

The Red Man.

— HIS PRESENT AND FUTURE. —

"GOD HELPS THEM WHO HELP THEMSELVES."

VOL. X.

INDIAN INDUSTRIAL SCHOOL, CARLISLE, PA., APRIL & MAY, 1891.

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"The Common Schools are the stomachs of
the country in which all people that come
to us are assimilated within a generation.
When a lion eats an ox, the lion does not be-
come an ox but the ox becomes lion."

HENRY WARD BEECHER.

We need no other law than the white
man's law for the Indians.

To recognize the individual as a unit
and hold him responsible and train him
for his place and then let him occupy it is
the only true method of civilizing the In-
dian.

The Rosebud Sioux Indians were the first
to send their children to Carlisle, and now
they are the first to fill a company of
cavalry for the United States service.

Col. Henry, of the Army, asserts that
the leaders in Ghost Dances were former
pupils of Eastern Schools. With as good
opportunity to know the truth of this
statement we have been unable to find
one such pupil leader.

Unless the Indian youth are educated
and trained to trades and industries as we
educate our own youth and train them to
trades and industries, we have no right to
condemn them for inaction or pauperism
resulting from the absence of intelligence
and industrious qualities.

The Indians are numerically such a
small item that we ought to at once end
their case. About all the difficulties in
the way of preparing them for the duties of
citizenship centre in our obduracy. The
Indians are surrounded by so many of our
schemes to band them together and hold
them to their past that to break up these
and bring about disintegrating and in-
dividualizing processes becomes the great
item in their problem.

Two Strikes and Little Wound, the
leaders of the Messiah movement among
the Sioux, gave us the following explana-
tion of the killing of Lieutenant Casey
by Plenty Horses:

"Quite a number of the former students
of the Indian schools, both remote and
Agency, were with their parents among
the Messiah people while they were
camped in the bad lands. A ranchman
some distance from the Messiah camp
kept things to sell and trade with the In-
dians. Some of the Messiah people want-
ed to trade, and took a lad who had been
at one of the schools and could speak En-
glish, along to interpret for them. At the
ranchman's were a number of soldiers and
cowboys, probably on the same errand.
When the Messiah people had finished
their trading, they started for their camp
and were followed by the soldiers and
cowboys, waylaid and a number of them
shot. Among those killed was the lad
who had been taken along to interpret.
The young men who had been at school

were fond of each other and clanned to-
gether in the Messiah camp. When they
heard of the killing of their comrade, they
were greatly enraged, and the killing of
Lieutenant Casey by one of the school
boys was in part a revenge for the killing
of his companion by the soldiers and
cowboys." From this account it would
seem that the killing of Lieut. Casey was
less cowardly and less of a murder than
the killing of the school boy and others.

Whatever may be thought of the plan
of enlisting 2000 young Indians in the reg-
ular army, and however much it may be
at variance with what some of us think
would be a better way to do it it has
the merit of giving occupation and
pay to that many young men who might
otherwise lie about the camps and prac-
tice ghost dancing or other similiar or-
gies. If the army system of education
can be brought to bear with vigor, these
young men can be greatly advanced in
intelligence; and in addition to that, if
the plans of the Hon. Secretary of War
for agriculture and other industrial train-
ing can be followed, very much more good
can be accomplished for those who enlist.
It is to be remembered in all of this that
it only provides for 2000 young men, and
that if the whole United States army
were made up of Indians, there would still
be a large number requiring training and
an outlet for their energies. It only needs
the same effort to induce as
many or more to enter civil life, and the
results would be equally a success.

The desperate attempt which has been
made at Sioux Falls, S. D., through the
trial of the young Indian Plenty Horses,
to distract and kill off public attention
from the horrible murders of Indians
committed during the winter, is likely to
fail. No more heartless, cold-blooded
atrocities have been committed in the
country than the killing of Few Tails and
his party by the Culbertson brothers and
others, the details of which put out by
Mr. Welsh, we give in another column.
Others equally atrocious which oc-
curred during the campaign, are yet to be
uncovered.

The representatives of the Society of
Friends, for Pennsylvania, New Jersey
and Delaware at their recent convention
in Philadelphia, issued an address to
their fellow citizens on behalf of the In-
dians. Taking data from official sources
they show that in the several outbreaks
among the Indians in recent years, the
Indians were goaded to hostilities by the
suffering forced upon them through our
bad faith and bad systems. It is the
same old story. The large circulation of
this address will undoubtedly help great-
ly to forward the humane influences
of the times.

The constant display of Indians as sav-
ages, transporting them around the
country bedecked with all their savage
habiliments, and the carrying of them to
Europe to show in such togery, so as to
impress foreign nations with the idea that
they are incorrigibly bad—inhuman,
keeps them Indians.

The holding of Indians strictly in tribal
lines so that they are fenced in from all
opportunities of gaining knowledge ex-
cept through interpreters, keeps them In-
dians.

The giving to Indians large sums of
money under systems and conditions
which encourage their robbery debauches
them and keeps them Indians.

The feeding and caring for Indians in a
way that produces idleness and all its at-
tendant evils, keeps them Indians.

The complete denial to Indians, of per-
sonal rights, keeps them Indians.

WISTAR MORRIS.

Since our last issue, this good man and
staunch friend to our school and its
principles has passed to his final home. A
year ago, together with Mrs. Morris, Miss
Haines and Mrs. Pratt we were travelling
companions through the empire of Japan.
The incidents of that memorable trip,
made possible by his invitation and kind-
ness, can never be forgotten—the cross-
ing the continent and the great Pacific,
and the travel up and down throughout
the Empire, the visits to its important
and most interesting places and the at-
tentions (which we shared) from distin-
guished Japanese, and especially from the
youth whom he and Mrs. Morris had
befriended in this country, all form an
extraordinary experience filled with most
pleasant memories.

On two occasions during that trip Mr.
Morris stood out more conspicuously as
the central figure of our party in a light
that was most gratifying to us all. One
was a Sunday morning in the great idola-
trous city of Kioto, when he, after
many urgings stepped on the platform to
say a few words to the 700 bright Japanese
young men and 200 young ladies gathered
there in the great Doshisha school which
represents so much of American labor,
money and Christian sympathy.

We thought he would say something
upon education and the interests repre-
sented in that school, and of its eminent
master spirit so recently deceased, but
instead, he took the open Bible. Select-
ing a passage, he expounded it and the
principles of our Christian religion to
those young Christians who he trusted
would do so much to release their country
from its centuries of Buddhism and
Shintoism. The venerable speaker, the
erect, fluent and handsome young Japan-
ese student who stood by his side as in-
terpreter, and sentence by sentence gave
to the audience what Mr. Morris said,
the few earnest missionaries and the great
audience of intensely interested and in-
teresting youth formed a picture never to
be forgotten.

The other occasion was when we accom-
panied him one evening to meet on their
invitation the leading business men of
Kioto and other parts of the Empire in
private conference in reference to their
many new business ventures. Breaking
away from their past, they were combin-
ing their wealth in companies, forming
business corporations, pushing railroads
everywhere, starting factories, of which
they had shown us a number and develop-
ing the resources of their country. They
were concerned lest in their haste to com-
pete with the world they should make
mistakes. They asked many questions on
many lines of business, to all of which Mr.
Morris, with a remarkable clearness and
precision, answered in a way to guide to
best results and quiet their fears.

Mr. Morris was one of the Trus-
tees in charge of our Charity affairs from
the beginning of this school. His coun-
sel and ever ready interest and help are
an irreparable and personal loss.

A DIFFERENCE IN PLANS.

SENATOR PETTIGREW'S PROPOSED
METHOD CONTRASTED WITH
THE DAWES BILL MODIFIED.

The Indian Side.

In his recent article, "Civilization by
Contact," Senator Pettigrew, of Dakota
makes some complimentary statements
in regard to the Indians of Dakota in
particular, and others of the race in gen-
eral. These statements are the more
weighty coming from one who has In-
dians as neighbors, both of the citizen

and reservation variety, and who occu-
pies so prominent a position in the coun-
try. What Senator Pettigrew writes can-
not therefore be looked upon as the utter-
ance of a novice or the experience of a
tyro. When he says that "the whole In-
dian question can be eliminated in two,
years," he presents a result so desirable,
that interest is at once aroused as to the
methods which are to produce so desira-
ble an end.

Briefly stated, the Senator would open
for settlement every Indian reservation
at once—first giving allotments to all In-
dians of as much land as they can use.
The whole of the remainder to be opened
at once to settlement, counties organized
and all the machinery of local govern-
ment set in motion, thus producing that
contact with educated whites, without
which he says the Indians will not be-
come civilized. From this program, it is
plain to see that the Senator is in touch
with the most advanced thought on In-
dian matters as set forth in the RED MAN—
which for a decade has urged and aided
the contact recommended, originated it
in fact, and has watched the practical
workings of the method in thousands of
cases as exemplified in the outing system
of the Carlisle School, covering not only
the Sioux but more than forty other tribes
of Indians, including the Apaches of Ari-
zona.

While success has attended the Carlisle
experience by reason of the conditions
necessary for success existing, we demur
to the plan proposed because the necessa-
ry conditions do not exist in sufficient
degree in many locations affected.

But it is plain to see that in the main
the Senator is right in principle. He
says the Indians make good citizens and
are anxious for citizenship. In support
of this position he instances the Flan-
dreau settlement, where he says that in
twenty years an Indian has never been a
party to a civil or criminal suit. This
statement is honorable in the extreme,
and ought forever to lay away secure
from further molestation that *good dead
Indian*, who is so frequently made to do
duty as an illustration of the futility of
all efforts to arrive at the same state of
grace this side of the grave.

The Senator further deprecates the return-
ing of educated Indians to the tribal
conditions and surroundings—says the Car-
lisle education is all right in a civilized
community, and that the Carlisle girl is
too good to marry a wild Indian and can-
not marry a white man, and between the
two often does worse than marry either.

As to the first proposition, Carlisle has
never desired to return its students, boys
or girls, to the influence of the tribe, but
has always desired to say "the country is
before you, in the same way that it is be-
fore the young American, and the young
foreigner; make your way according to
your ability," and to this end gives the
actual contact recommended. As regards
the girls, it is gratifying to know that it
is true they are "too good to marry wild
Indians." Better testimony in regard to
the work of the school we do not ask—it
amounts to this, that when edu-
cated they are better citizens than In-
dians.

What controversy have we then with
one who advances ideas that are endorsed
by the best thought on the subject, and
who has the power not only to promul-
gate ideas through the columns of a
newspaper but to act on them in Con-
gress? Briefly this, the Senator appears
not to be fully informed on the attitude of

(Continued on the Fourth Page.)

THE EDUCATION OF JAPANESE WOMEN.

Miss Ume Tsuda, of Japan, who is now studying as a special student at Bryn Mawr College, has been until the past year or two the only Japanese woman who has had any foreign education. She is the daughter of a prominent Japanese gentleman. Miss Tsuda before coming for the second time to this country last spring, had been serving in the Peeresses' school as teacher of English, and expects to return to the same position when through with her studies in America.

The opening of the Peeresses' School marks the awakening of an interest in the question of the education of women in Japan. Schools for girls have been started in other parts of the Empire, and it is safe to consider that the movement will grow stronger with each year. In order to provide as soon as possible a corps of native women teachers for the schools now organized, Miss Tsuda is working for the establishment in the United States of a permanent educational fund of \$8000, the interest of which is to be offered as a four years' scholarship to Japanese women desiring a foreign education.

The following able address given by Miss Tsuda to a large and interested audience in Philadelphia recently, speaks for itself:

"My wish in meeting the ladies, is to lay before you the position and work of the Japanese women of the present time, to tell you something of their needs, and to express my strong desire that this side of Japan which has hitherto been kept in the background shall be helped and elevated. While Japan as a whole is known so well to many Americans, one side of Japanese life has hitherto attracted but little attention, yet I cannot but feel that the women of Japan will interest you, and will find much sympathy among you, and it is in order to lay before you a plan for helping them that I desire to speak to you to-day.

While I have been in this country, the one thing which has struck me particularly, and filled me with admiration is the position American women hold, the great influence that they exercise for good, the power given them by education and training, the congenial intercourse between men and women, and the sympathy existing in the homes, between brothers and sisters, husbands and wives. There has seemed to me no reason why this should not be so in my own country, for in Japan there has never been any great prejudice against women such as we find in so many countries of the East. In ancient Japan the women are said to have enjoyed much liberty, and were given an education almost equal to that of the men. The customs of the middle ages, the long protracted wars, the old feudal system, the introduction of the doctrines of Confucius from China, and the religion of Buddha from India have all had their blighting influence, and yet after these things, we find Japanese women far from being in the position of the women of India and China. They are exempt from the wrongs and oppression endured by those poor women, and to a certain extent they enjoy the freedom and the respect of those around them. Indeed the life of a Japanese woman is often a happy one. The men are kind to their wives, and in some cases allow them much liberty. But none the less, they are in their husband's power, and should they fail to please, their lot is apt to be most miserable. Besides, a religion that tends to degrade rather than to elevate, can scarcely afford much consolation to a woman, still less the doctrines of Confucius teaching utter subjection of woman to man. Confucius says a woman's duty is obedience, and her judgment must never be trusted. The so-called "three obediences" are—when young to her father, when married to her husband, when a widow to her son.

Happily, the influence of Buddha and Confucius is growing, year by year, less powerful in Japan, and we are hoping that Christianity will fill the void. Men are learning to look down on the supersti-

tions and customs that once bound them. They regard the oldtime restraints and prejudices from a different point of view. In the last twenty years, great changes have taken place, and each day shows something new. You have, no doubt, heard of the phenomenal progress made of late years by Japan. Universities, colleges and schools have sprung up, and all the wonderful inventions of America have been studied and introduced. There was a general cry for the new education and learning of which Japan had caught a glimpse. People have marvelled at Japan passing through centuries of change in a few years, and ending with a constitutional monarchy barely twenty-five years after the breaking down of the feudal system. It is because the Japanese people have wished to be on a level with other nations, to take equal rank with the countries of Europe and America. It is for this they have worked, and to a certain degree I think I may say they have succeeded, for Japan now has a constitutional government and a parliament of her people. But with all these advances for the nation, and much progress for the men, no corresponding advantages have been given to the women. Until six or seven years ago, little had been done for their liberal education—for helping them to meet the new conditions of life that New Japan brought with it.

I had hoped that this time of great change when so much of the old has been discarded would prove a turning point in the history of the women. Japan can never really progress so long as her growth is all on one side, and while one half of her people are pushed forward, the other half are kept back. I have felt that not until the women were elevated and educated, could Japan really take a high stand. Women must have their rights regarded and be an influence for good in society. I long that good women may arise at this critical period in Japan's history, to be helpers and co-workers with the men.

I have said that no great prejudice existed against women. I think that did the women rise to the occasion now and prove their power and ability, the Japanese men would soon cease to regard them as inferior. Social customs have assigned a secondary place to woman, and she is considered unfit for responsible work, because she has grown unfit to think for herself. Two great things are lacking to remedy the evil—Christianity and education, and of these the need is sore.

I want to speak of the need of education for women of the upper classes. We should expect them to have the greatest influence. Yet they are the ones who are the most backward in the present progressive movement. Living in their secluded homes, they are the hardest to be reached by Christian missionaries, or by the advocates of the new education, who, like myself, believe that woman has a more serious part to play in the world than to be a mere ornament for the home, or plaything for the men. Unlike the women of the poorer classes who work side by side with their husbands on terms of equality, the women of the higher classes live in the world of old Japan,—in an atmosphere entirely different from their husbands. To-day the men are out in the busy life of New Japan, the women are shut up at home, and the gap between them is getting even wider than in the past years.

With but few pleasures or diversions, with nothing to interest the mind or awaken it to activity, the high class women spend their lives in monotonous quiet, knowing nothing of the great changes outside, in which they have no part. Their lives are narrow and sad, and it is no wonder they are looked down upon as inferior to the men of their own rank. The wives of the middle classes have their household duties, and the care of their children, and they see, too, something of the world outside. But the wives of the wealthy have not any occupation and responsibility. Surrounded by servants who do everything for them, who think for them even, what have they in their lives to make them in sympathy with the men, so that they may win the respect,

and gain the position women ought to hold by the side of their husbands? As it is, they are not fit to be the companions of educated men, and there is danger, that unless some change takes place, modern Japan will be if anything, worse off than under the old regime, when the men were less advanced than they are to-day.

As we go down the social scale, the difference between men and women becomes less, but it is only in the poorest class that there seems absolute equality. In the middle class there is a lack of real sympathy between men and women due to difference in training and education.

When I returned home after my first visit to America, which was before any real movement had been made for the education of women, I was especially struck with the great difference between men and women, and the absolute power which the men held. The women were entirely dependent, having no means of self-support, since no employment or occupation was open to them, except that of teaching, and few were trained for teaching or were capable of it. A woman could hold no property in her own name, and her identity was merged in that of father, husband, or some male relative. Hence there was an utter lack of independent spirit. This in connection with the custom of marriage and divorce, by which the matrimonial tie could be severed at pleasure, often caused the wife to be in utter subjection to her husband. To be sure, a woman could obtain a divorce from her husband, but this meant an equal dependence on some one else, as well as the loss of her own children, and most women would endure almost anything from their husbands rather than ask for a separation.

The present time of change has seen the rise of many social and moral evils, which had not existed before in Japan. Men have broken down the old barriers, they no longer have the same restraint and greater freedom has been given them by the changes of the time. With this new freedom, and the throwing away of the old standards of morality, will a new and better order of things come in? Is it not time for the women of Japan to arise and realize what their husbands and sons are doing? Can not education together with Christianity give to Japanese women the power to come forward at this crisis, and take up the grand work that lies before them?

The indifference to the position and education of women began to disappear about six or seven years ago. Along with many other innovations, people began to talk of helping and elevating the women. Christian men, and those who had been abroad wished to marry cultivated women and desired that their daughters as well as their sons should be well educated. Here and there, a school for girls sprang up, government schools were enlarged, and established on a better basis, mission schools began their noble work for women, and much discussion arose, as to how far it was safe to educate a girl. The education of women became a favorite theme, and arguments for and against were constantly being brought forward. Some of the social customs of this country were introduced, and with this movement was also brought in the fashion of wearing foreign dress. The men thought that equality had been established when their wives had the clothing of Europeans, and appeared with them socially,—as if the imitation of the outer forms could have any effect as long as the inner life was untouched.

Amid all these, some truly noble movements were taken up, and in one of them I was especially interested—the establishment of a school for the daughters of the nobles by the Empress herself, who felt that something should be done for the women of this very class whom I have already said were so hard to reach.

I wish I had time to tell you of this school, where I have been teaching, of the sweet young girls in it, their now wonderful awakening desire for something more than has before satisfied them. It is touching to see how they appreciate

their advantages and enjoy their school life, which becomes so much to them. They hardly know their own needs, but they feel that something is lacking in them, which has kept them back, and that the knowledge which makes their fathers and brothers different from them, and which will make them great and noble and strong in mind has at last been offered them. It is almost pitiful to see how hard they work, and to know how little it is they really have, but it is pleasant to see the blank in their lives filled by new and wonderful thoughts, which their study gives them.

But this learning alone is not going to satisfy the great longings of their hearts, as they think it will; their happiness is not the education they will receive. It must be combined not with the old Buddhist religion, but with Christianity, and there are but few educated Japanese Christian women and teachers. Mere education and freedom without the undercurrent of religion and morality must needs be a very doubtful experiment.

Now comes the great question—Where are the teachers who are to train and help the eager students? There are at present Japanese women anxious to prepare for the work of educating the girls of Japan. They are willing to devote their lives to it, if only they were suitably prepared, but few of them have opportunities of study such as men have, for none of the higher institutions are open to women, still less have they the means to come abroad for study. Yet they are better fitted already than any foreigner could be to take up the work among the women, especially among those of the higher classes, who in their impenetrable reserve cannot be reached by foreign ladies. It may be asked why this is so. In the first place, there still exists in this class a great prejudice against Christianity, and missionary ladies who come with the one purpose of teaching the Bible find no entrance to these higher circles of society. They are a conservative class,—the ladies pay more attention to little details of etiquette which are so hard for a foreigner to learn, and above all, there is a lack of a common tongue. A well educated, cultivated, native woman, even though she is herself not of high rank, can as a teacher find her way to the homes of this exclusive class, and through education, the lesson of Christianity could be taught. Such well educated teachers would be a great influence in the country.

The plan which I have is this,—I desire that a permanent scholarship fund be raised, the interest of which would enable a Japanese woman to take a four years' course of study in one of your institutions. It would be open to all Japanese women, as an incentive to them, a free gift from American ladies, to show the interest which has been taken in them, and the high value attached by American ladies to education. It should be offered directly to the women of Japan by competitive examinations to be held in the different cities, the examinations to be not only in English, and in such branches of study as would lead to a College course, but in the Japanese language and literature as well. My proposal is that the selection of the candidate be entrusted to a committee of Japanese, both men and women, such as are anxious for the spread of Christianity, and the elevation of the women. I feel that such a scholarship offered in this way, directly to the Japanese would have a very great influence, and would help to do away with the feeling now so prevalent in Japan that higher education is antagonistic to Christianity.

The great need seems to me to be for teachers of the higher education, for Japanese women fitted to enter, at once, into the government and private schools, to educate the Japanese girls according to American methods, to teach them by example and precept the benefits of a Christian civilization. The greater number of girls sent would then need a teacher's education, but it might also happen that a candidate might be sent with a decided taste for medicine, and it is also possible that the Japanese com-

mittee might wish to introduce industrial education, or manual training into the schools. The objects of the scholarship could then be threefold: collegiate education, fitting teachers, medical education and industrial education.

Eight thousand dollars at 5% would yield \$400 per annum, and at least this amount would be needed, which should be kept to meet the expenses of any one of these educational courses. In order to meet these different needs, and to provide if necessary, a year's preparation in this country, before entering upon any course of study, the sum should not be given to any one college or institution, but be placed under the charge of a permanent board of ladies, and since the ladies interested are of this city, and it is most desirable that the Japanese woman who receives the scholarship should be under their supervision, it is proposed that institutions near Philadelphia be definitely decided upon,—Bryn Mawr, the Woman's Medical College of Penna., and the Drexel Institute. The committee however, should have full power to change these should they see fit, or if under exceptional circumstances, other branches of study are sought.

I regard the intimate association with American girls and women, and the glimpses obtained of woman's position in American homes and woman's work in the world, as one of the most important points of this higher education, and I should hope that the ladies of the committee would endeavor to supply this need during the years of study.

A BUFFALO BILL SHOW IN EUROPE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

A writer in the December, 1861, number of the *Atlantic Monthly* gives an interesting account of a visit to Lafayette, and among his other experiences that he was present at an interview the great-hearted Frenchman had with a party of Indians doing Europe in the show business, at which the General tried in vain to induce them to quit their demoralizing profession and return home. The same writer afterwards saw the same party on the platform.

As these experiences and observations point a moral now, we reprint them:

"The occasion was a singular one. One of those heartless speculators to whom our Government has too often given free scope among the Indian tribes of our borders had brought to France a party of Osages, on an embassy, as he gave them to understand, but in reality with the intention of exhibiting them, very much as Van Amburgh exhibits his wild beasts. General Lafayette was determined, if possible, to counteract this abominable scheme; but as, unfortunately, there was no one who could interpret for him but the speculator himself, he found it difficult to make the poor Indians understand their real position. He had already seen and talked with them, and was feeling very badly at not being able to do more. This morning he was to receive them at his house, and his own family, with one or two personal friends, had been invited to witness the interview.

* * * * *

But to return to the Rue d'Anjou. A loud noise in the street announced the approach of the Indians, whose appearance in an open carriage had drawn together a dense crowd of sight-loving Parisians; and in a few moments they entered, decked out in characteristic finery, but without any of that natural grace and dignity which I had been taught to look for in the natives of the forest. The General received them with the dignified affability which was the distinctive characteristic of his manner under all circumstances; and although there was nothing in the occasion to justify it, I could not help recalling Madame de Stael's comment upon his appearance at Versailles, on the fearful fifth of October:—'M. de la Fayette was perfectly calm; nobody ever saw him otherwise.' Withdrawing with them into an inner room, he did his best, as he afterwards told me, to prevail upon them to return home, though not

without serious doubts of the honesty of their interpreter. It was while this private conference was going on that I got my first sight of Cooper,—completing my morning's experience by exchanging a few words with the man, of all others among my countrymen, whom I had most wished to know. Meanwhile the table in the dining-room was spread with cakes and preserves, and before the company withdrew, they had a good opportunity of convincing themselves, that, if the American Indian had made but little progress in the other arts of civilization, he had attained to a full appreciation of the virtues of sweetmeats and pastry.

I cannot close this portion of my story without relating my second interview with my aboriginal countrymen, not quite so satisfactory as the first, but at least with its amusing, or rather its laughable side. I was living in Siena, a quiet old Tuscan town, with barely fifteen thousand inhabitants to occupy a circuit of wall that had once held fifty,—but with all the remains of its former greatness about it, noble palaces, a cathedral second in beauty to that of Milan alone, churches filled with fine pictures, an excellent public library, (God's blessing be upon it, for it was in one of its dreamy alcoves that I first read Dante,) a good opera in the summer, and good society all the year round. Month was gliding after month in happy succession. I had dropped readily into the tranquil round of the daily life, had formed many acquaintances and two or three intimate ones, and, though reminded from time to time of the General by a paternal letter, had altogether forgotten the specimens of the children of the forest whom I had seen under his roof. One evening—I do not remember the month, though I think it was late in the autumn—I had made up my mind to stay at home and study, and was just sitting down to my books, when a friend came in with the air of a man who had something very interesting to say.

"Quick, quick! shut your book, and come with me to the theatre."

"Impossible! I'm tired, and, moreover, have something to do which I must do to-night."

"To-morrow night will do just as well for that, but not for the theatre."

"Why?"

"Because there are some of your countrymen here who are going to be exhibited on the stage, and the Countess P—and all your friends want you to come and interpret for them."

"Infinitely obliged. And pray, what do you mean by saying that some of my countrymen are to be exhibited on the stage? Do you take Americans for mountebanks?"

"No, I don't mean that; but it is just as I tell you. Some Americans will appear on the stage to-night and make a speech in American, and you must come and explain it to us."

I must confess, that, at first, my dignity was a little hurt at the idea of an exhibition of Americans; but a moment's reflection convinced me that I had no grounds for offence, and all of a sudden it occurred to me that the "Americans" might be my friends of the Rue d'Anjou, whose "guide and interpreter," though hardly their "friend," had got them down as far as Siena on the general embassy. I was resolved to see, and accordingly exchanging my dressing-gown and slippers for a dress-box costume, I accompanied my friend to the theatre. My appearance at the pit-door was the signal for nods and beckonings from a dozen boxes; but as no one could dispute the superior claims of the Countess P—, I soon found myself seated in the front of her Ladyship's box, and the chief object of attention till the curtain rose.

"And now, my dear G—, tell us all about these strange countrymen of yours,—how they live,—whether it is true that they eat one another,—what kind of houses they have,—how they treat their women,—and everything else that we ought to know."

Two or three years later, when Cooper began to be translated, they would have known better; but now nothing could

convince them that I was not perfectly qualified to answer all their questions and stand interpreter between my countrymen and the audience. Fortunately, I had read Irving's beautiful paper in the "Sketch-Book," and knew "The Last of the Mohicans" by heart; and putting together, as well as I could, the ideas of Indian life I had gained from these sources, I accomplished my task to the entire satisfaction of my interrogators. At last the curtain rose, and, though reduced in number, and evidently much the worse for their protracted stay in the land of civilization and brandy, there they were, the very Osages I had seen at the good old General's. The interpreter came forward and told his story, making them chiefs of rank on a tour of pleasure. And a burly-looking fellow, walking up and down the stage with an air that gave the lie to every assertion of the interpreter, made a speech in deep gutturals to the great delight of the listeners. Fortunately for me, the Italian love of sound kept my companions still till the speech was ended, and then, just as they were turning to me for a translation, the interpreter announced his intention of translating it for them himself. Nothing else, I verily believe, could have saved my reputation, and enabled me to retain my place as a native-born American. When the exhibition was over,—and even with the ludicrousness of my part of it, to me it was a sad one,—I went behind the scenes to take a nearer view of these poor victims of avarice. They were sitting round a warming-pan, looking jaded and worn, brutalized beyond even what I had first imagined. It was my last sight of them, and I was glad of it; how far they went, and how many of them found their way back to their native land, I never was able to learn."

THE INDIAN QUESTION DISCUSSED IN CHICAGO.

At a banquet of the Congregational Club at the Grand Pacific Hotel, Chicago, about a month since, Dr. Chas. A. Eastman, an educated Sioux, said:

"The Government has greatly improved in the management of the Indians. The Government schools are good and are supplied with good, intelligent teachers. But there is a great deal to be accomplished yet. The Indians cannot always live on reservations. The rapid progress of civilization will do away with this mode of treatment before many years."

"Since the late outbreak in the Northwest there has been much talk about the young men and women who were educated at the Government schools having joined the rebels. Well, this is not surprising to me. If you were to send me back to the reservation, and make me stay there with nothing to do, I think I would go back to the old form of life. I would take up my blanket like my ancestors. What is wanted for the graduates from the Indian schools is work, not money."

"If they don't get work they naturally sink back into their old manner of living. The young Indians are taught to make shoes, to do carpenter work and tailoring, and then they are sent back to the reservation, where they have little, if any, chance to put their knowledge into practical use. The Indians are not as ignorant as a class as many of the white people think. They have strong prejudices and often are quick to act. They—that is, the older Indians—think the white people make promises with no intention of keeping them. They believe the whites are only trying to get rid of the Indians in order to get the lands."

"Several Indians came to me during the ghost dances and said that after all our God is the same as the white man's God. They said the Episcopalians, Baptists, Presbyterians, and Catholics all have their religions and each claim to be right and we have our way and claim we are right. The Indians are sharp and quick to find flaws in the religions and the missionaries cannot be too careful in explaining the Bible."

When the applause had ceased the Chairman introduced General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who made an able address, from which we excerpt the following:

"In this connection I want to emphasize three things: First, to give the Indians a practical mastery of the English language. A great barrier which has separated them and us has been the barrier of language. The Indian dialects are

numerous, and in them there have come down the stories and traditions of their ancestors. These stories are told about the campfire and rehearsed over and over to their children and they have a tremendous force to keep them out of the tide of modern civilization.

Give these young Indians a knowledge of the English language, put them into the great current of thought which is expressed in the English language and it will break that up.

We have seen in Dr. Eastman to-night an Indian who by reason of the fact that he knows English and has been brought into relationship with English thought stands here to-night and in an effective way sets before you an illustration that his mind is at work on these same questions which interest you and me, touching everywhere upon the forces which are at work to shape the destiny of his people. Can you doubt that if the rising generation of Indian boys and girls were masters of the English language, reading English literature, communing with English people, discussing these problems of life with us—can you doubt that it would mark a great change in their thought, in their life, in their destiny?

Then I am to give them a knowledge of the use of their hands and of the use of machinery and tools, so that they may be able to earn a living for themselves. We put into the mind of every boy and girl in these schools a desire for something better, something that they have not. One of the greatest fruits of education is to make a man unhappy. One of the best results of training is to set before a man an ideal toward which he strives. It is the fatted ox that lies and slumbers and is satisfied. The educated man is yearning and reaching out and aspiring to something better. If we can put into the minds of these young Indians the desire for work, that is progress, that is hope. [Applause.] If every Indian boy and girl on the reservation could cry out, 'Give us work,' I would say that there is no longer any need of a Department of Indian Affairs—it is done.

The returning students are clamoring for work, as Dr. Eastman has told you. I say to him and I tell him to say to them that every boy or girl who has been educated in an Eastern school who wants work shall have it if he or she will go where we offer it. Pennsylvania will absorb every Sioux boy and girl who wants work and give them wages. When a Chinaman comes to this country he does not squat down on a reservation and cry for work. The Chinaman goes where the work is. When an Italian comes to this country he doesn't squat down somewhere and say 'Give me work.' He takes his organ on his back and his monkey by his side and he goes in search of work. [Laughter and applause.] You will find his apple-stand on every corner. The negroes of the South do not all huddle in the cotton-field and say: 'Give us work.' The negro comes around to every Pullman in the morning, and he doesn't say 'Gives us work,' but 'Give us a quarter.' [Laughter.] Wherever there is a place for a barber-shop or a hotel table to wait on or boots to black, or any work to do, he goes there. Whenever there is a place for higher work to be done the men who have been educated in our schools in the South are ready to do it. They are ready to preach a sermon, to write a book, or make a lecture, but they go in search of work.

Now, what I have been trying to impress upon the minds of the Indians is that when we have created in them a thirst for something better, we ask them not to become citizens of Dakota, not to become members of the Sioux Nation, not to shut themselves in within the limits of a reservation, but we say to them that they are American citizens, citizens of the world. If an Indian is able to work he should go where the work is, and not sit like a child and cry for the work to come to him. These Indians will get around to that by and by, and they will understand what a great privilege it is.

An Indian said the other day in Washington: 'Why would you separate a child from its parents? Would you take away these Indian children from their parents? Their parents love their children.'

How many of you have wandered from the paternal nest? How many of you were born in Chicago? How many of you have your homes in New England, in Massachusetts, in Connecticut, in Vermont, in Rhode Island, or away beyond the sea? One of the distinctive glories of the American people is that our home is everywhere, and we are at home wherever the flag is. [Applause.] Now let these Indians get that thought.

It is not because you do not love your mothers, nor that your mothers do not love you, that you go away from home. This continent has been peopled by men and women who were willing to leave their homes. Now, we ask the Indians to imitate us in that. We say to them, 'Do not stay in Dakota or anywhere else unless it is the best place for you. Go where there is work and carry your best aspirations with you.'

(Continued From the First Page.)

the Indian's white neighbors, and on this hinges the success or failure of the project. With a good understanding between the two races there will be success, without it, failure, with poverty and subjection for the Indians.

Let us glance over the field and see in what way the whites and Indians now come in contact and the result of it; granting of course that the conditions in Dakota are as stated in the article referred to.

Confining ourselves strictly to the present, relying on reports of government agents in different localities as set forth in the report of the Commissioner of Indian Affairs for 1890, let us see how fairly the Indians are treated by their white neighbors.

On page 7 it is stated "The Indians suffer from ever invading whites."

Page 15: Of the Tule Indians, once a powerful tribe, it is said; "They have now less than 200 acres of tillable land and a cattle range, and are in need of a wire fence to protect from white intruders. They have valuable timber lands which they are liable to lose through overreaching white men."

Page 16: Of the Mission Indians it is said "that they have been driven to the mountain by violent white men, where they subsist principally on acorns. Others again are doing better as laborers for the better class of whites."

Of these Indians it is said the teachings of the Padres saved them from savagery, neglect, and white men's greed have robbed them of their land.

Page 23: "Southern Ute Agency. The Indians are subjected to annoyance by white horse thieves."

Page 24: Of the Jicarillas, it is said "the settlers are a source of continual annoyance. Their methods of living, agriculture and habits are in direct conflict with advanced civilization."

Page 77: "One white man killed an Indian while off the reservation hunting. The murderer was arrested by Indian Police, delivered to the civil authorities of Wyoming and while in jail committed suicide."

Page 81: "No crimes by Indians, one white man convicted of selling whisky to the Indians."

Page 129: "Lawless white men sell whiskey to Indians at Ft. Belknap Agency."

Page 135: "A white man is murdered and five Indians are on trial in consequence."

Page 145: "Agent at Santee deploras prospective abolishing of police force—as it has been useful in keeping trespassers off of Indian lands. He has no confidence in the equity of ordinary process of law as between Indians and whites."

Page 165: "The Navajos come in contact with cowboys and the result is endless broils and disturbances. Navajos are accused of cattle stealing but charges cannot be made good. A Navajo hunter kills a deer, packs it on his mule, sees another deer and follows it leaving his blanket on the ground, returning finds his blanket gone, sees horse tracks, follows them, comes up with cowboys, claims his blanket, they threaten to shoot him, he retires to Navajo camp. The next morning six cowboys rode into the camp, an altercation ensues and one Navajo is killed."

Another Navajo is convicted of killing a prospector and sentenced to 25 years in penitentiary. An Indian is murdered by a cowboy named Cox, who is not arrested or punished.

Page 188: Kiowa Agency. "The rapid settling up of surrounding country renders it difficult to keep the reservations clear of intruders; horse thieves very troublesome."

Page 211: Two cases of selling liquor to Indians, punishment a \$10 fine or a reprimand—no fault with the law, but the administration of it.

Page 233: Yakima Agency. The main employment of the police has been to prevent illegal pasturage by stockmen.

Page 244: Agent at Shoshone Agency is troubled by whiskey dealers.

Page 251: Indian Commissioner Morgan says a certain class of people in the west seem possessed with a mania for grabbing Indian lands. It matters little whether it be a snow crowned summit or the rock strewn side of a mountain, if it has been set apart for the Indians, the white men immediately begin jumping it.

To the foregoing must be added the as yet unpunished murder of chief Few Tails and his family, as narrated in another column of this issue, which now rests a foul blot on Dakota Justice.

These extracts covering for one year only a portion of the Indian Agencies, show at a glance that the neighborly conditions so favorable at Flandreau do not exist in all places—and while citizenship would change the Indian's legal status, it could be made a blessing or a curse to him by the action of the white population with whom he dwells.

It is not probable that the opening of the several reservations would change the border population very materially.

We then have the Indian dependent for justice on the population who have been preying upon him in the past and who will now have the better opportunity, as the Indians would be withdrawn from that immediate oversight of the general government which they now have.

Approving fully the principle in view, the thing to do is to arrive at the same end perhaps not so rapidly, but with a greater chance for the Indian to hold his own, by giving a fair warning and time enough for him to meet changed conditions provided he so will it,—and if he does not so will, he can never say "I did not have the chance to prepare myself."

All the conditions requisite to success seem to be embodied in the Dawes Bill with a few modifications, viz.: Declare it operative as rapidly as practicable over all reservations, and the allotment to proceed, giving the allottee the privilege of renting his land from year to year to such white farmers as desire to put it to cultivation and are approved by the agent in charge. This would ordinarily be some one who desired to settle on the unallotted land as soon as he had the legal right to do so—but until that time came he could work Indian land and get a foothold in the country. What would be the result—he would be there on sufferance and therefore on his good behavior—he would be a benefactor to the Indians and they therefore on their good behavior. A system of schools could then be organized at which children of both races could attend, the expense being borne from the Indian fund. Family friendships would spring up, and in the end the Indian would get a farm on which he could subsist, without expense to the government,—and when the day of opening unallotted lands for settlers came they would not all be strangers to the Indian, but those who for years had been residents on sufferance and sustained friendly relations which now would accrue to their own interest and the Indians also. Contrast this with an operation of allotting and opening a large reservation within a period of ninety days, thereby subjecting a comparatively barbarous people to the immediate contact of a horde of all nations ignorant of and frequently hostile to all rights that an Indian may have.

The experiment now being made at the Cheyenne and Arapahoe Agency on the line of the Senator's programme will serve as an illustration—to be repeated or avoided in the future according to its results. If it proves a success, then it is applicable at all points—if it is a failure and productive of disaster, let us see to it that it is not repeated elsewhere.

The difference between the two methods is this: Senator Pettigrew's plan lands the Indian at once into citizenship and competition with the world; the Dawes bill modified as recommended, leads to the same competition after a few years of gradual preparation. The one method equivalent to a sudden transition from midnight darkness to noonday glare and consequently bewildering, the other the natural process of gradual dawn leading as surely, but naturally to the zenith splendor of the noonday sun.

A. J. S.

TWO STRIKES CONTRADICTS THE SENATORIAL REPORTS THAT THE SIOUX INTEND TO MAKE TROUBLE.

"ROSEBUD AGENCY, S. D.
April 11, 1891.

FRIEND CAPTAIN:

You wrote me about the Indians here making more trouble. There is no intention here of having trouble. If we were going to make trouble, why would we enlist our young men as soldiers for the Great Father as we are now doing? We see this is a very good chance for our young men to do something for themselves and make men of themselves, and we let them enlist. There was a young man from Standing Rock came here and asked the same question as you did, and I told him that we have no thought of making any more trouble; that we had one trouble at Wounded Knee; that we, ourselves, did not have anything to do with it, but that it gave us a lesson. We did not want to fight in the first place, but somebody called for troops. All we think about now is to farm. I received a letter about the same matter from the Lower Brule Agency, and I told them that we were not going to make any more trouble and that they must not pay attention to such talk. This talk gives me much trouble and I do not like it. I do not want to tell my officer friends any lie, for I know they are here from the Great Father.

TWO STRIKES, [His mark.]

Lieut. Edward E. Dravo, 6th cavalry adds to Two Strikes' letter:

"Two Strikes had me write this letter for him. He appears much worried by these false rumors going about concerning his intentions. I believe the old man is sincere. To-day he brought in his son and nephew to enlist, and they are both soldiers in Troop L. 6th Cav'y."

On the 23rd ult., the following letter was also received by Capt. Pratt:

MY GOOD FRIEND:

I am very glad to receive a good letter from you. The Spring is opening up fine now and our people are doing their best to get along in the good ways of the Government. All our young men who have families want to take hold of the plow this Spring. This summer we are going to try to live and raise good crops and do all we can about planting corn and grain. Our people here do not want any trouble and do not think of any trouble, therefore we furnish fifty-five young men to go on the right road in the army. That is all I have to say my friend, and I shake hands with you with a good heart,

TWO STRIKES, (His mark.)

To this, Lieut. Dravo adds:

"I believe that Two Strikes and his friends among the councilors of the Brules mean to carry out just what he says. I think the Brules have furnished the first Indian Troop in the United States Army. I completed enlisting it on the 21st. I have no fears whatever of the Brules causing trouble."

MURDERING AN INDIAN.

Herbert Welsh Tells the Story of "Few Tails' Killing."

To the Editor of The Press.

Sir: I hope that you may be willing to give your readers the story of the murder of the Sioux Indian "Few Tails," as it has just been graphically told me in the letter of a reliable correspondent in Dakota. The story is especially interesting and suggestive at this time when the newspapers are recounting the trial of the Indian, "Plenty Horses" for the murder of Lieutenant Casey. The Indian criminal has been brought promptly to justice. It is to be hoped that he will meet the due reward of his deeds, and there is little reason to suppose that he will not. But the crime of "Plenty Horses" was far less in moral guilt, than that of the murderers of Few Tails, and the would-be assassins of his wife and daughter. The former case was the killing of an armed military officer who most imprudently rode within the lines of hostile Indians in time of war. The latter was the deliberate ambushed slaughter of an old Indian known to be friendly, traveling under a safe conduct from General Miles after hostilities had ceased.

Has any attempt been made on the part of the local authorities to bring these white murderers to justice? So far as I

can ascertain, after weeks of correspondence on the subject, not the slightest.

The Indian Office in Washington has offered to provide the local authorities with the witnesses in the case, and yet they do not stir. The Attorney General of the United States, to whom I wrote begging that the Federal Government would aid in the matter, has instructed the District Attorney of South Dakota to assist the local authorities, but nothing is done. Western papers, the *Rapid City Republican* and the *Deadwood Pioneer* to their great credit, have used their influence to the same end.

A very interesting question now presents itself: "Is there a sentiment of plain justice in this country strong enough to prosecute and to punish the perpetrators of atrocious crimes committed against men and women who happen to have red skins and high cheek bones? Apparently not.

I recently wrote to the Indian Office to inquire whether its records showed any case of the hanging of a white man for the murder of an Indian. I had known of no such case in my own experience. The answer was: "You are informed that from the examination made the records of this office fail to disclose a single case."

What a confession for a civilized nation to face the civilized world with—that we have two hundred and fifty thousand people within our borders from whom the sentiment of our nation withholds these inalienable rights which the genius of modern civilization accords to every human being—that the Indian may look in vain for redress in an American court of justice. Let us think of it when we lift pious hands over the barbarous Russian and the cruel Turk. Are not our mouths sealed from the utterance of one word of consistent condemnation of any Indian however depraved while we can point to no better record of just dealing than this? Are our people willing that such a state of affairs should continue?

This is the story:—

"RAPID CITY, South Dak.,
"April 21, 1891.

"THE KILLING OF 'FEW TAILS.'"

Early in November last, before the so-called outbreak took place at Pine Ridge Agency, one of the most reliable and progressive Indians of that Agency, an Ogalalla Sioux—Few Tails by name—a near relative of the hereditary chief, Young-Man-Afraid-of-his-Horses, obtained a pass from the United States Indian Agent for the purpose of hunting antelope and other game north of the Black Hills, and departed for the hunting grounds with seven or eight of his people, including women and children, traveling in two wagons.

Early in January, in total ignorance of the fact that there had been an 'outbreak' or disturbance at their agency, they started south on their way home, with their wagons loaded with game.

On the evening of January 10 they had reached a point on their homeward trip, at the mouth of Alkali Creek and the Belle Fourche, or North Fork of the Cheyenne River, in Meade County, South Dakota, about forty-five miles from Rapid City, and one hundred and thirty miles from their agency, they went into camp.

About one-half mile away on the opposite side of the creek was situated a horse ranch. In this ranch were the following named white men: three Culbertson brothers, Nettleson, Mervin, Joults.

These six men visited the Indians' camp during the evening, while Few Tails was absent hunting, examined the lodges for arms, joked with the Indians, and soon after returned to their ranch.

At the ranch during the night they consulted together, and decided to add to their already well-known reputation as horse thieves and border ruffians by next morning, Sunday, waylaying the Indians.

The next morning early the Indians broke camp, and while loading up their wagons they were visited by a sergeant of the Seventh United States Infantry, who was in camp with four privates two and one half miles away in the Belle Fourche Valley. Everything was quiet, and the sergeant departed.

A short time afterward, the Indians seated on their loaded wagons, crossed Alkali Creek, going south; the first wagon pulled up the bank from the creek crossing and passed on. The rear wagon, driven by Few Tails, and containing his wife and children was pulling up the bank, when the six white men above referred to fired upon it from an ambush twenty paces distant. Few Tails fell out of the wagon dead, his wife, shot through the breast and thigh, jumped on the back of a horse that was being led behind the wagon, and finally, days after, reached the agency in an exhausted condition. The two wagon horses were killed.

The Indians driving the advance wagon whipped up the horses and escaped for the time being.

The white men, immediately after firing the volley and killing Few Tails and the horses, scattered, a part of them riding rapidly to the soldiers' camp, two and one-half miles away, and reported that the Indians had "broken out," had commenced stealing horses, etc., and that in endeavoring to prevent these depredations there had been a collision. Others of the party spread the same report among the neighboring settlers.

In a short time the country was aroused and the Indians escaping in the advance wagon were being pursued and fired upon by settlers and soldiers alike, and were forced to abandon their wagon at the crossing of Box Elder Creek, thirty miles south, part of them who survived the pursuit escaping to their reservation on their horses.

The property of the Indians captured in the wagons was, with some horses also captured, divided up among the whites as "trophies" of the Sioux "war," and the report was flashed East over the wires that the bloody Sioux were devastating the Black Hills country and murdering helpless women and children, etc.

This in brief is the story of one of the most cold-blooded and unjustifiable murders ever committed on the frontier.

Witnesses to prove the truth of this story are available.

No effective action is likely to be secured in bringing the guilty parties to justice, excepting through a wide circulation of the foregoing facts and the demands of a strong and general public sentiment.

Yours truly,
HERBERT WELSH.
—[Phila. Press.]

SENTIMENTS AKIN TO OURS FROM AN IDAHO GOVERNOR.

The present policy of isolating the Indians upon reservations, where they associate only with their own kind, confirms them in their race habits and modes of thought, and defeats the civilizing agencies employed. Our ancestors found the Indians very different from white men, and we perpetuate the difference. By refraining from bringing them under our laws, we confirm them in adhesion to their original habits. By our subsidies and annuities we make them hereditary beggars. An uncivilized cannot survive in collision with a civilized people. No government can guarantee them against the steady encroachments of the dominant race. We must, by humane and efficient appliances, bring them up to a point where they can hold their own and fight the battle of life successfully, or we must put our Army to the revolting service of imprisoning them on reservations till they starve, or of killing them if they escape.—Hon. M. BRAYMAN, Governor of Idaho, 1879.

In a personal letter, Mr. Brayman says:

"The kindness of a friend afforded me the pleasure of reading your very able and pertinent address at Northampton, Mass., on Jan. 11, on the 'Indian Question.' Your suggestions embody the only true mode of disposing of that question. Its proposed policy is just, humane and practical.

While serving a term as Governor of Idaho, 1876-1880, Indian wars being in progress during two of those years—1877-8, my duty compelled me to study the causes of these disturbances, and the remedy. I take the liberty of mailing you a copy of my annual report to the Honorable Secretary of the Interior, for 1879, in which I

discuss the matter on the same line with yourself. Considering how little attention had been then given to that view, and the cordiality with which the Secretary approved my mode of treating the subject, I may claim recognition among its pioneers.

The position you take is fortified by each year's experience. A better public sentiment bears upon the subject with increasing force, and I trust that you may live to see this the established, enforced policy of the Government."

INDIANS IN THE ARMY.

Public attention is being attracted to the work of enlisting Indians into the regular army, the Secretary of War having ordered the enlistment of 2,000. The opinions of Army officers upon the scheme have been expressed in letters to the *Indian Bulletin* from which we take pleasure in excerpting the following for the benefit of the RED MAN readers:

Major-General Schofield, Commander of the United States Army, says:

"I am in entire accord with the views you express in respect to making the Indians good and useful citizens of the United States, military as well as civil."

Major-General Nelson A. Miles, Commanding the Division of the Missouri, says:

"Both the practicability and the good results of such enlistments have been demonstrated by actual experience for many years. There would be very few desertions from the Indians.

They should be enlisted in separate organizations, with officers who possess special qualifications for the duty of controlling them, as somewhat different methods of discipline and management from those used in the rest of our army would be necessary. They should be allowed to have their families with them, and should cultivate ground enough to supply themselves and families with all the vegetables required.

In reply to the questions from the editor of the *Bulletin*, Would not the requirements for personal cleanliness, neat and orderly quarters, and unquestioning obedience to their superiors, be of inestimable value to the Indians? Would not such lessons tend to kill the wildness in him, and make a man of him? the General replies:

"Yes."

Major-General O. O. Howard of the Division of the Atlantic, says:

"I do not wish to pronounce upon the subject any decided opinion in advance. Certainly it would do Indians good to have them kept neat and clean, and oblige them to do everything in an orderly manner.

Our friends may be sure that the army will never allow them, whether enlisted as soldiers or as scouts, to be much in idleness."

Colonel Guy V. Henry, 9th Cavalry says:

"The army discipline, if properly enforced, would 'kill the Indian' in them, but to accomplish this, an officer of a peculiar temperament should have them—one interested in the civilizing part. * *

"During the late trouble I could not get my Sioux scouts to go into places of danger; during the Missouri fight many went to the rear, and the feeling generally is, as far as the Sioux Indian was concerned, he could not be trusted in a fight against his own people. I enlisted the first Apache scouts in Arizona, and they only remained faithful after killing their own people, and were afraid to leave the Union soldiers.

Now, to civilize them, I would not enlist them. That is being done more to feed and keep away any restless element among Indians. They have to be fed, so the army does it, and keeps them under restraint at the same time. An army in one sense never was a civilizer. I should break up all tribal relations, keep them together in bands or families, and scatter them around in different States, and surrounded by civilization. In farming districts they would soon learn the value of money, and work would follow."

Major George W. Baird, who has seen Indian Service under General Miles says:

"Carefully selected officers who have personal knowledge of Indians can do an excellent work in enlisting and training them as soldiers. I should think it unwise to go beyond this at present and enlist generally among all Indians, and make large organizations. The time when regiments can be wisely organized will doubtless come."

Capt. Charles King, the novelist, who fought Indians under General Crook, says:

"I am heartily in favor of the movement to enlist a large number of Indians, especially of the Cheyenne and some of the Sioux tribes and place them under the instruction and discipline of educated officers of the army. Little by little the good people of the distant East will learn that the Indians really have no better friends than the officers and soldiers who have served for years in their very midst."

Col. E. S. Parker, a full-blooded Iroquois Indian, who was during the late civil war a member of Gen. Grant's staff, says:

"I am perfectly confident that the scheme to enlist Indians into the military service of the United States is practicable and highly commendable. All Indians are naturally soldiers, but are without discipline. Nor are they inherently vicious or bad, and they are savages only because uncivilized. To enlist them, therefore, into the regular army, and subject them to the discipline governing the regular soldier, would tend greatly to increase their self-respect, importance, and independent manliness."

Capt. Pratt in writing at the same time to the *Bulletin*, says:

"My opinion has been that they should not be made a distinctive organization, that for their own sakes they should be enlisted as any other men, and distributed in the different companies. It would be well that no tribal origin should be recognized, or rather that tribal clans should be broken up. To do this I would place, say, five Indians in a company, one of whom might be a Sioux, another a Cheyenne, another Comanche, another a Ute, and another a Navajo, and would send all Indian soldiers to companies as far away from their tribes as possible. We ship our recruits from New York to San Francisco, so that there could be nothing said against such removing on the score of economy. Young Indians so enlisted and so distributed would become thoroughly English-speaking, and would lose their Indian and absorb military and civilized ideas and actions quickly. I would not, however, set up the military profession as being the one thing needful, nor would I say so much about it as to lead the public to await the operation of such a move. I would simply recognize the Indian as a man, and use him in all the lines of life as other men. This is his right and our duty. That it can be done will be at once established when it is gone about in the right way. We have no right to limit the Indian's future. He was a self-supporting man with great range before we had anything to do with him. If he is a pauper now, we have made him so. His original lines of self-support are gone. Duty demands that we teach him, and make available to him our lines of self-support. The idleness we have forced upon him is more fatal to him than our bullets ever have been."

A MODERN INDIAN BURIAL.

On a high ground overlooking the Delaware river, opposite the city of Trenton, and not far from the American home of William Penn, there is situated a burial ground, located by the proprietor himself, and set apart for the free sepulture of the colonists.

The location is as beautiful as can be, and it is evident that great care was used in the selection of the ground. The enclosed land, surrounded by a low stone wall now considerably out of repair, has in its two hundred years of use become pretty well filled with graves; many of which are unmarked, but not all, as one ancient stone bears the date of 1698.

In this burial ground on Saturday, the 7th of March, 1891, there was gathered a company, consisting mostly of Indians of various tribes, who in the capacity of out-students of the Carlisle school, were living in the near neighborhood, and had come together to perform the last service they could render to one of their number who had succumbed to the malady so fatal to Indians, consumption.

The young man, John, of the Arapahoe tribe, had been living with a good Quaker farmer near by as a helper, and during a long illness had been cared for as though he were a member of the family until his death released them from further care.

The funeral was after the order of Friends, viz: All gathered in a large parlor, where, after a time of silence, a minister (the wife of his employer) feelingly voiced the sentiment of all present, expressing her belief, from close observance through many months, that the deceased had been faithful to the extent of his knowledge during his life, and would be accepted in death. The cortege then

passed to the graveyard, where, after a few concluding remarks, the grave was filled and the party separated to their several homes.

The occasion was one in which kindly white neighbors took part, as well as those of his own race, and to the thoughtful person it was one of unusual interest.

Two hundred years ago William Penn provided a place of burial, which after so long a time is useful as a resting place for one of the race he dealt with so kindly and so wisely.

Many years after the Indians had disappeared from Pennsylvania, the tide turns and they come again from towards the setting sun to dwell in the land where Penn declared that whites and Indians should live together as friends, the land free alike to all—a plan to which our modern legislators, after numerous expedients, all unsatisfactory, are again turning, as being the true solution of the Indian problem.

Could the great Proprietor have been present, after the lapse of two centuries, and seen members of the race with whom he dealt as naked and painted savages, taking part with decorum in the ceremony of Christian burial, clothed as others, educated as others, and talking his own language, who can doubt but that the changed conditions would have given joy to his heart, and the methods that worked the change meet with his warmest approval? He might also have something to say about repairs to the stone wall, as an incidental feature, for it certainly needs and is worthy of such care as will preserve in good order historical ground.

A. J. STANDING, in *Friends Review*.

SOME PHASES OF A RECENT INDIAN WAR.

In our last issue, we gave the Official Report of the Wounded Knee affair made by the Army officer in immediate command. We here give what may be taken as the Official Report from the Indian standpoint, for Rev. Mr. Riggs was born and raised and has spent his life among the Sioux and is thus well qualified to speak for that portion of them involved in that disturbance.

"The weakest and most ridiculously painful move made in quelling recent Indian disturbances was the sending of Buffalo Bill—"Colonel" Cody—to arrest or kill Sitting Bull. Armed with authority from Gen. Miles this doughty hero of the wild west show appeared on the scene of action at Fort Yates. To the Commanding Officer of the Post and to Agent McLaughlin the "Colonel" brought blank amazement with his coming, his authority and purpose. Armed to the teeth and with plentiful preparation to meet the wants of the thirsty inner man, this knight of the 20th century emptied his bottles and cried, 'Show me the man Sitting Bull: my orders are to take him dead or alive.' And active preparations were made forthwith for a surprise. Muscular looking bronchos were borrowed or purchased in the name of Uncle Sam, a small but select band of fierce cow-boys was enlisted and asked to take a drink. This state of preparation continued for ten days or two weeks, during which time the "Colonel" is reported to have been filling himself and followers with the best of 'Kentucky courage' that could be obtained for love or money.

Finally the very night for the venture was definitely settled upon—the night for a winter ride of 40 miles over the boundless prairie with glory or death at break of day, and the "Colonel" set forth resolved to do or die. What were his plans no one knows and no one cares,—the bottle was not forgotten.

In the meantime, however, the wires between Fort Yates and Washington had been kept "hot" in protest and appeal, and on the very night of brave endeavor word was received from the President himself, so the report goes, relieving our brave "Colonel" from his mission and allowing him to retire, his object unaccomplished. But the war party had already gone out: mounted couriers were sent in pursuit with the instructions received.

To make his return certain and the overthrow of his plans less severe he was to be told of a report that Sitting Bull had already started in to the Agency and

(Continued on Eighth Page.)

CAMP LIFE EXPERIENCES.

Miss Gay's Interesting Description of Miss Fletcher's Allotting Lands to the Nez Perces, Continued From December Number.

We all woke that Monday morning as if a new responsibility had been laid upon us during the night. Even Briggs had a subdued air about him inconsistent with the rollicking expression of his hat.

The cook placed the hash upon the table in silence. She had evidently taken great pains in the preparation of the breakfast. The hash was not burned; the coffee was not flavored with pine smoke, and the toast was delicately brown.

As she took the cover off the oatmeal kettle, she glanced at Her Majesty, who was spreading out her paper napkin. It was a violent-red Chinese paper napkin, sent to us by a friend, who said we ought to have one bright spot in our environment. Her Majesty's cheeks were flushed. Was it the radiant napkin or was there fever in her veins? Hitherto she had been trying to solve a simple problem—How to find her Indian.

He had revealed himself to her natural eye, now how shall he be captured?

Shy as the partridge frightened up by our footsteps, ignorant as a child as to what is best for him, how shall he be tamed and helped?

Until that morning perhaps, the poverty of her resources had not been fully comprehended. Upright in purpose, it had scarcely dawned upon her that she must prove her honesty to a people who had lost faith in the good intentions of the white race. What weapons had she wherewith to disarm their deep-rooted suspicion?

She sighed to think how often the Government Agents had promised the things that were just and right, and as often had been unable to fulfil their promises through lack of support. Her task was very complex that morning. Briggs was restless.

He went in and out of the cabin and whistled "Jerusalem the Golden," and finally disappeared from our sight.

The Photographer put a fresh plate in his camera and set up his tripod in the yard.

The Driver and Interpreter was more absent minded than usual, and the magpies were disturbed. They made a dart down upon the window-sill and carried off the cook's long-handled dish-mop which had been presented to her by a lady in Washington, and then, as if they too had undertaken too big a task, dropped it in the yard, and flew chattering away over the pine trees. By eight o'clock the tramp of the ponies' feet coming up from the ford, and the voices of the Indians, and the yelping of dogs were portentous sounds in our ears.

By and by the Interpreter comes in and says "The people are all ready," and the bell rings for them to go into the church; they fill the small building.

They are all men; the women stay home in an exemplary manner, just like white civilized women when any matter particularly affecting their interests is being canvassed by the men.

The cook said "it looked as if there had sometime been a Nez Perce St. Paul in the vale of Kamiah." Briggs said "there had been a Presbyterian missionary there since the year '35."

Her Majesty put on her broad-brimmed straw hat, and took a straight line to the church, and Briggs emerged from the shade of the pine trees, and wandered over in a zigzag style as if quite unconcerned.

The cook felt that her place was in the reserve corps. If the rest fell back upon her, as they generally did in an emergency, she would be ready and equal to the occasion.

The Photographer ventured as far as the steps to the church and sat down beside his camera. He came over now and then to report progress to the cook.

"They are not pleasant to look at," said he on his first round; "some of the old ones scowled as Her Majesty passed by them into the church."

The cook laid her straw hat on the table

and told the Photographer to "go back and keep his eyes open."

Meanwhile the Special Allotting Agent had passed up to the pulpit through the dusky throng.

No hand had been held out to her, no smile had greeted her entrance.

She turned and faced the rows of silent men. The Interpreter stood beside her. He was working his fingers nervously and his eyes wandered weakly over the crowd.

We did not know it then, but he had been threatened with "punishment" if he remained in the service of Her Majesty. Old men that very day had tried to terrorize him, and young men had warned him of the fate which was hanging over his head.

Briggs knew and he sauntered carelessly up to the two who stood there.

"My land," said he to the cook afterwards, "I was all of a tremble inside and there she stood just as calm and smiling as—as if she was teaching a primary department of a mission Sunday School down east—nothing exciting about it."

She stood looking straight before her for a few minutes until there was absolute silence in the room, and then she said, "My friends, this is God's house and what we are to talk about is a serious matter affecting the lives and happiness of all; your lives and the lives of your wives and children."

It is right to ask God's blessing here in this house, that all we do may please him."

Then she turned and said a word to the native pastor who sat near.

He rose and spoke in Nez Perce. The Photographer said that as he went on the scowls relaxed a little, and one or two said "Amen" at the end.

Then the Allotting Agent explained what she had called them together to hear: explained the land allotment, the meaning of citizenship, and her wish that the whole people would see the wisdom of the great change that she had come to bring upon them, and would help her in the work.

Still a silence, "that could be felt," Briggs said, "from the crown of his head to the sole of his feet."

One man was taking notes on a bit of paper.

The interpreter read the law and then sat down and waited.

A little stir arose among the people. Two or three whispered together and at length one man stood up—a tall broad-shouldered fellow with a deep voice and an air of authority about him. He was a United States official, having been appointed judge of the Indian court of offences.

He said:

"We do not want our land cut up in little pieces. We have not told you to do it. We must wait for the people in Lapwai to consent."

The Special Agent does not understand this, but learns in the days which follow that the Lapwai Indians had sent a messenger to Washington to find out if she were an impostor, if she had been really sent by the Government and if what she tells them is true, that they really must take their lands.

One cannot blame them for incredulity. That reasonable human beings, thought worthy of having citizenship thrust upon them, should have no voice whatever in matters which so exclusively concerned themselves, was an idea too difficult for the untutored mind to grasp.

It required a long residence at the seat of Government to enable us to take it in.

Nobody tells the Allotting Agent why the Indians are so determined to put off the work, why they thwart her all they can.

She tells them now in the little church, that they must take the land because it is the law, and is best for them, but she wins no response.

Later on, the knowledge of the devious way the tribe had been led, its trials and discouragements, its wretched manipulation by a paternal Government and the oppression of the encroaching white border settlement, showed why the Nez

Perces had grown indifferent to ordinary incentives, to the promise of present prosperity, and were looking—the better part of them—only to the promises revealed in the Scriptures, which were read to them in that little "Church House." Anything out of the sacred book they would listen to; their ears were closed to the words of the white man.

But, there is a tone in the voice of the Special Agent that begins to attract the unwilling ear. The Indians notice that she makes no promises—they are sick of promises. She tells them she has come to bring them manhood, that they may stand up beside the white man in equality—before the law. The idea is hard to grasp. The prospect of standing beside the white man is not a brilliant one. The unadulterated Indian looks down upon the species of the white men he knows anything about. As to the law, all they know about the law is, that it is some contrivance to get ponies and cattle and land out of the red man's possession into the white man's.

It's a one-sided machine; it never gets back an Indian's stolen horse, or takes the border ruffian's fence or his cattle off the reservation. If, to be equal before the law could mean a chance for the Indian! Some few catch a glimmer of the possibility, and their faces relax.

One old man stands up and says, "We are not able to go alone, our limbs tremble under us." He is afraid of, he knows not what. Some of the young and strong looked up with a new gleam in the eye. Patience! It took our own race many generations to catch the idea of freedom, and many more to achieve liberty.

Finally the invitation is given the Indians to call at the cabin, be registered and to talk about the land.

"The women are to come also," said Her Majesty, "every man, woman and child in the tribe must have land, it is their inheritance."

The Pastor shakes hands with the Agent and a few of the men shyly come up and say, "Tots-ka-lana" (Good morning) and so a crack for the entering wedge is opened.

The council is over, the Photographer waits outside with his camera to catch the people as they group themselves about the door. The Indians are pleased to have their pictures taken.

Some press forward to be in front, while the pastor modestly slips behind and is hidden in the shadow.

The Photographer shows some of the old men the pictures on the ground glass, whereat they laugh and wonder. One notices that the image is reversed, the rest fail to perceive it.

The cook said "Probably the world was all upside down to them anyway, what could be expected from an Indian's point of view?"

It is high noon, and the cook standing under a stunted pine tree just outside the fence, looks over at the crowd. Many have ridden twenty miles. Lunch is ready for the Special Agent, but the cook knows that she cannot eat while outside there are so many hungry.

She consults Briggs who says, "My land, there isn't enough in our whole camp to go around once; going around once isn't anything, it would only get up an appetite in the Indian, and then he is dangerous. Better not meddle. If you had spoken to me yesterday, I could have killed that cow that chewed up my saddle blanket. I should have been glad to do it to accommodate you. It's too late now."

The Indians were sitting down in little groups on the yellow grass, and the anxious cook saw them opening small bundles, the contents of which they placed together in the centre. The Interpreter said they were going to eat their dinners which they had brought.

"Talk about Indians having no forethought," said the relieved cook, and then she persuaded Her Majesty to attack our own *piece de resistance*—an Idaho chop that had come with the mail the day before, and which had not been mellowed by its age or grown tender by its experiences.

* * * * *

And now follow many days of toil and

anxiety, and the thermometer is at 106 degrees in the cabin.

Indians drop in one by one—at first as if it were a severe surgical operation to be registered, some as if ashamed to come and others as if afraid.

There are Mrs. Grundies also in Indian tribes and the fear of ridicule is as strong as among our own people.

Before Victory had made their politics respectable, the thirteen original black Republicans of Washington met after dark and expressed their opinions only within closed doors.

The Nez Perces of these first days were braver. They tied their ponies to our fence in broad daylight, knowing perfectly well what the consequences might be.

Ponies have sickened and died with less provocation. Needles thrust into the creatures' brain, as the Indians know how to do, and left to rust there, is one of the punishments for those who defy the old chiefs' power; corrals opened in the night, and ponies let out to wander off, is another mode of expressing disapprobation of an Indian's conduct; the "medicine man's" incantation over his vegetable garden, whereby his potatoes shrivel and rot, and his cabbage refuses to head up, spells laid upon his family, in consequence of which the children take measles or go blind with ophthalmia—these are all real dangers to the Indian who dares to go against public opinion as expressed by the old-time, unscrupulous politicians, who have sense enough to see their power waning to its death, and are desperate to hinder the inevitable.

The progressive Indian has foes within the tribe, as well as enemies without to fight. Few of us know how hard the struggle is.

The cook said, "All the emotions possible to the human breast agitated her during those first weeks of the work at Kamiah, as she caught an inside view of the difficulties of the progressive Indian and saw how the better part of the tribe was held down by the worst. Why don't these young fellows stand up and defy their oppressors? They would be strong enough, if they would join hands and pull together."

"You have not taken into consideration that the whole might of the Government is back of the obstructionists," said the philosophic photographer. "The old chiefs die hard, they are intriguers and as two faced as white politicians. They are mischief makers and petty tyrants, as every graceless man is tempted to be, when in the possession of a little power. They have ingratiated themselves with Government officials, and are made judges and policemen."

"If we resent their interference in our affairs," said an Indian to me yesterday, "we may be represented as insubordinate. We don't know; they come to us in the capacity of officers of the Government, what can we do?"

"They have the ear of the powers that be, who often are themselves in a sort of fear of them, lest they make trouble—for their power is overrated."

"Why," said the cook, "are not some of these Christian Indians put in places of trust?"

"Oh, you know that good Indians never give any trouble—they never need to be placated. The agency is run on the principle of making the worst boy in the school the monitor, only in this case reform does not follow the promotion."

The Indian is shrewd enough to know the reason of all the favors he gets, and he experiences no change of heart; he grows more self-important and obsequious on one side, and tormenting and oppressive on the other."

"And so," said the cook, "as the goods issued to the tribe are distributed by the advice of these trusted men, I understand now why good Indians still are hauling their crops on raw hides, while wagons are falling to pieces on the land of the shiftless and worthless, never having had horses put to them since the day they were sent to their camp. I see why good men's farms are unfenced, while rolls of wire lie rusting on the land of favor-

ites and relations of the influential men of the tribe."

"If the Government really could understand how the Agency system works!"

"They cannot understand," said Her Majesty. "It is one of the peculiarities of the system that it cannot be understood. Its manipulations are so different in different tribes—the possibilities may be the same, the actualities are varied."

"Well," said Briggs, "it's a long lane that has no turn. It is time for a variation on this reservation," and he walked off to the wood shed whistling "Boys in Blue" and filling his pipe as he went.

Men have so many diversions.

The cook could not whistle, and she did not smoke, but she chopped her emotions into hash, she baked, boiled and fried them, but they would not down—and "it was so easy" she thought to "remedy things." Easy!

* * * * *

And the days moved rapidly, crowding each other off the scene.

The Special Agent set up a blackboard in the office. It is the blackboard used by the missionary, and over the ghostly substratum of gospel texts, lessons in elementary surveying are given.

Sections are drawn and quartered and driven like wedges into the Indian brain by the Interpreter.

The Surveyor runs out the valley and makes straight the crooked ways of Paradise.

Her Majesty sits all day long in her inquisitorial chair (which is a wooden bench), solicitous of the uncles, aunts and cousins, tracing relationship through labyrinthian channels, searching after the supposititious head of the family, who is to have 160 acres thrust upon him *volens volens* when found.

The machine is set going; it does not run smoothly; there are unexpected frictions and breakdowns even in the department presided over by the cook, and Briggs finds use for all his good nature.

The men who have had the courage to volunteer as chainmen, are not used to hard work. They can ride ponies all day, but walking is a new sensation, their leg muscles are flabby and the sharp stones cut moccasined feet.

Her Majesty sends them to Mt. Idaho for hobnailed shoes.

The Nez Perces are not robust. Briggs weighs 260 lbs. and has the muscle of a prize Vermonter.

Hob-nailed shoes are a bagatelle to the surveyor; they are impedimenta to the chainmen. They get wedged between the rocks and anchor them in the bottom of the gulches. The poor fellows succumb crossing a canyon of only half pitch. They faint on the mountains with the sun at only 110 degrees in the shade.

They give out in the middle of a run, leaving Briggs to come home alone, carrying the chain and shouldering his theodolite, ire in his footfall as he comes up the steps.

At such times, the cook keeps out of his way unless she happens to have a doughnut in the pantry, which alas! is not often.

Then the Special Agent hunts up a new crew; that is, she starts out in the search, but as she has no inducements to offer, money being no object to the Indian in general, one may imagine her success.

But for the "returned students," that much maligned class on the reservation, she must have gone outside the line and drawn her quota from the bordermen.

The new crew lasts a week or two. Briggs is an early bird. He wants to be ready to set out on his work just as the sun peeps over the hills upon the camp.

Indians are not early worms to come out at the call of the early bird. They are not worms at all in this poetical sense. They haven't been used to responding to any call upon them.

Briggs wears out his tin pans playing reveille to little purpose. It would take a charge of dynamite to rouse the boys in time to suit the surveyor.

Indians have not learned to measure by the clock. They charge just the same to freight goods over a route four days long as over one they can make in a day.

They estimate by the number of ponies it requires.

Then just as the surveyor is starting out on a new survey with his plans all made for a run of a couple of weeks, he is waited on by Tom, Dick and Harry with the information that they are out of "grub" (Grub is Idaho for provisions).

The nearest depot of supplies is twenty-five miles distant—a two day's journey with pack-saddles over the mountains.

The boys had waited to eat the last mouthful before thinking where the next would come from. Indians follow the precepts of Scripture literally, taking no thought for the morrow.

Then Her Majesty undertakes to teach the chainmen the ethics of partnership in general, and the arithmetic of their special combination.

Hitherto, one man had brought a sack of provisions and all had fared sumptuously until the sack was empty. Then another man had brought a sack and the process was repeated. There had been no attempt at equalization. The sack of potatoes was a sack; so was the sack of bacon or of flour or of dried apples.

Her Majesty appeared at the boys' camp with four little blank books and took an account of stock. It was not easy to get at the facts. It was as difficult as to audit a county treasurer's books.

Her plan could not be retro-active. She had to start new, letting the dead past bury itself. If Tom had put in twice as much as Dick, it was too late now to remedy it. Dick could not see that he was any loser, nor did Tom complain. He had eaten just as much he thought, and Harry also was contented. It was his turn to bring the sack and then it would be all right.

Her Majesty gave a book to each man and explained that they must keep accounts, each one of the money he expended for the general good; at the end of the month there must be a settlement, and she would show them how to settle.

She sent Harry to Mt. Idaho to buy provisions, making a list of such things as was best for them, and sending a cheque.

The cook is a silent spectator while this little arrangement is in progress, and Briggs whistles "Jordan a hard road to travel, I believe," and the Special Agent has the radiant look she always wears on the accomplishment of an unpromising task. She thought it was accomplished. But the boys learn by experience like the rest of us, who overcame the inertia "of arrested development" so long ago that we have forgotten to be patient with those who are putting their shoulders and planting their feet against it for the first time.

Spite of obstacles, the work goes on. The Indians destroy Briggs' corners as soon as his back is turned. They are not just where they want them to be, so they make corners of their own.

"They are not so much to blame as would appear at first sight. In the allotment according to the treaty of 1867, the Government put up fences to enclose each Indian's land. The contractor ran his miserable apology for a fence quite regardless of lines, and enclosed plots of all sizes and shapes, oblivious of the points of the compass.

And now the people say, "How is it? The Government made my fence, you say it is all wrong. Are there two Governments, and which is right? We will keep the land as it is. By and by another Government will come along and pull up our fences again."

Over and over the surveyor marks the bounds, until even his patience is exhausted, and he says to the Indians, "I will come back no more. Now if you want to find your corners, you must send to Lewiston and pay a surveyor fifteen dollars a day to look for them."

(To be Continued.)

TO THE PUPILS AT CARLISLE, ESPECIALLY TO PAWNEE BOYS AND GIRLS.

My Indian origin and my lack of school advantages when younger, prevent my speaking to you with the thoughts, the power, or the eloquence of an immortal Webster or Clay. But I can see that we

are passing from strength of numbers, and a state of savagery to a higher position, and that we are acquiring new ideas and new ways of thought.

As our race advances in intelligence, we see with our eyes; hear with our ears, and obtain knowledge as different from the faith of our ancestors as the white man is from us to-day. This grows out of our contact with those who are so much more advanced in the arts and sciences, and so much more cultured and refined in thoughts and expressions.

These are the attributes of their power over us, and as snow melts under the sun of Springtime so does the Indian of long ago disappear before the advancing tide of civilization. The white men's progress in all that is grand and sublime is a feature fixed in their course through time.

While our extermination as Indian—the absorption of a weaker by a stronger race—is sure to come and with each succeeding year we hasten more rapidly to the tomb of a soon to be forgotten people. This is a solemn reflection for me. But the inevitable cannot be changed.

This generation, the children of my people, who are springing up to take our places, are no longer learning wars from those who have gloried in blood and in scalps, but are riding with the current that is fast bearing them from the regions of rudeness and barbarity out into the broad sea of human knowledge. It is right and it is best, and the further you are from the reach of Indian influence the better it is for you.

I would not have you stop on the way, but wish to encourage every Indian child under the faint sound of my voice to press onward.

I had the opportunity of going to school to people who gave their best efforts to enlighten and elevate me to their level, and in going to school for four years, I thought that I had learned enough; that there would be no young man of my age equal to me, or who would know as much as I had learned. But after all I was deceived. I deceived myself. I know now that the wisest man never learned but the half of what he ought to have acquired. I thought the schooling was hard and unnecessary, and that the Indian life was better than the white man's life.

Ah! my friends, it is a most thrilling thought to me, when I think about you boys and girls, and feel that you may look on these matters as I used to. But I am glad and thankful that I turned from the road downward a few years ago, and began to appreciate my little education and to feel the need of more. I thought I had spent those school days for naught. I found amongst our people nothing to incite me to keep up, much less to advance, in what I had already learned.

But as I found out what a sad, sad mistake I had made, I soon fought back this feeling of discouragement. I am anxious that you may advance so far that when you return to your people, you may be like one we read of in the Bible when he said, "I am doing a great work so that I cannot come down."

I hope that you may use the knowledge that you have gained for this work and may never step down as many before you have done, I among the number, to the general half-savage level of our people, but may always have before you thoughts of advancement, and thus may lead our people up and out of their present state to a much higher ground and nobler ideas of life.

The One above who rules the universe has aroused these Christian people to a sense of their duty as people, to teach the ignorant Indians to better their life and to raise themselves toward the highest type of civilization. We are equal to the white man as human beings, but we are not equal to him either in mind or in learning.

The opportunities that teachers are extending to you, are those that will, if properly used, tend to make you equal to any man. The knowledge you gain from your instructors will convince you that you can travel a higher way instead of downward and backward road.

Now is your time, you are to be the salvation of your tribes, your nations and your race.

I think I have said enough, and I have given you my simple advice. But my earnest desire is that you will appreciate all that has been done by the Government for us. Think of these Christian people with hearts overflowing to do good to a race who are ignorant, and to do their duty so as to show the love they bear for One above.

They are realizing that we are not animals, but are people as they are.

Ah, my friends, it thrills me to think what opportunities lie in your way, what you may become if you make the most of these opportunities and how much good you may accomplish for yourselves and for your people by taking hold of your work with a strong heart and proving yourselves real men and women, with a real earnest purpose in your lives.

The white children go to school as you do to learn, but their learning is for themselves and for their own benefit. Before you lies a grander opportunity, for you may become the saviours of your race.

Your efforts may raise it from barbarism to civilization.

Should not this thought constantly spur you on to greater exertions? So then be men. You will have to face many obstacles in your path, but if you want to be men stay where you are, until you have proved yourselves conquerors by being educated, self-sustaining and independent.

RALPH J. WEEKS.

U. S. Ind. Interpreter.

Pawnee, Oklahoma.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

I am living on a farm in this wild Northwest. During the Indian trouble there was naturally much said by settlers of this vicinity. Many suggestions were made as to how to settle the Indian Question, now and forever. One was this: To take the Indians by families and scatter them throughout the eastern part of the United States, settling one family in a town. The children would then grow up with the whites. In two or three generations the Wild Red Man would no longer be in existence.

Would it be more costly for the government to support and train one family in the East, than to keep them huddled together with their old habits and wild surroundings; and at liberty to tell their old legends, exciting the young with hatred towards the whites? Would this not be the quickest and the surest way of solving the Indian Question?—P. D. L., in *Advance*.

SOME OF THEIR METHODS.

The fight which the Catholic Church is making on General Morgan, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, is bringing to light some of the peculiar motives and measures which long have characterized that church's treatment of Indian youth in school. The statement is now made, on excellent authority, that "the Roman catechism is the real basis of all the instruction in those schools; the mass is celebrated in some of them, and special pains are taken to drill the pupils in all the rites and ceremonies of the church." For such "instruction" as this the government has been appropriating large sums of money, increasing the amount from \$118,000, in 1886, to \$363,000, in 1891. It was because Gen. Morgan desired and determined to build up a system of the Indian schools, similar to the American public schools, and hence to restrict the number of these papal parochial institutions that the priests and bishops and archbishops and cardinals began to conspire against him. We remember how they protested against his nomination as Commissioner, even sending a committee to the President, to ask him to recall the general's name after it had been sent to the Senate; how they filed charges with the Senate committee, accusing Morgan of "falsehood, bigotry and dishonor;" how they labored with individual senators to prevent his confirmation. Recently evidence has been obtained, that the priests have besought Indians not to send their children to government schools, telling them that, "if their children went to these institutions, they would die and go to hell." This form of threat, however, is not a new one with the priests and parish school teachers. In civilized communities they are known to make use of it, to keep Catholic children out of the public schools.—[*The Interior*].

(Continued from Fifth Page.)

would arrive the following day, which clever ruse, it is claimed, prevented the spilling of much gore. The report was afterwards found to have no foundation in fact. Sitting Bull did not come, but the "Colonel" and his bold riders returned safe and sound. The army had marched up the hill and now marched back again—to the sutler's store.

It has been asked, and with much show of pertinency, whether in all the world Gen. Miles could not have found some equally trusty confidant and messenger, and whether in all the wisdom of his experience with Indians he might not have formulated some less foolhardy and hopeless plan than that entrusted to the hand of Buffalo Bill. In this connection I am reminded of an expression by an Indian comrade of mine on a recent ride over to the Rosebud Agency. We were slowly riding down into the valley of the Little White River, when there met us a mounted Indian Policeman pushing his horse furiously up the hill. It was a man known to us both in former years as a notorious thief. My comrade turned and with a smile quietly said, 'Are all the Rosebud policemen dead, that this fellow should be on the force?'

When Sitting Bull was killed, resisting arrest, it should be remembered that the arrest was made and the fight that followed was met by the Indian Police alone. The regular troops had no part in this. And when the fact is known that near relatives were opposed to each other in the sturdy fight and attempted rescue the case is a remarkable one. In one instance it is reported that a policeman lying behind a low sod-covered chicken coop exchanged shots again and again with his father whose fire from the brushy tangle of rose bushes and weeds at short range killed his comrade beside him.

We cannot give too much honor to these brave fellows. They stood representing the law. It means a great deal that they met the attempted rescue as they did. And Agent McLaughlin deserves great credit for the selection and training of his men. They did not betray his confidence.

A strange mistake occurred after the fight that might have been serious in results. The troops who were sent out from Fort Yates to support the Agency Police were too late to be of service, only reaching the top of the hills that border the valley of Grand River some two miles away, in time to throw three or four shells down upon the victorious policemen. One of these told me, 'The soldiers came after we were through and began firing those guns that shoot twice at us till we thought they meant to kill those of us who still lived.' No one was hurt by these shots, however. It was an instance of how blunders occur.

The tragic affair at Wounded Knee Creek looks worse and worse as more facts come to light.

It is not generally known that when the first capture of Big Foot and his followers took place they were already thirty miles from home and in the usual and direct line of travel to the Cheyenne River Agency in obedience to orders to come in to the Agency. Such, however, is the fact and abundant proof of this is at hand. Having made one hard day's travel they remained in camp the next day and talked matters over. How this happened is not known. Several explanations are given, one implicating others who were supposed to be acting for the government and one throwing the blame upon the better armed and more turbulent of the followers of Sitting Bull, who came over in the mad rush and stampede of fear from Grand River, and whose crazy counsels caused the delay. Whatever the cause of their delay they were here surrounded and captured by Col. Sumner's command. It is supposed that this capture was made to prevent any possible movement in a wrong direction. Certain it is that they had not yet taken the war path, and there is no evidence that shows intention to do this, and which might justify making prisoners of them. Then after the capture, instead

of moving them down the Cheyenne River to the agency, whither they had turned their faces in obedience to orders, they were marched back up the Cheyenne, with the prospect of being taken to Fort Meade. This was a serious blunder.

Another blunder, and from which the most disastrous results followed, was the escape of this band of captured ones. Their capture was an outrage and their escape a disgrace. The captives were marched off in squads, troops marching in the rear of each squad and urging them on their unwilling way. In spite of this precaution it is reported that some of the men slipped out as they were marched through a bottom land heavily grown with underbrush and young timber, and their absence was unnoticed. It may have been owing to this or some other reason that it was decided, when the Indian village was reached, to leave the prisoners at their homes for the night. The troops moved several miles further up the river to their former encampment, and the Indians were ordered to report early the next day to the commanding officer and bring in their guns. To those of us who knew the character of Big Foot and his people this arrangement for the night, and the expectations for the next day, mean gross carelessness and extreme veridancy in management. The Indians had no intention of following the troops up from four to eight miles and dutifully surrendering their guns. By this time fear and distrust had overthrown all reason, and escape became their first desire. Beef cattle were killed, and other preparations completed. Big Foot quietly stole away early in the evening, and before Col. Sumner, expectant and hopeful, learned of their flight they were well over the divide and in the valley of the Bad River on their way to the Bad Lands.

Having known Big Foot for years I can fancy the satisfied grin, while he rubbed his hands and patted himself on the back, his sides shaking with laughter, as he thought how easy it had been to outwit his captor.

After this came the slaughter at Wounded Knee. The Indian side of the story is not likely to have just and judicious hearing. With Indians however their side of the story is the one accepted, and the effect upon them will not be to increase their trust and confidence in the white man. And these accounts of the fight by different Indian witnesses agree so perfectly as to suggest some degree of accuracy. All agree that the first gun was fired by an Indian. A crazy fool of a fellow, Black Fox by name, did this,—and those who still had their guns followed his example.

In Gen. Miles' address to the troops before their return to their respective stations, the statement is made that before the firing commenced forty-eight guns had been surrendered. The Indians claim that they had surrendered *all their guns but a very few*; some say that there were ten guns still in the hands of the owners. One report I have had makes *but two guns* not surrendered at the time of the fight—these two Winchesters. This, of course, is incorrect and possibly there were more than ten. It seems evident however that the claim made by the Indians that the most of their guns were already turned over is not far from being true. As a body they were without arms.

I do not know how many guns were added to these of Big Foot's band from Sitting Bull's following. There were but four men of these, and they were probably armed. With regard to Big Foot's band I know from long acquaintance and personal observation that they were not so generally armed as has been represented. It is my belief that not more than every other man had a gun. I very much doubt if there were over sixty guns taken to Wounded Knee by the Indians with Big Foot. The survivors claim that their people were disarmed and then slaughtered. This, of course, must be taken with many grains of allowance, and yet there is far too much of truth in their tale for us to look upon this miserable affair without the deepest regret and shame.

It has been a matter of curious conjecture

with many of us to know who began this war. Did the Indians go upon the war path and was it to preserve the lives and property of white settlers that this war was waged, or did some one else start out upon the war trail and make use of the Indian as a convenient object of attack?

Official reports show that with the single exception of the murder of Lieutenant Casey and beside those killed in battle, the war has been ended without the loss of a single white man's life. This is strange indeed if we are to regard the Indian as making war upon the white race. It is not in this way that an Indian war—war of the Indian's making—is carried on. I venture that no one ever has known of such an *Indian War* as the one just closed. The fact is that not one Indian in a hundred of our western Sioux had any thought of making war upon the whites, or having an "outbreak" and cutting up generally. They were excited and greatly wrought up in the anticipation of the coming of their Messiah and in many places had set authority and control at defiance. Such action, however, was local and not the result of plan or general concert of action. It was only after additional troops were brought into the country that any movement took place among the Indians that had show of hostility.

In the beginning—and before the beginning it seemed to us—the newspapers had matters pretty much their own way. It was in very truth a newspaper war long before any of us in close contact with the Indians could see the least promise of danger.

Some twenty or thirty of the bad Indians of the Sioux have been taken to Fort Sheridan to be kept till their hearts should become good. And we hear it reported that the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association has recently entertained these representatives from Dakota land and in return for civilities extended the Indians, it is said, were asked to give a dance for the pleasure of their hosts—which they did! Query: Who will go and labor faithfully for the civilization and enlightenment of the Chicago Young Men's Christian Association? Evidently a missionary would find room for usefulness there. But it is to be hoped that the report of this heathen dance benefit for the Y. M. C. A. of Chicago is not true.

Oahe, S. D.

T. L. RIGGS,
in Word Carrier.

DISARMING THE INDIANS.

Commissioner Morgan Gives His Reasons for Objecting to That Plan.

Recently Gen. Morgan, the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, was requested by the Secretary of the Interior to give an expression of views upon the communication of the Governor of South Dakota urging the disarming of the Indians in that state. In his reply Gen. Morgan states:

The reasons for disarming the Indians are obvious and weighty, viz., to prevent them from going on the warpath and to quiet the fears of white settlers in their vicinity. If I thought there was really serious danger of any considerable number of Indians going upon the warpath, or that the surest way of preventing any Indians from becoming hostile was to disarm all, I should be very slow to interpose any objection to the measure. If I felt that white settlers were in serious danger of attack by the Indians and was convinced that their safety demanded the action above suggested I could not well resist it.

But so far as my knowledge extends I can hardly believe that there is now any serious danger of an Indian uprising. I believe the Indians to be for the most part inclined to peace and averse to war. They are sufficiently intelligent to understand at what a fearful disadvantage they would be in a war with the United States. They know our vast resources and are conscious of their own weakness. Moreover many reasons which have existed among them for discontent can be, and by congressional action just had will be, removed.

The settlers in the vicinity of the reservation have been frightened, and not without reason, and yet during all the excitement and in spite of bitter provocation the Indians have attacked no white people in their homes, nor, so far as I know, have they seriously threatened their peace.

Those who have been or are really hostile should unquestionably be disarmed and their leaders severely punished. But during the late trouble in Dakota the great body of the Sioux were friendly, and the innocent should not suffer with the guilty. To make no distinction in the treatment of Indians who took part in the hostilities and those who remained loyal, many of whom suffered for their loyalty, would be an act of injustice, which an Indian is as quick to recognize and resent as a white man.

It would be a great hardship to these Indians to lose their arms, which they greatly prize. They use them in slaughtering their cattle, in hunting and in sport.

It is with some hesitation that I say, and I say it only after very careful deliberation and with sincere sorrow that it must be said, that I greatly fear that the Indians would not be safe, either in their persons or their property, if it were known that they were entirely without means of self-defense. Recent sad events in Dakota, where it is said that women and little children were shot down by soldiers of the United States army and others were ambushed and slain without provocation by citizens (see correspondence in *Washington Star* of January 26, 1891,) have shown us how pitifully defenseless these poor creatures might be if wholly unarmed and unable to protect themselves.

To disarm the Indians generally and leave the whole body of the Sioux smarting under a sense of helplessness and wrong would tend to produce among them a wide-spread feeling of irritation, unrest and distrust, disastrous not only to the peace and prosperity of the Indians but liable in itself to bring about the very danger which the disarming is intended to prevent.

For should the arms that they now possess be forcibly taken from them there is nothing either in the law or in the habits of the people surrounding them to prevent them from arming themselves anew at the earliest opportunity by purchasing from the whites all the arms and ammunition which they are able to pay for.

The prevention of future trouble lies, it seems to me, first, in treating them justly and kindly; second, in maintaining among them a well-disciplined, suitably paid, vigilant Indian police force and lastly in keeping at exposed points a small garrison of troops sufficient in case of great emergency of maintaining order and protecting both Indians and whites.

In view of these considerations, therefore, I feel constrained to advise against the general disarming of the Indians.

A request was received at the Interior Department from the acting governor of Arizona urging the disarmament of the Apache Indians in that territory. This request was referred to the War Department and thence through the military channels. It has been returned with the recommendation of the various army officers from a lieutenant to the major-general commanding, and all unite in opposing such a measure. Capt. Bullis of the twenty-fourth infantry, acting Indian agent at San Carlos agency; First Lieut. C. P. Johnson, tenth cavalry, in charge of the sub-agency, Fort Apache; Capt. Lewis Johnson, twenty-fourth infantry, commanding the military post; Gen. McCook, the general commanding the department of Arizona; Gen. Schofield, the major-general commanding of the army, and finally Secretary Proctor all unite in the view that such a measure would be impolitic, unnecessary and expose the Indians to dangers.—[*Washington Star*.]

Among other visitors since the last issue of the RED MAN, was Mr. George W. Carter, of Atlanta, Georgia, who seemed pleased with all he saw and was especially interested in the choir singing.

For the local news of the school given out in weekly doses take the *Indian Helper*, printed in the RED MAN office. Terms, ten cents a year. Address INDIAN HELPER, Carlisle, Pa.