

OUR LAY SERMON.

To the person who neglects to assume the proper burdens of society:

Infancy is awful because of the obligations it incurs. For fifteen years and more, every individual does little else than make constant drafts on the tenderness, the forbearance and every element of tolerance of those about him. Leaving aside the metaphysical question whether one strictly owes for what he could not help receiving, and whose necessity he did not occasion, every generous heart recognizes the debt. A mother's affectionate ministry through the years of childhood is a service, in payment whereof, a ton of gold would not measure a feather's weight. When a man reaches the years of discretion, like fabled Atlas, he carries a world of obligation on his shoulders. And the only currency, in which that debt can be paid, is like service to those who are related to us as we were to our creditors. There is no bankruptcy court in this matter; no priest can sell God's indulgence therein. The law of God, written in the life of the race, says: Settle your accounts and settle them this way:

Therefore young people should marry. A man is half a full human being. He is the strength, the reason and the courage. The other half, and the better one, the beauty, the tender affection, the intuition, the hope, the adorning grace, is the woman. The unit of the race is the wedded pair.

No single life is complete. The only flaw ever picked in the life of Christ is his bachelorhood. A home is the only place where a man can plant the seeds of patriotism and abiding love. No army of homeless men ever won a victory. The satisfaction of him, who is the sustaining pillar of a home irradiated with the tactful love of a sweet wife, about whose knees are opening buds of humanity, exhaling the infinite perfume of growing intelligence, has no parallel in life. Says one young woman: "I cannot ask the man I love to marry me and if he does not ask me, what would you have me to do?" If you are indifferent to the man you love, you should not waste your life vainly pining for him. The world is full of men whom you can love as well as you do him. Novelists have much to answer for in inculcating this notion of predestination in marriage. No man monopolizes the virtues of his sex. No woman is so noble that fit mates for her do not abound.

Says another young woman "I do not propose to become any man's slave. If a man will come along who has a competence to support me in as good style as my father does, I will consider him." It is a sad sad truth that there are many homes that are slave pens, wherein the mother is the serf, and every other member of the family, a master. But all, that is not wealth, is by no means slavery. Of necessity, young men generally are poor. If they have wealth, it cannot be by their own exertions. The rich men of twenty and thirty years hence are the poor young men of to-day. There is nothing wrong in wanting a wealthy husband. A support is one of the essentials of life. But it is only one. Most young men will support you decently. Constantly thoughtful affection is more important than wealth. If however you live in a luxurious home, and honestly say, you do not

propose to enter a poorer one, then you have our full consent to remain a barren spinster to the rest of your days, and thus save the world the spectacle of an unwomanly wife and an unmotherly mother.

The attitude imposed upon young women by society, in the matter of matrimony, is unnatural and unjust. Wherein it lies that a man may express his partiality for a woman, while she must hide her love we have never seen. The great majority of American young women, when you get down to the essentials of womanliness, need no sermons. While many of them wear a hideous surface of frivolity, they develop their true and noble selves in the face of responsibility. The young men of the country do need a sermon. We started out especially to meet them. Our lingerings in better company have detained us so, that we must defer our compliments to them till next week, wherefore this sermon

WILL BE CONTINUED.

Our melodious friend, Mott, of Riverside, has temporarily hung his harp on the willows, and poses as an interesting invalid.

THE HERALD told a whopper last week. The weather had been wretched, following on the week before, whose every day had been a benediction. Somebody, in the complexity of our large office force, omitted to change the thermometer record for last issue, and it stood the same as the issue before. Whereas it should have recorded a week of cool days down in the fifties, it announced delightful weather up in the 60's and 70's.

Mr. Samuel Long of Hardin County, Ky., is in Banning studying its resources. Kentucky is a great state. We have tasted productions from that state that have won for it our profound regard. But with all its charms and flavors, Kentucky pales beside California, and he who migrates from Kentucky to California is, in our judgment, on his way heavenward.

Mr. T. E. Boyle, with his charming wife and bright boy, start on their trip East to-day. They will linger in California for a few weeks before proceeding to their new home. It is with the sincerest regret that we announce their departure. Mrs. Boyle's accomplishments and bright presence were a large accession to our society when she came to Banning something over a year ago, and they leave a void as she goes. They will not need friends wherever they go. Our good wishes accompany them. They will probably make their home in Columbus, Ohio.

Mr. Bert Yerington came to his majority this week, and the occasion was celebrated by his young friends in fitting style at his home. We congratulate the new voter, and the community on the political accession. Life before twenty-one is little more than an unconscious existence. At that age it begins to have appreciable purpose and charm. And as the laws of the land set upon our young friend's shoulders the imperial privileges and responsibilities of citizenship, we have only to say: Do not disappoint our expectation that you will ever exercise and bear them in a royal way.

stay where they are, and should stay where they are. The Banning Reservation, instead of being a key to the solution of the Indian problem, is a monument to the folly of our Indian policy. The statement that the Indians are crowded off on one corner of the Reservation is a pure and unqualified lie. The fact is that the Indian village, where the Indians insist on living, is on the choicest spot in the Reservation. Thousands of un-

occupied acres lie all around them, which they refuse to go upon or cultivate. Now, when all these so-called intruders are evicted, the Indians live at the village just the same.

The fault lies in these meddling people who know nothing of the Indian. The administration of the Mission Indians, so long as it is directed from Massachusetts, will be a chronic failure. A commission of citizens from San Bernardino county will be infinitely better than one from Boston. It is time we people in the West, whose interests are directly affected, and upon whom really lies the task of looking after these Indians, should rise up and through our Representatives at Washington, administer this question. Clear away this maudlin sentiment and get down to business. Stop the babbling tongues of impracticable people, and give some effective hands a chance.

THE INDIAN QUESTION.

We are in receipt of a pamphlet and proposed bill upon the Indian question, from Mr. G. W. Owen, of Ypsilanti, Mich. We have no notion who Mr. Owen is. We gather from his pamphlet, however, that he is a man who appreciates some of the folly of our Indian policy, and has a very earnest desire to right it. We like the tone of the following:

"If any action by Congress is needed, a bill something like this might cover the ground:

Be it enacted. That the civil and military authorities of the United States take possession of the Territory of the United States. Any acts and portion of acts inconsistent with this enactment are hereby repealed.

This is the solution of the Indian question. There is no more need of an Indian Bureau than of a German, or Irish, or Scandinavian Bureau. Where civil law cannot be established and maintained, on account of ignorance or poverty, or habitual lawlessness, or savage customs, military power and martial law inevitably is demanded."

But Mr. Owen makes the fatal mistake that is made by most people. He thinks to legislate for the Indians in a lump; that an Indian is an Indian, whether he is an Apache or a Sorreno, and that one set of rules will answer for them all. As well might be prescribed one size of pantaloons for them all. Between the Apaches and Mission Indians are five centuries difference. One law would as well apply to Dahomey and Rhode Island. No successful Indian legislation will ever be accomplished until it is based upon a classification of the Indians. There are tribes that do not need distinctive national supervision; on the other hand there are tribes that must be guarded like children. This brings us to the point most insisted upon by Mr. Owen, that the settlement of the Indian question lies in admitting them to citizenship. This is a squint in the right direction. From those Indian tribes who have learned to labor and be self sustaining, all federal

partiality and support should be removed; the prerogatives of Reservations should be taken from around them; they should be made amenable to state and national law, and be the same as unnaturalized citizens. You cannot civilize, any more than you can sanctify, by legislation. The Indians' future must be carved out by himself, just as the negroes must be. And so soon as he can carve, he should be set at it, while the still barbarous tribes should be governed and controlled, instead of being humored. There is no humanity nor justice in the license which the Government allows to wild Indians. The intellectual and moral superiority of our people is our commission from God Almighty to rule and guide the inferior ones. The squeamishness, that hesitates to control the wild Indians, is no more considerable than the delicacy that prompts to preserve a mad dog. Let the government be unwaveringly firm and just, and let it help only where it must.

THE POTRERO INDIANS OF SAN GONIA PASS.

Oct 13, 1888

[Concluded from last issue.]

The bulk of the Potrero Indians belong to the tribe of Soranos. There are Coahuilas among them. It is said by some that the Coahuilas are a branch of the Soranos. No other tribes than these are represented among the Potrero Indians.

When a crime is committed among them, the culprit is brought before the captain, and in more serious cases before the chief. There is sometimes a trial by jury—the jury being selected by the friends of the accused and of the prosecution agreeing upon certain jurors. Punishment is inflicted by means of a fine, or by whipping with a raw hide on the bare back. In case of theft, the culprit is compelled to return the stolen property, and take his punishment. The sheriffs execute the sentences of whipping. Fifty dollars is a heavy fine, and fifty lashes is a severe punishment, although some-

times 100 are given. The victims have been known to faint from the terrible punishment. Murder is now left to the State and Federal authorities, but in early days, hanging was frequently done pursuant to a sentence of the chief.

The Indians are mongamists, and the marriage ceremony by the chief or captain is simple. The parties are asked whether they desire to be man and wife and are so pronounced, in the presence of witnesses, and dismissed with fatherly advice. Divorces are granted on any grounds that the chief, captain and alcaldes consider sufficient. Upon a decree of divorce, the property and children are divided according to the chief's best judgment. Immediately after divorce, the parties are free to marry again. Not so with widows and widowers. They must remain single for a year after they are bereft, and a violation of this law is punished with a heavy fine, and the parties compelled to separate. Unchastity is tried and punished, if complained of by the family of the guilty party. If one man runs away with another man's wife, he is followed and brought back and severely punished. On the whole, this patriarchal rule of a chief, according to no written code, but by the dictates of that sense of justice that pervades the breast of humanity, is admirable in its simplicity. The more complicated system

of administering justice among civilized men, at its best, is the instrument of much injustice, and seems cumbersome and unwieldy beside this direct and simple code of the Mission Indians.

The men of the Potrero Indians are tolerable laborers, and are hired extensively on the ranches about the Pass. The Banning Land and Water Companies nearly always have some Indians in their employ, and in the course of a year pay them a large sum of money. They are paid about 25 cents per day less than white men. But none of them labor for the love of it. While the heads of families at the Potrero are usually tinkering about their places at some job, the unmarried and young men are inveterate loafers. They lie about the village, or ride to Banning and stand about the streets, by the day. They will hang about the school-room, and even go inside and stand in stolid attention to the work, for hours. The women are untidy in their housework and are idle and lazy.

The only hopeful feature about the Indians, and the one sensible thing about the Government's policy toward them, is the school. We can account for this extraordinary exception to the universal stupidity which characterizes the Governmental Indian policy in this section, by considering that the necessity of education was so simple and self-evident a proposition that it got into the Governmental mind—usually closed to less obvious although equally valuable suggestions. The school at the Potrero is a success. By some accident, the teacher selected by the authorities is a good one. Miss Sarah Morris, the young lady in charge of the school, to begin with, is a thorough woman—a thing too rare in these days of insipid young women. She is entirely competent, enthusiastic, and conscientiously interested in her work. There are thirty scholars in attendance. They are very tractable and teachable. Ready in penmanship—indeed superior to white children in that branch, they progress in their studies satisfactorily. The great difficulty is to overcome their natural stolidity and shyness. The pupils who talk English easily in the school work, cannot be induced to say a word outside. In inclement weather Miss Morris is compelled to stay at the Potrero, and the entire lack of sociability of the Indian is shown by the fact that not a woman in the place ever visits her or pays her a womanly attention.

The Indians in the Pass are not troublesome, they are useful. The labor of the men is in demand, and there is a crying want for domestic service from the women. But few squaws can be gotten who will or know how to do housework.

We cannot close our account of these Indians without mentioning, and making our acknowledgments to Capt. Jno. Morongo, the Government interpreter. We are indebted to him for much information, most courteously given. We believe him to be a thorough gentleman, and regard his influence over the Potrero Indians, of whom he is practically chief, as most wholesome.

In our next issue we shall show the policy of the Government toward the Potrero Indians.