

In the course of the day, Captain Black Beaver came in and talked to the scholars in the school-room, then went into the chamber and talked to our little prisoner.

He told him how badly it made him feel when he heard what he had done. "That his teachers feel badly, the agent feels badly, his chief, and all his friends, when they hear what he had done; and more than that, his Father in heaven was displeased. He sees us all the time, He knows all the time — all we do, all we think. He does not like to see his children get angry — quarrel, and hurt each other. You ought to be very sorry. Your teachers do right to lock you up, so you think how bad you [have] been, and not do so any more. You ought to live like brothers, and love each other; then you feel good, make your teachers, your chief, and your friends feel glad, and God will make you happy." A Christian sermon from an Indian.

Early in the evening the mother of our prisoner came in, and in a loud, excited, angry voice demanded her son, in order to take him home. I informed her, in a calm but firm voice, that she could not take him away, but if she wished to see him, I would let her into the room; but she must first promise not to attempt to take him away, as I had sent for his chief (Guadelupe). She agreeing to the terms, I took her into the room where he was lying upon his bed. She soon had him up, and made for the door, having hold of the boy. The door being open, she was about to pass out with him, upon which I took hold of him and she of me; whereupon I

closed the door and locked it. She spoke a few words to her daughter, who was outside the door, who immediately ran down stairs, mounted the old woman's pony, and went to their village, I supposed for some of her older brothers. I soon got her out of the room, and went down stairs. The agent and interpreter having been sent for, I explained the case to the old woman, and wished to hear what she had to say. She said, "The boy did right, as the other boys all plague her boy till he get mad." I replied that I know that sometimes other boys plague him, sometimes he plagues other boys; she knew Indians all love to joke one another, but they ought not to get angry at fun. The other boy only threw a green plum at her boy, and then he struck him with a club. She instituted inquiry of the scholars, who told her that was all; the other boy threw a plum at him, which hit him on the forehead. Whereupon she talked largely of the maliciousness of throwing a plum and hitting her boy's forehead; he ought to get mad and do something. I wished her to think of the difference between being hit with a small plum, which she knew could hurt no one, and being struck a forcible blow with that club — holding it up to view. She then said that white people and Indians were different, and walked in different roads; that their way was, when they get into quarrels, to draw their clubs, tomahawks, or pistols. To which I replied, She knew that was not the good way; to which she for the first time assented, and I