

affection beneath the surface. You alone will be responsible for the consequences of the terrible and stringent measures you have adopted. As the honorable member for the city of Cork said, there is no longer any probability of the Irish leaders or Irish members of Parliament standing between you and the elements of conspiracy. I do not blame the right honorable gentleman the chief secretary so much for the change that has come about. The responsibility for that change I lay, as I have already said, on the shoulders of another man. I may say of him, as was said of another famous politician, that it has seldom been within the power of any human creature to do so much good as the right honorable gentleman for Bradford has prevented.

GEORGE GRAHAM VEST



GEORGE GRAHAM VEST, American Democratic senator and lawyer, was born at Frankfort, Ky., Dec. 6, 1830, and educated at Centre College in that State. He subsequently studied law in the Transylvania Law School at Lexington, Ky., and in 1856 removed to Brownsville, Mo. Four years later he entered the Missouri legislature, but surrendered his seat in 1861 to serve in the Confederate army. He was for two years a member of the Confederate Congress, and after the close of the Civil War resumed the practice of his profession at Sedalia, Mo., whence he removed in 1877 to Kansas City, Mo. In 1878, he entered the United States Senate, retaining his seat through successive reëlections until the present (1902). He is known as a vigorous debater, and besides having spoken on most of the important measures before Congress in the past twenty years, has been chairman of various congressional committees.

ON INDIAN SCHOOLS

SPEECH DELIVERED IN THE UNITED STATES SENATE, APRIL 7, 1900

MR. PRESIDENT,—I shall not take the time of the Senate in discussing this oft-debated question as to the contract schools. My opinions have been so emphatically and repeatedly expressed that it is hardly necessary for me now to give information on that subject to any one who has taken any interest in the matter.

There are people in this country, unfortunately, who believe that an Indian child had better die an utter unbeliever, an idolater even, than to be educated by the Society of Jesus or in the Catholic church. I am very glad to say that I have not the slightest sympathy with that sort of bigotry and fanaticism. I was raised a Protestant; I expect to die one; I was never in a Catholic church in my life, and I have not the slightest sympathy with many of its dogmas; but, above all, I have no respect for this insane fear that the Catholic church

is about to overturn this government. I should be ashamed to call myself an American if I indulged in any such ignorant belief.

I look upon this as a man of the world, practical, I hope, in all things, and especially in legislation, where my sphere of duty now is. Unfortunately I am not connected with any religious organization. I have no such prejudice as would prevent me from doing what I believed to be my duty. I would give this question of the education of Indian children the same sort of consideration that I would if I were building a house or having any other mechanical or expert business carried on. I had infinitely rather see these Indians Catholics than to see them blanket Indians on the plains, ready to go on the warpath against civilization and Christianity.

I said a few minutes ago that I was a Protestant. I was reared in the old Scotch Presbyterian church; my father was an elder in it, and my earliest impressions were that the Jesuits had horns and hoofs and tails, and that there was a faint tinge of sulphur in the circumambient air whenever one crossed your path. Some years ago I was assigned by the Senate to duty upon the committee on Indian affairs, and I was assigned by the committee, of which Mr. Dawes was then the very zealous chairman, to examine the Indian schools in Wyoming and Montana. I did so under great difficulties and with labor which I could not now physically perform. I visited every one of them. I crossed that great buffalo expanse of country where you can now see only the wallows and trails of those extinct animals, and I went to all these schools. I wish to say now what I have said before in the Senate, and it is not the popular side of this question by any means, that I did not see in all my journey, which lasted for several weeks, a single school that was doing any educational work worthy the name

of educational work unless it was under the control of the Jesuits. I did not see a single government school, especially these day schools, where there was any work done at all.

Something has been said here about the difference between enrollment and attendance. I found day schools with 1,500 Indian children enrolled and not ten in attendance, except on meat days, as they called it, when beeves were killed by the agent and distributed to the tribe. Then there was a full attendance. I found schools where there were old, broken-down preachers and politicians receiving \$1,200 a year and a house to live in for the purpose of conducting these Indian day schools, and when I cross-examined them, as I did in every instance, I found that their actual attendance was about three to five in the hundred of the enrollment. I do not care what reports are made, for they generally come from interested parties. You cannot educate the children with the day schools.

In 1850 Father De Smet, a self-sacrificing Christian Jesuit, went, at the solicitation of the Flatheads, to their reservation in Montana. The Flatheads sent two runners, young men, to bring the black robes to educate them and teach them the religion of Christ. Both of these runners were killed by the Blackfeet and never reached St. Louis. They then sent two more. One of them was killed, and the other made his way down the Missouri River after incredible hardships and reached St. Louis. Father De Smet and two young associates went out to the Flathead reservation and established the mission of St. Mary in the Bitter Root and St. Ignatius on the Joeko reservation. The Blackfeet burned the St. Mary mission, killed two of the Jesuits and thought they had killed the other—Father Ravaille. I saw him when on this committee, lying in his cell at the St. Mary's mission, paralyzed from the

waist down, but performing surgical operations, for he was an accomplished surgeon, and doing all that he possibly could do for humanity and religion. He had been fifty-two years in that tribe of Indians. Think of it! Fifty-two years. Not owning the robe on his back, not even having a name, for he was a number in the semi-military organization called the Company of Jesus; and if he received orders at midnight to go to Africa or Asia he went without question, because it was his duty to the cause of Christ and for no other consideration or reason.

Father De Smet established these two missions and undertook to teach the Indian children as we teach our children in the common schools by day's attendance. It was a miserable failure. The Jesuits tried it for years, supported by contributions from France, not a dollar from the government, and they had to abandon the whole system. They found that when the girls and boys went back to the tepee at night all the work of the day by the Jesuits was obliterated. They found that ridicule, the great weapon of the Indian in the tepee, was used to drive these children away from the educational institutions established by the Jesuits. When the girl went back to the tepee with a dress on like an American woman and attempted to speak the English language, and whom the nuns were attempting to teach how to sew and spin, and wash and cook, she was ridiculed as having white blood in her veins, and the result was that she became the worst and most abandoned of the tribe, because it was necessary in order to reinstate herself with her own people that she should prove the most complete apostate from the teachings of the Jesuits.

After nearly twenty years of this work by the Jesuits they abandoned it, and they established a different system, separating the boys and the girls, teaching them how to work, for that

is the problem, not how to read or spell, nor the laws of arithmetic, but how to work and to get rid of this insane prejudice taught by the Indians from the beginning that nobody but a squaw should work, and that it degrades a man to do any sort of labor, or in fact to do anything except to hunt and go to war.

The hardest problem that can be proposed to the human race is how to make men self-dependent. There can be no self-respect without self-dependence. There can be no good government until a people are elevated up to the high plane of earning their bread in the sweat of their faces. When you come to educate negroes and Indians there is but one thing that will ever lift them out of the degradation in which long years of servitude and nomadic habits have placed them, and that is to teach them that the highest and greatest and most elevating thing in the human race is to learn how to work and to make themselves independent.

I take off my hat, metaphorically, whenever I think of this negro in Alabama—Booker Washington. He has solved that problem for his race, and he is the only man who has ever done it. Fred Douglass was a great politician, but he never discovered what was necessary for the negro race in this country. I have just returned from the south after a sojourn of five weeks upon the Gulf of Mexico.

The negro problem is the most terrible that ever confronted a civilized race upon the face of the earth. You cannot exterminate them; you cannot extradite them; you must make them citizens as they are and as they will continue to be. You must assimilate them. Exportation is a dream of the philanthropist, demonstrated to be such by the experiment in Liberia. Mr. Lincoln tried it, and took his contingent fund immediately after the war, shipped negroes

to a colony in the West Indies, and those who were left from the fever after two years came back to the United States, and every dollar expended was thrown away. Washington, this negro in Alabama, has struck the keynote. It will take years to carry it out, and he has the prejudices of his own race and the prejudices of the ignorant whites against him; but he deserves the commendation of all the people, not only of the United States, but those of the civilized world.

Mr. President, the Jesuits have elevated the Indian wherever they have been allowed to do so without interference of bigotry and fanaticism and the cowardice of insectivorous politicians who are afraid of the A. P. A. and the votes that can be cast against them in their district and States. They have made him a Christian, and above even that have made him a workman able to support himself and those dependent upon him. Go to the Flathead reservation, in Montana, and look from the cars of the Northern Pacific Railroad, and you will see the result of what Father De Smet and his associates began and what was carried on successfully until the A. P. A. and the cowards who are afraid of it struck down the appropriation. There are now four hundred Indian children upon that reservation without one dollar to give them an hour's instruction of any kind. That is the teaching of many professors of the religion of Christ in the Protestant churches. I repudiate it. I would be ashamed of myself if I did not do it, and if it were the last accent I ever uttered in public life it would be to denounce that narrow-minded and unworthy policy based upon religious bigotry.

This A. P. A. did me the greatest honor in my life during their last session in this city, two years ago. They passed a resolution unanimously demanding that I should be impeached because I said what I am saying now. Mr. Presi-

dent, the knowledge of the constitution of this country developed by that organization in demanding the impeachment of a United States senator for uttering his honest opinion in this chamber puts them beyond criticism. It would be cowardly and inhuman to say one word about ignorance so dense as that.

Mr. President, as I said, go through this reservation and look at the work of the Jesuits, and what is seen? You find comfortable dwellings, herds of cattle and horses, intelligent, self-respecting Indians. I have been to their houses and found that under the system adopted by the Jesuits, the new system, as I may call it, after the failure of that which was attempted for twenty years, to which I have alluded, after they had educated these boys and girls and they had intermarried, the Jesuits would go out and break up a piece of land and build them a house, and that couple became the nucleus of civilization in the neighborhood. They had been educated under the system which prevented them from going back to the tepee after a day's tuition. The Jesuits found that in order to accomplish their purpose of teaching them how to work and to depend upon themselves it was necessary to keep them in school, a boarding school, by day and night, and to allow even the parents to see them only in the presence of the brothers or the nuns.

I undertake to say now—and every senator here who has passed through that reservation will corroborate my statement—that there is not in this whole country an object lesson more striking than that to be seen from the cars of the Northern Pacific Railroad, the fact that these Jesuits alone have solved the problem of rescuing the Indians from the degradation in which they were found.

Mr. President, these Jesuits are not there, as one of them

told me, for the love of the Indian. Old Father Ravaille told me, lying upon his back in that narrow cell, with the crucifix above him, "I am here not for the love of the Indian, but for the love of Christ," without pay except the approval of his own conscience. If you send one of our people, a clergyman, a politician even, to perform this work among the Indians, he looks back to the fleshpots of Egypt. He has a family, perchance, that he cannot take with him on the salary he receives. He is divided between the habits and customs and luxuries of civilized life and the self-sacrificing duties that devolve upon him in this work of teaching the Indians.

The Jesuit has no family. He has no ambition. He has no idea except to do his duty as God has given him to see it; and I am not afraid to say this, because I speak from personal observation, and no man ever went among these Indians with more intense prejudice against the Jesuits than I had when I left the city of Washington to perform that duty. I made my report to the secretary of the interior, Senator Teller, now on this floor, and I said in that report what I say here and what I would say anywhere and be glad of the opportunity to say it.

Mr. President, every dollar you give these day schools might as well be thrown into the Potomac River under a ton of lead. You will make no more impression upon the Indian children than if you should take that money and burn it and expect its smoke by some mystic process to bring them from idolatry and degradation to Christianity and civilization. If you can have the same system of boarding schools supported by the government that the Jesuits have adopted after long years of trial and deprivation, I grant that there might be something done in the way of elevating this race.

The old Indians are gone, hopelessly gone, so far as civilization and Christianity are concerned. They look upon all work as a degradation and that a squaw should bear the burden of life. The young Indian can be saved. There are 3,000 of them to-day in the Dakotas—in South Dakota, I believe—who are voters, exercising intelligently, as far as I know, the right of suffrage. Go to the Indian Territory, where there are the Five Civilized Tribes, and you will see what can be done by intelligent effort, not with day schools, but with schools based upon the idea of taking the children and removing them from the injurious influence of the old Indians and teaching them the arts of civilization and of peace.

If I have ever done anything in my whole career in this chamber of which I am sincerely proud it is that upon one occasion I obtained an appropriation of \$10,000 for an industrial school at St. Ignatius, in Montana. A few years afterward, in passing through to the Pacific coast, I stopped over to see that school. They heard I was coming and met me at the depot with a brass band, the instruments in the hands of Indian boys, and they played without discrimination Hail Columbia and Dixie. They had been taught by a young French nobleman whom I had met two years before at the mission, who had squandered the principal portion of his fortune in reckless dissipation in the salons of Paris and had suddenly left that sort of life and joined the company of Jesus and dedicated himself to the American missions. He was an accomplished musician, and he taught those boys how to play upon the instruments.

I went up to the mission and found there these Indian boys making hats and caps and boots and shoes and running a blacksmith shop and carrying on a mill and herding horses

and cattle. The girls and boys when they graduated, intermarrying, became heads of families as reputable and well-behaved and devoted to Christianity as any we can find in our own States. They were Catholics. That is a crime with some people in this country.

Mr. President, are we to be told that a secret political organization in this country shall dictate to us what we ought to do for this much-injured race whom we have despoiled of their lands and homes and whom God has put upon us as an inheritance to be cared for? I accuse no senator here of any other motive than a desire to do his public duty. I shall do mine, and I should gladly vote for an amendment to this bill infinitely stronger than that of the senator from Arkansas. I would put this work, imperative upon us, in the hands of those who could best accomplish it, as I would give the building of my house to the best mechanic, who would put up a structure that suited me and met the ends I desired. If the Catholics can do it better than anybody else, let them do it. If the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Congregationalist, or any other denomination can do it, give the work to them; but to every man who comes to me and says this is a union of church and state, I answer him, "Your statement is false upon the very face of it." Instead of teaching the Indian children that they must be Catholics in order to be good citizens, they are simply taught that work is ennobling, and with the sense of self-dependence and not of dependence upon others will come civilization and Christianity. These are my feelings, Mr. President, and I would be glad if I could put them upon the statute books.

DAVID SWING



DAVID SWING, American Presbyterian clergyman and pulpit orator, was born at Cincinnati, O., Aug. 23, 1830, and died at Chicago, Ill., Oct. 3, 1894. Educated at Miami University, Oxford, O., he studied theology and was professor of languages at his Alma Mater for twelve years. In 1866, he became pastor of the Fourth Presbyterian Church, Chicago. He quickly achieved a wide popularity as a pulpit orator, his sermons and essays appearing weekly in the newspapers. In 1874, he was accused of heterodoxy, and after a trial of several weeks was acquitted. Not wishing to create discord in the Presbytery, however, he resigned his pastorate and became pastor of an independent congregation, called the Central Church, remaining in charge of this parish until his death at Chicago, in his sixty-fifth year. He was for a number of years editor of "The Alliance," a Chicago religious journal, and took much interest in national matters, as well as in local municipal reforms. His published writings consist of two series of "Sermons"; "Truths for Today" (1874); "Club Essays" (1880); "Motives of Life"; "Old Pictures of Life," a collection of essays, with biographical sketch of the author (1894).

ON WASHINGTON AND LINCOLN

AS OUR Nation grows older, and adds to its moral worth as rapidly as it adds to its years, its memorial days will become more significant, and no statesman or editor or clergyman will pass unconsciously such graves as those of Washington and Lincoln. The Greeks and Latins celebrated the death-days of their great men because greatness did not reach its climax at the cradle, but nearer the tomb. Our country, in regarding the birthdays of its distinguished sons, has in heart the same feelings which the classics cherished, and uses the joy and beauty of the cradle only as an emblem of the subsequent splendor of life. Any day taken from that career which ended in 1799, the day in October when Cornwallis surrendered to Washington, would answer as well as the day in February for a trumpet