No. 10.

Subject
"Indiac"

Mara H. Weeks Correspondence
MATTIE LEIGH'S CORRESPONDENCE.

By General O. O. Howard.

To Mrs. P---.

Dear Mrs. P---.

The Government has been very good to us poor Indians. We Indians are very grateful for many good things, but most of all we thank for the books and for the good, kind and patient teachers to teach us wild savages, as we were when the first ones came to us. So I learned to write, to put on the paper the thoughts that are in my heart, and to prove that I am truly grateful, I try to tell you some of them and to fulfill my promises as well. I am glad now that I promised for perhaps it would be more difficult for me to write if I had not done so.

My first recollections date far back. As in a vague dream I see my father, Chief Shenkah. I only have this picture of him in my heart. I did not understand then as I do now. Then he seemed strange, different from any one. Now I know, it was that he was just before entering our dear Father's house in heaven. I was a very little girl and I remember nothing before this event and little about it. My father, pale, wounded in battle, knowing that he could not live to see the sun rise again, lying on the ground, holding me tenderly to his breast.--- My uncle Egan kneeling beside and bending over us with tears in his eyes.
MATTHEW LINCOLN CONRADSEN

To Mr. P.

DEAR MR. P.

The government has grown very large to our poor imagination."

the government has grown very fast to our minds of late as if we

imagine are very fast to our minds of late."

trust for the people and the good, kind and patient goodness of

sarcasm as we some how that what one can say to me

be said to write to put on the paper the thoughts that are in

heart and to prove that I am quite honest."

my heart and to prove that I am quite honest."

that I know more about people."

that I know more about people."

and I only have this picture

and I only have this shape."

in my heart."

in my heart."

in my heart."

through some strange different from my once."

through some strange different from my once."

a very little bit and I remember nothing before this event.

a very little bit and I remember nothing before this event.

and my little point."

and my little point."

and my little point."

and my little point."

has been so long live to see me this time."

has been so long live to see me this time."

has been so long live to see me this time."

has been so long live to see me this time."

my name."

my name."

my name."

my name."

and I must name in the case."

and I must name in the case."

and I must name in the case."

and I must name in the case."

executing service and practicing care as with cases in the year.
"Egan, my brother, the great Spirit calls me -- I must go. I can not take my child with me -- the great Spirit does not call her yet. Would that I could take her with me to meet her mother.

-- Egan -- I leave her to you -- be her father."

These words, I believe, are just the ones my dear father used and wonderful as it seems have remained with me through all these years. My uncle Egan replied, but I do not exactly remember what he laid his hand gently on my father head and then my father said to me: "My daughter -- my little dove -- you do not know what parting means, it is bitter, but we will meet again -- your uncle Egan will be your father and you must be a good daughter to him. Now I go in peace."

This is all I kept in memory of my dear father's last hours. My uncle has always been a father to me, loving and kind, and I have tried to love him as I would have my own father.

This scene, as I said before, is just like a dream to me. It is quite disconnected. Some time, perhaps a year or more, later the memories of my childhood carry me to our camp Howluk, near the borders of Nevada. It was after a fight with the white people and the Indians as usual fared badly. When will my red brothers learn that it is more than foolish to rise against our white brothers? Even now we read and hear of war. We poor women, the innocent little ones and the old and helpless are those who suffer most. But the white man makes war with his white brothers. Why? Red and
"I was at the prison. The Great Spirit called me--I must go."

"Yes, my brother, the Great Spirit calls me--I must go."

"Can you take my arm with me--the Great Spirit goes not call for her.

"Yet--Wouth that I could take you with me to meet the master."

"Yes--I leave you to join--to be your leader."

"These words, I believe, are part of the same my dear Lenten."

And wondering as if to receive letters, I go not exactly remember what

My words mean anything, but I feel the mind of the people and from my letter to you:

"My daughter--my little gone--you go not know about

But I'll be your letter and you want to be a good guardian to him.

Now I go to bed."

This is all I keep in memory of my dear Lenten's last words.

My words are always been a letter to me, loving and kind, and I

have always to love him as I would have my own father.

This scene, as I said before, is just like a dream to me. It

is quite incredible. Some fine prepared a seat at once, later

the prominent of my mind could catch me to our camp. However, meet the

parches of Kansas. I was after a fight with the white people and

the Indians as many times before.

I have been often to the house of the people.

And what I have seen made me feel of war. We poor men, the white

men fight two wars and one of my neighbors also spoke one bitter war.

But the white men we are not with the white people. While we are
white men say they love their wives and children -- then why do they make war and make us suffer, oh, suffer so much, not only our bodies by hunger, sickness, cold, heat -- but our hearts bleed from the moment our dear ones, be they father, brother, husband, lover or friend, depart under the seemingly merry sound of the band and drum. Then comes the terrible time of suspense -- my breath seems to stop to remember it -- the news of death or wounds reach us at home; very few can follow the cry of their heart, to hasten to the beloved one -- there are little ones to take care of at home. Mother do thy duty, Yes -- yes -- but with a heart of woe, sleepless nights of bitter agony. Many a girl would follow her betrothed, or a dear brother -- nay, a feeble father or mother claims her. Trying to be cheerful she remains. Ah, but God sees the struggle, the heart torn by struggling, not knowing which way to turn. The coming back -- those who do return -- maimed in body, sometimes grown wild, drunken and reckless. A boy who left his home, his mother's side a promising young man, just at the time when good influences make, or bad ones mar his life -- returns to be in many cases, alas, morally wounded or maimed, if not morally dead. Yes, who can measure the depths of misery of war and its consequences? I learned at school of wars. I saw war myself. It is horrid. I am no coward, but I do not want war. Men who are so wise to make so many wonderful things, should find a way to do without the shedding of blood and making us shed so many tears. I am only a poor Indian
girl who knows very little, but many of my white sisters think as I do. Forgive me, this was not just what I was going to write, only thinking of that late war and all its terrors made me do it.

Now this is a very long letter and I will say good bye until the next time I write.

Your Mattie.

Dear Mrs. P---.

My childhood's memories, as I began in my last letter, before my aside about war, take me back to Nevada. War was ended at last to our, that is the women's joy. My uncle Egan called his people around him and thus spoke to them:

"The white men take my land -- they drive off my ponies, they kill my children! My brother, the war chief is mad he take the war-path. He is dead now. The red man and the white man fight many suns. Many soldiers, many braves are slain. The young men are buried by the creeks. The red man can not fight the white man. We have not good rifles and good horses, as he has. Our bows and arrows are nothing. Now the white man says "Peace". He says, take a home at Malheur. There is good land, good water and white man's food. The red man and the white man can eat bread together. I say, this is good -- let us go. Egan is done."

Young as I was, I remember the long ride to Malheur. My people were very poor. Many of them were ill from want of proper food or clothes, but as it had been concluded by my uncle, the men of the
Dear Mrs. P.

My situation is very serious, as I am in my last year of life, and I fear to lose my family. We are poor, and I cannot afford to leave the house. My mother has been taken ill, and I must take care of her. The white men take my land and burn my house. They kill my animals. My brother is in the army, and I must take care of him. The white men are the enemy. They are killing my people. We have not enough to eat. They are killing my people. We are dying of hunger. They are killing my people. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger. We are dying of hunger.

I say, "Come to God if you want to know the truth."

Yours sincerely,

[Signature]
tribe, seeing the wisdom of his wishes and advice, all agreed to go. A great number had to go on foot as the ponies, whatever remained of them after the war, were few and nearly worn out.

My good uncle Egan always saw that I was well provided, so a nice mouse-colored pony was to carry me. It was one of the best among all of them. Still it had to carry some goods beside me and these had been put on his back and securely tied before I was perched on the top. Very seldom before had I been allowed to ride alone and now that I have seen an elephant, it seems to me my little steed looked somewhat like one, under his many more voluminous than weighty bundles. His legs seemed very short. At first I was a little afraid, but soon uncle Egan strapped me to the load, gave me a small whip and with pleasant words made me feel quite safe and proud, as I was there up so high, higher than all the others. Sometimes the pony would stop to pick a little food by the side of the trail, then I would use my whip, though it appeared to know that my whippings did not mean a great deal. Our ponies understand us much better than white people. We had several that would not let a white man mount them without showing their disgust in a very plain way, first by objecting, and usually avoiding, to be caught by him; then after being caught, not letting the bridle be put on, twisting his head this way and that way. Oh, how I used to enjoy the fun with my little playmates to watch a "pale face" in his attempts to subdue one of our, to us perfectly gentle, horses. Now to the saddling; Ha! ha! by a wicked little shake of his body
A great number of people were on the roof of the house, watching the...
the blanket would slip out, first on one side then on the other, the saddle would go forward or backward. But the best part of the joke was the mounting. The man would evidently think that all was right now, have the foot very nearly in the stirrup, when horsey would just move a little bit — only enough to sort of make the would be rider hop a little on one foot. Now very funny this appeared to us children and to what undisguised shouts of laughter we gave vent! I must say here that this happened long before I went to school and no one had then ever told me or any of the other little Indians, that it is very unkind and rude to laugh at any one. Still who could help it? Here was a little animal, which any little Indian of four or five years could catch by the mane, jump up and ride to wherever he pleased. Now we thought it was that the man was too stupid and never imagined that our little nags had their likes and dislikes, just like ourselves. We also were pleased at the idea that we Indians could beat the white men in one thing. These white men who brought such wonderful things to us! There is the poor man yet, hopping and I am so sorry to say, swearing — yes we heard and unfortunately some of the men and boys learned to say English words before we went to school, but they were words which no good and respectable Indian ever used or suffered to be used within his hearing, if he could possibly prevent it, after he was told what they meant. Now he thinks he is on! Please don't count your chickens before they are hatched, Mr. horseman on foot! Just look at the nip pony would give him, somewhat
It's time to make a little pit -- only enough to stand or kneel on.

How very funny some of the Indian's part to be very nifty and to wear magnificent sheets of feathers at beauty to its attention and to wear magnificent sheets of feathers.

I want my name that this happened. I want to know if it is very nifty and to learn to dance at any one.

Still we say, oh! What? What a little meaning! Where my fit?

Some men say, why? Where our cave songs eet. If the men, jump up, and the dancers in front of the men, jump up, and the dancers in front of the men, jump up, and the dancers in front of the men, jump up.

Read my name that we Indians some bone the white men in one little sense.

This white men and produced such magnificent sheet so nice.

There is the bear man not important and I am so sorry to say.

And -- you we never will understand some of the way my parent

Learning to say anything more polite we want to speak and given

more words among to keep our read and respectable Indian now make an utterance.

Seems to be made worldwide now and to keep,
like a little puppy's snap, not at all dangerous but enough to make
the man more uncomfortable. There are very few things which I ever
enjoyed quite so well as we children enjoyed these performances. I
have seen a regular circus since, but it was nothing like it. Was
it very wicked, I wonder? I truly hope not, as I must confess that
I would walk many a mile to see such fun again. At last he gets
on and if an expert stays on, but under difficulties, so to speak.
I have seen some quite old and steady animals rehearse their first
breaking, when they had to be blinded, thrown, etc., in order to be
mounted at all. And we had an old donkey. His name was Wee'choo.
Will some of the children, to whom you will perhaps show my letters
be very much shocked if, but please remember that I am only a squaw
after all, and they will forgive me, I must give a hearty cheer for
our old donkey. No white man or woman ever rode him. Though not
because no one tried to do so. When his obstinacy became known
frontier men and boys made it a point of great ambition to ride
Egan's donkey. No vaquero, far or near had refrained from trying
their utmost to get on Wee'choo's back. At every race or Indian
feast our donkey was a source of great merriment. I wish that I
could give you some of the ridiculous positions old Wee'choo got his
aspiring riders into. Well, I am sorry to say, that many a dollar
was lost and won about him. I remember, oh who could ever forget
him? one tall long limbed Irishman! His legs, if he ever could have gotten on Wee'choo would have dragged on the ground. Well he
looked like a grasshopper trying to get on him. The nearest he
like a little puppy wouldn't want to stay around. The way they move, uncomplicated. They are not very funny when I hear people doing tricks to impress me. I have seen a lot of other animals since, but I have noticed that if I walk quietly I may not hear them. I wonder if I could see so many little things to see many more things. At least I go here I walk much as if to see many things more. In any case, I can explore some of my everyday experiences. I have seen some during my everyday experiences. In order to please myself, I have tried to go painting, listening and in order to please myself, I have wanted to see it. And we had a little garden. His name was Wee-Wee. We went to the market to see now we'll perhaps show us figures, I will some of the alligators to show you will perhaps show us figures. I will some of the alligators. I put them under a few so that I can only a show of a very much hooked. It's just like to remember me. I won't give a penny more. An alligator is a monkey. No white men or women ever take him. Thompson not. When the alligator became known. When the alligator became known. It's just like to remember me. It's just like to remember me. It's just like to remember me. I won't give a penny more. An alligator is a monkey. No white men or women ever take him. Thompson not. When the alligator became known. When the alligator became known. It's just like to remember me. It's just like to remember me. It's just like to remember me. I won't give a penny more. An alligator is a monkey. No white men or women ever take him. Thompson not.
ever got to it was to jump entirely over him and sit flat down on the ground, amid the laughing and shouting of the spectators. No one ever was hurt and Weechoo became dearer to us every day. Perhaps you will easily understand though, when I tell you, why some old river-bed or other sandy place was always chosen for "the Weechoo Circus". With us the old animal was so tame that no mother in our tribe would for a moment hesitate to put any child on his back which could sit up straight and was strong enough to hold on to his mane. He became very old, so old that he had not a single tooth in his mouth. Then he would drink milk and often we would grind his barley, corn or wheat and soak it and he seemed to understand our care and appreciate it. I think animals always do, what do you think about this, dear Mrs. P---? Will you please tell me about it in your next letter? And also if it was very wicked to laugh and end enjoy the fun about the ponies and the white men.

I always remember you and your great kindness.

Your Mattie.
Dear [Name],

I hope you are doing well and that you are finding your time abroad enjoyable. The news from home is quite exciting, and I am looking forward to hearing all about your adventures.

I am writing to ask you about some important matters. First, I wanted to confirm that the package I sent has arrived safely. It seems to have been delayed, but I am hopeful that it will be on its way soon. Please let me know if you have any concerns about the package.

Secondly, I wanted to inquire about the status of the project we discussed over the phone last week. I am eager to hear your thoughts and feedback on the progress so far. If you have any updates or suggestions, please feel free to share.

I am also curious about your experiences with the language. Have you encountered any unexpected challenges or surprises? I would love to hear about your learning journey and any insights you have gained.

Finally, I wanted to extend my gratitude for your kindness and support throughout this process. Your assistance has been invaluable, and I appreciate your willingness to go above and beyond.

I look forward to hearing from you soon. Please take care and stay in touch.

Yours sincerely,
[Your Name]
Mrs. F---. to Mattie.

My dear Mattie:

It is a long time since we have parted, and I really intended to write much sooner, but a long journey and trying to get settled in a new place kept me from it. Nothing kept me from thinking of you though, my dear child, and I know well without asking that you have not forgotten your old friend and teacher. Am I right or wrong, Mattie? I have some little nephews and nieces and other young friends here, who continually ask me about while my life and experiences among you people. They would love to hear all about the little black Indians, and do you know that some of them think that Indians can not learn anything? So I thought that I would remind you of your promise and that you would write me, then these little folks could read your letters and in this way get better answers to their questions than I could give. To hear from you would give me a great deal of pleasure, and as I know so well that you are always quite ready to give pleasure, I expect to hear from you very soon. Give my love to Leigh and to Sarah. Indeed I could send many messages, but must condense them into a few words, tell all your people that I remember them very kindly, and that I always pray that our dear Father in heaven will bless them and make them good and better every day. If any of the other young men or women who came to school would like to write to me, tell them that I would be very glad and that I would surely answer all their letters.

Your loving teacher.
MY DEAR MOTHER:

It is a long time since we have parted, and
I dearly long to write and see you. How I long to hear from you! My heart is in a knot to get settled in a new place. I hope we shall be happy and that you will do well. I am thankful that you have not forgotten your old friend and teacher.

I am afraid I may be wrong, Mother. I have some little experience now in my life and experience many people. That would have to be
written into this letter. I have some little pleasant and many others that are not so pleasant. So I thought that I would write and tell you what you have written me.

I want to know of your home and how you are doing and if you have any of these little letters that have come to you. Does it work? Can I give my love to your friends? I can give my love to your friends. I know how you feel about your friends and I know how you feel about your friends.

I am very happy, and I hope you are happy. I am very happy, and I hope you are happy. I am very happy, and I hope you are happy. I am very happy, and I hope you are happy.

I want to know if you are any one of your friends. I want to know if you are any one of your friends. I want to know if you are any one of your friends. I want to know if you are any one of your friends. I want to know if you are any one of your friends.
Dear Mattie: Your last letter reached me in due time and, my dear child, and as I know by experience that praise will make you glad but never proud or conceited I must tell you that among all the letters I have ever received, there are very few that I would change for yours. Your lines have made me very happy indeed—and if you could have seen the faces and bright eyes of my little friends when I read to them your letter, you would justly feel proud. How nicely you tell me about all the things that you remember, now let me tell you about a few things which I treasure up in my memory. To begin with the name. I felt inclined to change Malheur into Bonheur which means good fortune instead of bad fortune. The dear old place has been a source of more good than bad to you and to me and to a great many of your people. When I arrived there not long before you came with your people, my brother the Agent was there already. The houses had been built, rude and comfortless they seemed to me, and I did not feel very cheerful. Then came the news that a band of lawless Putes were coming, and I became a little afraid, but as soon as I saw your uncle Egan and you, little black, bright-eyed thing that you were I felt that fear was not necessary. I remember how nice you looked in your quaint mantilla dress and how good and attentive you were in school. I remember the pretty flowers you brought me and how radiant you looked when I told you that I loved flowers very much, and put them into a vase and placed it at my desk. I remember also, and with deep love, my dear girl, how plainly you showed your true love for me. When I had to correct a child for anything, perhaps position or
DEAR MISTRESS

Your last letter received me in good time.

...my late sister, and I know by experience that praise will make you fly for never having or accomplishing what I feel you could.

Yes, these have made me very happy in...and if you could have seen the face and spirit of my foster parents when I...how nicely you call me short, etc. the troubles that you bear how...your patience, how do I call you short, how do you want a...enough. I...in my memory. To begin with the same...well drawn into Romano which means board...some...The great old place has been a source of more good times and...so far...to your way to me to a great many of your people...When I re-...living there not long before you came with your people, my proper...the Advent we have spent...the war we have spent...the years we have spent...the years we have spent...the years we have spent...the years we have spent...the years we have spent...the years we have spent...I remember how nice your look to in your...I remember...Greek and many adventures you went to...when I told you that I...where have you gone. I...I remember...I remember the...I...and with great...to me...
a little noise with feet or slate pencil, you always helped me by
your good example. You showed indeed that you loved me, oh how
much better than some children who tell their mother or teacher"
"darling mamma, or dear Miss So and so," but are naughty and willful,
ever trying or not often trying to overcome their naughty and
wrong inclinations. Yes my dear Mattie, I have carried away
many pleasant pictures in my heart, from Malheur, but this loving little girl
is the most pleasant and the most dear to me.
After a long and tedious journey we reached Malheur. Oh, what some of the poor sick people suffered during this trip! As I was so young, and being the orphan daughter of their well-beloved, late chieftain, I had the best of everything and I never knew what it was to be hungry or cold, but a great many of our people were very poor and for those the hardships of this voyage must have been very great. Remember also, we had left our home to go to a strange place. We were to be put unto a Reservation—a thing about which very few of the men of the tribe knew anything, they all looked forward to something horrible, some sort of prison. Had my uncle Egan seen some other way to provide for his people, he would never have gone there,—never have used all his influence to make his people follow him there. But what were they to do? Our land in Nevada had been taken away by white people. Every place, which we had held, where there was good soil and good water was being claimed! And so we came to Malheur. Some one told us that the word means "misfortune," and that made the people more gloomy.

At last we arrived. I remember so well when I first saw you, dear Mrs. P—-. No white person ever had spoken so kindly to me, nor looked at me as kindly. I felt it, the first time I looked into your eyes. I could not speak to you, and I did not understand a word of what you said, but the voice was so kind and I longed to know what you said.

Your brother the "Tyee" (Indian Agent, or in fact any person
After a long and tedious journey we reached the camp. Of course, see more of the poor black people, multitudes gathered outside the camp. We were so hungry and began to eat. The atmosphere was filled with the smell of food. I had seen the poor at every place and I have seen and heard it all. It was so apparent to both, past a certain mark of our earthly walk, every book may say the words of the prophets, but all the words that have been many.

Breath, we are, I am, and I am who I am. We are no more. The words of the prophet, some sort of blunder. I have been away from some other man to breathe for his people, no matter what, I have seen and heard. The words have been said to us. May the people follow him there. But what, we are here to get our place in heaven and been taken and white people. Hard times, we were held there were more black and good natured, and there were once.

And so we came to Mafeking. Some one told me that the words mean 'Mafeking', but that means the people were pleased. At last we arrived. I remember to say when I left that year, you, dear wife? I don't. I will never forget you. I am well. I hope it is the same. I am glad you are well. I am glad you are well. I am glad you are well.

Your letter is 'Thee' (Tear) from your or in tears, my dearest.
in command) as we called him was very good too, and dear Sarah, who from the first was like a sister to me. I am so glad that I learned to write and that I can now tell you on paper what I would never have spoken.

Do you remember the first School-day? I came in a funny manta dress. I say funny now, but then I thought it very pretty. My good aunt had combed my hair nicely, so that I felt quite satisfied with myself. Little, yes and big Indian girls like to look well the same as white girls and women. There were a good many children to come that morning. Our feelings were a mixture of being afraid and excited, but we were glad also for we had already come to the conclusion that we would love you. What was a school? Some one of our tribe who understood a little English, had told us that we were to learn to live like white people -- to be like white people. Would we like that? We had seen how wicked white people could be. Had not they taken our land? Had they not killed so many of our people? Before there were any white people, the old men and women said that they were very happy.

Sarah explained, that the greatest part of the difference between us was knowledge on one side and ignorance on the other. She urged all the parents of our tribe to send their children, assuring them that we would be kindly treated, as we truly were.

Oh, how my little heart beat as I entered the school-house. There was the Tyee, your brother, uncle Egan, Sarah and several of the oldest and most honored members of our tribe.
Dear Grandma,

I am so glad you are doing well and that you are healthy. I hope you are enjoying your retirement and that everything is going smoothly for you.

I am feeling much better now and I am happy to hear from you. I really miss you and I hope to see you soon.

Take care of yourself and try to stay healthy. I love you,

[Signature]

P.S. I have been working hard on my studies and I am doing well. I am also trying to learn more about the history of the town and the community. I hope to share some of my findings with you soon.
When I looked at you, all my fear was gone and I felt happy at once. There were a great many things too to take up all the attention of every child present. Oh, those pretty pictures! How wonderful we thought them! horses, dogs, cats, birds, trees, flowers and so many things which we never had seen before. These children of whom you speak in your letter, dear Mrs. P---, have always seen pictures they can not imagine how surprised we little Indians were at seeing them for the first time. We liked them all the better for being small, we readily saw that had they been the actual size of things but represented, there would not have been room in the school-house for very few of them. Soon the room was full of children; some were quite large, but as they did not know any more than the smallest they were all anxious to learn.

You spoke in English and Sarah spoke the words you said to my uncle and he then spoke to us children, that we must be very good and obedient, that we must always mind you and do what you said as well as we could. The great father in Washington had sent you to teach us and it was well for us. This impressed all the children deeply, as uncle Egan, chief of the tribe, was much respected by all the people and feared by some. After this you took a large book and wrote all our names, but how strange it all seemed to us then. We wondered if we ever would be able to learn this, we doubted it very much. We had never seen anyone write before, and just try to make yourself an idea of how very wonderful every thing must have appeared to us, when you immediately could tell so many
When I looked at you, my heart was gone and I felt happy to once...

There were great many images to look up all the satisfaction of
each city's beauty. Of course, beauty, pride, from towns and so
through them. Places, gorgeous, there... from there... and so
many places which we never had seen before. These spirits of whom
you speak in your letter, dear Mr. H--- have shown new positions
and you can not imagine how enchanting little imagination made of
me.

I liked from the moment I told the letter. For the first time, I told
myself that I have been the most of spirits. I told myself that you
would not have done so in the position you are in. You know
what you are after all a little, and I don't know the smallest
difference. Can you know you only at all...

You spoke in your letter and several spoke the words you only to
myself. You spoke in your letter and several spoke to me. And we
must be very good with each other. That we must be very good
with each other. That we must sit down with you and we will be
and you will see how.

The great letter in Washington had sent you to

Please me and it will be well for me. The impression of the call, to

goodbye, as you have said. I hope you will write me again. After this
year you took a large

If I had been there, we would not have been. After this
year you took a large

We were so happy to go over. We had never been through the gate, and

Almost did to make you feel as you feel now, as you are now, and what it is...
different names. Some times you made a mistake and called one a child by an other one's name, but not very often. We thought that you were very wise, almost as wise as our Too-at(medicine-man). Then you made us say your name, and some of the children could not say it, some were too much afraid. I tried, and you said "good, very good". I knew what that meant, and since I have always thought of you as "good, very good Mrs. P--". Please do not laugh at this now, little child as I was I felt your kindness, and you made of me what I am to-day. When I saw that I had pleased you I was very anxious that all the children should try, for it was not hard at all to say you name, so I whispered to my nearest neighbor to try and say it. She did try and said it much better than I did. Soon all could, and you looked pleased and I know that we felt just the same. Then came the "good morning", which gave us a little more trouble, but you were so patient, so that was learned too.

Now for the first reading lesson! You hung one of the pretty pictures where all could see it plainly, we saw a cat. The first thing on top of the chart, (you told us that that was the name for it,) was a cat. You showed us three signs which you called c - a - t. We repeated these letters and very soon we knew cat was the English name for this little animal. Now wonder of wonders! The first writing lesson, the blackboard, slates and slate-pencils! Do you remember, dear Mrs. P----., how much trouble we gave you to teach us to hold our slate pencils in the right way? How we would double up
our fingers and scratch as though we were going to plow! What a fright we all got when little Tay-hue broke his pencil! We thought that you would surely get very angry, but you only told us that we must not press so hard or we would break all the pencils in a very short while. Then you gave him another one, and poor Tay-hue who had looked ready to cry brightened up. You made some lines on the blackboard, and told us to do the same on our slates. We enjoyed this very much, it was like a new game to us. After a while you told us to rub out what ever we had on the slates, and gave us nice little pieces of cloth, which were damfo do it with. We did not like to do this for we were very proud of our what we thought very pretty lines and wanted to show them to our people at home. We were very glad though when we saw that we could make as many lines as we pleased and rub them out and then make as many more as we liked. We all enjoyed this a great deal, for myself I thought it the nicest play I had ever seen.

Presently that round thing that hung on the wall, which had been making a low noise gave ten loud sounds, very pretty sounds. You made Sarah explain to us about time, but I did not understand a great deal about it until much later. Not one of us children had ever seen a clock. My father had had a watch, uncle Egan had it now. I was told that it cost two ponies, but it was worth nothing, for no one could wind it. Now I also know that the mean person who took two ponies for that old brass watch must have been a thief.

We were all bending over our slates making lines, as busily
Dear [Name],

Ourliced spay operation as though we were coming to town. What a
strange sight we all. One little Teitumeet, produce the benefit. We
smoke...and smoke. you can now smoke for a week, but you only sell me short.

You have done it before, one and your American white.

I hope you have some time on

and looked around at the plasticine of

the breakfast, and told me to go to the same as our master.

We are

have this very much, it are like a you came to us. After a while

you told me to keep out what ever we may on the paper, and come

next little piece of cloth, which were 2000° to it with. We did

not like to go into it, for we were very hungry of our work, we

were very hungry, and wanted to show them to our people at home.

We were very hungry, and wanted to show them to our people at home.

I am as poor as I can, and they make as much more as

the little boy that I met at your.

Perhaps that wonderful thing that would not the well, watered

been wanting a few weeks ago to come some very happy someone.

Your love stays exploits to an open time, but I did not understand

a great deal about it until many later. My letter was not a letter, write down your

if how. I am sorry that I could not bring it. You will know that give, until we

you made your two bones. I that eat and please watch must have done a

reply.

We were all parents over our station and slide times as promptly.
as if our lives had depended upon it, we heard another pretty noise. You had rung your little call-bell. How nice this sounded to us! We had never heard a bell before, only once on our trip here a funny sounding thing which a horse had around its neck. But it did not sound as nicely as your bell. Well, we all looked up and Sarah told us to go out. I was very sorry, but quickly became glad, when she said "do not go far away, not farther than the creek, to drink water or to wash your hands, for you must come again in a little while, when you hear the bell again."

Oh, how our tongues wagged, as we went out, for we had been told, not to talk to one another in the schoolroom, and I am very proud to say that we had not done so. I think that this was very good in us children when we had so much to say, it was hard, nobody knows how hard though, to keep still, but when we were outside we made up for it. We all agreed that you were lovely, and that school was better than anything else, except some of us thought a feast. I put it even before the feast and so did a good many of the girls. "And did you see this? And did you notice that? You should have seen my lines, I made them so beautifully!" Such and other like exclamations came from all the children. There was one thing about which we were badly puzzled, a square thing, it had ten wires stretched across and nice little red, white and blue balls, also ten of them on each wire. We wondered if that thing would make sounds like the bell or the clock. You see I had already counted a little in Indian. My uncle Egan had taught me to count up to ten on my fingers and with sticks. When the men
As I can, I've been gathering about it. We have another pretty note.

You had yours 'little soft-pot.' You've quite a number to buy.

We have never seen a soft pot," only once on our trip here a month

somewhere which will take our fancy to the week. But if the pot

saw, so much as a cut on your pot! We'll need bio every step.

that we've been to go out. I was very sorry, but quite a pleasure. Eigh-

when she said "go out to the snow," not that I am afraid of the snow.

to drink water or to wear your pants. You can meet some again in a

little while." When you hear the bell sir.

Oh, how our commander weeded as we went out, for we had been

told not to talk to one another in the schoolroom, and I am very

honest to say that we had not gone so. I think that these were very

used to our children when we had no money to pay. It was lone.

know how you handle yourself to keep still, but when we were at home we

were all there, for when you were lonely, and that

least. But if you boys take the least and go a long march

the little. And while you see what? And did you notice that?

You should have seen my vines. I make them so beautifully. I made

a few other little experiments come from all the children. There are

one thing about which we were badly missing a chance, that it had

ten wide booted shoes and nice little legs, white and blue

ballet. And you can do the same on the track. You see I can do it

learn a little to balance. My mother knows her children so

want me to show my pictures and write stories. When I am finished...
played I, as my uncle's pet was allowed to go where no other little Indian girl dared to go, but somehow after my father's death, I always followed my uncle, and he never sent me away, but always treated me with great kindness and love, so I clung to him and learned more than other little girls of my age. Do not think that I say this with pride, but it is only the truth.

When the bell rang again we were all ready to go in. You told us to take the same seats which we had before. Now we found out what the square thing that had puzzled us so much was for, it was a counting frame. We enjoyed the fun of our first Arithmetic lesson very much indeed. Now we made one, two, three lines, lifted one, two, three fingers, one, two, three balls, and so on. We also soon learned red, white and blue. One red, or two red, three blue, and so on. We children became quite excited about it. Oh, I remember every thing so well, how pleased you were and always said "very well, very good."

There is only one unpleasant thing I can think of that first morning. We little wild ones had never sat on benches before, or certainly not for so long a time and we got very tired and stiff, yes our bones ached, but after a few days we did not mind it any more. It was hard work at first, to sit up straight and not to make a noise, but we tried to be good, for we loved to hear you say "good boy, good girl or good children, I am happy to see you try so hard". We soon understood those words.

Perhaps you will get tired reading all this. I wonder if you will! But to me these recollections are very dear and sweet.
With what love I remember some of the school-children! There was Xavier, nearly twenty years old, or perhaps more. He had his second wife already, but he came to school and tried to learn, and he always was so good. If you only could have understood when he advised some of the smaller boys to behave and not to be noisy. I love to think of him. Wa-hoo was the one who gave him, and you as well, the most trouble. He was so full of mischief! Oh, I could write a dozen letters about his doings, some only funny, but some quite wicked! Do you ever think of poor little Tay-hue?

Poor little fellow, he was so stupid and good, trying so hard, as hard as ever he could, but somehow letters and words would not sound right out of his mouth. I am sorry that we cannot put pictures of sounds on paper, but I forget you white people can, and then you read them like words and you can make them sound on the Piano or on some other instrument. But no one could picture Tay-hue's sounds.

Well, he never spoke quite plainly in our own language. You should see him now, he has grown up into a very nice young man and has married — oh won't you laugh! but never will guess who, he married little La-loo, and confessed, that he loved her from the time she tried to teach him what to say in school. Often I saw the two behind some bush or rock and La-loo would try so hard to make him repeat things exactly, but he was so awkward about it, and when she thought that now he knew a few words he was sure to forget or mix them up before you asked him, through fright, for he was very much afraid, poor child, he knew that he did not do as well as some
With what tone I remember some of the key moments of my life. He had fire
and zeal, his fiery temper was of border line on perpetually. He had his
seasons, with storms, cut he came to school and spoke to parents, and
students. I think about him. If you only could have understood when he
spoke some of the smarter people to prevent my not to play. I
love to think of him. We were one, we gave him, and you
were so full of mischief. Oh, I
could write a good letter on his courage, some only friendly.

some days wicked! Do you ever think of poor little boy?

Your little fellow, he was so soliciting and good, trying to hard, as
hard as ever he could, put some one else, and make working not
money. I am sorry that we can not but picture
right cut of the money.

If you ever forget, you with people can, and you
are some one else. But I forget, you write people can, and you can
keep them from wrong, and you can make them strong on the line of on
some other instrument. But no one can copy pictures. You
ought.

Well, he never spoke during periods in our own languages. You ought
see him now, he is per, clean nu into a very nice young man and
many
wonderful - do want you forget! But never will these two, who we witnessed
little Jo-jo, and correctness, that be wrong. For the time the

strange to reason him want to say is stupid. Other I am the two

peeling some paper at look any - Jo Jo want not to hard. To make him
repeat times exactly, put in we do extraordinary sport it, and what who
spontaneous. Then he forego you see him. 'Thank you' little Jo-jo. That
not be any very much

seen. Look alike, to know what to think. Go as well as some
statement, look alike, to know what to think. Go as well as some
of the others. I never was afraid of you, dear Mrs. F—. I think of it now, after so many years, when one morning you read to us out of the "Good Book", the bible, as we called it, that: Perfect love casteth out fear. I know it is written for between our dear heavenly Father and all his children, but I hope that I was not wrong when I took it just as well for you and me. You see I had no mother and I had more love to give than the other children.

Did you ever dream how very dear you were to me? I could not show my love, I could not speak to you. When you, as soon as you thought that we could understand began to tell us about God, about Jesus, His son our dear Saviour and Redeemer, you became more dear to me every day. You told us that all things came from Him and that we must thank Him and love Him very much. I would think of all you said to us when I went home, and from your words came such lovely thoughts to me! You told us that we could speak to this Father in heaven just as we would to a dear friend, and one day I told Him how I wanted to thank Him for having sent you to us.

I had come to the conclusion that it must be God himself who sent you to us and not the great father in Washington. All good things come from Him. So many beautiful and lovely things around me grew more beautiful and lovely, yes a thousand times more so! I can not quite say what I felt or what I feel, but I think that you will understand me. Before I looked at every thing around me, as without heart or thought, and you woke up my soul, and things became more precious. I know, there are so many poor people whose
I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." I never was afraid of you. "Good Man." 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soul is asleep yet, they do not know how God's love improves every thing. I wish that I could tell you how one thing after another came out clearly into the sunshine of His love. I could love all people better, and I believe every one loved me better. I was ashamed sometimes and afraid that I did not deserve so much kindness. The song of the birds sounded sweeter — the flowers had grown brighter and more beautiful than ever before. Oh, how poor my words seem — I feel so much more than I can tell! I am very glad that I could understand something already when my soul was waked up, because I believe I could appreciate it better, but again I almost envy little children who hear of Him as soon as they come into this world. There is so much to learn of Him, that no matter how soon one begins and keep on till one is as old as old Wo-haw, or ten times as old, one never learns enough and it seems to me only a very little part of what there is to know.

Do you remember old Wo-haw? He is alive yet and always asks about you whenever he sees me, or as he is blind you know, as often as I see him. Won't you please send him a message in your next letter? It would make him so happy I know.
I want to express my heartfelt gratitude for your love and care. I wish that I could tell you how much I appreciate your presence in my life. You have been a constant source of comfort and support. Your kind words have always lifted me up, and I am thankful for your patience and understanding.

The work of the piano sounds sweeter with your voice, and I feel more connected to the music when you play it. Your presence enriches my life in ways I cannot fully express. I am forever grateful for your love and encouragement.

I hope that our souls find peace and happiness, and that we continue to grow together. May our path be filled with joy and love. Thank you for being such a wonderful presence in my life. I am so grateful for your friendship and all the memories we have created together.

Do you remember that time we went to the beach and had a wonderful day? I will always cherish those memories. Please know that you are always in my heart and mind. I hope that you find joy and peace in your own life, just as you bring so much to me.

I love you.
Oh, dear Mrs. F----, why did you write me such a kind, sweet, lovely letter? I kissed it and pressed it to my heart and read it—oh so many times. Was that wrong? I thanked God for it too, for I believe, He must have told you just what to write, for only He, who sees all our hearts, could know what would make me so happy. But I thought, if some one else had written the same letter, would it make me so happy? I think not, but you always said "God is love", so I do not think that we can have too much of it, for who can have too much of God? I felt so good after reading your letter, that I wanted to make everybody else feel good too. What could I do, I thought to myself, to make some one as happy as I was? I thought of old Rosario; now you perhaps you remember that I never did like her very much, but I knew that nothing would please you better, than if I tried to overcome this dislike. So I went to her hut and took her some of my things, and spoke very kindly to her. Some of your own goodness and kindness must have come in your dear letter and gone into me, or I could not have been so kind to her. It seems funny, but I felt as if I could almost love her too. Well, I suppose, if one has real love for anyone in one's heart, there is no room for anything dislike or hate for any one else.

I am very happy that you liked my letter and as you wish it, I will just go on with my memories, as well as I know how. I am afraid that I will make you tired, though.

Let me recall when the first visitors came to the Reservation. Do you remember them? Little Fanny with her mamma and aunt?
Oh, great Miss L.--- Why did you write me such a kind, sweet,

of your love? I know it by my presence in your heart and head.

very letter? We never knew we were —— or to you, too.

as we need all our nearest, and know what makes me so happy.

But I thought, "If someone were writing this same letter, would

it make me so happy? I think not, but you write and "you to

love" so I do not think that we can have too much of it. You once

can have too much of God. I feel so good after receiving your letter.

That I wanted to make everybody else feel good too. What can't

I do, I thought so myself, to make someone as happy as I want

to make myself and everything. How you partake, you remember that I never

spend my time on the negative, but I know that nothing would please you

good. I think I could overcome this difficulty. So I want to get better,

then I think to overcome this difficulty. And then some, if I spend a

bit and took part of some of my time, and spoke very kindly to her.

Your love, your kindness, and kindness, and have none in your own

letter and gone into me, as I cannot not have seen so kind to you.

It seems fairly, but I feel as if I cannot write you too long.

Well, I suppose; if one has kept you warm in one's heart,

time is no room for extremes. Either too far or too near one other.

I am very happy that you think of me. And as you write

If I will just go on writing my sentences as well as I know how

and think that I will make you think, too.

Let me nearest men, the right athletes come to the recognition.

Do you remember, sweet Miss L., and plan yourself some more?
Fanny was beautifully dressed and looked very lovely to us in her fair curls and pretty ribbons and lace collar. She came to school and you told her that she might stay, if she wished to, but "you must be very good, Fanny dear," you said, "for I do not want these Indian children to outdo you." Fanny looked a little offended, but she remained. Well, the first thing she did was to spit on her slate. Oh, what a grunt of horror went around from one little Indian to the other - why we never had thought of such a thing - the little pig! how could she do such a thing on one of our dear nice slates! And then you said, "Oh Fanny, you must not do that, Mattie, lend her your little rag to clean her slate." I did, but the little lady said "oh we always do it in our school." I was quite shocked, and so were all the other children. Then she drummed with her slate pencil on her slate; she did not look so pretty anymore I thought. I wonder, if children know that they are not pretty at all if they are naughty and ill behaved, no matter how fine the clothes are which they wear. Now that I have seen other schools, I think that we had the best school and the best teacher in the world. There are many schools of course, where children know more than we did, but I have not seen one where the children were so good and obedient. And do you know why? Just because you were so kind and we loved you so much. If all the teachers could win the hearts of their pupils, teaching would not be as hard work as it is generally thought and learning would
Happy were beautifully green and looking very lovely to us in our
last minute any pretty rippled my face coffee. She came to school
and you cold feel that she might might. It see strange to put "son"
may I go not want more.
"Look, look a little alternate" I imagine alteration to notice you.
Wet! the first thing she did was to whip an
her state of water a lump of pollen went sprawling from one little
- imagine to the other - may we never not forget or such a thing.
the little life! now county who know a single one of our great
make mistakes! And they who said, oh happy, you may not go there.
make mistakes! Now why your little one to clean for estate. I give but
"the little lady since" we slay go to in our report.
Then she was quite spoken and no one of the other children.
I remember it alteration know that they
were not beauty at all if they were marriage and till belonging to me-
see other women. I think that we here the best school of the
best teacher in the world. There are many schools of science
where alteration know more than we did, but I have not seen one where
the alteration were to look any different. And go you know what.
If I tell

be much easier too.

One of the funniest things I can think of now is when the maps came. You remember the large one of the United States? There were different colors to represent the different States, but we children first thought that the land so represented was red, green or yellow. It took a long while before we understood what you told us. We could not make ourselves a picture of the ocean. We had seen lakes, but I remember when afterwards I came to San Francisco and I saw that grand sight - I stood without words, but my soul was raised, it seemed to swell like this beautiful water before me - tears came to my eyes and almost unconsciously I said:

"Our Father, who art in heaven, / there I stopped, took breath and only said, "for thine is the kingdom and the power and the glory for ever." Oh, how can so many people say that there is no God! Where are their eyes? But, perhaps the poor things have not had a single one to wake up their souls, and we can only see and fully enjoy things, if we have God who is love in our hearts. Am I not right, dear Mrs. P----?"

Now I come to the most pleasant recollection of my young life, and of course you know what I refer to - our dear soldier father's General Howard's visit. How he took all our hearts by storm! Do you remember? How the little children crowded around him? It made me think of the beautiful verse in the Bible "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." Why, he even
let them eat off his plate, and I know that they often had the larger share of the frugal camp meal. He never seemed to get tired and they instinctively felt his good will toward them. He spoke to me, and I understood nearly all he said, and Sarah told me the rest. Oh, I wanted to speak to him so much, but I was ashamed. I wondered often then why everybody loved General Howard so much; now I know why. It was because he had so much of God's love in his own heart and people could not help loving him. Now I will tell you something, but I do not know exactly if you can tell what I mean. When I used to see a man who had only one arm or one foot, I always was very sorry for him, but when I saw General Howard— all at once I thought his arm is in heaven and I could not be so sorry any more. Why did I never think of that before, I wonder. I had seen several people with one arm and one foot.

You must not let any one see this letter, dear Mrs. P---, for I am afraid that it is not quite right for a poor Indian girl like me to say things about a great man, a Major General.

All the people were so happy, so uncle Egan thought that it would be nice to have a feast, a big feast of rejoicing. Never before had the great father in Washington sent such a man as General Howard to see and to speak to the Indians. I know why, do you?

For there is no one like him to send. The feast was a very good one. Every heart was happy. The people sang and made a lot of noise and as Sarah and I very late at night were going from the place where the dance...
for years and years and I know that you're angry and you hate me. He never seemed to get over it. He never seemed to get over his anger. And then I went to see him and we talked about it. He spoke with me and I understood his hurt. He was right and I realized how foolish I was. Men can be so blunt.

I wanted to open to him on my part and I wanted to make things right. I wanted to change how I was perceived and how I was being perceived. It was because I was no longer General Hospital, no more. Now I know why. He and the people couldn't stand to hear my voice. Now I will tell you something, but I do not know exactly if you can tell what I mean. When I was a boy and people would not speak to him. Now I will tell you something. I don't know why but I can't help but feel that I have seen several people with one aim and one goal.

You want not just one but two things. What is it? I can understand that it is not without some a major benefit. I have always been very sorry for him, but when I was General Hospital and all of once I thought I might be in reason and I could not be. Why did I never think of that before? I never. I never thought of that before. I never thought of that before.
place where the dancing was going on, we met the General and he asked: "Why, girls, what is all this noise about? Are the Indians going to fight?" As it was night, I summoned up courage and said: "No night, no night." He was very much pleased at my attempt, but all the next day I hid from him for I felt more ashamed than before.

Sarah's brother, Lee, came from Nevada when he heard that General Howard was here. Many of the Indians from there came with him to see our good soldier father.

The sad day soon came though, when we had to say farewell to our best friend. Oh, we wanted to keep him with us so much, for all the time. He explained to us that he belonged to his country and that he had to go where duty called him. We were very sad to see him leave. He said, when he saw so many tears, "Children, remember that we will see each other again in heaven, if not here."

From that day I tried much harder to be good, so that I would go to heaven too. I do not know if it is wrong to try to be good for a purpose of my own. I am a poor, stupid Indian girl and I do not know, but God sees my heart and I ask Him to forgive me if I do wrong.
please make the position we have on whether the General may be...

'saying: "We're going to lift the ban," so he was right! I remember the conversation very.

'saying: "We're going to lift the ban." He was very, very pleased at my-

tube, but still the next day I didn't hear from him. I left the phone number

Spain before.

The sea and sky were both very beautiful. We had a great time.

The sea and sky were both very beautiful. We had a great time.

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