission workers among them who claim that they are capable of receiving the best that Christian civilization has to offer them; and he more than insinuates that all the more serious charges against them are made in the interest of land-grabbers and politicians. He maintains, also, that "paganism," in the true meaning of the word, does not exist among them. The so-called "non-Christian" Indians have,

he says, a religion of their own, based upon a belief in the "Great Spirit," and distinctly moral in its teachings, "to which they live up about as well as the general run of whites to Christianity."

The situation as he sees it—and he is both a candid and competent observer, widely known in the country—is that these 5,000 Indians are worth working for, and are by no means so degraded as to make the attempt to elevate them especially difficult. They need, beyond question, more and better schools, more thoroughly organized Church work, and special opportunity for training in manual labor. Furthermore, and perhaps first of all, they need protection in their political rights and instruction in their correlated political duties.

Their relation to the State is altogether an unnatural one; and, so long as it continues, must be a serious obstacle to their advancement. The real problem in their case is how to adjust this relation.

It is easier to provide Christian teachers and proper school facilities for them than for their brothers in the far West, who, however, since the passage of the Dawes Bill, have a far more hopeful outlook than is granted to these remnants of tribes who are excepted from its beneficent action. If discouragement comes anywhere it comes, confessedly, at this point; and this, it must be remarked, not because the Indian is incapable, but because his white neighbor is unscrupulous.

In short, the count on every side is against ourselves. If these Indians are hopelessly degraded, it is at our door that the blame lies; for it is our vaunted Eastern civilization which, for a hundred years, has surrounded them. If they are not yet beyond hope, if their redemption is still possible, the responsibility is still ours, and, while we can send them teachers and Christian missionaries, it is an open question whether we can control the political agencies which threaten them with destruction, not only as a community with special rights, but as individual souls for whose welfare we are directly accountable.

The position is, at the moment, humiliating, and, as we see it, is at no point easily defensible. The straight way is, as usual, apparent; and we do not in the least believe that, so far as the Indians are concerned, it is too late to act. But whether the moral sentiment of the citizens of New York is strong enough to force the issue and win a reasonable adjustment of the political difficulty is by no means certain; and yet without this we do not see how any satisfactory or permanent reform can possibly be initiated. —[N. Y. Independent]

## THE ONEIDA INDIAN.

### HIS RIGHT TO BECOME A CITIZEN ADVANCED.

#### An Interesting and Well-Written Letter From a Native Oneida on The Subject.

Dana B. Lamb, U. S. Special Indian Agent, has forwarded to the office of *The Gazette* the following communication, accompanied by a well-written and clearly expressed letter from a native Oneida, and in which the question of the Oneidas' right to citizenship is argued in a forcible manner.

ONEIDA, March 14, 1890.

*Green Bay Gazette:*

The people of Brown county having expressed doubts as to the policy of admitting the Oneidas to citizenship and as a part of the body politic, on the ground that it would admit them to representation without taxation, and also doubts as to whether these people were capable of self-government. I am permitted to use the enclosed letter from a young man, a native Oneida, son of James A. Wheelock one of the prominent men of the nation, who has been educated at the Indian training school at Carlisle, and request its publication as an evidence that the Indian only lacks education and to be placed on terms of equality, to become the peer even of a supervisor of Brown county.

Very Respectfully,  
DANA C. LAMB,  
U. S. Special Indian Agent.

INDIAN TRAINING SCHOOL,  
CARLISLE Penn., Feb. 26, 1890.

*My Dear Father:*—While the sun, in going on its rounds, seems to be inclined to allow us the benefit of its light only enough to allow us a chance to rub our eyes and prepare for another period of slumber, we find the world still moving on a line which will

"bring us the future fair,"  
with all its splendor and magnificence

probably unequalled by the inhabitants. The decision of the House of Representatives of the United States is in favor of Chicago, but the question is still, shall Chicago have it or not? I wish I could decide that. I understand the Oneidas are preparing to become full citizens of the United States. It appears to me that by your acceptance of the Dawes' Bill, you have placed yourselves in a position to necessitate appropriations for your welfare for the next twenty-five years. The Dawes' Bill is not complete and does not reach the end in view.

You become citizens of the United States and of the state in which you reside, but no taxes can be collected of you. How are the interests of the tribe going to be improved? How are your roads and bridges, etc., which are needing attention, going to be attended to by county officers which you appoint without the necessary taxation to meet the expenses? How are your schools (public) going to be carried on? and many other things equally as important? to be improved to such a condition as will add *grace* to the country? These are facts which the Dawes' Bill fails to provide for. In time of necessity and suffering you cannot go to the county and say, "We have a claim to your help," because you do not pay taxes. What then are you going to do but to turn around to the Government and cry, "O, give us help!" You have been supporting yourselves for the last 50 years and I hold that you are able to compete with white men on square footing. Why then not say to the government, "We want to become citizens of this Republic not by the Dawes' Bill, but by the law the Germans, the Irishmen, the Dutch become citizens. And I say, every whit which the Dawes' Bill provides, would have been given you. If you said this as a tribe just as you accepted the Dawes' Bill as a tribe, there would have been no danger of your land or anything else being taken from you. These are my ideas upon the subject and more information would be necessary to change them. I think its a grand step for you, but with the wrong foot.

We have had many celebrations since my last letter, which I will tell you another time.

With love,  
DEN. WHEELOCK.  
—[Daily State Gazette, Green Bay, Wis.]

### A WEDDING AT ROSEBUD AGENCY, DAKOTA.

After spending several years in faithful, earnest study and work at the Industrial School, Carlisle, Pa., Frank Lock (of hair) and Hope Red Bear returned to their homes among the Indians of this Agency. Hope came to live with her mother, and Frank was very soon engaged to assist in the Agency blacksmith-shop, where he proved to be a skilful and ready workman. Both Frank and Hope had become communicants long before, and now continued regular and faithful in attendance upon Divine service, and in the daily Christian life.

It was no great surprise to the Rector when, a month after their return from school, Frank came to say they wished to be married in the church. On the morning of August 11th they came to the church as usual, and after Morning Prayer came forward to the choir, with two chosen friends. Then the solemn marriage service began. At the question, "Who giveth this woman to be married to this man?" Little Crow, the older brother of Hope gave her away, as the phrase is; and all was done as orderly and reverently as one could wish for. Many of those present spoke of the really wonderful devotion, reverence and attention of this congregation. A few white people were present, and were very glad at heart to see these two young Dakotas beginning life together in the right way. Frank and Hope, together with a few others, received the Holy Communion at the hour of their marriage.

Their Rector was so much impressed with the sincerity and earnestness of these two young married people, as they regularly came to the services of the Church, and to the Holy Communion especially, that he was soon moved to speak with Frank about work for the Church of Jesus. To his glad surprise he found both Frank and Hope able, ready and willing to go into the mission work among their own people at once. They could speak and write readily both English and Dakota, and were anxious for the opportunity to convey some of the knowledge of the good things of this life and the life beyond to others about them.

After some correspondence with Bishop Hare, it was decided to ask them to go and occupy the new mission building at White Elk's Camp. So now, Frank and his wife are at Holy Innocents' Chapel, as the new mission is called, and the "Busy Bees" who built the chapel must be glad to know they will have two such good and earnest young missionaries at this place.

They left the Agency on Thanksgiving Day, and held their first service on the Sunday following. A difficult journey of three days through the snows of winter now separates them from friends at the Agency, but they work on contentedly among the people of White Elk and Red Stone Camps. In your gifts of Sunday-school papers and books remember these new mission workers. —[Rev. A. B. CLARK, in *The Young Christian Soldier*.]

### A Loyal Son

"DEAR FATHER; I am in good health and I am gaining in more knowledge of things that will help me in the future, but I do wish I could make it interesting to you. I will assure you that I try to do my best to overcome my difficulties. It is hard for me to take part in public meetings and I failed because of my disposition some time ago. I do not mean that I failed in my lessons in school but I failed to be a speaker, and now I have found that a boy ought to learn in political life to be a speaker of his state. It is very evident as I look into the future that there is a great deal of work for a boy who wishes to be a good citizen of this republic. Oh, I do wish to live longer to see the Indians become civilized which is firmly being pushed by the good citizens of the United States.

We had a debate not long ago, a great discussion by the boys of this school. It was the question about the "Emancipation of the Indians," of the United States. I am in favor of it. I rather live under the law. Here we boys like to discuss ourselves, that is we have two societies and both societies are active. I am very interested in what I have learned about political life. I will try to study how to vote that I may be able how to help some day. I send my best regard to my brothers and sisters. I bid them that they may have success in whatever they are bound to do."

### How Idaho was Named.

Hon. Binger Herman, of Oregon, in a speech on the 2nd of April, in Congress, gives the following origin of Idaho:

A former United States Senator, Hon. James W. Nesmith, being in the Senate at the time of the organization of the Territory and familiar with its history, and an enthusiastic believer in its future possibilities, was one of those who decided to confer upon it the name it now bears. The discovery of this name was purely an accident. Two officials were travelling, one bright morning, over a lonely mountain trail, and while discussing the probabilities of Congress establishing a Territorial government over that country they suddenly reached the base of the mountain and emerged upon a small plateau, on the further end of which stood an Indian wigwam. While in plain view of this habitation an Indian woman came forth, and in a far-reaching voice called out several times the word "Idaho," or, as it sounded, Ed-dah-hoo-oo-oo. The call was answered by the sudden appearance of an Indian girl of about nine years of age. She was unusually prepossessing for one of the Indian race. The travelers naturally inferred that the word used was the name of the girl, but on inquiry could find no definition for it in the vernacular of tribes, but being impressed with the comely appearance of the Indian maiden in that lonely abode in the Sierra Nevada range, they concluded that "Gem of the Mountains" would be a fitting translation, and it was so adopted, and subsequently accepted by Congress as the definition of the word "Idaho."



## A NATIONAL PHILANTHROPY.

It is true that the United States Government did not primarily undertake the education of Indian youth. The pioneer work was done by the churches. While a vast majority of the people did not believe that "Indians could be educated," a few faithful missionaries had quietly established among them excellent denominational schools, and were already training their most promising pupils for the ministry.

When the Government finally reconsidered its "Indian policy," and, after deciding that it was cheaper to feed Indians than to fight them, advanced a step further, and concluded that it was cheaper to educate than to continue to feed them, still it by no means acted upon the new theory in a thorough and efficient manner. "A school-house and a teacher for every thirty children" was promised to various tribes of Indians in treaties made twenty years and more ago, but for a long time there was scarcely a pretence of fulfilling these treaty stipulations. It was said by way of excuse that the Indians would not send their children to school—an idle supposition, when there were no schools to send them to!

In 1876 Congress made the first appropriation for Indian education, twenty thousand dollars, and the sum has increased year by year to nearly a million and a half in 1889. Most of this money was spent, not for the day-schools which had been promised, but for large boarding-schools, some of them on the Indian agencies, and some at a distance; and much of it is appropriated, at a fixed sum *per capita*, to maintain Indian children in religious and private institutions. These are called "contract schools."

It is now certain that the experiment thus doubtfully undertaken has succeeded, inasmuch as it is shown that Indian youth will readily absorb our learning and adopt our customs. It remains to complete the work in a faithful and systematic manner, and this is our national duty—an act of justice, of philanthropy, and, like all true philanthropic effort, an act of self-preservation. Two hundred and fifty thousand intelligent citizens will avail us more than as many dependents and vagabonds.

It is incumbent now upon every one of us to bear a personal share in, and to feel a personal responsibility for, this great national philanthropy. It is wrong to throw all our means and all our influence into some narrow, exclusive channel of church work, and to yield but a perfunctory allegiance to the State. Each member of a church or denominational society is no less a citizen of this country, and it does not become him to neglect his civic duty. There can be no more religious act than to serve one's fellow-men by the arm of the nation.

This is a hopeful moment in which to speak of a national Indian school system worthy the name, because we have now at the head of the Department of Indian Affairs a man who proposes to establish such a system, and who has devoted much time and thought to planning its details and calculating the cost. General Morgan estimates that a sum of something over two and a half millions, or an advance upon the last appropriation of one hundred per cent. will enable him to extend the work as much as is practicable during the next fiscal year. We can do our part by supporting him in his office, and by urging his demands upon a Congress which listens to nothing so respectfully as to the voice of public opinion.

It is a great mistake to imagine that because the schools under Government control are nominally unsectarian, they are necessarily irreligious or wholly secular in tone. It is the policy of the Government in making appointments not to favor one denomination above another, except that where the mass of Christian Indians at an agency belong to a certain church, preference is given to teachers of that faith. General Morgan is a Christian educator, with high ideals, and he distinctly declares that teachers will be selected who are "able to exert a positive religious influ-

ence." Even before the present administration, however, this was largely the case. During the past five years I have visited many Indian schools, and at the head of nearly every Government institution I found a member of some Christian body, who held daily prayers with the children, taught them the Lord's Prayer, etc., opened the school sessions with religious exercises, and sent the whole school, if at, or near, the agency, to the church service and Sunday School conducted by the resident missionary.

We want a popular enthusiasm on the subject of our national gift of education to the Indian. We shall then render the gift all that it should be. Some of us, who are able and willing to teach, will volunteer for actual service in these schools. Nothing that can be bought with money is half so valuable as the aid of a capable, earnest woman, who makes her teaching a labor of love. We do not want mechanical or mercenary teachers, and the way to get rid of them is to induce the right ones to offer themselves.

The teacher who remembers that *all* this Indian work is missionary work, philanthropic work, will be quite certain to obtain from her friends supplementary gifts to eke out deficiencies in Government appropriations. There is no surer way to become really interested in a good cause than to *give* something to it. Do not say that you have already given all you can afford to your church missionary society. Remember that you are a citizen—be a patriot as well, and do something for our national philanthropy. Send a Christmas box, or an illustrated magazine, or a barrel of hats or hoods, to a Government school.

There is not one of us who can stand aside and criticize the management of our Government Indian schools as something with which we have nothing to do. This is *our* Government—these are *our* schools! Let us accept the responsibility, and worthily educate the Indian.

—[ELAINE GOODALE, in *Lend a Hand*.]

## STATISTICS OF INDIANS.

## Methods to Be Employed to Get Information for the Census of 1890.

A prominent Philadelphian, Mr. Thomas Donaldson, has wisely been selected to take charge of the Indian statistics. In talking with a *Press* reporter as to his prospective work, Mr. Donaldson said:

"The estimate of the cost of taking the Indian census has been made, and the plan of operation completed. The tribes and agencies have been divided into districts commencing with Maine, New York, Connecticut, New England, Florida and North Carolina, as the first district, dividing the Indian Territory into three districts."

"What methods do you intend to adopt in order to secure an accurate enumeration?"

"The Indian population of the United States is about 250,000. There are about 154 tribes of Indian in the United States and fifty-seven Indian agents. Some of these agencies have five, some six or more tribes under them. The agents are all bonded and sworn officers of the United States, supervising well-defined agencies. They all keep books showing the actual condition and changes in enumeration of the tribes. It is the intention of the Census Office to appoint, as special agents of the Census, these well-trained officials, and to supervise the work through special Indian agents or enumerators of Indians connected with the Census Office. About twenty of such special Census Indian agents will be required at different times, but no one will be employed more than three months. These agents have all been selected."

"Do you think this plan will result more satisfactorily than if the work was done independently of the permanently established Indian agencies?"

"It would be impossible to do anything on the reservations without being in perfect accord with the Indian agents. Three thousand dollars will cover all the payments for the services of the Indian agents acting as special Indian census takers."

"Are there not a great many Indians not located on reservations, or at times tem-

porarily absent? How will you reach these?"

"With reference to Indians off the reservations, a circular has been prepared addressed to supervisors, instructing the census enumerators to ask each Indian whether he belongs to any reservation. If he does they are not to count him, as he will be counted on the reservation as absent with leave. For instance there are 10,000 or 11,000 Indians in California, and 5,000 of these are off the reservation. If the Indian does not belong to any reservation, then the census enumerator will count him or her, as the census special agent will not. This will avoid duplication, and, at the same time, will insure counting of every Indian. It is considered important to obtain complete lists of all Indians who are self-sustaining. The State of Washington presents a troublesome problem; also the mission Indians in California, and the Navajoes, of New Mexico and Arizona."

"Have any of the Indian agents been appointed as special agents yet?"

"There will be no need for the actual services of any of these special Indian agents until the 1st of May. In the meantime circulars, schedules, etc., are being prepared."

"Will much be done beyond the actual enumeration of the members of the various tribes?"

"The purpose of the Census Office is to make as complete and full a census of the Indians and their condition as will be done for the white people, having in mind the difference between and the resources of the two. His physical, moral and actual condition will be fully noted."

—[Phila. Press.]

## THE OGLALAS.

BY REV. CHAS. SMITH COOK.

Of the Sioux Tribe Pine Ridge Agency, South Dakota.

Who are the Oglalas, and what does the name mean? Ah, "thereby hangs a tale"—a sad true story of the merciless "holy water," whiskey, among the red men.

The above name usually appears in official documents of the Government as Ogalalla.—The Oglalas are simply the Red Cloud Indians, at present living at Pine Ridge Agency, in South Dakota. The name "Oglala" well might become incorporated into the pages of Trench's *Study of Words*, for it is as much of an historical word as is "dilapidated." The latter speaks of a structure crumbling away stone by stone; the former almost indignantly points to a time in the history of this branch of the Dakotas when "holy water" was first introduced among them, and the work of demoralization and dissolution of all that was pure, good and strong was begun by the money-loving white men.

"Kala" means to spill, to drop one by one, to scatter. "Oglalas" means to scatter, to throw in volumes into one's own. And the history runs thus (as is told me by the "elders of the people"): "Holy water" had been introduced. Those tasting of it presently liked it. So curious were the rising effects of it, so inexplicable was this new thing, that they began calling it the "holy, sacred, mysterious water." Just as one day the people were talking about this wonderful thing their loving grandfather (the President) had sent them, up came along a lot of Indian traders in their "prairie schooners." The goods that they had in the greatest quantity were kegs and kegs of bad whiskey, which their owners represented to the Indians as "powerful good." Every drop was bought. The result was, every body became blindly drunk. Even women and children were unsparingly under the influence of it. Fights and deaths run rife for a day or two. Even two old women, octogenarian twin sisters, sat near the fire place, outside, heavily drunk. They began a quarrel which would have culminated in blows and the knife, had they had sufficient strength left. But, no, the "holy water" had claimed them as his

own. This drunken brawl was nothing more serious than the two dames taking up handfuls of ashes and throwing it into each other's faces.

The Band where they belonged was in derision called, afterwards, "the 'Oglala'"—"the throw into one's own, or 'the throw into each other's.'" The name spread itself more and more until it has taken in all the Red Cloud Indians;—and the name which, in a sense, the Government helped to fasten upon these poor people has become historical, and as such the same Government, unconsciously, recognized it by introducing it as "Ogalalla" in its documentary official papers.—[*Southern Workman*.]

Those who talk disparagingly of our work or even make bold assertions derogatory to the schools, are usually persons whose lack of faith leads them to oppose the education of the Indian, and who never contributed a dollar toward the amelioration of the Indian race. This same class of individuals, not in sympathy with the work, is ever ready to point out the erring. Now, usually we can find just what we look for. If we look for vices we can find them. If we prefer virtues we find them. When you find a pupil who "has gone to the bad," you could just as easily have found one that cleaves to the good. A fair investigation will show that a much larger percentage than would naturally be expected turn out well-to-do. Little is expected of a white child (living under the loving guidance of intelligent parents, too) until it has been in school ten or more years. But the child of a heathen and illiterate Indian is expected to shine as the stars after being in school less than half this time.

—[*Sitka North Star*.]

"Franchise Day" is an effort to commemorate a future possibility. It is the anniversary of the day the "Dawes Bill" became a law; by which Indians are to have citizenship when they become possessed of land in severalty. This is in the far distant future for the most of them. And much suffering and many hard fights lie in the way to their attainment and enjoyment of citizen rights. Two generations hence the day will, no doubt, be of historic importance. Now it is only a potentiality. Washington's Birthday is one of the memorable days of our country. But how would it have seemed if the Governor of Massachusetts, for instance, had proposed to celebrate it while Washington was still hacking the trees on his father's plantation? There is a good deal of logic wrapped up in the slang phrase "rather too previous."—[*Word Carrier*.]

"The Oneidas should never again be called 'Indians,' says Mrs. Hiles of the Wisconsin Indian Association. "They are simply men and women, and have well earned their cosmopolitan titles."

"Let us call ourselves no more the 'American Indian,'" says John Pattee at the close of his speech here on the 8th of February, "but let us prove ourselves worthy the name of the 'INDIAN AMERICAN.'"—[*Southern Workman*.]

## Small Indian Compositions on the Fish.

The fish have wings to swam, the fish looks like seals in her tail, the fish like on the water they dont live on the ground, the fish like to eat worms and some those little fish, the fish people like to eat, the fish like in the water because its cold and they could drink cold water.

## STANDING OFFER.

For ONE new subscriber to THE RED MAN, we will give the person sending it a photographic group of the 15 Carlisle Indian Printer boys, on a card 4½x6½ inches, worth 20 cents when sold by itself. Name and tribe of each boy given.

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

For TWO, TWO PHOTOGRAPHS, one showing a group of Pueblos they arrived in wild dress, and another of the same pupils three years after; or, two Photographs showing a still more marked contrast between a Navajoe as he arrived in native dress, and as he now looks, worth 20 cents apiece.

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

For THREE, we offer a GROUP OF THE WHOLE school on 9x14 inch card. Faces show distinctly, worth fifty cents.

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

Unless the required postage accompanies the names, we will not be it for granted that the premium is not desired.