

Ute known as John Johnson, living near Walker lake, in southwestern Nevada. Pah-Ute John is known by the whites in that vicinity as a very intelligent and peaceable Indian, though uneducated. The Pah-Utes are not now nearly so numerous as they were during pioneer times, when they were very troublesome to the immigrants. They range throughout the state of Nevada and a little across the line into adjoining states. Bands of them are gathered upon several reservations, but for the most part they live in the various valleys, a few families together, and do much work on the ranches and stock ranges. They are fine looking Indians, some of them being of quite a light shade of skin. Of this kind is the prophet or Messiah.

One of the Indian pilgrims, a Cheyenne, named Porcupine, thus relates the teachings of the Messiah:

"I heard that Christ had been crucified, and I saw a scar on this man's wrist and on his face. Next evening we assembled again. He sung, then trembled violently, and then lay down apparently dead, while we danced all night. Next morning he sat down among us and talked with us, saying: 'I am the man who made everything you see around you. I have been to heaven and seen your dead friends, and have seen my own dead father and mother. In the beginning, after God made the earth, they sent me back to teach the people, but the people were afraid of me and treated me badly. This is what they did to me (showing his scars). I found my children were bad. So I went back to heaven and left them. I told them that in so many hundred years I would come back to see them. My father told me the earth was getting old and worn out and the people were getting bad and that I was to renew everything as it used to be and make it better. The Christ said that all dead were to be resurrected; that they were all to come back to earth, and that was too small now. He would do away with heaven and make earth itself enough to contain all. He spoke to us about fighting, and said that was bad and that we must keep from it; that the earth was to be all good hereafter; that we must be friends with one another. He told us not to quarrel or strike or fight or shoot one another; that the whites and Indians were to be all one people. He said that if any man disobeyed what he ordered his tribe would be wiped from the face of the earth. We must believe everything he said, and he would know our thoughts and actions, no matter in what part of the world we might be.'"

Porcupine was very much impressed with the man and his teachings, and returned home to spread the new gospel of peace among his people. Here is an example of how that which is intended for good purposes can be distorted into evil. Disaffected chiefs among the tribes mentioned saw in this new religion an opportunity to create new hostility towards the whites. They constituted themselves forerunners—sort of John-the-Baptists—of the Messiah, and began to preach that he would soon come and help them to drive out the whites and regain possession of their old hunting grounds, over which the buffalo and antelope would again roam in countless thousands. The prophet's religion is really one of peace, but these preachers made it one of war; and as the Indians had no opportunity to see or hear the Messiah himself, they gave in their adherence to the perverted doctrine preached to them.

Rumors of what was going on, and of trouble brewing came from Wyoming, Dakota and Indian Territory at intervals during the summer and fall, but suddenly the matter approached a crisis a week ago, when Indians began to leave their reservations and gather in armed bands at various places in daily anticipation of the appearance of the Messiah himself. The chief center of trouble is the Pine Ridge agency, whither a large body of troops has been sent to preserve order; but there is uneasiness among the tribes over so large an extent of country between the Rocky mountains and the Missouri river, that grave apprehensions of the most serious trouble are felt. Even before this paper reaches its readers, the torch of war may have been kindled.

The ghost, or spirit dance, which is being carried on almost night and day is very correctly shown in the engraving on the last page. Selecting a large tree, the dancers lay at its base the offerings they desire to make to the Messiah and the spirits of the departed Indians, who are expected to return to earth to help drive away the whites and then remain here. Then, forming line, they dance about the tree to the music of tom-toms, singing a weird chant continually. This they keep up until completely exhausted, falling to the ground one at a time as their strength gives out, until the last one is down. After a few hours' rest the dance is resumed. Many of them become so wrought upon by their fervid enthusiasm that they fall in a cataleptic fit, and remain in a trance for a long time, generally claiming, upon being restored, to have seen the Messiah. In this they follow closely the camp meeting practices of the "Shouting Methodists" a generation ago.

The idea that the dead Indians are going to be resurrected to help drive out the whites, is by no means a new one. In the war with Tecumseh this was used to cement the tribes of the lake region, and even as late as 1878, the doctrine was preached by Smohalla during the Bannack war. Undoubtedly this idea and the whole Messiah theory, grows out of the ideas gained from Christian missionaries. They are told that the white man believes in a Messiah who had power to raise men from the dead and

do other wonderful things; why, then, should not the Indian, the favorite of the Great Spirit, also have a Messiah and a bodily resurrection? This is the way even the most intelligent Indians look at it, and it is easy to see that this idea has taken such a deep hold upon them that it will not be easily eradicated.

#### THE MEADOW LARK.

"Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"  
 Callest the meadow lark,  
 In the early morning to me;  
 So loud and so sweet—O, hark!  
 How joyously, liquidly clear,  
 Over the meadows I hear:  
 "Sweetheart! Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"

And I think of my lover across the seas—  
 The seas that smile while they hold us apart—  
 And I know it is his voice that softly breathes  
 In the voice of the lark:  
 "Sweetheart! Sweetheart!"



"Sad heart! Sad heart! Sad heart!"  
 Callest the meadow lark,  
 In the early morning to me;  
 So sad and so low—O, hark!  
 How mournfully, tenderly clear,  
 Over the meadows I hear:  
 "Sad heart! Sad heart! Sad heart!"

And I think of my lover beneath the seas,  
 That moan while they hold us forever apart;  
 And I know it is his voice that sadly grieves  
 In the voice of the lark:

"Sad heart! Sad heart!"

ELLA HIGGINSON.