

Notice

No. 10.

Subject
"Indian"

Matthi Leigh's Correspondence

Office

No 10

Supplies
John

Walter Light Corporation

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 fulfil 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^d breast.--- My uncle Egan ~~bending~~ kneeling beside and bending over us with tears in his eyes.

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"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

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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

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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

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arrows are nothing. Now the white man says "Passes". He says,
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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

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

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 Now to the saddling; Hal hal! by a wicked little shake of his body

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 ^{one} 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. How 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. horse-man on foot! Just look at the nip pony would give him, somewhat

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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. ^{Few} ~~No~~ vaqueros 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} ~~it~~! one tall long limbed Irishman! His legs, if he ever could ~~he~~ 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

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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.

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Your Mattie.

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Mrs. P---. 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 my life and experiences ^{while} 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 ~~then~~ 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

Mrs. P--- 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 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~~ 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.

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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 thingsⁿ 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 Piutes 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 manta 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

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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, never, ~~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.

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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 every thing 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 ^{any} ~~some~~ other way to provide for his people, he would never have gone there,-- ^{would} 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

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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 "Tee" (Indian Agent, or in fact any person

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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 wo-
men said that they were very happy.

Sarah explained, that the greatest part of the difference be-
tween us was ~~the~~ knowledge on one side and ignorance on the other.
She urged all the parents of our tribe to send their children, as-
suring 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.

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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

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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 ^{then} 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

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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 damp to 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

our fingers and scratches as though we were going to blow! What a
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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 ~~far~~ 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 ^{learned to} count a little in Indian. My uncle Egan had taught me to count up to ten on my fingers and with sticks. When the men

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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. How 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.

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With what love I remember some of the ~~at~~ 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 can not 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 wont 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

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of the others. I never was afraid of you, dear Mrs. P---. 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

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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 when ever he sees me, or as he is blind you know, as often as I ^{go to} see him. Wont you please send him a message in your next letter? It would make him so happy I know.

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Oh, dear Mrs. P---., 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, dear Mrs. P---, 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 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 Tenny with her mamma and aunt?

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

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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 any 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 ^{the visit of} 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} ~~made~~ me think of the beautiful verse in the Bible "Suffer little children to come unto me and forbid them not." Why, he even

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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

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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 pight, no pight." 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.

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