

they earn and take little thought of the morrow. In their old life they shared generously with their neighbors whatever the fortunes of a hunt had brought to them without much thought of future needs, and today the future is a little considered. They need to be taught the art of saving as well as its importance.

The Penobscots are living on good terms with their white neighbors, but they do not receive much sympathy or aid in their efforts toward advanced civilization. The authorities of Old Town kindly open their schools to those who apply for admission, but these people need a little more than this—they need encouragement, advice and sympathy, and above all, their proud and sensitive natures need protection from injustice and abuse—and this latter, they do not always receive from the people and press of Maine. And they are quite aware of this and it frets them. Recently I was striving to impress upon a group of the men the extent and sincerity of the kindly interest which their white neighbors entertained for them, when one of the party produced a newspaper containing a half column of abuse of his people and remarked, "That sort of thing is said about us continually, and there is not much kindness in that." Yet the more sober minded of them try to allay this spirit of antagonism to the whites. In his recent inaugural, Governor Francis dwelt at length upon the privileges which the tribe enjoyed under the mild and friendly rule of the state, and made not one reference to the unjust acts or the unkind words.

Feeling under a slight obligation to the Penobscots for kindness to a near kinsman whom the fortunes of war placed in their power, I asked the older men

what I could do for the tribe to show my gratitude. To my surprise, I learned that a present of books for the young people would be highly prized. The children are taught to read and many of the adults also can read, and all desire information, but their poverty and isolation have deprived them of books. To test the sincerity of this request, I took them some volumes, and soon proved the earnestness of their desire. History is their favorite subject, next to that they prefer travels and accounts of birds and other animals. Some of them like good stories. One man told me that Ben Hur was his favorite novel—it had been loaned to him while at the sea-shore. I read to a group of young people some extracts from Hiawatha, which they had not heard before. They listened intently and afterwards discussed the legend with considerable intelligence.

I have promised to beg a few books for them and hope that some of our generous people, who have abundance of good things, will remember these Indians. The books that I have sent to them are being placed in an unoccupied house in charge of a committee, who will attend to their circulation and care. They need badly a more suitable building, one in which provision could be made for a reading room that the young people especially require for use during the long winter evenings. Such a building could be put up at a trifling cost, as many of the men are good carpenters and would gladly contribute the necessary labor.

We should remember that these people have a claim upon us, as they are our own people—the original New England stock—and also, that they need just now our sympathy and our aid.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

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