

THE CHEROKEES.

PORTRAITS OF NOBLE RED MEN NOT IN COOPER'S NOVELS.

[Special Correspondence.]
TALEQUAH, Cherokee Country, I. T., Jan. 18.—Can the Indian be civilized? Well, there are good Indians and bad Indians. The Apaches, perhaps, cannot be in our time. But the present condition of the Cherokees certainly shows that all good Indians are not dead Indians. Here in the Cherokee country are features of government that the United States itself would do well to copy. Here is a system of land-ownership that would delight the soul of Henry George, for it is his idea of land held in common. Every member of the nation can occupy, by himself or tenants, as much ground as he chooses to cultivate, no more. He puts improvements on this the same as if he held it in fee simple. When he wishes to move he can sell the improvements, nothing more. The more improvements there are, of course the richer he is. But he cannot sell to a white man. The land belongs to the Cherokee nation. No whites are permitted in the country, or in any part of the Indian territory, except by permit of the Cherokee government.

The sale of whisky and ardent spirits is absolutely prohibited in the Indian territory, and in the Cherokee nation the interdiction is enforced, too. If an Indian wishes to go on a big drunk, he must cross the line into Arkansas or Missouri.

The accomplished correspondent of The Cincinnati Graphic, Mr. John R. Musick, has published in that paper a long and interesting letter about the Cherokees.

It contains sketches of buildings and portraits of prominent people in the nation. They are so picturesque that I have taken the liberty of reproducing a few of them here. I verily believe the Cherokees are the most moral, happy and prosperous nation on earth. Their orphans, insane, and mutes are provided for. There is not a pauper in their land nor one. But it is to be remembered that their civilization began before the revolution. They have been at it a good while, but I leave it to any candid person whether the result is not worth the time spent.

They are magnificent looking men, many of the Cherokees. His excellency, D. W. Bushyhead, whose portrait is given, is what might be called the president of the nation. He fills the office of principal chief, which is an elective one, the term being four years. Chief Bushyhead is now serving his second term of office. You will observe that he wears a necktie, which few Indians, however civilized, will consent to do. He is a man of powerful brain—a statesman of the truest type. He is the son of Rev. Jesse Bushyhead, a half-breed Baptist preacher. The chief was born east of the Mississippi, before the removal, in 1838-39, of the tribe from the states of Florida, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi and Tennessee. He is a rich man, living in his own house here at Talequah, the capital of the Cherokee country.

The head chief was educated at the white man's schools in the east. He was several years at an academy near Princeton, N. J. He began to hold office when a mere boy, his first place being that of clerk of the Cherokee senate. Chief Bushyhead is of half white blood, very sound Baptist blood, too.

One of the most distinguished lawyers in the nation is John L. Springston, Esq. He has more of the Indian in his face than some of the others, but it is Indian of a fine type. The direct, intense look straight into one's eyes, and his long, curling hair make him remarkable in appearance. Mr. Springston is a man of fine physique. His clear, strong speeches suggest the oratory of the noble red man as we meet him in the old time school readers.

A tremendous pressure is being brought to bear to make the Cherokees divide up their lands and take separate farms in absolute ownership. Fortunately the sentiment among them is overwhelmingly against this. The day they do that they will be ruined. When an Indian owned a farm in fee simple designing men would make him drunk and get him to sign away his property.

The red man cannot hold his own against the white, and in spite of the United States government itself, if the Indians' land was divided into farms, sharpers of the "superior" race would get it away from them.

It is much better as it is. From a fund paid by the United States government on account of lands purchased, from various taxes on permits to white laborers, tenants, mechanics, etc., a sufficient income is derived to pay the expenses of their government. No Cherokee pays a cent of tax. They live a legislature composed of two houses, like our own. In the senate the members are almost wholly of white mixed blood. In the lower house, on the other hand, there is a large majority of full bloods. There is an ample school fund.

The name of Boudinot is one familiar to most Americans. Elias Boudinot was a chief who translated much of the Bible into Cherokee. Miss Eleanor Boudinot is his grand daughter. She is of the first social rank in the Cherokee nation, for "society" has its classes here as well as elsewhere. I suppose if there was a colony of monkeys on an island alone in the ocean there would be high and low life among them. Some apes would be the top of the pot and the rest would grin their envy at the bottom.

There is something fine and strong in Miss Boudinot's dignified face. She is a quarter blood. She shows striking traces of her Indian ancestry, while her full brother, Cornelius, is a blonde, and scarcely shows it at all. Nature takes curious freaks. There is no accounting for her. William P. Boudinot is Miss Eleanor's father. He is a distinguished statesman and a rather remarkable musician. The whole family are noted for musical talent.

You will open your eyes to know how well the Cherokee children are schooled. Mr. Musick says: "We have been informed that there is not a child in the nation, of school age, free from mental or bodily defect, that does not attend some school. The great idea of the Cherokee seems to be mental improvement. The result has been a development from barbarism in three of four generations to a refined, respectable citizenship. There is really less outlawry and crime among the Cherokees than among the same number of citizens of the western states."

Of a very different type of beauty is the young lady in the last picture. She is Miss Ross. Her grandfather was Chief John Ross, one of the greatest of Cherokee statesmen. For forty years he was his nation's head chief.

The Cherokees do not belong to the United States. As a matter of sentiment, it has a protectorate over them, as a matter of fact, very little. It has no legal jurisdiction except in cases where a white man is a party, and in cases of trade and intercourse regulations. It is bound by treaty to protect them from the "Oklahoma" Paynes and all other land thieves. Their territory is to be kept sacred to them by solemn agreement with the United States. Otherwise they govern themselves absolutely.

Let us hope this slice of Arcadia will long remain intact. These people are not United States citizens, and do not wish to be. They are satisfied, and as proud of their long line of red ancestry as the daughter of a millionaire earl. They too had their troubles during the war. Many of them were slaveholders. The war divided them as it did the Union, and they fought among themselves. At the close of our war their negroes were also freed, and lands were allotted to them. But the Indians feel themselves far above the negro. The Cherokees are chiefly farmers and stock raisers.

L. LINNETT.

The Bayard Family.
 The family of the secretary of state has been called a "many daughtered house." There were nine children—six daughters and three sons. Miss Kate was the eldest of all. She had lately passed her 28th birthday. The second daughter is Mrs. Warren, of Boston.

But Katherine, the best daughter, was the mainstay of the household. The mother has been an invalid many years. All social duties, all the domestic duties devolving upon the feminine head of a household, fell to Katherine.

Most of all his children, she resembled her father. She was a favorite, and had been his constant companion for years. She had a sweet, bright face, without being regularly beautiful, was tall, slender, and had a very clear complexion.



MISS ROSS.

FATHER AND DAUGHTER.
 Likenesses of the lamented young lady were very scarce. We have been able to secure one, however, a photograph taken with her father. It is the first portrait of her that we have seen published.

She lived a bright, gentle and busy life. As certainly as the sun shines she died a victim to the heavy requirements of Washington society. An intimate friend used these beautiful words of her: "I never heard her utter a slander or give countenance to an unkind or ungenerous thing of any living being."



THE OLD SWEDS' CHURCH.

The funeral scene at the outside little church that Miss Bayard loved so well, was exceedingly touching. The bleak wintry weather; the sombre old-fashioned church interior, the sorrowful faces of those in attendance and the simplicity of the services

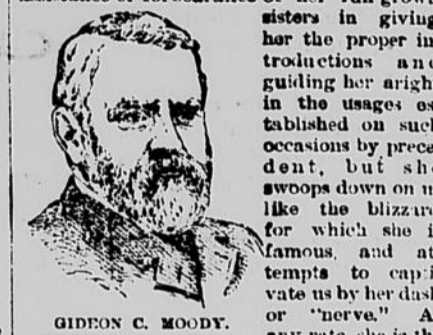
awakened a solemnness to the occasion that words could not express. The distinguished character of the party who surrounded the catafalque in this ancient house of worship was lost sight of in the fact that they were in the presence of death, the great leveler who recognizes neither honor nor title.

This little old church dates back in history to 1698, and traditionally to the days of Fort Christina and the Swedish settlers, who were vanquished by Peter Stuyvesant. The interior of the church has recently been improved by a new setting given to a memorial window bearing the names of the grandfather and grandmother of Secretary Bayard. The latter had had a new frame made for the window, and out of the remains of the old several trinkets had been made for the family. The late Miss Bayard was very much interested in this resetting of the window. It was at her instance that the work was done.

The vault in which Miss Bayard remains rest contains, besides, the bodies of other members of his family. Surrounding it on all sides reposes the dust of many of Delaware's most distinguished men.

Dakota's Proposed Senators.
 [Special Correspondence.]

WASHINGTON, Jan. 27.—Our young sister Dakota, who is seeking to make her debut and join the society of her sister states, does not trip up coyly and modestly and ask the assistance or forbearance of her full grown sisters in giving her the proper introductions and guiding her aright in the usages established on such occasions by precedent, but she swoops down on us like the blizzard for which she is famous, and attempts to captivate us by her dash or "nerve." At any rate, she is the talk of the town here, as young ladies possessing her boldness are likely to be. Whether she will be able to win the heart of congress, remains to be seen.



GIDEON C. MOODY.

On Dec. 16 last was the first notice received by the country that a legislature was in session at Harco, where Judges Edgerton and Moody were elected United States senators.

John Gordon L. Moody, of Deadwood, was born in Cortland, N. Y., in 1832. He entered the Union army at the outbreak of the war, enlisting as a private from Jasper county, Indiana, and gradually rising in the service until he was made a colonel. Removing to Dakota he was made speaker of the assembly in 1858, and was re-elected to the same position in 1864. In the years intervening he served as a member of the house. He was sent as a delegate to the constitutional convention of 1883 and served as chairman of the committee appointed to prepare the memorial to the president and congress, setting forth Dakota's claim to statehood in the family of the United States.



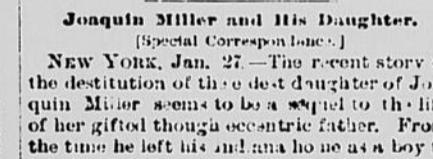
ALONZO G. EDGERTON.

Alonzo G. Edgerton was born in Rome, N. Y., and is 57 years of age. He was given a civil law education at Middlebury, Conn., in 1851. When still a young man he removed to Minnesota, and has been identified with the history of the state. He was a member of the legislature in 1858-59 and in 1877-78, and in 1876 was chosen a presidential elector. From 1871 to 1874 he occupied the position of railroad commissioner, and in 1881 was appointed as United States senator, succeeding Mr. Wadsworth. When the latter became secretary of the treasury in President Garfield's cabinet, Dec. 23, 1881, he was made chief justice of the supreme court of Dakota. His name has been in Washington some time, and at once caused a sensation.

PERRY BARTON.

Joaquin Miller and His Daughter.
 [Special Correspondence.]

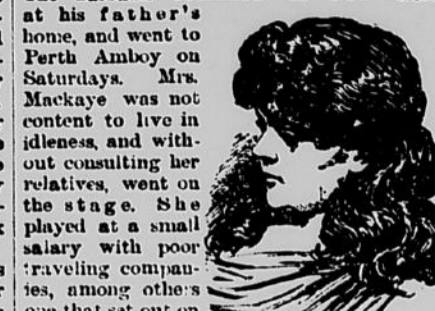
NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The recent story of the destitution of the eldest daughter of Joaquin Miller seems to be a sequel to the life of her gifted though eccentric father. From the time he left his ancestral home as a boy to try his fortune in California till this very day he seems to prefer to rough it than enjoy the comforts of civilization. He is at present the husband of a daughter of William Leelan, of hotel keeping fame, but lives in a rough log cabin at the outskirts of Washington rather than share the comforts of a pleasant home life in New York with his wife. He has been a wanderer from boyhood. Starting in life with very little education, he tramped for seven years with no visible occupation other than to write occasional verses. In 1860, at the age of 19, he returned home, and was prevailed upon to settle down. He entered a lawyer's office, but the old roving spirit got the best of him, and the next we hear of him he was an express agent in the gold mining districts of Idaho. Then he was editor of a Democratic paper at Eugene, which became so unpopu-



JOAQUIN MILLER.

lar that it was suppressed by the government. He then opened a law office at Canon City, and for four years prior to 1870 was a country judge. It was here he published his first collection of charming poems, which brought him the title of "Poet of the Sierras." In 1863 he married Minnie Theresa Dyer, "Minnie Myrtle," who obtained a divorce from him in 1870. Maud, who has created the present sensation, is the daughter of the poet by his first wife. She was educated in the convent of Jesus-Marie, at Sillery, near Quebec. Four years after Maud's admission to the convent school she was summoned to New York to her mother's death. The mother died of consumption. Mr. Miller buried her and took Maud back to Canada. The girl carried with her the manuscript of an unfinished story by her mother. She left the convent at the age of 18, and lived with her father and step-mother in this city. She went to Europe, a traveling companion with a friend of Mrs. Miller's, remained abroad six months, and on her return visited a good deal at the house of

Mrs. Peet, of Perth Amboy, whose first husband was Steele Mackaye. There she met young Mackaye and became engaged to him. Her father forbade the marriage on account of her youth, and the elder Mackaye also wished his son to wait. But the young people would not wait, and on the eve of Ash Wednesday, two years ago, they were married. The bride went to live with her mother-in-law, Mrs. Peet. The husband remained in New York at his father's home, and went to Perth Amboy on Saturdays. Mrs. Mackaye was not content to live in idleness, and without consulting her relatives, went on the stage. She played at a small salary with poor traveling companies, among others one that set out on the road with "The Danites." Here she was advertised as Joaquin Miller's daughter. Her father saw her act in it at Baltimore and seemed to appear proud of her.



MAUD MILLER.

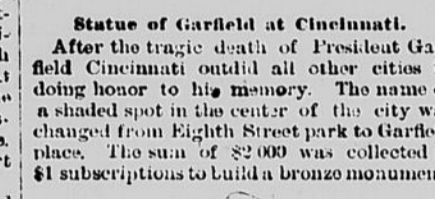
The next we hear of her was that "The Danites" company had collapsed at Louisville, and Maud was stranded and in poverty in Chicago. She arrived last week in New York with Louisa McCormick, her late manager, whom she recently married in Chicago.

A conversation with Miss Maud Miller Mackaye McCormick, the lady of the five Ms, gives one the impression that she is either slightly demented or that all the untamed eccentricity of her father and mother has been intensified in her nature.

S. H. H.

Status of Garfield at Cincinnati.

After the tragic death of President Garfield Cincinnati outdid all other cities in doing honor to his memory. The name of a shaded spot in the center of the city was changed from Eighth Street park to Garfield place. The sum of \$2,000 was collected in \$1 subscriptions to build a bronze monument.



BRONZE STATUE OF GARFIELD.

The commission was given to Carl H. Niehaus, a young Cincinnati sculptor of rising fame. His design for the Garfield statue to be set in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington had already been accepted. Niehaus' models are by far the best representations of the lamented Ohioan that have been made. Their point of excellence is the realism of the large neck, the broad shoulders and deep chest. The work has been objected to somewhat on this account, but this was Garfield. He was a man, and very much of a man, no serf-wary, cetic and dyspeptic. Those who would idealize him make a mistake.



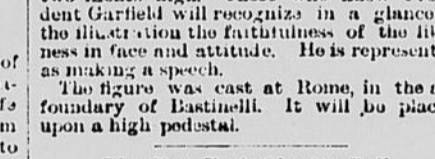
CARL H. NIEHAUS.

Mr. Niehaus went to Rome in 1884 to make studies for the Cincinnati monument. He has lately returned home with his task accomplished. The statue itself is nine feet two inches high. Those who know President Garfield will recognize in a glance at the illustration the faithfulness of the likeness in face and attitude. He is represented as making a speech.

The figure was cast at Rome, in the art foundry of Bastinelli. It will be placed upon a high pedestal.

The New York Charity Ball.
 [Special Correspondence.]

NEW YORK, Jan. 27.—The Charity ball is held to be the swell event of the season here and has been so considered for generations. When the oldest parties who attended the ball the other night were babies in their cradles their fathers and mothers attended the Charity ball of those days. It is a good gauge of the fashions and manners and wealth and social ties of its time. A glance at the Metropolitan opera house recently while this social event was in full glow called to mind the line: "Oh, Charity, what strange doings art; committed in thy name."



IN ONE OF THE BOXES.

People go to the Charity ball for a variety of motives, but it is evident that many of the belles of our present society go there on exhibition. The four tiers of boxes are arranged so as to give one almost as much seclusion as in a parlor, and this fact is taken advantage of by many of the fair occupants to reveal as much of their charms as possible. One thing that would force itself on the mind of the observer of those boxes is the fact that the dressmaker has reached the minimum in the amount of material used in many of the costumes. And that branch of art like many others has reached that point of which it can be said: "Thus far can thou go and no further." S. H. H.

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